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CASSELL'S

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CASSELL'S MAGAZINE.

LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER.

By ARABELLA M. HOPKINSON, Author of "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," "Pardoned," "Sweet Christabel," &c. &c.

PROLOGUE.

IT is the visitors' hour in one of the great London hospitals—it does not much matter which.

In the long women's ward the eyes, such as are open or conscious, are turned towards the door, each patient awaiting her special patroness, who represents tea and sugar, kind words, and a break in the dreary monotony of illness.

The sisters and probationers are moving about quietly; there is a kind of lull in the day's work of the great hive; one of the nurses is just going out for her afternoon's walk, and is casting a last look at her patients, when her steps are arrested by a sound so different from what is often heard within these walls, that she stands a moment to listen, as does the sister who is about to take her place. Soft and low it comes at first, a mere murmur of sweet notes, swelling out louder and louder, echoing down the long room like an angel's song, so pure, so thrilling, that tears start to eyes that have not known them for years, and a kind of awe falls on those even who have long since forgotten how to pray. For there is something almost weird in the notes of exquisite sweetness that float through the air. "Have mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great goodness," and at the last word of supplicating agony the sister starts forward, for in one of the beds at the far end of the ward a patient has thrown off the bedclothes, and is sitting up.

With hands clasped, her great brown eyes, whence, for a time, the light of reason has fled, raised towards heaven, her pale face marble-like in its colour, and framed by jet-black hair, she pours forth her wail, which dies down to a mere echo as the sister approaches her.

"You must lie down, my dear," says the quiet voice of authority, and the patient obeys instantly; at the same moment the door opens, and the first visitor appears. With soft decided steps, she at once approaches the bedside where the sister is standing: a tall, elegant-looking woman, with a sweet calm face, on which sorrow has set its stamp.

"And how is she to-day, sister?" she asks, in a low contralto voice, looking down on the beautiful face that lies so white and helpless on the pillow.

"It is a long, weary case," answers the sister, "but I hope we may pull her through. Just now she startled us all by singing in her delirium, with such a lovely voice as I have seldom heard; look, she is beginning again now."

Once more the soft sweet notes come out from between the feverish lips, but this time their character is changed; the patient lies quite still, save for a rocking movement she makes with her arms, and on her face shines a smile of perfect tenderness. One of Mendelssohn's cradle songs in purest German has taken the place of the wild, supplicating *Miserere*, and as Mrs. Meredyth, the visitor, listens, she turns to the sister.

"She is a lady," she says decidedly; "I am convinced of it now. Listen to that voice, that pronunciation; look at that face, those hands. Poor child! poor child! I wonder who she is."

"*Bleibe nur sein geduldig*," murmurs the patient, and Mrs. Meredyth smiles.

"There is my answer," she says. "Do you understand German, sister?"

"Enough to know what that means," she replies: "it is our own watchword. What could we do without patience here? But I must not stand talking; I have another bad case at the other end. Will you stay by your *protégée* for awhile?"

"Certainly."

Mrs. Meredyth seats herself by the bed, and proceeds to unclasp her bag and bring forth its contents. The sweet lullaby has ceased, and motionless, with wide-open eyes, the patient lies. Who, or rather what, can she be?

Although she herself brought her to the hospital, Mrs. Meredyth knows nothing whatever about her. It was by a mere chance that, driving along Regent Street, now two months ago, her carriage became blocked, and sending her footman to discover the cause of the stoppage, she learnt that a poor woman had been knocked down by an omnibus, and severely hurt.

To offer her own easy landau to the police who had appeared on the scene, for the conveyance of the injured woman to a hospital, had been her instantaneous impulse, and before many minutes had elapsed a young woman, in the coarsest and poorest of widow's weeds, was lifted all unconscious on to the well-stuffed cushions, to be driven rapidly to Mrs. Meredyth's favourite hospital, where she was a constant visitor. There was no difficulty about admission: it was a grave case; but when the still unconscious patient had been undressed, put to bed, and her injuries attended to, there was nothing found about her to give the smallest clue to her identity.

A wedding-ring on her finger, a purse containing two shillings, a pocket-handkerchief and linen marked A. B., told nothing, and Mrs. Meredyth is still conjecturing who she can be, as she has not ceased to conjecture since she brought her to these portals.

That she is not pure English is very apparent. That raven-black hair, those liquid dark brown eyes, those features of classical regularity, all speak of foreign extraction, even if she had not at this moment been murmuring broken sentences in Italian, in which the word "*bambina*" most frequently occurs. Long Mrs. Meredyth sits there and thinks; other visitors come and go, and still she stays on, fascinated by the beauty, the helplessness, at her side; when at last she rises to leave—

"I shall come again to-morrow," she says, as she bids the sister good-bye.

And she does come the next day, the day after that, and every day that she can spare for many weeks, and when at last the patient with the wondrous voice, and the sweet sad face, that sisters, nurses, fellow-sufferers, even the busy doctors have learnt to be interested in, passes out of the hospital, it is leaning on Mrs. Meredyth's arm, to take her place in Mrs. Meredyth's carriage, and thus go out once more into the great noisy world, to be lost in its crowd.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

VERE THORNLEIGH.

IN a remote corner of a West of England county there stands an old farmhouse, which has evidently known better days.

Once, centuries ago, so says tradition, it reared its head proudly, a great pile, in the shape of the letter E, where dwelt a family renowned for the valour and daring of its sons, the beauty of its daughters, its prowess by land and sea. It had furnished members to more than one of the expeditions that had sailed for the Spanish main in the days of Elizabeth; it had supplied King Charles with some of his bravest adherents, who had given him not only their blood, but their treasure, and having thus broken the backbone of its own greatness, it had quietly decayed and dwindled, until in this year of grace 18— its sole representatives were two lone women.

In a fragment of what had once been a large and noble dwelling-place, they led their solitary lives, these last of the Thornleighs, overlooked and forgotten in the rush of modern life, holding themselves proudly aloof from all intercourse with the outside world, and ignoring the din of the nineteenth century, which every day was drawing nearer to their doors.

As yet, however, it had left them in comparative solitude; now and then an artist, a tourist, or an archæologist, attracted by the scenery and the traditions of the old family, would find his way up the valley, and some, more bold than others, would ask to see the inside of the house. On these occasions they were usually received by a tall, gaunt woman, with iron-grey hair, bushy black eyebrows, and with very little to distinguish her from any ordinary farmer's wife, except her high, finely-chiselled nose, and a certain air of indomitable pride, that did not seem to jar with her homely dress and almost churlish manners.

No ecstasies over the few treasures of antique furniture, carved mantel-pieces, or rare old china that she would permit the intruder to see, could move her from her half-contemptuous severity to reveal more, and the disappointed traveller would find himself again outside the door, without having caught a glimpse of one-third of the antiquities with which hearsay credited the old house.

The distance from a railway station, the solitude of the building, standing as it did alone in the glen, separated from church and village by a long and painfully steep road through a labyrinth of rocks, all combined to keep it free from many of these sight-seers; whilst the great granite boulders that literally choked up the bed of the torrent, that leapt and eddied down the valley, served to deter many an angler from trying his luck at this particular spot in its turbulent waters.

Few there were, therefore, outside the small world of the village of Torworthy, whose little granite cottages lay scattered over the adjacent moor, who guessed that that old farmhouse, with its pointed gables, mullioned windows, and its unbroken coat of green ivy, contained anything more interesting than the material remnants, faded and decayed, of a once-powerful race. Yet for seventeen years there had been growing up within its walls a not unworthy scion of those Thornleighs, who had been as renowned for their personal beauty as for their personal courage.

I have said there were two lone women living in the farmhouse: to one you have been introduced; let me show you the other as she stood one July evening on the summit of a huge boulder, high on the hill above her dwelling, gazing down fascinated into the yawning depth below, where the rocks lay in Titanic confusion, wreathed and bound together by chains of ivy.

It was a scene of which Vere Thornleigh was never tired. Whenever she felt angry, sad, or wearied, she would ascend to this, her perch, and throw off the burden of her cares in contemplating from a really

perilous height the stony playmates of her childhood. She had come up here pretty often of late, oppressed with a vague longing that she could not put into words, and from which she would seek relief in day-dreams as fantastic as the weird shapes that lay spread out below her.

An uncommon-looking girl, with hair like threads of pale gold, so abundant that it coiled round and round from the nape of her neck to the crown of her head; soft dark brown eyes, that could smile, and weep, and melt, aye, and flash too; a skin so pure and colourless in its marble-like opaqueness, that it rendered the likeness to a statue from the antique, already tolerably apparent in the low broad forehead, the wavy rippling hair, the moulded jaw, and the perfect symmetry of the whole figure, almost startling, as she stood bareheaded and motionless, with a far-away look in her eyes that betokened that her thoughts were not with her surroundings.

A portentous sigh, escaping from between her red lips, broke at last the spell of her immobility. She raised her eyes from their dreamy contemplation, and, drawing a deep breath, looked around her.

It was a lovely evening; the sun's rays, getting every minute lower, fell upon purple moor and misty tor; around and about her lay scattered great blocks of granite, hardly distinguishable in the distance from the little cottages perched here and there amongst them; far away, on the horizon, on the slope of Torworthy Tor, gleaming white in the rays of the evening sun, stood the remains of what had once been a mighty stone circle and avenue, whilst nearer at hand the scene changed, and dense masses of foliage, dipping down into the valley, and clambering up the other side, broke the sense of desolation that lurked in the huge grey boulders.

It was towards these woods, with their suggestion of peace and quiet, that Vere turned her eyes.

"I will go there," she said aloud, as she pressed her hand to her forehead, "for I want to think over what I will do."

Next to the boulders, the girl loved these woods, so lonely and undisturbed, that she looked on them as her own property, forgetting that they had an owner.

For Lord Bellairs was little better than a myth in this remote corner of England, where he owned many thousand acres, once, in all probability, the property of the Thornleighs. A keeper here and there, an agent who did precisely as he pleased, and who, by many of the poor and ignorant, was regarded as the real master of Torworthy House, were the only signs that any one existed who had an interest in the place.

Never since Vere could remember had the large stone house, green with damp and lichen, with its countless windows, all shuttered and shrouded, that lay beyond the woods, been inhabited by any one but the old deaf care-taker and his wife, a crabbed couple, almost as petrified in their appearance as their native rocks. The fine gardens were little better than a wilderness, the glass-houses mere wrecks, whilst the once stout oak fence that encircled this side of the property was so riddled with holes and gaps, that any one could find an ingress at any given point.

Vere made for her favourite gap, near to where the river ran foaming and leaping through the silent woods, and squeezing herself through, heaved a sigh of contentment at escaping from the glare of the sun to the welcome shade of the oak-trees. She stood for a few seconds, enjoying the dim light, and then she struck a path which she knew would lead her to a mossy bank, where she might rest after her climb. It was a favourite spot of hers; a little clearance in the woods, from which many a tangled path diverged, and from whence she need never return home quite the same way as she came.

Vehemently she threw herself down on the swelling moss, and resting her face in her hands, began to speak aloud some of the rebellious thoughts that had brought the faint colour to her cheek and the angry light to her eye.

"I wonder how long it is to go on," she exclaimed excitedly—"if all my life is to be like this: looking after the poultry, making the butter, preserving jam, mending linen, trying to make my dresses" (scanning with superb contempt her decidedly antediluvian costume), "never allowed to speak to a soul, and scolded from morning till night if I dare to wish to do anything else. Even the children in the school are better off than I am. They are encouraged to read, are taught to sing; whereas I—I—get nothing but hard words if I am found looking into a book; and now aunt has sold my dear, dear spinet, because she has found out that I went up to the lumber-room and played it when she was out. It is shameful! shameful! shameful!" and with the last word, a sob, not of sorrow, but of anger, broke from her lips.

Suddenly she checked herself, and sprang to her feet, her large eyes dilated, her face irradiated with a smile that changed it as completely as the sun changes any spot on which he sheds his rays.

For floating through the air there had come to her, in the midst of her tempest of wrath, the sound of many voices. Young joyous voices they were, joining together in some Italian chorus, interspersed with shouts of laughter, to begin again with renewed mirth.

Vere stood rooted to the spot, drinking in the sounds as a thirsty plant drinks in water, too spell-bound to move, too fascinated to do aught but listen. Nearer and nearer drew the voices; she could even distinguish what they were saying; and then a sudden panic seized her, a terror of these unknown folk, who had somehow sprung up in her woods, and she turned to fly. But she was too late. Even as she wheeled round to take the path which she knew would lead her home, she came face to face with them all, as they emerged, laughing, singing, talking, a joyous, careless group, into the clearance where she stood, like some frightened animal brought to bay, looking at them with large shy eyes.

No sooner had they perceived her, however, than with a "Ah! here is some one who can tell us the way," the foremost of the band, a girl with a bright winsome face, dressed entirely in white, came quickly up to her.

"Can you tell me the path to take for Torworthy House?" she asked; "we have lost our way, and want to get back quickly."

Vere looked at the dainty *mignonne* figure, in her gleaming white dress: at the clear pink and white complexion, the tiny white hands and wrists, and then at her own coarse, homely garments, her own brown fingers. Never before in her secluded life had any one like this girl and her companions broken on her vision.

"You are not very far from the house," she answered, in a voice as sweet as the sound of the tinkling waters of the river that ran murmuring in the distance, but with more than a tinge of West Country accent. "If you take this path"—pointing with outstretched arm to one of the many that diverged from the clearance—"and follow it, keeping always to the left, it will lead you straight there."

"Oh, thank you; that is delightful. I fancied we were miles from home, and you say it is—how far?"

"About half a mile."

"Ah!" Then turning to her three companions—two men and a lady—who had remained silent during this colloquy, "We shall do very well, sha'n't we? and be home in heaps of time. I am so much obliged to you"—looking at Vere curiously, as much as to say, "Who and what are you?"

"Keep always to the left, do you say?" struck in a tall, fair young man, who, by his likeness to her, must have been the first speaker's brother. "Those directions are rather difficult to follow when a place is so riddled with overgrown paths as this is."

Vere looked at him with her great wondering eyes. Who were these people, who seemed to belong to a different world from any she had ever seen before?

"Shall I show you the way?" she asked, with a longing desire to be yet a few minutes in their company; and the boy—for he did not look more than seventeen or eighteen—smiled delightedly, although he said—

"But it is giving you too much trouble."

"It will be no trouble; I can get home that way as well as any other. Will you follow me?"

She walked on in front, lithe and upright, and the four friends looked at each other in silent interrogation.

"A farmer's daughter," murmured the lady, who had not spoken as yet, to her companion—a dark man, with a keen, shrewd countenance, and eyes that nothing escaped.

"Possibly," he answered. "What a pace she walks! Hugh will have to put his best foot foremost to keep up with her."

But Hugh—as he called the young man who had shown so much diffidence about finding his way—seemed to have no difficulty in doing this, however leisurely he might usually take life. His step kept pace with hers; his eyes were fixed now on her gleaming hair, now on her homely dress, whilst he tried to woo her to further speech.

But she was shy, and, moreover, she was only thinking of one thing, and that was, if they would but sing again. The dark man behind her was humming the refrain of the chorus: why did they not all join him?

Try as he would, therefore, Hugh Tresidder could get little but monosyllables out of her, and it seemed to him that he had not been two minutes by her side when she stopped abruptly, pointing in front of her.

"There is the house," she said, as the large pile came into sight, looking quite changed, with shutters folded back and windows open; "and I must turn off here"—moving in the direction of a path that curved sharply down-hill.

"Ah! but you must not go in such a hurry," cried Mabel Tresidder, the girl who had first spoken to her, springing forward. "You know we are come to live here for awhile, and we hope"—in a somewhat patronising voice—"to become acquainted, by degrees, with every one in the parish."

For an instant a gleam of light passed over Vere's face, and then she smiled bitterly.

"We know no one," she answered, almost defiantly.

"We: then you have brothers and sisters, and a mother and father?" queried Mabel, cheerfully and undauntedly.

"No," answered Vere; "I have only an aunt"—and, with the mention of her, came the recollection of the wrath of that severe relative if she were to be out too late.

"I must go home now," she repeated doggedly.

"But you will tell me your name, won't you?" continued Mabel, with winning persistency, urged on by a poke from her brother in the rear.

"My name? Oh, yes; I am Vere Thornleigh. Good evening;" and before Mabel could say another word, she had turned into the path that led towards her home, and was running down it at lightning speed.

No sooner was she out of sight than a babel of discussion arose on the spot she had left.

Who was this girl, who was dressed like the merest peasant, and who had the bearing and features of a Roman empress—who spoke with a strong provincial accent, and a voice to woo the very stones?

"A peasant girl, my dear," said Mrs. Austen, Mabel Tresidder's dear friend, who was staying with her. "The women in this part of England are famed for their beauty. I have seen scores as handsome as that girl."

"Then you have been very fortunate," said the dark man, with an imperceptible elevation of his eyebrows. "I hope we may have the good luck to run against them. But I doubt if we shall find many of the peasantry endowed with such names as Vere Thornleigh."

"Ah, it is the name, Mr. Savile, I see, that has taken you. It is a pretty one, I confess. But shall we leave this young woman, be she princess or peasant, alone, and try our chorus over once more on the terrace? We have just ten minutes before the dressing bell rings."

"Yes," said Mabel eagerly: "we had nearly got it

right; and as *I* intend to find out Vere Thornleigh and all about her before I am twenty-four hours older, we will say nothing more about her at present."

"And," added Mr. Savile, "there are the 'County Families,' and the 'Peerage,' to assist your researches when you go in."

Mrs. Austen raised her eyes and hands.

"The 'County Families'! the 'Peerage'!" she cried. "Why not say the 'Almanac de Gotha' at once?"

"Well, we may come to it, you know," he responded with a humorous smile. "Meanwhile, the dinner-hour is, I am thankful to say, drawing near, so let us have the chorus."

They were on the terrace by this time—a broad gravel-walk commanding the head of the valley—and as they took up their places, Hugh Tresidder perceived that there was a figure moving rapidly amongst the trees down the slope. It was Vere running home.

"'I WILL GO THERE,' SHE SAID ALOUD" (*p.* 3).

As the crow flies, she was but a short distance from them. Would she hear them and turn that way?

She was getting lower and lower; in another moment she would have emerged from the woods on to the pathway that threaded itself amongst the granite boulders that lay tumbled, like Titan's ninepins, in and about the stream.

"Let us begin," he said impatiently; "now then, all together."

Over the valley floated the sweet, harmonised strains in the still July air; once, twice, three times they began, and three times they stopped. The fourth time all went smoothly; verse after verse rose and fell; and Vere, standing once more spell-bound, entranced, felt something within her surging, struggling, heaving. Then suddenly, she knew not how, a flood of melody came streaming from between her lips, and she was joining with those on the terrace in the chorus she had never heard until to-day.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

AUNT BARBARA.

IT was getting very late when Vere reached home, and the evening shadows were falling fast.

With head erect and mouth set defiantly, she came in, conscious that the scolding she knew she should get was this time deserved, for the supper-hour was eight, and it was now a quarter to nine. Mind, eyes, and ears were still full of the novel sights and sounds she had met with to-day, and which seemed to give her fresh courage to face the reproaches that lay in store for her.

With a bold, firm hand, she opened the parlour door, and entered. The room, wainscoted in black oak from floor to ceiling, lay so enshrouded in gloom that at first she could scarcely perceive the objects in it.

There were some bits of brass and china gleaming in odd corners, the old grandfather's clock was ticking away solemnly, a mingled odour of roses and lavender pervaded the air, but of supper or of Aunt Barbara there was no trace.

"I suppose she meant to punish me by having supper cleared away," murmured Vere to herself, and was just about to leave the room again, when she heard her name faintly spoken.

"Vere."

"Why, Aunt Barbara, I never saw you. Are you ill?" she asked, in sudden alarm, hastening to the broad window-seat, where sat, or rather crouched, her aunt amongst the curtains, her eyes like extinct volcanoes under her bushy eyebrows, her mouth set and rigid.

For a moment she looked at Vere so strangely that the girl felt a weird dread creeping over her.

"Dear aunt!" she cried, "speak to me: oh! speak to me!"

A shivering sigh ran through the frame of the old woman; she made a violent effort, and reared herself up, putting her hand to her forehead.

"What was it all about?" she asked feebly. "Did not he want his fiddle? I have sent it away now; he may go up there as often as he likes; he will never find it—never find it."

The words died away in another shivering sigh, and Vere felt her heart standing still with the nameless fear that had fallen upon her.

"Only five shillings," muttered Miss Thornleigh again, pantomimically counting the money into her large bony palm; "only five shillings! He robbed me; they all rob me. I told you so, father; but it is enough, for it is an accursed thing—yes, an accursed thing!"—her voice rising almost to a scream, then dying down to what sounded like a sob. "It ruined him—or was it Vere? I can't remember; was it Vere?"

Again she put her hand to her forehead, staring at her niece with large, vacant eyes, that sent a sickening terror to the poor girl's heart.

"Aunt Barbara!" she cried, kneeling down by her side and taking her hand; "don't you know me—Vere, your niece Vere?"

"Vere? Who said Vere?" murmured the old woman. "She went away and left me; but she won't find it—no, she won't find it again. Ha! ha!"

The malicious, unmirthful laugh rang echoing through the room, and Vere started to her feet with the horror of it. Was her aunt going mad? With a strong effort she controlled herself, and, seating herself by Miss Thornleigh's side, put her arm round her waist, and tried to draw her to herself.

"Vere is not gone away, dear," she said, in such a sweet, tender voice as Aunt Barbara had not often heard of late; "she is here with you, by your side. Don't you know her? Vere—Vere Thornleigh."

She repeated these words once or twice, still in that sweet, cooing voice, until, by degrees the frozen staring look melted out of the fierce old eyes, to be replaced, however, immediately by one of strong excitement.

"Who dares to say I did wrong?" she cried, after a moment's pause, in a loud, strong voice that echoed through the room, as she clutched Vere's wrist with an iron grasp. "It was my duty. Vere, do you say so?"

"No, indeed, Aunt Barbara, I do not," she answered, still in the same soothing voice. "You are ill, dear," she added tenderly. "Will you stay here for one minute whilst I fetch Hannah?"

"Hannah! Who is Hannah?" Then, with her fierce eyes still fixed on her niece, "They said I ought to have told her," she continued, half muttering to herself; "Amyas said so, but how could he tell, when he was dead! dead! dead! Her hair is just like his—my little Amyas—but he went away and left me, and broke my heart!"

An expression of ineffable grief passed over the old hard face, whilst her niece listened, spell-bound—breathless.

It seemed to her as though she were opening some door that had long been closed. Amyas—he was her father—there was his picture hanging on the wall, a few yards from where she stood—a fair-haired boy,

with a sweet, gentle face, and a dreamy, abstracted look in his blue eyes. Once she had heard that, in his youth, he had run away from home, married, and died. Was it that which had broken her aunt's heart, she wondered?

But at this juncture in her thoughts, just as she was recalling herself to the necessity of obtaining help, the door opened, a stream of light fell on the polished floor, and Hannah, the one old servant, came in, with candles and a bottle in her hand. She looked reproachfully at Vere.

"So yu are cum in at last, Miss Vere," she said grimly. "The pur mistress might ha' died, whilst yu were away a-gadding."

But Vere was in no humour for reproaches. Hastily taking the bottle from Hannah's hand, she proceeded to pour out some of its contents, and to put them to her aunt's lips; and such was the old lady's rallying power, that ten minutes later the light had returned to her eyes, the ashy pallor of her cheek had given way to a more natural colour, and she was insisting that she was quite able to mount the stairs to her own room. With the assistance of Vere and Hannah, this was, with much difficulty, accomplished, and her niece was thankful when she saw her at last lying in the great black oak four-poster—the only style of bed known at Thornleigh.

Then the girl drew Hannah on one side, and questioned her eagerly as to what had happened during her absence.

"It is all along o' that there old spinny, as you calls it, Miss Vere," was the old woman's reproachful answer to her inquiries. "I have not seen the mistress so angry for ever and ever so long. She were just mad-like."

"I know she was," said Vere, recalling the storm of frenzied indignation with which Miss Thornleigh had assailed her that afternoon.

"Well, she were in a fine taking again when yu did not cum in tu supper, although this time she were quite quiet. She kept jumping up from her bit o' sup tu luk out o' the winder, and says she, just careless like, tu me, 'Hannah,' says she, 'run tu the garden, and luk whether yu can see Miss Vere a-cuming;' but for all she pretended to be so careless, she did not touch a mouthful o' fud, and her hands were all in a tremble. Su when I cums back and says as how I cud na see yu, 'Take away supper,' says she; 'Miss Vere shall gu supperless if she does not chuse tu cum in at the right time.' Well, I clears away supper, and all at once I hears the mistress a-muttering tu herself, su I gues up tu her. 'Shall I bring in the candles?' says I, and she luks up at me strange like, her face as white as my apron, and begins to talk sum gibberish about Master Amyas, yer father, as died lang agu. I sees there is sumthing wrong, su out I gues tu get her medicine. It tuk me a lung time, for I cud na find the mistress's keys, and whilst I were away yu came in."

The old woman paused for breath, and Vere seized her hand.

"Oh, Hannah!" she cried, "do you think that it was my being late that made her ill?"

"Bless yu, Miss Vere, I don't know. Maybe it were the heat; I mind how she says when I brings in the supper, 'Open the windows wide, Hannah; I'm a'most stifled in this room;' or maybe it were her own angry passions. I have na seen the mistress so put about since—since—Master Amyas went away. But lor! she will be well eno' to-morrow, and up afore us all, I warrant. Yu come now and have a bit o' supper, for yu," somewhat contemptuously, "look like as though yu could na stand, and then go along to bed. I will take care o' the mistress."

But Vere would not hear of such a thing.

"I shall sit up with her to-night, Hannah," she said, "and as soon as it is light to-morrow I shall send for Dr. Coomb."

Hannah stared with amazement. Was this Vere who talked of calling in a doctor, a creature absolutely unknown at Thornleigh, where illness and sickness were either ignored or regarded as crimes.

"Eh but, Miss Vere," she answered, "the mistress wud not like it. She cannot abide foreign folk in the house; she wud never forgi'e yu."

Vere said nothing in response, but her mind was none the less made up. Silently she took off her dress, and loosed her mass of shining hair; then attiring herself in a wide, strange-fashioned kind of morning wrapper that had belonged to her grandmother, she extinguished the candles, lighted the night-light, and took up her position by her aunt's bedside.

Obediently to her wishes, Hannah had retired, on condition she should come early in the morning, to relieve guard, to her room at the other side of the house. To all intents and purposes Vere was absolutely alone, for Miss Thornleigh lay in a heavy stertorous sleep, and her deep-drawn breathing only made the silence more oppressive. A horrible weird terror fell on the girl, deeply tinged with superstition as she was, in the large gloomy room, panelled and furnished, like most of the house, in dark oak, full of black corners and shadowy recesses, from whence she could not but fancy misty forms emerging. No, she could not stand it; she must light some candles. She went to the dressing-table, poor and bare in its appointments, but furnished with heavy silver candlesticks. She lighted them both—an act of reckless extravagance in this penurious household—then turned to see that she had not disturbed her aunt, but she still lay sleeping.

Vere stood and looked at the handsome, stern face, carved as it were in grey stone, at the nearly white hair and jet-black bushy eyebrows, at the long, thick, black lashes, the large high nose, hard resolute mouth, and square powerful jaw; and, as she gazed, there came to her memory all the past years spent with this, her only relative in the world.

Miss Thornleigh had been to her mother, governess, everything. All that she knew, she had learnt from her, and a hard but just task-mistress she had proved. From the days of her babyhood, when she had been taught with tiny fingers to hem and sew, until lately, when she had been initiated by degrees into all the mysteries of farming and book-keeping, no single omission of duty had been overlooked. Work, work,

work, was Aunt Barbara's cry for herself, and her cry for others.

The labourers on her farm got through three times the amount that was done on any other estate in the neighbourhood, when under the Argus-like supervision of a woman whose will bore all before it, and who brooked no opposition. Even old Hannah knew better than to skimp any portion of her duties; and Vere had passed a troubled childhood in striving to learn with precision what Miss Thornleigh considered the whole duty of woman; the while, side by side with an education far below the modern standard for national schools, she was tacitly taught that no greater personage existed than Miss Thornleigh of Thornleigh.

The rule had been stern, relentless, narrow-minded, but not altogether devoid of affection. Vere could even remember once being gathered into those powerful muscular arms, and kissed with a passionate affection that had frightened and puzzled her, and more than once Miss Thornleigh had remarked defiantly, "I have done my duty by you, Vere; I have brought you up sound wind and limb, and taught you all I know myself. I maintain no mother could have done more, and most of them would not have done as much."

And Vere, knowing nothing of a mother's love, had tacitly acquiesced in the challenge, so little conscious was she of a longing that would come over her at times for a something that she could not put into words.

"'MISS THORNLEIGH, I AM SO GLAD TO MEET YOU'" (*p.* 10).

All she knew was that the things she loved best she was forbidden to do. She loved flowers, would dearly have liked to have made the garden gay with them, but Miss Thornleigh thought otherwise. Useless things she called them, that only cost money and brought no return, grimly bidding her niece work amongst the vegetables, and not waste her time ; she liked to dream away the summer hours in her rocky castle or in fishing in the stream, instead of which she had to work as hard, if not harder, than old Hannah.

Above all, she loved to sing any songs that she could learn by hook or by crook, and that was the capital sin of all. The sound of a note of music roused Miss Thornleigh almost to a state of frenzy. Vere was strictly forbidden to give utterance to the scanty *répertoire* of tunes that haunted her little head, and once, when in the lumber-room she had lighted upon an old and carefully concealed spinet, it had only been by stealth, and when her aunt was out of the house, that she dared to steal upstairs, and pick out melodies on its worn-out notes. Only in church on the Sundays that had been her red letter days throughout the year, had she been permitted to sing unrebuked. On Sundays Miss Thornleigh, attired in the same costume winter and summer alike, and which Vere never remembered to have seen diversified, would walk her two and a half miles there and two and a half miles back from church twice a day, unmindful of rain, sun, or the steep toilsome climb thither ; and since Vere had passed out of childhood, she had been expected to do the same, and had done it. It had been the one day in the week in which she saw her fellow-creatures—the one day when she might lift up her voice, and pour out the sweet notes that lay imprisoned in her throat—the one day when ceaseless work and tasks were remitted, and a tiny portion of do-nothingness permitted to her.

But as the years had rolled on, and she had passed from childhood to girlhood, and with the change had come increased strictness and heavier burdens, a spirit of rebellion had risen within her, which more than once had found vent in words, and which had reached its climax this very day, when she had learnt that her beloved spinet had been sold, simply because her rare visits to the lumber-room had been discovered.

With blazing eyes, and reckless of consequences, she had sought her aunt to ask for an explanation of this act of wanton tyranny, but almost before the first words of angry reproach had escaped her lips, she had been met by such a storm of unintelligible indignation, that she had fled precipitately from the house, and never drawn breath until she had reached her favourite boulder. Even there she seemed still to hear the angry words of vehement denunciation, to see her aunt's face livid and distorted with fury. Did it not seem only too likely, as Hannah had suggested, that Miss Thornleigh's sudden illness had been caused by the violent scene that had so lately taken place ?

As Vere asked herself this question, she turned and looked again at her aunt. Miss Thornleigh still lay sleeping, if the heavy, stertorous breathing that filled the whole room could be called sleep, but an awful change had taken place in her features, a quarter of an hour ago quite calm and placid : a change that made Vere's heart stand still, for although she had never seen it before, instinct told her at once that this was paralysis, and moreover, in its severest form.

To rouse Hannah and send off at once for Dr. Coomb was the work of a few minutes, and this done, the two lonely women, with a terrible dread in their hearts, had nothing left to do but to sit down and wait.

The short July night had come to an end ; Vere's cocks and hens had long been testifying to their wakefulness, and the sun was pouring into the old sad house, shining on Vere's terror-stricken face as she sat by her aunt's bedside, and glinting into every corner of the gloomy room. Hannah, on tiptoe, was going about her business as usual, as though Miss Barbara's stern eye were still fixed on her, contriving even to swallow a little breakfast, whilst her young mistress, never stirring from the position she had taken up, would not so much as drink a cup of coffee.

At last, after what seemed months, but was in reality only a few hours, there was a stir in the house below. Dr. Coomb had arrived.

In spite of his quiet, professional appearance, he was not a little delighted at setting foot inside a house where no stranger was allowed to penetrate. His keen glances went roving all around as he followed Hannah upstairs, until they finally alighted on Vere, sitting by her aunt's bedside, awaiting him.

He had not expected to find anything so young in the house. He lived seven miles off, and, having heard that there were two Miss Thornleighs, he had taken for granted that they were both antique spinsters. He betrayed, however, no surprise, but at once proceeded to his work, whilst Vere stood by, with her great brown eyes fixed inquiringly on him, like a frightened child. When, however, he turned to her, and began talking of this and that to be done, using strange words, speaking of modern appliances, the girl looked at him in dismay.

"Oh!" she said, "I hardly know what you mean. Tell me, only tell me, will she get well? She has never been ill in her life. As for a nurse, she would not have one for the world. Hannah and I can nurse her."

Then Dr. Coomb told her the truth. Her aunt would never be the same again. There was nothing to be done for her but care and watching, but a nurse, in her helpless state, was an absolute necessity. He would send one as soon as he could. And then he went away, with the memory of those great deer-like eyes haunting him all along the road as he drove to Torworthy House, where he had been summoned to see a servant.

Vere took up her place by her aunt's bedside with an aching heart. The only relative she had in the world lay stricken down ; a stranger was coming into the house, and soon she should be all alone. The hot tears fell from her eyes—tears of anguish and remorse—as she recalled the scene that had taken place yesterday between her and her aunt. Was it

indeed that, that had given her her death-blow? Dr. Coomb had asked if she had had any sudden agitation or bad news—anything that could account for the stroke that had fallen upon her; and Vere could only remember her own angry, rebellious words, as she had rushed in a tempest of wrath out of the house. Clearly, if anything external had caused her malady, it was that terrible scene.

As she recalled, with a shudder, the denunciations—even imprecations—that Miss Thornleigh had poured forth in her fury, she turned and glanced at her helpless form, and then she perceived that she was trying to speak. It was piteous to see her efforts to form words; at times it seemed as though that strong will would break through the physical bonds and re-assert itself. Vere could not tell whether she were conscious or not.

So the hours wore on; nightfall came, and, to Vere's relief, no nurse. Yet she dreaded the night more than she could say, and was thankful that Hannah insisted on sharing her watch. With the habit of industry engendered by Aunt Barbara's teaching, who knew not the meaning of the word "leisure," she brought her work, keeping herself awake by sitting as steadfastly to it as if her stern relative's eye had been fixed upon her. Hannah dozed off and woke again a dozen times, but still Vere stitched away, with wide-open eyes and mind preternaturally wakeful. With morning light Miss Thornleigh became less restless, and when the sun was beginning to assert his power, she fell into a quiet sleep.

Leaving her with Hannah, Vere crept out of the room and ran downstairs to imbibe a mouthful of fresh air, and to make herself and Hannah some strong coffee.

It was about nine o'clock. The glen lay bathed in sunlight; up the valley the great boulders stood out white and glistening, the river was eddying and brawling refreshingly, and surely—yes, there was some one sitting on one of the rocks, drawing. She looked again; it was the dark man who had been with the strangers the other day; he was getting up now—he was coming to speak to her. Her first impulse was to turn and fly; her next to remain where she was, for he had made a gesture to detain her, and was holding up something in his hand.

As he drew nearer she perceived that it was a pocket-handkerchief. She remembered that she had missed hers after her adventure in the woods, and he must have found it. By this time he was quite close to her, and was courteously raising his hat.

"Miss Thornleigh, I am so glad to meet you," he said. "I had no idea, when I set out for my morning stroll, that I should find you in this most charming old house, that I have taken the liberty to try and sketch. Do you know, I have some property of yours here, that you dropped in the wood the other day, and that I have been treasuring up to restore to its owner."

"Thank you," she answered, pronouncing the "u" like old Hannah, almost as in French, and then ensued a pause. The stranger was looking about and around him, with keen, penetrating eyes.

"What a grand old house this must once have been," he remarked, "for I can see that formerly it was much larger than it is now. I suppose you have all manner of treasures inside?"

"No, I think not," she answered simply.

"Oh! but you must," he responded gaily. "I can make a pretty shrewd guess that there is any amount of old oak, china, silver, brass, even tapestry, within those walls."

"Oh! do you call those treasures?" she answered; "I thought you meant money."

He could hardly restrain a smile at such simplicity.

"I must go now," she continued;" my aunt is ill," and without even a good-bye, she turned and re-entered the house.

The stranger remained where she had left him, not a little disappointed at having discovered nothing. The girl's absolute simplicity had baffled him as completely as if she had been the most practised woman of the world. However, he consoled himself by taking an exhaustive survey of the house and domain.

The valley at this spot suddenly widened out on either side of the river, and Miss Thornleigh's homesteads and barns, her cattle and sheep, her cider mills and orchards laden with fruit, presented an appearance of peace, plenty, and prosperity on this July morning, that such a keen eye as Mr. Savile's did not fail to notice.

"It must be a tidy little property," he murmured to himself. "I wonder what sweet Mabel will give me for my discovery? Will it be unlimited chaff, or one of her pretty smiles? Chaff now perhaps; smiles to come later. Dear little soul! Fortunately, I know how to bide my time. How she will open her eyes when I tell her I have found the abode of the wood-nymph! By the way, she looked rather a woe-begone nymph this morning, not quite so regal as the other day," and with that he turned to stroll back to Torworthy.

Meanwhile, Vere had returned to her aunt. Miss Thornleigh was evidently quite conscious now, and with the sight of her niece, her agitation became extreme. In vain she tried to speak; she could form no words, and it was terrible to see her frantic efforts.

"She wants to tell you something, Miss Vere," cried old Hannah, "or maybe it is the parson she luks for."

"Shall I send for Mr. Birch, dear?" asked Vere. There was a feeble gesture of assent, and a messenger was instantly despatched. Whilst he was away, Dr. Coomb arrived.

On seeing him, Miss Thornleigh became more violently agitated than ever; in vain he tried to soothe her; her efforts grew so frantic, that Hannah, in terror, ran out of the room. Dr. Coomb turned to Vere, with an expression in his countenance of having hit upon a mystery, and asked her, in a whisper, if she knew of anything preying on her aunt's mind.

No, Vere knew of nothing, unless it could be money matters. Of her aunt's affairs in that respect she was quite ignorant, but she believed her to be extremely poor, as she always lived as though she were.

It was a relief to the doctor to see Mr. Birch appear,

but by the time he arrived Miss Thornleigh had ceased from her efforts, and had sunk back exhausted in a kind of lethargy on the pillow—her eyes fixed and glazed—motionless.

Dr. Coomb whispered something to the clergyman, who approached the bedside, whilst Vere bent over her aunt.

"Mr. Birch has come, dear aunt," she said.

But it was too late. Sight, hearing, feeling were fast failing, and all that was left for Mr. Birch to do was to commend the passing soul to God. There was a hush, a silence, as the solemn words were uttered, only broken by Vere's sobs. When Mr. Birch rose from his knees, Miss Thornleigh had passed away, and with her whatever it might have been that was preying on her mind, and on the floor lay Vere, white as marble, and as unconscious.

END OF CHAPTER THE SECOND.

PHASES OF A WOMAN'S LIFE—CHILDHOOD AND GIRLHOOD.

WHO that has studied little children is unconscious of the fascination of a girl baby? If healthy and well, she is usually quick and vivacious, with a wistful innocence in the small face, and a smiling gentleness of aspect that embodies the very genius of womanhood. Those who declare that babies are all alike may question this, but the fact is that the general similarity of infancy disappears when they have lived five or six months in this naughty world, and by the age of seven or eight months the differences between girl and boy physiognomy are tolerably distinct.

It is universally conceded that childhood is, or ought to be, the happiest part of human life, and most people act on this theory by endeavouring to give little folks pleasure, and smoothing away every discomfort and difficulty in their opening path, sometimes very injudiciously. The happiest child is not the one most indulged, but the best managed and most reasonably treated.

A little girl under seven was recently seized with ambition to follow her elder sister's example, and write a few lines in response to a competition subject in a juvenile magazine. The question asked was, "Who is the most agreeable person you know?" and Mary was provided with paper and pencil, and after considerable effort, wrote in printing letters: "Why, MOTHER, to be sure."

That is the secret of happy childhood, especially for a girl. Perfect trust in "mother," the endeavour to help her, the desire for her praise, the emulation to follow her example and walk in her footsteps, which, though it often takes the form of semi-comical mimicry, is, in reality, the outcome of Mary's devotion, and her conviction that whatever "mother" does or says must be perfectly right.

Fortunate is it for the child if her mother is able to take charge of her education and training, and keep her within the sacred precincts of home during the most impressionable part of her young life; and this is less difficult than it appears at first sight. When old enough to be emancipated from the nursery during the greater part of the day, she may find plenty of pleasant and useful occupation at her mother's knee, and may there drink in the refinement and courtesy that characterise her parent as well as the atmosphere of culture that surrounds her.

Nothing delights little Mary so much as her doll, and very happy are her earliest efforts at needle-work if directed to the hemming and sewing of "Dolly's" garments. The combination of play and work is most interesting, and leads on to one of the most useful accomplishments of woman.

The next step is working for a live doll, and when there is a large family, the elder girls may speedily be taught to take great pleasure in doing such parts of "baby's" new clothes as are within their capacity.

The seven-year-old daughter of a very busy mother who, in consequence of her husband's early death, was obliged to carry on his business, was asked one day by a friend what she was able to do in the way of help.

"I can only pray to God and hem the dusters," was the child's reply in all seriousness, but it showed that she had learned to do the duty that lay nearest her, and as years went on she developed into the steady, reliable, cheerful girl to whom the whole household looked for help, and seldom, if ever, looked in vain.

Very pleasant are the hours spent by our little Mary in the kitchen, still under "mother's" wing or that of some trusty and reliable servant. How she enjoys picking the bits of stem from among the currants, stoning the raisins, buttering the cake-tins, and cutting any spare dough or paste that may be over when the pies are made, into rounds with the top of a wine-glass! And what a crowning joy it is when she is allowed to have a whole gooseberry or a tiny apple to make into a dumpling for her own dinner or a nursery feast! And what an important personage she is when on busy days she may even be trusted with washing up the breakfast-things!

If all little girls were allowed these early visits to the kitchen, with real participation in its work, the

world would not hear so much about undomesticated wives and housekeepers, who cannot teach their servants what they have never learned themselves.

If Mary's idol is her mother, her hero is usually her big brother, and the height of her ambition is to be considered worthy to join in his games. He can inflict no unkinder cut than calling her a "stupid," nor bestow warmer praise than declaring that she is a "stunner." Both sides are the better for being playfellows in their childish days, and the boys are absorbed in playing cricket and rounders with other boys before the age arrives at which participation in their games is undesirable for their sisters.

What pleasanter sight is there than our little maiden sallying forth on some small errand of mercy, carrying the flannel petticoat she has made for some child of her own age, whose thin limbs are strangers to warmth and comfort, or the tempting bunch of grapes to which she said "No, thank you" at dessert, knowing that she would be allowed to take them on the morrow to that other little Mary who lies pale and wan on her hard bed, but brightens up as she tastes the cool fruit, and looks at the compassionate face of the healthy child who, amid her happy surroundings, has learned the blessedness of giving. It is very easy to have all you want and give away the surplus, but neither children nor grown-up people taste the true blessing of helping others till they know what it is to deny themselves.

Some years ago there was a country gentleman in Derbyshire who met with terrible reverses, and was bereft of wife and son, only a little daughter about twelve years of age being left him. A neighbour sent a few chairs and a couple of beds into an empty cottage, so that the father and child might have a roof over their heads, but could do no more, though she would gladly have kept the little girl, who, however, insisted that she must be at home in the new house to welcome her father, and make him as comfortable as she could. The only possession she had clung to was a small rosewood work-box, which had belonged to her dead mother, and when left alone to await her father's return from the county town, she opened her work-box and sat down with her needle like a little old woman. It was a warm autumn afternoon when she thus settled herself, but in the course of an hour heavy rain came on, which lasted the whole evening, and it was long after dark when she heard her father's weary footsteps approaching, and joyfully opened the door to let him in. He was wet through, and almost broken-hearted, a thoroughly beaten man, and the child's one idea was that a cup of tea would comfort him. She had been provided with the tea and the pot to make it in, and a kettle and everything necessary for a simple meal, but her despair may be imagined when she found that there was not a particle of fuel in the house. The sight of her father sitting shivering, with his face buried in his hands, was inspiration to her, and quick as thought she broke up her work-box, pulled out the slight divisions for cottons, &c., set light to them on the hearth, added the thicker pieces as soon as the flame was strong enough, boiled the kettle, and made him the hot cup of tea. There was something sublime about that child's mother-wit and devotion.

Time speeds along very rapidly, and soon the merry laughing child is merged in the young girl, busy with her studies, always ready for any pleasure that offers, whole-hearted, and full of aspirations. A generation or two ago she scarcely looked forward to any special

work of her own, because to-morrow was sure to be like yesterday, and the day following as the years before the flood ; or if she did now and then give a thought to the future, it was only to wonder whether she would one day be a happy wife, or whether her lot would still be cast in the home of her childhood. But in our time a girl's studies are mostly shaped towards some definite end, she realises that it is better to do one thing well than to have an uncertain smattering of several, so she devotes herself to languages, to music, to mathematics (if she have an eye to "higher education"), or perhaps to art.

Unless very much pressed by examinations, a process which often takes all the pleasure out of study, and leaves only a feverish eagerness in its place, there is something very delightful in conquering difficulties, and in testing progress and comparing notes. And in such pursuits as art and music, where a girl possesses a true gift for either, her studies take the form rather of developing an important part of her being, than the mere acquisition of knowledge or gain of skill.

Among the joys of girlhood is friendship, which, though often laughed at as absurd and "missish," is, nevertheless, very sweet. Most girls, even if they have sisters, have also some special friend to whom they vow eternal devotion, write voluminous letters when they are apart, and for whom they contrive all sorts of little presents, more or less useful or ornamental. If the friend is an ordinarily good girl, this affection is beneficial to both parties, takes each a little out of her own small circle as well as out of herself, and widens her horizon. It is often very pure and unselfish, and, especially between girls who never marry, endures as long as they live.

But there comes a time when, to use the ordinary phrase, a girl's education is finished, when books are somewhat laid aside, and she becomes a young lady at large, free to follow her own bent if she has one, and generally disposed to see as much as she can of the world. A wholesome-natured girl is ready for anything, and "takes the goods the gods provide" with all simplicity. She enjoys a country ramble thoroughly, trips along with feet as light as her heart, plays vigorously at lawn tennis when she has the opportunity, reads the books and sees the pictures of the day, and adds wonderfully to the brightness of the home circle. She is her father's pride, her mother's viceregent, and her brother's "chum." This is the halcyon time of life, when innocent pleasures have not begun to pall, and when the future is rosy with the sunshine of love and happiness. Our Mary grows critical about her appearance, detects the smallest approach to a misfit in her frocks, and is somewhat difficult to please in the matter of hats and bonnets. It is quite natural that she should wish to look her best, and if a lover comes along who sees in her

> "His heaven-born Eve, on whose unsullied brow
> The shadow of the sinning never came,"

and she reciprocates his feeling, a new world opens before her, and her parents live their own youth over again as they feel that the new love only deepens old ones, and draws all natural ties closer. This is as it ought to be, and a wise lover, knowing that a dutiful daughter makes a good wife, will rejoice to see it, and congratulate himself on having won the heart of a girl who so winsomely answers to the sweet name of Mary.

ELIZA CLARKE.

WHY CAN'T I SLEEP?

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

RECOGNISING the very great importance of a sufficient allowance of good, wholesome sleep to all who would desire to have long life and happiness, I am about to lay before the readers of this Magazine some of my ideas on sleep, in briefest epitome, and in as plain and practical a way as I can.

I will bear invalids in my mind's eye as I write, for if good sleep is a necessity of life to the strong and robust, it is ten times more so to the ailing and weakly. Indeed the securing of a few hours' refreshing sleep is in thousands of cases the first step towards recovery, and no disease whatever can be removed until the power to sleep be restored.

In a former paper I made some attempt to explain to my readers the physiology of sleep, and, I think, showed satisfactorily that it could not be obtained when the capillaries of the brain were over-gorged with blood, as from the excitement caused by over-eating or drinking, by talking, by worry, or even by thinking.

As to what I might term the psychology of sleep I shall say nothing at present.

The question I wish to answer now with some degree of satisfaction to myself and benefit to many is that which forms the title of my article, "Why can't I sleep?"

It is one that during seasons of hard work and mental worry every one has to ask himself, or happy he is if he has not.

The individual who retires to bed at night and, instead of falling soon into sound sleep, lies and tosses about and thinks, hearing every hour strike till probably three or four in the morning, is very far indeed from being in a satisfactory condition of health. He is nervously ill, he is out of sorts both mentally and bodily, and the sooner he takes judicious steps to

obtain relief the better, because the less chance there will be of his state becoming chronic.

But he must find out the causes of his trouble and endeavour to remove these, for in cases of insomnia, as it is called by the profession, or, in plainer language, sleeplessness, the treating of symptoms alone is a dangerous practice and wholly useless.

Very often the first deviation from healthful sleep is wantonly, though unwittingly, caused by the individual himself. He gives himself up to fits of thinking after lying down. These may or may not be pleasant enough at first, but the end, if the custom be not cut short in time, never fails to become disastrous. I may admit that the temptation to think in bed is often difficult to resist, especially by brain-workers, but these men ought to bear in mind that by giving way to it they are positively weakening their brain and nerve power, and rendering themselves less capable of taking a solid stand in the every-day battle of life.

The night is meant by nature for repose and sleep, and we cannot thwart nature or break her rules with any degree of impunity.

But I will suppose I am addressing some who have passed the first stage of sleeplessness, and whose health is really beginning to suffer from the inability to obtain refreshing rest during the silent hours.

What shall such a one do to recover?

We all remember the sweet sleep of our childish days, how thoroughly awake, how thoroughly happy and cheerful we used to be after we were up and dressed. One reason for this was doubtless that we had neither care nor worry. We lay down in our beds forgetting all the world and oblivious even to the probability of danger. How different it may be now when we find it almost impossible to banish all thoughts of the busy day that has passed, or to brush care from our pillows!

Sleeplessness, in probably nine cases out of ten, is caused by continual mental strain or worry. The capillaries of the brain become stretched and lose their resiliency; they are unable therefore to empty themselves of blood when the hour of rest comes round, and so wakefulness continues far into the night, until the body is fairly worn out and sinks into the lethargy of exhaustion.

It will be well for people who suffer thus to at once take a holiday. You say you cannot; that business will not permit you. I doubt this very much. Would you really throw your life, or probably your reason, away for the sake of business? The question is one you ought to try to answer. But it is my privilege to tell you that, in the earlier stages of sleeplessness, a few weeks' stay at a bracing seaside place often acts like magic, people return home restored to health and *calm*—return home to positively wonder that the cares and worries that so bothered them could have been such bogies.

Above all other remedies for sleeplessness I place change of air and change of scene, in conjunction with plain nutritious diet and a more natural way of living.

Why can I not sleep? It may be that you really have—unknown to you—some functional derangement of the liver, the stomach, or the heart. This must be removed, and sleep will return to your pillow, and with it health.

Think and consider whether of late you have given way to any table indiscretion that may have affected the liver, and rendered it either sluggish or too active. In these cases, the blood will in reality have become poisoned and contaminated with bile, the mind becomes dull and probably gloomy all day, and over-active towards nightfall. The sure indication of treatment is to strictly regulate the diet for a few weeks, to take an occasional blue-pill at night, with a glass of Pullna water half an hour before breakfast, and to take a course of Turkish baths (if permitted by your own medical adviser), with a reasonable amount of exercise in the open air.

Dyspepsia will produce sleeplessness, and may in ordinary cases be cured in the same way, though aperients should rather be avoided. Most careful regulation of diet is, however, a *sine quâ non*.

It is not a good plan to go to bed with an entirely empty stomach. Again, if the body feels hot, a cold bath followed by a bottle of soda-water and fifteen grains of the bicarbonate of soda will have a good effect. Sometimes a hot bath will do more good than a cold one; the state of one's own feelings is to be consulted, and the results made a mental note of.

Do you smoke much? If so, a return to health is not to be expected until the habit is overcome.

Exercise in abundance taken during the day in the open air is in hundreds of cases a cure for sleeplessness; but this exercise should not be of a too fatiguing kind, it should be spread over a great many hours, it should be pleasant calming exercise, and not continued up to a late hour. Over-fatigue must be carefully avoided.

The practice of taking stimulants to any extent is very apt to produce sleeplessness by keeping up an unnatural excitement of the brain.

Wine negus has been recommended as a night-cap, and even stronger stimulants. They should only be prescribed by a medical man, for they are narcotics, and narcotics in any form tend to make matters worse in the long run.

Well then, what I wish particularly to impress upon my readers is the fact that the causes of sleeplessness *must* be sought out and removed, before there can be the slightest chance or hope of anything like a permanent cure.

Then hygiene steps in for good—regulation of diet, and of your entire and complete method of living.

Rise betimes and have that bracing cold bath, with a few handfuls of sea-salt in it, eat some fruit before breakfast, notably prunes, oranges, grapes, or stewed apples. Avoid tea and coffee and cigar allurements. Take no kind of stimulant on an empty stomach. Avoid fret and care and over-excitement during the day. Determine—if you can—that nothing shall annoy or irritate you.

Take exercise—you must, even though at great expense and inconvenience.

Cycling in moderation, and without "spurting" or rushing up hills, is the best and most delightful of

exercises, but beware of catching cold; always change a damp under-garment before sitting down to dinner, and, previously to re-dressing, it will be found most refreshing to rub the body with a cold wet sponge, then to dry with a rough towel. Never eat when fatigued. Dine early, live plainly, taking nothing that is in the least likely to disagree with you.

Take a last good walk about an hour before retiring for the night.

Look upon narcotics in any shape as poison.

And now a word or two about the bed-room itself. The room should be large, most cleanly and free from dust, with a proper system of ventilation by door and windows.

The temperature should be as equable all through the night and through the year as possible—from 50° to 60° according to age; the old and very young requiring more warmth than the young and middle-aged.

As to beds, the best sleep I think is obtained on a wire mattress over which is placed a bed of horse-hair, several inches deep. On the top of this may be spread two or three blankets, then the sheet. It will thus be even and smooth.

There is no doubt that many people will find it far better for their permanent health to sleep altogether in wool, especially those who are of a rheumatic or gouty diathesis, or subject to colds and coughs.

The night-shirt should in these cases be wool, light wool bed-socks should be worn, and the sheets should also be of wool. Not so the pillows, however, because I advise the head to be kept cool during sleep, and would not counsel the wearing even of night-caps, far less the drinking of them.

No more bed-clothes should be worn than suffice to keep up the temperature of comfort.

The pillows should be large and springy and not too yielding. They ought to be covered with the softest and finest of linen.

Curtains right round the bed are objectionable, for the air one breathes at night cannot be too pure.

The bed should be raised about two feet from the floor. We must not forget that carbonic acid which we expire, if not carried away by a judicious system of ventilation, lies low, being heavier than air.

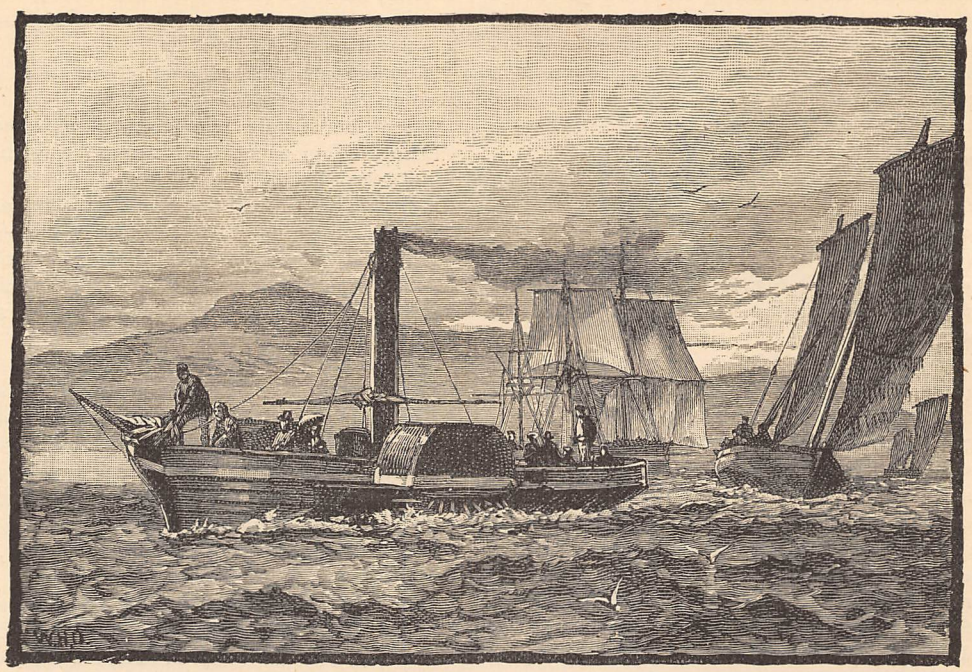
The system adopted by some of reading in bed has been, I think, too universally condemned. If perusing the pages of a magazine, or newspaper, for a short time before putting the light out (due care being taken to keep the light in a safe place), serves to calm the mind and brain and prevent the thoughts from recurring to the scenes of the day that has passed, or being troubled by the probable events of the coming morrow, I maintain that it can be productive only of good.

In conclusion let me warn all brain-workers who are troubled with wakefulness to see to their condition without delay. To remain in health is a duty one owes not only to himself, but to his friends and relations; and want of sufficient sleep is more productive of bodily trouble than insufficient food, or meals taken at irregular hours.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIPS.

IF we go "ower the border and away," like the fair Ellen did, of whom Lady Heron sung in Holy Rood, there is between the land of Burns and that of the lochs, the great city of Glasgow, which began a prosperous career with tobacco and sugar, and has increased it with ships. The industrial history of Glasgow is a varied and honourable one: the names of Watt, of Bell, of Neilson, and Tennant come readily to the mind—of Watt, whose discoveries made quick travel possible; of Bell, whose monument at Dunglass is a reminder of the little vessel which "was the first steamer;" of Neilson, whose hot blast experiments in Glasgow changed the fortunes of the British iron trade; and of Charles Tennant, whose bleaching powder discovery made him fame and fortune, and gave a new future to the chemical trade. By road, river, and rail, almost incomparable facilities are afforded for the traveller to and from the Clyde; and thus it is that many imitate the old song, and "go to Kelvin-grove."

The four chief commercial rivers of Britain have different characteristics—the Thames in its aggregation of trade and traffic from all parts of the world; the Mersey in its great American passenger traffic; the Tyne in its coal trade; and the Clyde in its shipbuilding. There are other characteristics of each, but to the stranger those named are the most apparent. The Clyde, as a commercial river, is the outgrowth of this century, for in that time the revenue of the Clyde Trustees has risen from £3,000 to close upon £300,000 yearly. The river has given birth to great lines of steamers; it is the point of departure for gigantic vessels—those for goods, passengers, emigrants are well known. Around Glasgow are coal and iron, and the application of these, and the outgrowth of great shipbuilding industries, have of late years given to the Clyde the first place amongst the ports where the "building of the ships" is carried on. On the Clyde, in 1812, Bell launched his *Comet*, and gathering greatness has since, in naval construction, distinguished the river. But the vessels now built are far other than those of seventy years ago, and before we go farther it may be well to indicate to the eye the change in the ships of to-day and the past.



THE "COMET" (1812).

An interesting work on Modern Shipbuilding, by Mr. David Pollock, of Glasgow, contains diagrams drawn to scale, showing the dimensions of steamships, and we may indicate the *length* by lines thus :—

Comet (1812)
Great Britain (1843)
Arizona (1876)
Servia (1881)

Concurrently with the increase in length there has been an enlargement of the breadth and of other dimensions ; and within the past five years as remarkable a change in the material of the vessel has taken place—from iron to steel. Passing on to the volume of the work done on the Clyde, it may be remarked that, with occasional fluctuations, the last twenty years have been years of progress, for whilst in 1863 the tonnage launched on the river was 123,000 tons, it had risen in 1883, when the maximum was attained, to 419,000 tons. Most of the visitors to Glasgow take in one form or another the popular trip called "Doon the Watter," and those who do may see the yards of the great shipbuilding firms of Glasgow—that of John Elder and Co., at Fairfield, whence the *Alaska*, the *Arizona*, the *Austral*, the *Umbria*, and the *Etruria* have been launched ; the yards of Robert Napier and Sons, of J. and G. Thompson (builders of the *America*, the *Aurania*, and the *Servia*) ; and that at Dumbarton, of Messrs. William Denny and Bros. (builders of the *Arawa* and *Tainui*).

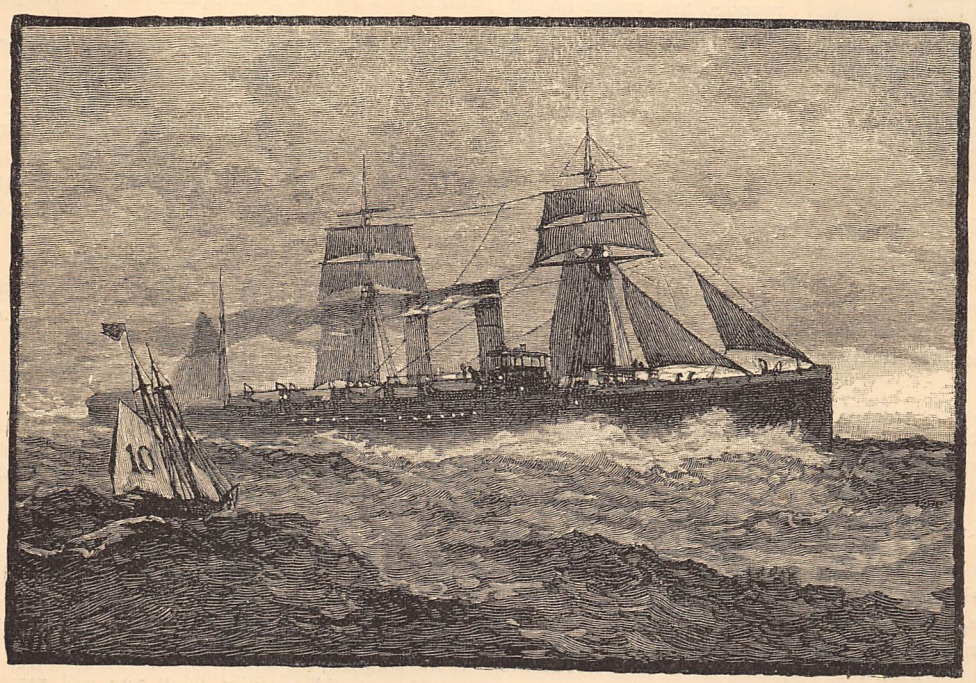
And here it may be interesting to notice that the competition between the great Clyde builders has led to a development of the industry, to a perfection of the establishments, and to the introduction of improvements, such as could not have been dreamt of a few years ago. To give some idea of the extent, it may be said that the yard of Messrs. Elder occupies seventy acres of land and of dock area ; that of Messrs. Thompson, thirty-five acres ; and that of Messrs. Denny, nearly fifty acres ! And whilst in the past the Clyde was dependent upon other districts for part of the material employed in the building of the vessels, it now produces the whole of the steel needed, it erects the ships, builds the engines, casts the anchors, and may be said, with slight exceptions, to fabricate all that is needed in the building of the ship. Largely to it and to its men is due the change from iron to steel in shipbuilding, the use of "triple expansion" and even "quadruple expansion" engines, and a mass of improvements which, in the main, have contributed to the raising of the speed on trans-Atlantic voyages from seven or eight knots per hour to eighteen and a half knots per hour ! By this the Atlantic is bridged almost, and the two great nations are literally brought within a week's distance of each other. Of late the Clyde has begun to build war-vessels, and the *Scout* and others have acquired a high repute, but it is probable that the reputation of the river will be kept up more by such floating palaces—if the expression is applicable with such rapidity of movement—as the *Alaska*, the *Etruria*, and the *Columbia*. On the rivers and lakes, across the Irish Channel, over the

Atlantic, and to the far Orient, these greyhounds from the Clyde are coursing, bearing on business and pleasure the mails, the peoples, and the goods of the world.

We may now descend to the particular from this generalisation, and may glance at two of the yards of the Clyde. Here is that of Clydebank, the extent of which we have stated. There are in it eight launching or building berths, a "basin" for fitting vessels, shops, foundries, engine works, sheds and stores. Railways pierce the yard, electricity lights it, and hydraulic power has displaced steam for many purposes. At the tidal dock, shear legs to lift 120 tons are placed; in the engine rooms, weighing machines capable of weighing up to 100 tons are found; and a large portion of the rivetting work in the yard is done by hydraulic power. The arrangements of this magnificent establishment have been pronounced perfect by many judges; and even the inexperienced will be able to appreciate the results when it is stated that the vessels launched from it have been valued at more than £8,000,000; that from it the *Scout* was launched, and that in it six more unarmoured cruisers of the *Archer* type are being constructed now. This *Scout* is the first of the vessels built at Clydebank for the Government, and the placing there of the order for six more vessels is an indication of Governmental approval.

Down the Clyde a few miles, under the shadow of Dumbarton Rock, is the yard of Messrs. W. Denny and Bros. For forty years the firm has been a shipbuilding firm of extending fame; and for no small part of the time it has occupied a place which is unique in the annals of shipbuilding for the completeness of its scientific arrangements, for the precision of its work, and for its attention to the comfort and the elevation of its workpeople. It is impossible in moderate space to describe this notable yard; the eye finds curiosities from the entry to leaving—from the notice board, on which printed reports of "Conferences" between the partners and the workmen, as to trade matters, are ranged, with notices and awards of prizes given by the firm to workmen for approved inventions, to the experimental tank designed for speed experiments with ships' models, which is believed to be the only one privately owned in this country. Long lines of portable railway traverse the yard to the extent of about seven miles. Electric lights pervade the place; the telephone is extensively used; and it is a noteworthy feature of the yard that, in the draughting offices, a portion of the work is done by young ladies. As we have said, the firm has had honourable repute for its attempt to foster the use of steel instead of iron as the material for vessels; and increasingly it has used that material. Finally, all the vessels it has recently built have been constructed of that "mild steel," which is increasingly preferred.

Over the shipbuilding industry of the Clyde, as of other ports, dulness settled in the year 1884, and it has not been removed. There were in the year named considerable contracts for large vessels for the great lines, and when these were worked off the numbers of workmen employed became much fewer than for the previous six years. That depression shows itself to the observer on the passage "doon the watter," for some of the yards are bare of work, and others have less



THE "SERVIA" (1881).

than they have had for a long period; whilst in one or two instances Governmental orders make up the deficiency. But the Clyde has the advantage of many ports in the fact that it builds vessels from the yacht, and the dredger, and barge, to the largest and most magnificent "liner" or to the man-o'-war. And hence the period of prostration will not be very long—the experience of the past being a declension for a few years, and then a longer period of prosperity. And those who know the importance of the industry to the Clyde, first directly as an employer of labour, then indirectly in stimulating the iron and steel trades, and who recognise the importance nationally of our mercantile navy being kept efficient in point of speed, of strength, and of comfort, and who feel that it is desirable that the ocean-divided nations should be brought near, will desire the revival of the great industry to the Clyde. There is less of the picturesque about the ship-yard than there was when it was of the kind that Whittier has sung of, when the "ship's white timbers" showed "spectral in the river-mist," and when her ribs were of oak, and her white sails gave power, but still the craving of the poet for her that "helps to bind the silken chain of commerce round the world" remains. Year by year adds its improvements to the ships, to the engines, to the boilers, and to the equipments, with the tendency of increased speed, and lessened consumption of fuel, with the ultimate aim of cheaper ocean transit. It is very difficult to predict the speed of the future; but to the goal that may be reached the Clyde will send many competitors; and those who pass down the waters of the stream, and hear the clang of the riveters, and see the great iron walls of our merchant navy springing up on the margin of the waters, will long that they may be staunch and strong, and conduce to the comfort of those at home and the safety of those who "go down to the sea in ships."

J. W. S.

SYBIL'S SECOND COUSINS, AND WHAT THEY DID FOR HER.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WILFUL YOUNG WOMAN," "WHO IS SYLVIA?" "A RUSTIC MAID," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IN a pretty room sat, one May afternoon, a girl as fresh and spring-like as the day itself.

Music unheeded, one rounded arm rested on the piano, harmonies enough evolved from her own thoughts, judging by the song-notes that broke from her smiling lips as she turned the pictured pages of a journal on her knee.

But little enough attention she gave to these. Now and again with a quick breath of impatience she watched the door, and when it opened admitting a lady double her own age, graciously beautiful as she herself was winsomely fair, up sprang our maiden, and welcomed the house-mistress with an impetuous hug, and—

"Ah, cousin, what a while you have been! No"—interpreting a glance piano-wards—"I could *not* practise, because I can think of nothing sensible till you have heard the news."

"In your own interests, then, tell quickly," said Cousin Mary, keeping her girl-friend's hand in her own as both sat down. "Now begin."

"Well, you know whom I mean by Mrs. Stafford?"

"Yes, your mother's cousin, your other nearest relative."

"Who," with the suspicion of a curl about the corners of her lips, "forgot all about me for years, while you"—stealing two arms about Mary Rimmington's waist—"were teaching and taking all the trouble of me. Now she writes that she has breathing-time in a busy life to remember the coming generation, meaning me! Dr. Stafford has a practice in London. They live in some fine square. She wants me to go and stay two whole months, and can you imagine anything more dreadful?"

"Indeed, Sybil, I can. You will have to go."

"Mary!" in protesting astonishment.

"But why not?"

"Because I should want dresses, hats, boots, and quantities of things. Now, ought pounds to be spent on me when papa has to teach the boys because we have not enough to send them to school? Mistress Mary, you can't say 'Yes.'"

"I must, though, if your mother does."

"Oh, but," coaxingly, "you know if any one goes out it should be mother. Do persuade her to let me stop at home."

"Why, no; it would be more pleasure to her to know you were having a holiday, child."

Alas! Sybil's persuasive smiles began to flicker. The forecast of a shower came over her beseeching eyes. She laid her head on her friend's shoulder with a pathetic—

"But I don't *wish* to go!"

That was her weightiest argument, but Mary Rimmington steeled herself to common sense, and compounded with her favourite.

"We will talk to your mother then, and if we are to have no music we had best go directly."

"Very well," ruefully, "but you will remember I

would rather stop at home;" this with her face still hidden. "And she will do what you advise. She says you are her right hand. She has often wondered what she would have done if papa's cousin, Mary Rimmington, had married like her cousin, Mrs. Stafford. It is lucky you didn't, Mary. But," lifting her face to the grave, beautiful one above, "but very odd! I should have thought you sure to marry."

Now embarrassment flitted from Sybil's cheeks to her friend's, that deepened painfully. Her composure strangely shaken, Mary Rimmington moved away to the window, and there stood silently till the girl stole up, and speaking low, as fearing she had stirred memories sad or sacred, said—

"Now I have vexed you, Mary, darling! do forgive me. I won't speak unthinkingly again. No one could want you more than we, so *I'm* glad enough no one stole you away, and," with a comforting caress, "you are not sorry, Mary?"

Sometimes a secret starts to the fore and demands to be spoken of, its owner longing, past denial, for a scrap of comprehending sympathy.

Mary Rimmington drew the slim form close, and told what she had never trusted to elder confidante.

"I think I am not sorry now, Sybil. But once—ah! how I wished it had been different!"

"Some one loved you?" whispered Sybil.

"I—he—thought so."

"But why, oh, Mary, are you not together?"

"Partly," answered a voice full of tears, "because I was proud; partly because he would not fully trust me."

"The wicked, wicked——"

"Hush! I hardly know what weakness made me tell this, but we will not talk of it again. Now, little one, back to your mother."

Midway on the path which joined Mary Rimmington's dwelling to that of her cousin, the poor rector of a poor parish, one of "the boys" came tearing along, calling them to hurry.

"Wilfred Arkwright was there. He was going out to India. He'd come to say good-bye, and they were all waiting for tea."

At these tidings Sybil turned now red, now pale; inclined first to put on speed and race her brother home, next to go sedately, watching wistfully if any one else were coming forth to meet them.

But Mrs. Foster alone waited under the verandah. Wilfred she heard speaking to her father in his study, and wondered much what he could be talking of as up-stairs she smoothed her ruffled hair, and tried to lave away that last rush of rosiness which made her look as if she had been cricketing with the boys.

Unusually subdued, she descended, more charming than ever in her womanlier aspect, to Wilfred Arkwright, her father's former pupil.

From the first day he had come to the Rectory, and found her a bonny little maid of six, to the hour when he left, seven years later, Miss Sybil had been his child-love, imperious, undisputed; and every visit the lad had paid there since migrating to an engineering office four miles off, had chained him faster to his early queen.

But, save widening prospects, and a reputation for ability and uprightness, Mr. Wilfred had little wealth at present, and this hard fact fencing with sundry obtrusive desires, made him shy and down-hearted, even though he came to tell of the great rise which had befallen him, that of being recommended as assistant for large works in Madras undertaken by men of celebrity.

Somehow the tea-table, often noisily gay, to-night was gloomy. To cheer it, said the rector—

"You may find us all marvellously prosperous when you return, Arkwright, in four years. My chancel may be rebuilt, and Phil may have got the scholarship he is going to try for."

Phil, however, had all a boy's delightful faculty for *mal-àpropos* utterances.

"Ah, I mayn't get the scholarship," said he; "then the only thing to be done will be for me to go into a stuffy bank, and Sybil to make the family's fortune by marrying a rich man. That's what you'll find, Wil, when you come home."

"Perhaps," put in Steenie, "he'll never get home. He may be drowned coming. Oh, I say, Syb, don't take the tea-cake away; I want some."

But Sybil, relenting, slipped a piece from her own plate to her brother's. Somehow, she was not hungry. And the colour died out of her cheeks as she sat, very quiet, the evening through. Wilfred watched her, but never spoke to her alone. And presently—last of all—he bade her good night, good-bye: he was off next day for six weeks' work in his new employer's office before he left England. And while all found plenty of words with which to wish him good luck, she could not so much as say a single syllable, but stole away to bed with the last touch of his clasping hand lingering on hers, and, for some unknown reason, cried herself to sleep on that memorable ending of a memorable day.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

NOLENS VOLENS, Sybil was soon exiled to London, a domestic council having decided that she must go forth and see the world. So, amid lamentations from the boys, she was duly launched on her visit, and for nigh a week, felt, in the comparative grandeur of No. 10, Lansdowne Square, as homesick a young soul as ever exchanged rustic freedom for urban fetters. But native courtesy to her entertainers bade her recall her cheerfulness, and with the second week this became easier.

One morning brought a letter from home, telling

that papa was more hopeful of Phil's passing; had had an unexpected fee; and Wilfred had written that he was doing well at Liverpool; and Sybil's spirits suddenly grew buoyant. Dr. Stafford, who had taken vastly to his young guest, was amazed to see how pretty she looked that day; his wife delighted in her new-born vivacity, and being a clever woman, set about calculating how she might establish her charge for life, and so relieve the Suffolk rectory of one member.

Fate favoured her. The afternoon, to Sybil's joy, was not wasted on drives and calls, but spent in the Square garden. There Mrs. Stafford chatted about the Suffolk home so dear to her semi-caged companion. Joyfully Sybil expatiated on her mother's goodness; the boys' best points; her father's talents; lastly, Cousin Mary's perfections.

"Which I shall be jealous of," laughed Mrs. Stafford. "I have heard of this lady long ago, but we never met. She should come and see you here, Sybil. Tell her so when next you write."

No message could have pleased the girl better. In high delight she hovered, butterfly fashion, near her companion, found four daisies, a wee bit of lilac, and spray of crinkled elm-leaves, and made thereof an imitation Upworth bouquet, and presently tripped across to No. 10, with Mrs. Stafford's shawls upon her arm, so gaily that she forgot to be duly wary of the London roadway.

Round a corner whisked a cart, at perilously full speed. Sybil heard shouts, felt the horse's breath on her shoulder, gave a tremendous spring, and alighted, palpitating, marvellously pretty, in the outspread arms of a gentleman unknown.

"Child, what an escape!" cried Mrs. Stafford, hurrying after her; then in the same breath, "Major Nugent, I'm delighted! You were coming to call on us? Let me introduce Miss Foster.—You must thank my husband's friend, Sybil, for sparing you perhaps a dreadful fall."

"I do so hope I did not hurt his toes," said Sybil penitently, "but I jumped on them!"

"Not the least," cried the major, a pleasant, sunburnt man of forty. "It was an agreeable experience, I assure you." And Sybil, doing her best to show her gratitude, must have heightened the effect of this experience, for Robert Nugent followed up his singular introduction by many visits to No. 10.

From the same county as the Staffords, he might have more in common with them after fifteen years' absence from England than with newer friends. That was the ostensible reason for his accepting all invitations, and paying constant calls: but his hostess soon found out that the untutored attractions of her guest were his magnet, and greatly she rejoiced thereat.

Major Nugent, resigning the service in which he was distinguished to take up an estate lately inherited, would be a *parti* coveted by scores, and a proud chaperone she felt when one day the officer told her his hopes, and begged her influence for him with Miss Foster.

But on Sybil all this came as an unutterable shock. In frightened silence she listened while Mrs. Stafford pointed out the immense advantage of the match: the brilliant position for herself — the immediate benefit to her family—Robert Nugent was liberal as rich—her secured happiness. Dr. Stafford had a higher opinion of no one than of the major; and Sybil must like him.

"Y-e-s," very softly, "but——"

"And she had no other engagement?"

"Oh, no!" with a vivid flush.

"Then take a fortnight to think of it, and write home."

"No, please—no," with a gasp.

"Well, then, decide for yourself, dear girl. The major will wait patiently for his answer."

So Sybil had to ponder this proposal alone, every visible force opposed to the conclusion she passionately yearned for.

Robert Nugent behaved admirably, never persecuting her with attention, though all his money could command was at her feet, his praises constantly sounded in her hearing. As a friend she could have liked him so! As her husband——! But Wilfred had said nothing; perhaps thought of her only as his sister. Could she think of him by-and-by just as —as Phil? In wretched bewilderment Sybil worried herself unceasingly, till an antedated climax arrived. Another letter from home — a sad one. Phil had failed for the scholarship. His father was downhearted. The crops were failing on their glebe. "Oh, and Wilfred was to set sail in the *Ajax* that very day. Sybil was well out of the way of these worries."

Well, indeed! and they pressed upon her worst of all. Oh, to do something to help them at home! But some one else was doing that. Even while she read her missive, Major Nugent was telling Dr. Stafford that on his property a living of eight hundred a year had fallen vacant, and the upshot of the confabulation was its immediate offer to Sybil's father.

"Tell her nothing. I would not have her biassed for the world," begged the honest major, and the doctor promised silence, but so did not his wife. She, impatient to hasten Sybil's consent, ventured to divulge the impending prosperity, and asked, "could Sybil dismiss this benefactor?" Sybil could not. With a maze of emotions in her young breast, she met her suitor that evening, and gave him her hand with—

"You are so good—to us all. If doing what you wish pleases you, I—will—do it."

And Robert Nugent, lifting her trembling fingers to his lips, promised, Heaven helping them, neither should ever repent this compact. Little knew they what a few hours would bring forth!

That night a furious storm broke over England. Sybil, wakeful, trembled at the lightning's ghastly brilliancy, and at the hurricane of wind and rain. Was it sleeplessness, Dr. Stafford wondered, which made her pale next day? Only that, Mrs. Stafford opined, the major hoped, and Sybil would fain have persuaded herself. The dinner-hour undeceived one

of them. Guests were present, news of the engagement whispered among them. Robert Nugent in sober gladness sat by his young *fiancée*. For once, with good cause, the weather was discussed, and "had they heard the fearful news?" a lady asked;

For scarcely had Sybil, shivering, spite of June heat, descended to the drawing-room in the afternoon, and been left with orders to rest, while Mrs. Stafford paid calls, than an arrival sounded below. Up started the girl at a familiar voice. Another minute she

"SHE TURNED THE PICTURED PAGES" (*p.* 18).

"the *Ajax* went down last night in the Channel, and every one on board, it was feared, had perished." Amid the uprising clamour of commiseration, one stifled cry was heard. The next moment Sybil had fainted.

It was the heat, or excitement, or pity. Mrs. Stafford had a dozen reasons for the child's indisposition, when the major called next day; he would find her recovered at dinner-time. So till seven he uneasily absented himself, thus missing another visitor at No. 10.

was sobbing on Mary Rimmington's shoulder, too excited to hear awhile what had brought this dearer cousin of hers to town. But it was soon explained, a letter received that morning put into her hands, which made her pulses dance with joy.

"I brought it," said Mary tenderly, "because we felt how terrible the disaster would be to you, darling. We would not keep you in trouble. We thought you ought to know all—now. Mrs. Stafford asked me here, so here I am."

Even while she spoke, Sybil was scanning that dear

letter, telling how Wilfred, "by God's mercy, and the help of two Southampton boatmen, had escaped death; and would Mrs. Foster tell Sybil he had thought of her first, last, all through; and might he send his love to Sybil? Would they give it?"

For very joy she could have hugged the precious letter to her bosom. But ere this ecstasy could be indulged, an ordeal must be faced; of that she would only tell Mary when over. So, studiously calm (had they all blundered about her and Wilfred, Miss Rimmington speculated?) she talked of home till Mrs. Stafford returned, and seven o'clock, the hour freighted with importance, drew on apace.

A beautiful woman was Mary Rimmington, thought Dr. Stafford, and wondered whether Major Nugent was too engrossed with another style to agree with him. But when the pair were introduced, his attention was astray. Sybil's glance avoided her betrothed; none saw that Mary turned white as death, and Robert Nugent's countenance changed strangely.

At dinner embarrassment prevailed. Sybil's whispered entreaty to Mrs. Stafford not to tell Mary anything ruffled the hostess. Her guests were silent. Not until the ladies left the table could the doctor get the major into conversation; then he had mainly to talk himself, choosing for his subject Sybil's other kinswoman, "who actually appears the paragon the child painted her! Unquestionably noble-hearted, for she gave up her property years ago to screen a defaulting brother, dead since, leaving herself barely enough to live on. If Nugent would not take any more dessert, would he go to the drawing-room? The doctor had a patient to see. Mrs. Stafford had to spend an hour with a neighbour; but," meaningly, "some one else was up-stairs. Miss Rimmington would not to be in the way; his wife would give her a hint before she left."

Slowly, as more driven by duty than drawn by love, the major went up-stairs. Sybil, from her room, yet higher, heard his step. For her confession, for courage to do right, she was seeking strength alone. Minutes flew by before determination bade her descend. Then, Wilfred's letter hidden within her dress, she went; silently parted the curtains between the drawing-rooms, and—came on the final act of another drama.

Mary Rimmington, her dear, calm mentor, was there weeping bitterly; Robert Nugent, in deepest agitation, stood by her saying—

"Till they called you by your old name to-night, I believed you married. Report told me you were. I was suspicious of what parted us. 'It never could have been that!' Alas, I know it now! It was your brother you shielded. Oh, Mary! *if* you had told me! *if—if* I had trusted you! But now," with a groan, "I am bound of my own foolish free will, and what a wreck I have made of our lives!"

A minute's silence broken only by low sobs, then Mary faltered—

"Robert, the burden of my fault I must bear, and will, if it never darkens Sybil's life. The child is so sweet, you must be happy with her. I—can but be alone again."

"Though that," a jubilant voice broke in, "you never shall be, coz—darling—dearest!"—and Sybil ran to clasp the sorrowful head in her arms—"for I have heard you, and now I know that you two belong to each other. You loved each other once; you love each other now——?"

Mary's trembling lips refused to say "No."

Robert Nugent answered gravely—"Yes, Sybil, but——"

"No buts!" she cried—"Go on loving! For, dear Major Nugent, I was coming this minute to say I could never marry you. I thought I cared for some one else a—little. But I heard he was dead, and then—oh, then——"

Her eloquent eyes told the rest.

"Mary, is this true?" Robert Nugent asked, release breaking in as a ray from the sun.

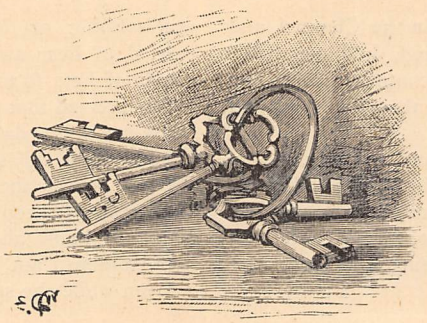
"It is, it is!" cried Sybil, her heart beating wildly fast. "My own Mary, look happy! There, Major Nugent, she's smiling again. And as for you—oh, I dare care for you now. See——!" She stood tiptoe, laid a light hand on the major's shoulder, printed one peace-making kiss upon his sunburnt cheek—"There," she said triumphantly, "do you suppose I could have done that if I had ever wanted to marry him?"

With which extraordinary and truly feminine problem she left them.

Free!

* * * * * *

The only person aggrieved over the arrangement was Mrs. Stafford; but she has long since seen its wisdom, forgiven the Nugents, and accepted in that very rising engineer, Wilfred Aikwright, a more suitable husband for her young second cousin, Sybil.



SOMETHING FOR BREAKFAST.

BY LIZZIE HERITAGE.

"WHAT shall we have for breakfast?" This apparently trifling question is in reality an important one, for is not the old adage, "No breakfast, no man," as true to-day as ever? Yes, depend upon it there is something radically wrong when the members of a family are disinclined for a substantial morning meal.

Assuming, for our present purpose, fairly good appetites on the part of our readers, then come the questions of variety, nutrition, and suitability.

In England, in thousands of homes, bacon, with or without eggs, is the staple breakfast dish, often served daily for weeks or months without intermission; and while admitting that few delicacies can beat good home-cured bacon and new-laid eggs, it is a grave mistake not to vary one's food to a greater extent than is customary—at breakfast especially.

We must remark that we are not referring to homes where there are staffs of servants, but rather to those where a general servant shares the work in all its branches with the mistress or her daughters.

Most foreigners, particularly Americans, are struck with our lack of bread—not quantity, but variety. It is fortunate for our digestive organs, however, that so many hot cakes, rolls, and biscuits, always present at their own tables, *are* absent from ours. Still, the reproach is to some extent deserved, and it would be easy to introduce light, wholesome bread of several kinds at little cost or trouble.

One American custom we might follow with advantage is the introduction of fresh ripe fruit at breakfast. In that country it is eaten at the beginning and end of the meal. Morning is unquestionably the time *par excellence* for fruit, *but* only a small quantity of fluid should be drunk, otherwise it is injurious, simply because the fruit itself conveys so large a quantity of water into the system, and a superabundance of liquid is at the root of many troubles of a dyspeptic nature.

Salad plants are admittedly cooling and wholesome, but, on the whole, they are not easy of digestion, owing to the large percentage of water they contain.

Let the chief breakfast dishes be of a kind, and cooked in such a manner, as to be readily digested. We remember hearing a famous scientist lecture on waste of food. He spoke of that absolutely thrown away; of food burnt, or otherwise spoiled, in the cooking; lastly—and upon this he laid greatest stress—of edibles of every description cooked in such ways as deprived them of their nourishment and rendered them indigestible.

When eggs are plentiful, *Omelets* afford a pleasant change, and are, when properly made, easily digested; but we incline to the opinion that the making of an omelet is just one of those things that can only be learned by experience, and a badly-made omelet is an abomination.

Those who *have* grasped the method may find the following two recipes of service:—

Italian Omelet.—Mix a table-spoonful of cooked macaroni, cut into half-inch lengths, with an equal bulk of grated cheese—Parmesan is the nicest—and a dessert-spoonful or so of tomato conserve; add a grate of nutmeg and a suspicion of cayenne, then stir the whole in a stewpan until hot. Put the mixture into the centre of a medium-sized omelet, just before folding, and serve at once.

Indian Omelet.—A table-spoonful of rice, previously boiled and drained, is to be added to a tea-spoonful or less of curry paste that has been liquefied by a small quantity of cream. Heat as above directed, and serve in the omelet in the same way.

Watercress and other herbs are in France frequently put into the omelet mixture before cooking.

Kedgeree is tasty and easily made. Put into a saucepan an ounce of butter, four or five ounces of cold fish—any kind—flaked, and half the weight, or more if liked, of boiled rice. Season with salt, pepper, and a few drops of white vinegar or lemon-juice. Pile lightly on a hot dish. When appearance is an object, the whites of two hard-boiled eggs may be cut into rings for garnish, and the yolks rubbed through a sieve and sprinkled over the whole. Although *fresh* fish is most suitable, the remains of a dried haddock will do for this.

Savoury Pyramid is a mixture of cooked rice and any white meat minced, and made hot in a small quantity of white sauce or tomato sauce; or tomatoes may be sliced and grilled, and served round it. As its name implies, it should be served pyramid shape. Boiled or roasted fowl is delicious in this way; the bones should then be stewed for the sauce. A small quantity of ham will improve it, together with some savoury herbs.

Brown Macaroni is excellent. The common pipe macaroni is used for it. It is first boiled, then cut up and stewed in brown stock until it has absorbed the whole, when it should be spread on a flat dish and a little more stock poured over; the dish should be garnished with fried or toasted bread in nice shapes.

Cooked Vegetables, so little prized in England, furnish foreign breakfast-tables with many a dainty. Cauliflowers, divided into sprigs, dipped in batter, and fried crisp, are good, either as a separate course, or with kidneys, cutlets, &c. Celery, asparagus, and many others can be so treated, or they may be cut up and mixed with the batter, and fried a table-spoonful at a time.

Any flat fish may be filleted and baked, the fillets

first rolled up and skewered in a straight row. Butter a baking-sheet, lay them on, and cover with a buttered paper. In a good oven they will be done in ten or fifteen minutes, when the paper should be removed and each little roll covered with chopped parsley mixed with cream. Let this get hot, then serve them at the last moment, squeezing some lemon-juice over, or any flavoured vinegar. People who like hot dishes may substitute chopped Indian pickle, or a dash of chutney, for the parsley and cream.

For *Fish Cutlets* few modes equal that of wrapping them in buttered paper and cooking on a gridiron, or in a hot oven, as the paper keeps in the flavour and goodness ; but the time of cooking must be a little longer than for cutlets cooked minus the paper.

A word now about twice-cooked meats. It is not advisable to serve them too often, but as they are so convenient where cold meat is disliked, and form the base of such a variety of snacks, we think a recipe may not be unwelcome. There is a golden rule to be remembered : let the time of exposure to the action of heat be as short as possible to prevent undue hardening, and in the case of hash or mince and all similar dishes, take care that the gravy does not reach boiling point after the meat is put in.

Gâteau of Cold Meat.—For this the meat *must* be underdone. Mince four ounces, add some chopped thyme and parsley, and a shalot chopped and fried brown. Season nicely, and mix with a table-spoonful of bread-crumbs, and one of stock or thick gravy. Lastly, add one whole egg. Grease a small cake tin, sprinkle all over with bread-crumbs, press the mixture in firmly, and cover with more crumbs, then bake in a brisk oven about twenty minutes, and turn out. If more convenient, this can be shaped with the hand into a roll, and baked ; in a Dutch oven will do. The bread-crumbs should be of the kind called "browned crumbs."

A good breakfast dainty may be made as follows ; if tried it is sure of a repetition :—

Australian Salad.—Take from the tin a pound of boiled or corned mutton (that imported by any good well-known firm), cut it into pieces the size of a walnut, put aside the fat, and melt any jelly there may be ; if insufficient add a little stock. Arrange the meat in a dish with a few slices of boiled beetroot, and some celery and tomatoes, raw, and sliced thinly. Put into a basin the yolks of two raw eggs ; then add, drop by drop, a quarter of a pint of salad oil ; when thick, stir in the liquid jelly, after it has cooled, a table-spoonful of strong vinegar and one of onion, shalot, or any other pickle vinegar that may be handy. Season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of white sugar. Pour this over the whole, and it will be relished at any meal. When time permits, the whites of the eggs may be put in a cup and steamed until set, then cut up and used for garnishing the salad. Those who object to oil may use a little thick cream.

Another way, and a more economical one, of making the dressing is to use the yolk of one hard-boiled egg and a cooked potato pounded with the yolk, then less cream or oil is needed.

A very delicious salad can be obtained by using tinned salmon or lobster with lettuce, cress, &c., adding to the dressing a small quantity of anchovy essence.

Very good *Lobster Cutlets*—a most appetising dish—are made in the following manner:—Cut up small the white meat of a tinned lobster and pound the coral with a couple of ounces of butter ; then mix the whole well together in the mortar, adding cayenne and a few drops of the essence of anchovies. Shape them as nearly as possible like mutton cutlets, only much smaller ; egg and bread-crumb them in the usual way. They take but half a minute or so to fry.

We recommend the best brands which bear the names of leading English firms, as, so far as we know, they are the only tins of lobster that contain any coral. We have found them equal to fresh lobster for many purposes.

Fish Cakes are very easily made, and excellent when salmon is used. If tinned, the oil must be all drained off, and the fish cut up, mixed with an equal weight of mashed potatoes, and seasoned nicely. No butter will be needed. Egg, crumb, and fry as above directed, or, if more convenient, bake them in a Dutch oven.

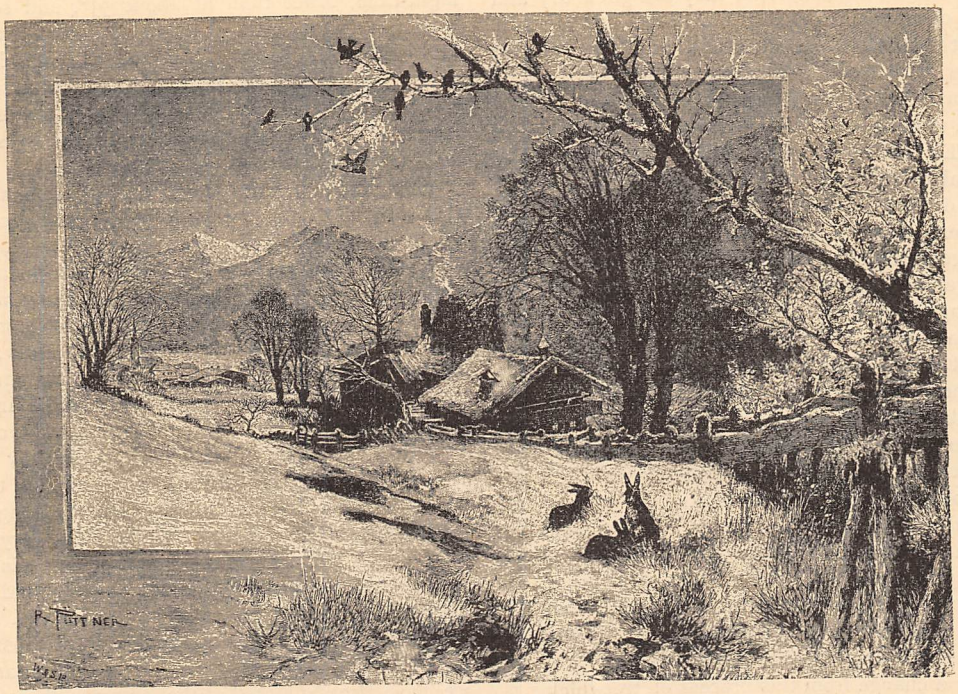
Many of the preceding recipes, we are well aware, can only be carried out where there is a gas or an oil-stove at hand, and where many little preparations are made overnight.

In conclusion, we have a word to say about cereals. Where they form the staple breakfast dish of the juveniles, it is well to remember that variety will be appreciated.

Oatmeal porridge is good, but it is too heating for some constitutions, and it may be supplanted with advantage by hominy in the spring. This, if well made, is simply delicious, and in the States is enjoyed by old and young alike ; but it must be well cooked. A good plan is to soak it all night—two ounces of hominy in half a pint of cold water. In the morning put it in a saucepan, and cook for an hour, stirring often, adding more water as it thickens until another half-pint has been added. Serve with sugar and cream, or good milk. Some prefer less water, and milk to make the quantity, in which case the hominy and water must be cooked thoroughly first, and the milk added just before serving. Lined saucepans or those of fire-proof china are the most suitable for making porridge ; better still the double saucepans—then burning is impossible. Never omit a little salt.

A last word about bread-and-milk. We saw a statement lately, by a medical man, to the effect that he should like to see the eating of whole-meal bread made compulsory by Act of Parliament. We do not go so far as this, but we do most strongly advise the adoption of whole-meal bread for growing children. Let it be a day or two old, sliced, and cut into dice, the milk just brought to boiling point, not actually boiled, and there is someting wrong if they do not enjoy it—at any rate, for a change, *not* morning after morning the year round.

DECEMBER GARDENING.



THOSE of us who can make up their minds to plenty of good bracing and heavy work in the garden these next two months, will have their reward when the summer comes. It certainly requires a little resolution, but total neglect of the garden merely because it is "the depth of winter" cannot fail to involve a multitude of serious failures. One or two illustrations, then, of this will give us a few gardening hints suited to the time of year.

Take, for example, our kitchen garden, from which, perhaps, some of the *débris* of our recent crops has not even yet been removed. "Oh!" says the easy-going gardener, "we will see to that when the days are a little longer, or when this horrid east wind goes, or when the weather is not quite so severe:" there then, for some six weeks or more, stand those withered and desolate-looking, dried-up scarlet-runner stalks and peas-haulm, with the sticks, to which they hardly now cling, swaying about in the gale; and there, again, is the untrenched soil, all hardened and trodden down, instead of being turned up and exposed in long ridges to the action of the frost; or perhaps the entire stock of dead leaves long since stripped from the now naked arms of our fruit and other trees, is to be allowed a month's holiday in which to circle round in a sort of mad ballet, set to mournful music of their own creation suggested by the sound of their crisp rustling, a sudden rush of a lump of them against our window-pane doing duty as the drum. Now, on the other hand, these dead leaves are most valuable to us gardeners, particularly to us poor gardeners, who had rather not too frequently go to the expense of ordering in loads of manure. Here, for example, is one use for our dead leaves:—

Our diminutive greenhouse is already over-stocked, and we are striving, perhaps, to keep alive in some cold frame outside a few of the hardiest bedding-out plants, such as our calceolarias and the sturdiest of our geraniums: these last, probably, we have cut down and potted as dwarf plants, the calceolarias being in cuttings: now, why not cram a good number of these leaves well among the pots under our frame? They will keep out all the worst of the frost, and be a very feather bed for our plants in the winter. Or, take another use for dead leaves: they will do duty as sea-kale pots if we pile them well over the crowns of the

plants in good large heaps, with a fair sprinkling of peas-haulm upon the outside to keep the leaves from afterwards playing truant. Sometimes, again, we dig them in at once as manure, or they can go, if dry and in large quantities, to our pigs first of all. Who, again, does not know the value of rich leaf-mould for potting purposes? how black and nutritive does the decayed and decaying surface soil look as we disturb it with the end of a walking-stick while on a stroll through one of our old English woods! All these things, then, point to the value of dead leaves, and to the recklessness of wasting or burning them.

For our *general* work in the garden in December, have a good trenching, and see to the entire drainage of the garden, that it has no defect: next attend to the rolling of the lawn and the gravel walks. A fine winter day's work, or perhaps a good many days' work, is also afforded by the felling and chopping up of some condemned tree: with all this valuable *débris* in addition to abundant fire-wood, you will be able to secure, if you go to work methodically, lengths of wood suitable for the repair of posts and fences, while the upper portion of your tree will give you a supply of pea and bean sticks in the following season. Only avoid, let us say in passing, operations of this kind that involve treading upon the soil in wet and rainy weather, for not only will your soil turn into a quagmire, but the labour is greater, and all the surroundings, yourself to boot, get into a deplorable tangle and mess.

Rather a change from this process of tree-felling is involved in giving a few hints as to the management of our orchid-house, about which we have not said much of late. A small house devoted to orchids will allow in this month of December of the admission of air, but with great caution. The aperture through which it passes should be perhaps covered with canvas: similarly very little watering will be necessary; but as naturally, at this severe time of the year, any warm spot will attract the presence of insects or other garden vermin, keep a sharp look-out for the approach of all such pests. As for the temperature of your orchid-house, the glass where you are cultivating the Indian and more delicate species should not stand, even at night-time, lower than at about 55°, and some 10° higher in the day-time. For other species a few degrees lower will do no harm. Of course, the majority, if not all, of your orchids will be now in a state of rest: at all times, however, avoid exposing your plants to any drip, and as flower-spikes develop themselves a little increase of moist heat is advisable.

Then, again, our window gardening often affords at this dead time of year some interesting occupation. Of course we watch the more closely any plants that show the first promise of flowering. For instance, the cinerarias, where they have been carefully managed, will soon be sending up flowering shoots, in which case give all the air the weather will allow, but in gloomy or very severe seasons water very cautiously. Many cinerarias in the greenhouse may be improved by shifting into larger pots; those popular cyclamens, too, that are growing may be improved by placing them in a lighter and more airy situation, but they will like a regular, but not too copious watering. The greenhouse, so long as it contains nothing very tender, will do very well by night if the temperature is merely some two or three degrees above freezing, and a great degree of fire-heat is specially to be avoided.

The kitchen, fruit garden, and orchard must all yet have something said of them. In the first-named, as we have already hinted at the outset, a thorough and deep trenching is indispensable for the future well-being of our next year's crops: have, too, plenty of manure wheeled on during frosty weather, and spread it about where you at all fear that the ground is getting too hard. Some sort of strawy litter also may be strewn over the celery, or, indeed, over the beds of any young plants that you at all fear may be injured by the frost. As for the fruit garden and orchard, some pruning may be done when no frost at all is about.

TWO MUSICAL COLLEGES.

THERE must be amongst our musical readers very few who are unaware of the great and rapid extensions which have been gradually, almost unconsciously, effected in the operations of Trinity College, London. Its growth has been marked by an energy and a rapidity without example in the history of musical art. Established (1872) originally as a voluntary society in the interests of church music and musicians, it set itself at once to the task of improving the general culture of musical people; and working upon these lines, it has now built up, not only a complete faculty of music, but also a fairly complete curriculum of arts. In this respect alone, it differs from most institutions of a kindred nature; but it has other features which are peculiar to itself. Its system of examinations in practical and theoretical music is unique. More than five times the number of students than that of any other examining body connected with the standard notation are annually tested through the medium of the Local Examinations connected with Trinity College, seven thousand being an average of the number who come forward yearly. The College claims to have been the first to institute these local trials of ability, and there are now more than two hundred provincial centres for this purpose, not only

throughout the home country, but also in the colonies, important centres having been established in Australia, New Zealand, and at the Cape of Good Hope.

One of the articles of the College Foundation stipulates that no member of the body corporate shall receive any dividend, bonus, or other monetary profit from the funds of the institution, and the disinterestedness of the scheme receives further proof from the fact that the four principal officers of the College are unpaid. These gratuitous services render it possible for the students to be received at very moderate fees, and they have also helped the committee in extinguishing the heavy debt which at one time burdened the institution. At the present moment the College has practically no debts whatever, and no liabilities beyond those current expenses which it is now able to meet with the greatest ease.

We have spoken of the importance of the local examinations conducted by Trinity College; but it must not be supposed that these form its chief claim to usefulness. The College is also an excellent teaching establishment, and at its handsome buildings in Mandeville Place it offers to the young student a cheap and thoroughly good system of instruction in every branch of the art. The teaching staff, if not a remarkably diffuse one, is very efficient. The list of names (some thirty or forty in number) contains some of the best teaching talent of the metropolis, and the student

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

cannot be wrong in placing himself under any one of the staff. The arrangements made for the pupil, and the internal work of the institution, are much the same as in the case of the Royal Academy of Music, with which we have dealt in a previous article, and these need not therefore be described. The fees charged by Trinity College are, however, much lower than those of the older establishment. Indeed, we believe that nowhere in London can high-class musical instruction be obtained cheaper than at Trinity College. Organ lessons, for example, are charged only fifty shillings for the term of twelve weeks, and only a little more is asked for solo singing, pianoforte, or violin lessons—all given, be it remembered, by eminent professors whose private fees would place their services beyond the reach of the majority of students. The classes for the study of languages, mathematics, literature, and other subjects of a general education are available at equally moderate charges, and the curriculum is intended to prepare the student not only for the Matriculation Examination of the College, but also for the various preliminary arts examinations of the Universities, now required of all candidates for musical degrees.

As in the case of the other public institutions, frequent students' concerts are given, and the Lecture Hall is invariably crowded to excess upon these occasions. There are several scholarships in connection with the College, including the well-known Sir Julius Benedict and Sims Reeves Exhibitions, which are always eagerly competed for. Prizes are also frequently offered for musical compositions and essays on subjects connected with the art, these prizes being open only to students and members of the College.

There is an excellent library of music and musical literature in connection with the institution, and there is also within the building a very serviceable organ, built by the Queen's organ builders, on which the students of that instrument are permitted to practise their exercises. Trinity College has not been without its foes as well as its friends, but its own policy has always been one of friendliness towards other institutions which are working for the same great ends; and this feeling has long since been reciprocated in the highest and most influential quarters. Lord Kimberley, as President of University College, said not long ago:—"I am slow to believe that in this great city there is no room for us all, and even for more such educational institutions as are growing up around us." This opinion has been fully verified by the success of Trinity College, which has now entered upon its sixteenth year of active service in a wide and ever-widening field of musical work.

Still proceeding in chronological order, we next come to a very different class of institution—the Royal College of Music. Its objects are, indeed, much the same; but its history, constitution, and modes of working are in many respects dissimilar. The system of free education, supplemented in some cases by free maintenance, vitally distinguishes it from other establishments of a kindred nature. As the only School of Music which is considerably endowed, it affords special opportunities to students otherwise debarred by financial reasons from cultivating their talents, and forced to exercise them without adequate preparation. The establishment of boarding-houses, under the supervision of a committee of ladies, puts collegiate discipline in full force, and in this way the analogy of public school life is maintained and *esprit de corps* encouraged.

The Prince of Wales took a leading part in the organisation of the College, and his brothers were also active in their efforts on its behalf. In 1882 a great meeting was convened at St. James's Palace, to which all the heads of social life were invited, the object being primarily to appeal to the people for funds to endow and establish a College of Music which should have a truly national basis. Other meetings in London and the provinces followed, and the result was the collection of a sum of £120,000. The National Training School, which had been established by the exertions of the Duke of Edinburgh, in 1875, consented to merge itself in the new College, and the site, building, music, instruments, and furniture of the Training School, with the balance at the bankers', were at once available.

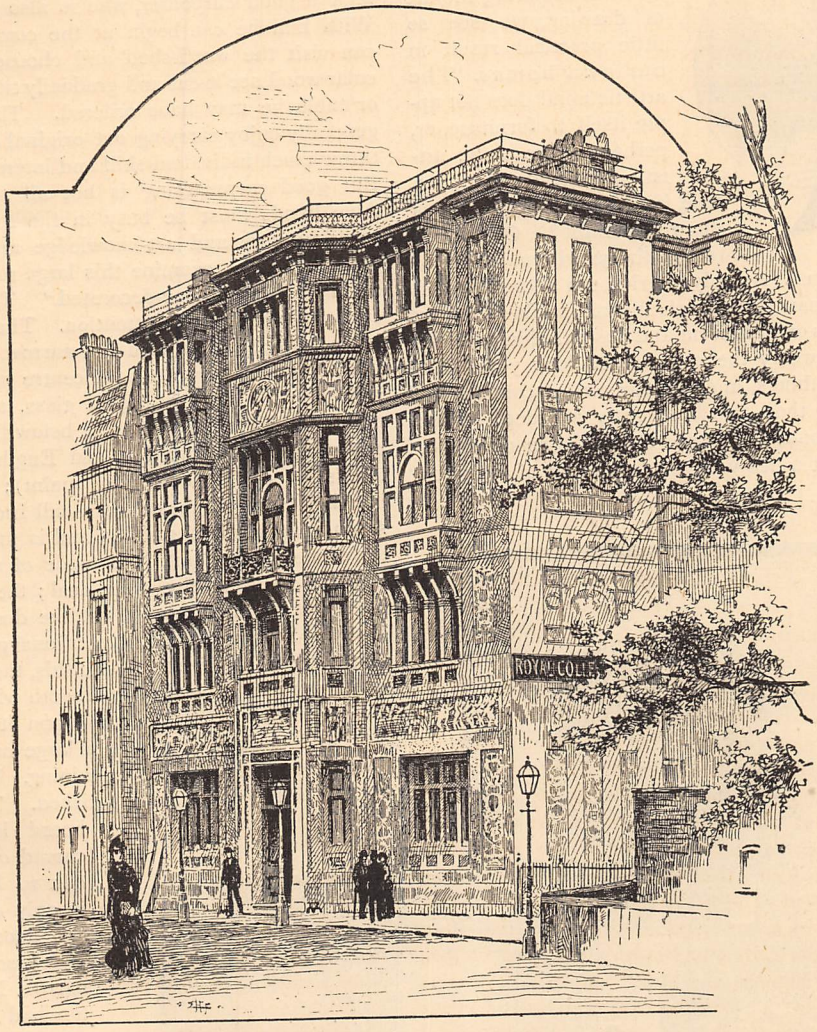
Thus everything favoured the undertaking, and so, in little more than a year from the date of the gathering in St. James's Palace, the Royal College of Music received its charter of incorporation, was formally opened, and on the 8th of May, 1883, entered on its existence with ninety-two students on the books, comprising fifty Foundation scholars—fifteen receiving maintenance as well as education — and forty-two paying students.

The purely musical subjects taught at the Royal College of Music are more varied than at the sister institutions. The claims of what are known as orchestral instruments are for the first time recognised on a footing of equality with the piano and violin. At recent competitions, special scholarships were offered to the players of wind instruments, to whom for the first time in the annals of English music the advantages of a complete free musical education have been extended. A comprehensive course of study is insisted upon in the case of all pupils, as opposed to the detached study of single branches of the art. Every student is obliged to take up a second as well as a principal subject of study, and receives systematic instruction in the history and theory as well as in the practical branches of music. Literary studies are not pursued at the Royal College and candidates for the certificates granted by the institution are not at present examined on other than musical subjects. Candidates are required, however, to write a short essay on a given topic connected with the art as a test of literary proficiency—this, however, we should consider in some cases far more trying than the ordinary methods of testing a candidate's general education.

The staff of teachers attached to the Royal College is an exceedingly large one, numbering, according to the latest list, fifty-four names. It was originally intended that the principal professors should become resident and confine their labours of instruction exclusively to the pupils of the College. That desirable

consummation has not yet been brought to pass, and probably never will be, owing to the exigencies of the musical profession in England. Indeed, several of the leading professors of the Royal College hold simultaneous appointments at either the Royal Academy, Trinity College, or the Guildhall School of Music.

close or local. The former can be competed for by all classes of Her Majesty's subjects; the latter by those only whom the founder of the scholarship intended to benefit. Two of the close scholarships are Australian, and one has been established for the benefit of Montreal.



THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

In addition to the examinations conducted by the professional staff at the close of each term, an annual examination is held by eminent musicians not belonging to the staff, including the names of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Herr Joachim, Dr. Stainer, and Mr. Barnby.

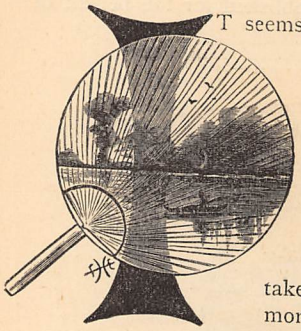
It should be mentioned that all the students have free access to the College Library, which includes the famous collection formerly belonging to the Sacred Harmonic Society and that of the Antient Concerts.

The scholarships of the College are gained by competition, and entitle the holder to a thorough and systematic free education in theoretical and practical music. They are of two classes, known as open and

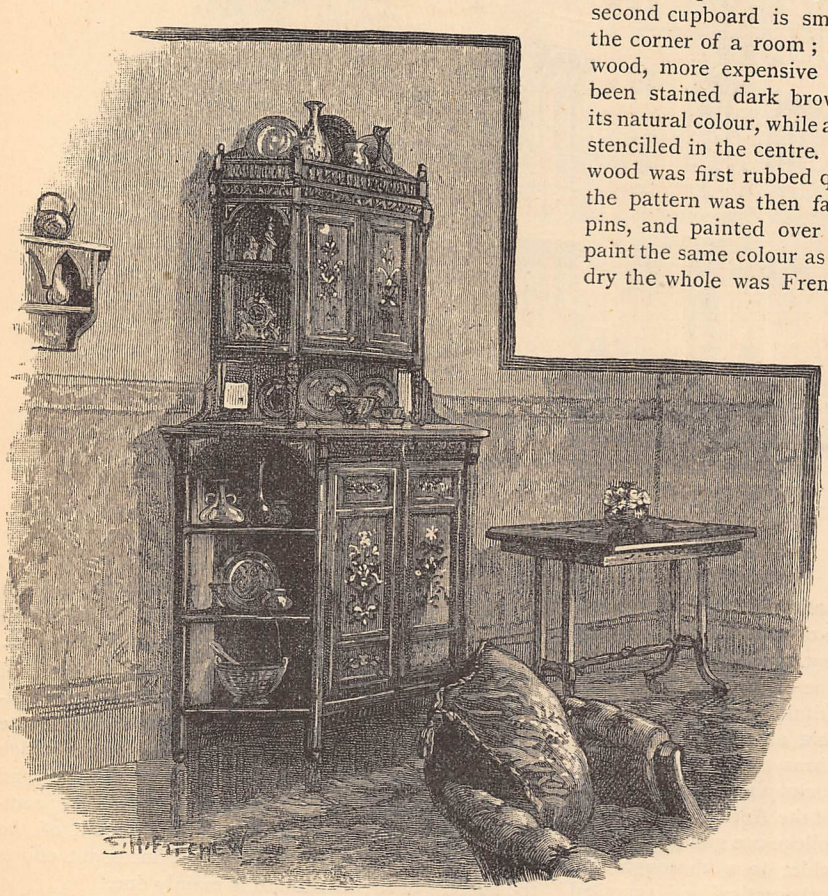
The value of the work done by the Royal College of Music cannot yet be fully estimated. Whether it will ever become the great national institution it was intended to be, of course depends upon the nation. Of this, however, there can be no doubt—that the College is carrying on its good work of helping to elevate the musical taste of the nation in a manner which deserves every success. No notice of the rise and progress of this national undertaking would be complete without due reference to the director of the College, Sir George Grove, to whose incessant efforts the success of the institution is mainly due.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

SOME HINTS ABOUT HAND-PAINTED FURNITURE.



IT seems strange that, although so much time and money is spent in acquiring the art of drawing, we see so little practical result in our own homes. The artistic mind does not apply itself to furniture, or, perhaps more truly, artistic fingers do not often take it in hand. Yet, what is more important? Our furniture is always with us either to charm or disgust. As only the rich can afford frequent changes, the man of moderate means should begin by buying articles of good form and design, which will delight and not weary the eyes as the long years pass on. But such things, in every way perfect, cost money, perhaps more than can be rightly afforded. Then what can be done? Perhaps the would-be purchaser possesses a gift worth very much—the art of using the pencil and brush. Let him, under such circumstances, turn his steps from the fashionable furniture shop, and seek a good carpenter, who is also a cabinet-maker. With him he can begin at the commencement; he can visit the wood-shed and choose his own particular wood, see it cut and gradually turn into the chair or table he may have ordered. The carpenter will generally enjoy carrying out original designs, and will throw much individual skill and interest into the work. But good carpentering is not all that is required. Able hands must be busy in the studio, where persevering work and art-knowledge are necessary adjuncts. Let us examine this large room of furniture, all of which is "home-decorated." The three corner cupboards first attract attention. The first of these is made of deal; it is high and narrow, with an arched top; it is painted white; the centre panel of the door is filled with lattice-panes of glass, around which is painted a plain band of red; below the arched top a motto has been traced in old English letters (this, too, is in red, and looks very quaint); below the door is a shelf upon which stands a tall Indian pot. The second cupboard is smaller, and is made to hang in the corner of a room; it is made of white American wood, more expensive than deal; the outer rim has been stained dark brown, but the door has been left its natural colour, while a conventional pattern has been stencilled in the centre. To do this, the surface of the wood was first rubbed quite smooth with sand-paper; the pattern was then fastened upon it with drawing-pins, and painted over with a large brush filled with paint the same colour as the staining. When perfectly dry the whole was French-polished. The third cupboard looks like old carved oak; it is difficult to believe that it is only deal. It has two doors, and stands high; some wide and narrow Lincustra-Walton had been used; it was of the pomegranate pattern, which is one of the best. The wide piece had been cut into two pieces exactly the size of each door; these had been securely fastened on to the wood, while the narrow pattern had made a border for the sides and top, and ran round a little shelf just below the top. When all the Lincustra was ready, the whole cupboard,

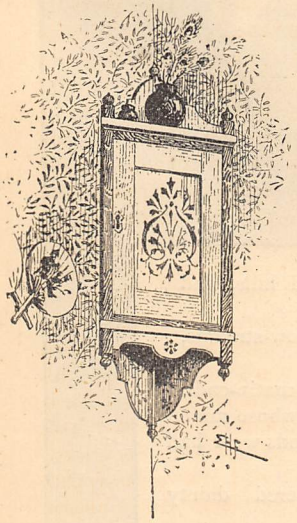


CABINET, CHINA-SHELF, AND TABLE.

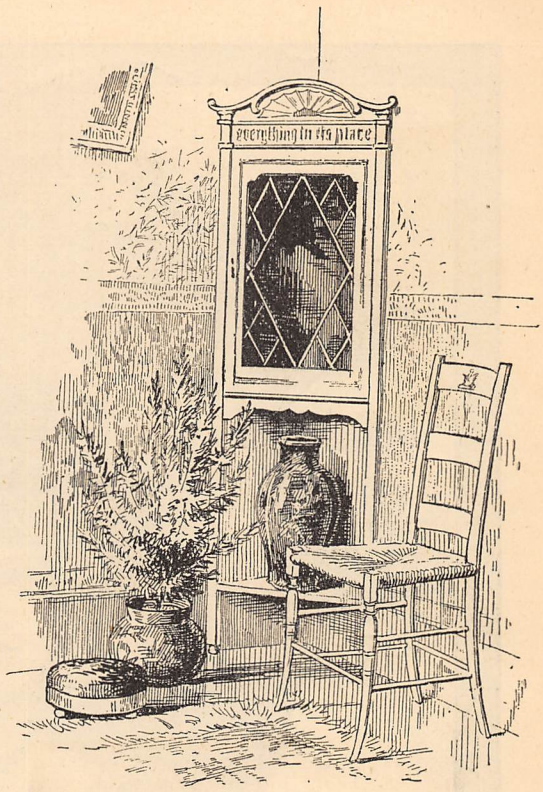
woodwork and Lincustra, had had several coats of black staining, and had then been well varnished. This had taken much time and trouble, but its appearance well repaid it. The brass handles and locks and keys on each door give a brightness to the black, and the whole effect is of a beautiful example of carving.

At the other side of the room there stands a handsome piece of furniture. It is a large cabinet with upper and lower cupboards and shelves for china, and with a railed top for large jars and vases. It is made of American walnut, and the doors have been decorated with a beautifully painted conventional pattern in gold and bright sea-green. A little gold rim also runs round the shelves and up the sides. Several coats of French polish, well hardened, have given it a delightfully transparent surface. On each side of this cabinet there hang two china cases, copied from the Chinese. They are both made of English oak, but have been differently treated. One has been painted that bright vivid scarlet which is so common in China, but so difficult to meet with in England. It has then had a pattern of storks and flowers painted on it in gold, then it has been French-polished. The other has been ebonised, and when a very good black had been arrived at, a pattern had been drawn and painted with Chinese white, put on very thick. When the white was thick enough to make the pattern stand out from the wood, and when it was perfectly dry, all the white had been covered with gold. This kind of decoration cannot be polished or varnished without injuring the pattern, so some good varnish should be mixed with the ebony, if any is required.

There are several tables worth attention. One has been beautifully carved by a lady who has been giving her mind to the study of wood-carving. She has found it needs patience and skill, and long practice; and her first finished work bears traces of toil and pains. Two simple tables are stencilled in darker shades than the background, which is of natural wood. This art of stencilling is very easy and one that any one can learn, as it comes within the most moderate means. The patterns can be drawn and cut out at home, so there are hardly any expenses connected with it. It can be applied as a decoration to all kinds of things, from the walls of a house to delicate china plates. People who know nothing of the art think it fine to despise stencilling as inartistic. They forget that as much knowledge of drawing must be brought to bear upon making the patterns and cutting them out as there would be if they were simply drawn, only that with the help of a stencilling pattern much time and trouble is saved. A pretty set of dining-room chairs had been made at a small cost. They were deal, rush-seated chairs, such as those often used in churches. They had been painted white, and upon the top cross-bar of each a crest was painted in colours; the rush seats were hidden by dark blue velvet cushions. These chairs look well stained black or walnut, with the crest in gold. At the large furniture shops they can generally be bought unpainted for 3s. 6d. Of course, made to order, they would be more expensive.



A CORNER CUPBOARD.



LARGER CORNER CUPBOARD.

The last article to be noticed here is a set of bookshelves made of deal covered with Lincustra-Walton, the whole having been coloured with metallic paint, which is much used for Lincustra. The shade is copper; but for a book-case the effect is more startling than pleasing, and a little light oak book-case, quite plain and unvarnished, standing only four shelves from the ground, with a railed top for ornaments, was a much more successful piece of furniture. Another time I hope to speak of the art upholstery work which decorates this room.

JULIETTE

WOODS, glens, and hills, and waterfalls,
Reeds by the meadow-streams, the winds
Make music in; birds' matin-calls,
Or chants at eve, for whoso minds;
Nature in her best moods were half less sweet,
If nigh ne'er wandered dainty Juliette's feet.

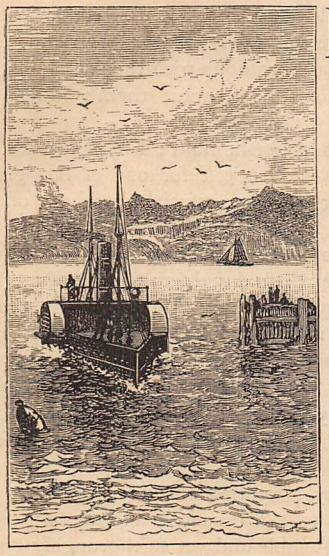
T. ASHE.

A STEP IN THE DARK.

By KATE EYRE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IN WHICH LADY VANE HEARS TIDINGS.



PICTURE a well-furnished room in a house in South Kensington, the only occupants two women — one old, one young.

The elder woman is powerfully built, with a stern, almost cruel face, that shows but few traces of her great age—four-score years and five. She is pacing up and down, gesticulating wildly with one hand, while with the other she brings a stick to the ground at each step she takes, with such force that the nick-nacks about the room tremble at her approach. Not so the younger woman. With an open letter in her hand, she sits quietly watching the movements of her companion. She is too used to these outbursts to feel alarmed.

The elder woman is Lady Vane, widow of one Sir William Vane, who amassed a large fortune by the manufacture of a patent medicine, and was knighted for his enormous expenditure. On his death, which took place some twenty years or more before the commencement of this story, Lady Vane altered her mode of living, spending no more than was necessary for her own comfort ; and, as the sale of the world-famed blood tonic increased year by year, she at length became one of the richest women in London.

The younger woman is myself—Adrianne Temple. I am alone in the world ; penniless ; friendless, save for the eccentric old woman, whose humble companion I have been for the last three years.

The letter I am holding in my hand has crossed the ocean broad, having been written in Melbourne by one Bernard Cole, half-nephew, and only male relative, to Lady Vane. In it the writer expresses much anxiety as to his dear aunt's state of health, and hints at his readiness to travel thousands of miles to receive her —blessing.

Long years ago, Bernard Cole's father—Lady Vane's half-brother—committed an unpardonable folly : he married a third or fourth-rate actress. The young couple, after having in vain applied to the Vanes for assistance, went to Australia. At that time the blood tonic was becoming known, but the wealth of the Vanes was not then an established fact. Of her half-brother Lady Vane never again heard, nor was she aware of her nephew's existence until she received his letter. I need not now enter into the long account he gives of the death of his father and mother, of his own career, and of the strange coincidences which led to the joyful discovery that he had an aunt still living. Lady Vane is furious.

"Doubtless he thinks I'm a poor old woman to whom he is anxious to do a good turn. Very much surprised he would be if he heard I had a shilling to call my own, I suppose ; ha ! ha ! ha !" Lady Vane puts her hand on the table to support herself as she speaks, and shakes her stick angrily. Her voice is gruff, like a man's ; her laugh reminds one of the roaring of the sea ; old as she is, her eyes flash. "Like father, like son," she continues ; "my brother never had a penny to bless himself with, and this young stripling is just such another, I'll be bound. A nice fool he must fancy I am, to think I should believe such gammon as he writes."

"He is not much of a stripling, Lady Vane ; you forget that he says he is over thirty."

"Forget ; yes, I'm always forgetting! I'll tell you one thing I shall forget, and that will be to put his name down in my will. But he won't mind that as long as he gets my blessing. You can send him that in a letter, and save him a journey. You might put half a dozen crosses at the end for kisses ; ha ! ha ! ha !"

I have nothing to say to this, so I keep silence.

"Now I suppose you think I ought to leave this young reprobate half my fortune, or perhaps the whole? Yes, the whole, that would be the better plan, so that he might make ducks and drakes of it, and go headlong to the dogs."

"I think, as he is your only male relative, you should receive him if he comes to England, Lady Vane; and that, unless there be any serious charge you can bring against him, your freehold property should go to him, as it would do, were you to die without a will." I have never spoken my mind so freely before, but Lady Vane's niece has been saying cruel things of me. If Lady Vane would but consent to make a will in favour of her relatives, I should no longer feel that my endeavour to do my duty by my employer gave others an opportunity of questioning the purity of my motives.

"What has my will to do with you, Adrianne Temple? A very uninteresting document it will be as far as you are concerned ; I can tell you that much."

"Nothing whatever, Lady Vane, more than that I believe you would feel easier if your property were satisfactorily disposed of."

"Only thinking of *my* good, I suppose, like Caroline and her girls. Oh, you are a nice, disinterested lot ! "

Caroline is a widow with two daughters, her late

husband, Dr. Melgrove, having left her just enough to live on. She is niece to Lady Vane, and first cousin to Bernard Cole. Lady Vane has no other relations.

"I know nothing about Mrs. Melgrove, Lady Vane. Personally I have, as you well know, no interest whatever in the disposal of your property."

"Think you will stand a better chance if you are high and mighty, eh? Well, you are not so far out, child, for I like you better than I do that sycophant, Caroline. The way that girl—woman, I should say, for she's not much of a chick now—irritates me is past endurance, with her 'dear aunt this,' and her 'dear aunt that,' and those two mincing misses of hers. Bah! I've no patience with them. Your chances are better than theirs at any rate, though that's not saying much. I wouldn't advise you to reckon on what you're likely to get, or you may be finding yourself in the wrong box; mind that."

"Lady Vane, why will you always think that I am anxious for you to remember me in your will? I have assured you over and over again that I neither have, nor wish to have, any expectations of inheriting your money. I have never viewed myself in any light but that of a paid dependant."

"Yes, and mightily well paid you are too. I should like to know where else you would get the salary I give you; and what do you do for it? why, next to nothing. And yet, instead of being grateful, you are for ever preaching and trying to teach me my duty."

"If you are so dissatisfied with me, Lady Vane, why do you not make a change? I have tried hard to please you, nor am I insensible to all your kindness to me, but if you think I am not worth the salary you give me, I would rather you told me to leave you."

"Who wants to talk about your leaving, indeed? I always knew Caroline, and those idiotic girls of hers, didn't care a straw for me, notwithstanding all their blarneying, but I didn't think *you* would want to desert a poor lonely old woman, who, with all her faults, has never said an unkind word to you. I had a better opinion of you than that, I had indeed."

"You know I don't *wish* to leave you, Lady Vane. Remember how lonely I am, and that you are the only friend I have in the world."

"Then why talk about leaving me? But there, there, my dear, don't let us say anything more about it. There is nothing in the world I hate so much as a fuss. Run and fetch my jewel-case, and I will show you some treasures that will make you die with envy."

One by one Lady Vane takes out her ornaments, telling me for the hundredth time the history and value of each, making me put them on, and asking me if I wouldn't give my eyes to possess them.

"Now put them back. They must all go to some one some day, but the old woman may wear them herself again yet. No, don't put those pearls away; they suit you vastly well. I don't fancy I should look quite so pretty in them as you do, although I needn't have said so once upon a time. Ah! at many a party in Paris have I worn those pearls, and the gallants used to say in those days that the English miss had no cause to be ashamed of her face. Ah! there's no place like Paris."

Lady Vane has started on her favourite theme now. For two long hours she entertains me with stories that I have heard many times before of Parisian life, chuckling maliciously over the vices of wicked men and weak, silly women.

"There, run and put the jewel-case back in its place. You can hide the pearls in your own room, and I won't ask what you have done with them."

"Oh, Lady Vane, I don't want them; indeed I don't."

"Don't talk such rubbish, child; I should like to see Caroline refuse such a gift for one of her girls. About as much chance of her refusing as of my offering it; ha! ha! ha!"

"But, Lady Vane, indeed it would be more fitting for one of Mrs. Melgrove's daughters to have them."

"If you are not quiet in a moment I'll box your ears for you. I wonder if any poor old woman but myself would put up with such a provoking chit of a girl as you are. I should like to give you a good beating, I should;" and Lady Vane shakes her stick so menacingly that, were I not used to her, I should feel seriously alarmed.

So it ends in my accepting the pearls, feeling in my heart grateful to the eccentric old woman who is at once so unreasonable and yet so thoroughly good to me.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"I'LL 'DEAR AUNT' YOU!"

"MY NEWLY-FOUND AND INEXPRESSIBLY DEAR NEPHEW,—I am, indeed, delighted to hear of your existence. The high estimation in which I ever held your lamented father, together with the unstinted approval which his choice of a life-partner called forth from all those who had the honour of knowing him, naturally predisposes me in favour of his offspring. Inclination bids me tell you to come to me; but, stay! I dare not call you away from those duties which—as you say yourself—you perform in so exemplary a manner. Were I to beseech you to cross the boundless ocean, in order that I might hold you in my arms, how sad, how deplorable might be the consequences! In the first place, you might suffer from sea-sickness; and, in the second, it is just possible that you *might* feel a trifle disappointed on learning I have decided to whom to leave my little property—that is, if you were aware when you wrote your frank, generous letter, that I had a few pounds saved up. Probably, however, this is news to you.

"If you weigh these considerations dispassionately, you will, I think, my dear nephew, come to the conclusion that it would be better for you to receive by letter only the blesssing of

"Your loving Aunt,

"MARTHA VANE."

Such is the letter which, at Lady Vane's dictation, I write to Bernard Cole.

"Well, if he has a spark of proper pride, that will about settle him, I should say; ha! ha! ha!" chuckles Lady Vane, as she rubs her hands together in fiendish delight.

I did not like the tone of Bernard's letter; it was too cringing; still, as he really is nearly related to Lady Vane, I think her ladyship's reply is much too severe. Doubtless it will, however, have the desired effect of "settling" him.

But in thinking this Lady Vane and I are both mistaken. The possible results are, I suppose, too advantageous for an enterprising colonial to relinquish the game so easily.

At any rate, Lady Vane receives a second letter in a surprisingly short time, the contents of which go to prove that the writer possesses more brains than self-respect. In it he feigns to treat Lady Vane's communication as an excellent joke, and says he is coming to England shortly on urgent business, when he looks forward to making his dear aunt's acquaintance.

Yes, a clever letter, certainly, but entirely thrown away on the recipient.

"Send it back to him at once, and inform him that any further communications with which he may favour me will be returned to him unopened."

Letter after letter arrives for Lady Vane after this with as much rapidity as the mails admit of. The loving aunt is, however, as good as her word, at first returning all her nephew's letters unopened, and afterwards having recourse to the simpler method of burning them unread.

At length they cease.

"Tired out at last, I suppose," laughs Lady Vane. "Well, really I've a good mind to send him a Post Office Order, for the postage of all those letters must have amounted to something considerable, and they were worth a trifle for the amusement they caused me. Better not, though; it might induce him to make fresh efforts, and I am getting rather sick of the affair."

It is a bright morning in the beginning of October. Lady Vane is making arrangements to leave for Brighton about the 20th, intending to stay, as is her usual practice, at that most charming of winter resorts until after Christmas. I am writing, at her dictation, to a Miss Sparrow, the proprietress of a fashionable boarding-house, where we are in the habit of taking up our quarters. Lady Vane prefers a boarding-house to an hotel, possibly because there is more likelihood of her eccentricities being condoned at the former establishment in consideration of her title and wealth. A titled boarder is a godsend to a boarding-house proprietress.

A knock at the door.

"Come in," says Lady Vane sharply. Her ladyship does not like to be interrupted while she is dictating a letter.

The parlour-maid enters. It is one of Lady Vane's many peculiarities that she will have only female servants in the house. A coachman she is obliged to keep, but on no consideration would she allow him to sleep under the same roof as herself.

"'DOUBTLESS HE THINKS I'M A POOR OLD WOMAN!'" (*p.* 33).

"There is a gentleman below, my lady, who wishes to speak to you," says the parlour-maid.

"Bother the man! Who is he? Come on some begging expedition, I'll be bound. Really the British Public seem to think I have nothing else to do but to put my hand in my pocket all day long."

"He didn't give his name, my lady."

"Go down and ask him for his card, then."

Presently the girl returns.

"Please, my lady, the gentleman says he forgot to bring his card-case with him."

"Then tell him he had better go back and fetch it."

"He looks quite the gentleman, my lady," says the girl dubiously.

"I don't care what he looks. Go and do as I tell you at once. Am I to be mistress here or you, I should like to know?"

The girl again descends, to re-appear after a few minutes, carrying a visiting-card on a salver.

"Why, in the name of all that's wonderful, couldn't that idiot of a man have sent this up before, instead of making all this fuss?" says Lady Vane, as she takes the card.

"It was just an odd one he found in his pocket-book, my lady," explains the parlour-maid.

"Tell me who it is, my dear. I can't see without my glasses;" and Lady Vane hands the card across to me.

I glance at it; then I read aloud the name:—

"*Mr. Bernard Cole.*"

"*Who?*" screams Lady Vane.

I repeat the name, although Lady Vane's face tells me she heard what I said before.

"I won't see him. Nothing on earth shall induce me to. Tell him to go about his business at once.

"Well, I've come across a good deal in the way of quiet impertinence in my day, but never anything to equal this," remarks Lady Vane, as the parlour-maid again disappears.

"Please, my lady, the gentleman says he wants to see you most particular."

The parlour-maid stands holding the handle of the door, evidently dreading the effect of her words, and prepared to make off should her ladyship attempt to use that terrible stick of hers.

"How dare you bring up such a message? A nice lot of servants I have about me, when there isn't one who will do as she is told. Why don't you shut the door in the man's face?"

"Oh, my lady, he won't go. He's at the foot of the stairs now."

Lany Vane clutches hold of her stick and hobbles to the landing as fast as she can go.

"If you don't leave my house this instant, I shall send for the police," screams her ladyship over the banisters.

"But, my dear aunt, I have come all the way from Australia on pur——"

"I can't hear what you say, and I don't want to hear, either. Don't I tell you to go?"

"I've come all the way from Melbourne," shouts the affectionate nephew.

"I don't care where you have come from. I'll tell you where you'll go to, and that is to Newgate if you don't leave my house at once. Reade"—to the parlour-maid—"fetch a policeman."

"My dear aunt, I think you forget——"

"Why don't you fetch a policeman as I tell you, Reade, instead of standing gaping there?"

"But, my dear aunt——"

"I'll 'dear aunt' you!"—and an alarming clatter on the stairs tells me that Lady Vane has aimed her stick at her too attentive nephew.

The terrible noise is succeeded by a lull. At length her ladyship returns to the drawing-room.

"Well, I really have settled him at last, I think. It's shameful that no one dared to send that fellow about his business but myself. Talk about keeping a dog and barking oneself! why, I keep a whole pack and yet I can't get a growl out of one of them. Ring the bell, Miss Temple.

"Send all the servants up to me at once, and come back yourself," says Lady Vane, when Reade appears, pale and trembling.

"If ever that man comes here again," says her ladyship, when the servants have mustered, "no matter which of you opens the door to him, shut it in his face at once. Now you can all go."

The servants promise a ready obedience and depart. They must, I think, feel a little puzzled as to how they are to recognise the individual whom they have orders to treat so discourteously, but they all stand too much in awe of their hot-tempered mistress to ask any questions.

"What was Mr. Bernard Cole like, Lady Vane?" I ask.

"I don't know, and I don't care. I didn't put on my glasses to look at him."

A fortnight after, Lady Vane and I leave for Brighton.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

OUR AGREEABLE TRAVELLING COMPANION.

IT is the 20th of October, and we—Lady Vane and myself—have just arrived at Miss Sparrow's select boarding establishment.

We came down by the four o'clock express from London Bridge. The train was not crowded, there being but one other passenger in our compartment. I felt that this was a cause for thankfulness, for Lady Vane is much given to making remarks about her travelling companions in a very loud tone. Possibly, as she is a little deaf herself, she is unaware how far her voice travels. Nevertheless it is a very trying habit on the part of her ladyship, and one that has occasioned me much discomfort.

The one other passenger was a gentleman, apparently not much over thirty. He got in after we had settled ourselves, and took a seat at the farther corner from us. Lady Vane immediately put up her glasses and stared hard at him.

"What a remarkably handsome man, my dear!" she remarked.

"Yes, he is nice-looking," I replied in a low tone. I felt myself reddening as I involuntarily gave one hasty, anxious glance at the stranger to see if he had heard her ladyship's comment.

To my relief he was cutting a copy of a paper, and appeared quite unconscious of the compliment Lady Vane had paid him.

"Might I trouble you to let down this window part of the way? It is so stiff, I can't do it myself," said Lady Vane a little later on, addressing our travelling companion.

"Oh, Lady Vane, let me try; I think I can manage it," I pleaded, tugging vigorously at the strap.

"Nonsense, child; you'll hurt yourself."

"Allow me," and in another second the stranger had let the window down as far as Lady Vane desired.

He did not return to his seat in the corner, but sat down next to Lady Vane, and opposite to me.

"You are very wise to admit the fresh air," he said, addressing her ladyship; "most ladies seem to have a horror of ventilation in a railway carriage."

"Oh, I can't bear stuffiness; there's nothing I detest more," replied Lady Vane.

"If you have not seen this week's illustrated paper, perhaps you would like to look at this," and the stranger proffered his paper.

"Thank you. I think I must trespass on your good nature still further by asking you to tell me what this

cartoon means. I never can see a joke unless I have some one at hand to explain it to me."

"With pleasure," and the stranger was soon elucidating the mysteries of a political caricature, while Lady Vane was laughing heartily. His voice was cultivated, even musical; his choice of words excellent.

Sitting opposite to them, I had a good opportunity of watching this strange pair. Yes, Lady Vane was right—he was a *very* handsome man. Tall, and well-proportioned; with silky black hair, waving slightly; blue-grey eyes, that looked as if they could be wonderfully expressive on occasions; a rather dark skin; and a long black moustache, that failed, however, to hide two rows of perfect teeth. He had drawn off one glove, exposing to view a long white hand, with tapering fingers and filbert nails.

Lady Vane was in high good-humour. Notwithstanding her four-score years and five, she still appreciates the society of distinguished-looking men, nor has she altogether forgotten the arts of coquetry in which, during her long residence in Paris, she became proficient.

Somehow it saddened me to watch her. Why, I can hardly tell, possibly only because it is not what one looks for in a woman of her age. Yet with all her worldliness, her bitter tongue, and her love of sarcasm, I doubt if Lady Vane is any worse than many a sedate old dame, correct in manner, but hard of heart. Seldom indeed does her ladyship turn a deaf ear to the poor and needy—always provided the poor and needy do not come to her in the guise of relations—but the fact that her gifts are nearly always accompanied by cruel, stinging words, takes away from them much of their charm. She is not fond of letting her name appear on subscription lists, but there are few London charities that have not benefited by anonymous gifts, due to the sale of the world-famed blood tonic; fewer still who have not received satirical letters condemning their system and management, signed "Martha Vane." I wonder whether the anonymous gifts and the condemnatory letters have ever been traced to the same source by any of the recipients of both. Probably not.

But to return to our journey. Lady Vane and our handsome travelling companion continued chatting until we reached our destination. Occasionally I was drawn into the conversation, when the stranger would address me in so deferential a tone that I was weak enough to feel rather gratified. I think I was even a little sorry when we alighted on the Brighton platform.

Our newly-found acquaintance saw our luggage put on a fly, handed us in, and delicately leaving Lady Vane to tell the coachman our address, raised his hat, and wished us good day.

"A thoroughly well-mannered man," was her ladyship's verdict. For a few minutes, the stranger was uppermost in our thoughts, but now he is forgotten in the flurry of our arrival at Albany House.

Miss Sparrow welcomes us warmly. She is a pretty, stylish-looking woman, not much over thirty, with a slightly foreign accent. Her mother was, I believe, a Frenchwoman.

"It is so sweet to have you here again, dear Lady Vane," she says, advancing to meet us with both hands extended.

"So sweet" and "so nice" are Miss Sparrow's favourite expressions, and she applies them to nearly everything.

"Eh, what?" queries her ladyship, who is rather given to feigning to be deafer than she really is.

"THE STRANGER WAS SOON ELUCIDATING THE MYSTERIES OF A POLITICAL CARICATURE."

"So nice to have you back with us," repeats Miss Sparrow in a louder voice. Delicate little compliments lose much of their sweetness when they have to be shouted out two or three times, as no doubt Miss Sparrow feels.

"Well, I shouldn't say you had been fretting while I was away, for I never saw you looking so well in my life."

"Do I? It is so kind of you to say so, Lady Vane. And how are you, Miss Temple?"

other boarders, for the sake of cheerful society, but she likes to have a room she can retire to at will. She pays very handsomely for the accommodation she receives: she is also rather fond of making Miss Sparrow presents. In return for her liberality, however, she evidently feels that she has a right to grumble to her heart's content. Miss Sparrow often has a difficult part to play—that of conciliating Lady Vane, and at the same time not offending the other boarders. As a rule, she succeeds admirably.

"I TRY HARD TO APPEAR SELF-POSSESSED" (*p.* 39).

I make a suitable reply. I am only Lady Vane's companion, so I must not expect such a warm welcome as is accorded to her ladyship.

"Well, I suppose we can go up to our rooms, now? Dinner at half-past six as usual?" asks Lady Vane.

"Yes, just the same as ever. You will find good fires in your rooms, and I will see that Martin takes you up some tea and hot water at once. Now, be sure to ring, Lady Vane, if there is anything you want. I *think* you will find everything just as you like it."

"Oh, I'll ring fast enough if there's anything I want. That's a care you need not have; ha! ha! ha!"

"Just as cheerful as ever! I do so like to hear you laugh, Lady Vane."

"Yes, just as cheerful, and just as fond of my own way. Oh, there's plenty of life in the old woman yet!"

We have two large comfortable bed-rooms, with a door of communication between them. Lady Vane has also a sitting-room appropriated to her use. She prefers taking her meals in the dining-room with the

Lady Vane sits down before the fire, taking her tea, while I sip mine now and again as I unpack her ladyship's clothes. A church clock hard by strikes six just as I finish.

"There's that clock again! Miss Sparrow ought to take a guinea a week less in consideration of having a house so near to that wretched bell."

"I have unpacked all your things now, Lady Vane. Would you like me to help you to dress?"

"No, I can dress myself, thank goodness. You had better see about your own things now; you have no time to lose."

It is the custom to dress for dinner at Albany House. This evening I am tired, however, and as I have not much time left after unfastening my trunks, I merely smooth my hair and put a little white lace about my neck and wrists. I have a black dress on, so the effect is not bad. At least, I am fairly well satisfied until I present myself in Lady Vane's room, expecting to hear the dinner-bell ring every minute.

"Bless the girl, what a dowdy she looks!" is the greeting I receive.

Lady Vane is dressed in a rich black satin herself, with choice old lace falling about in graceful folds. An exquisite artificial rose—purchased in Paris—fastened in with a diamond brooch, is her only ornament. Her hair is quite white and very plentiful, and she still retains the art of dressing it tastefully. Yes, she is a handsome old woman still. I often think, as I look at her, how beautiful she must have been in her youth, before her strong will had had time to harden her face.

"Shall I not do for to-night, Lady Vane? I will put on a prettier dress to-morrow evening."

I am so liberally paid that I feel it is my duty to dress becomingly.

"No, you won't do for to-night, indeed. Go in and change your dress at once. I can't bear to see you make such a fright of yourself;" and Lady Vane follows me into my room.

"Let me see what you have brought down with you. Here, this pale blue cashmere will do better. Come, make haste and take the other off."

The dinner-bell rings just as I am unfastening the objectionable black garment.

"There's the bell, Lady Vane. We shall be dreadfully late."

Meals are always punctual at an establishment of this kind, never being delayed, even for the most influential boarders.

"I don't care a fig about being late. Have you your pearls here?"

"Yes, they are in my jewel-case."

"You had better wear them, then; they will look pretty on pale blue."

With her own hands Lady Vane clasps the pearls round my throat and wrists. Not content with doing this, she unfastens the rose she is wearing herself, and pins it in the front of my dress. It is of the very palest shade of pink, and contrasts well with the blue cashmere.

"But, Lady Vane, it looked so pretty nestling in your black lace. What a pity to take it out!"

"The diamond brooch is quite ornament enough for an old woman like me. Besides, I suppose I can do as I like with my own, Adrianne Temple, without asking your consent? I should be ashamed to say how many francs I gave for that rose; but, there! it's yours now, my dear."

"Well, you look more decent at last," remarks her ladyship, as she stands surveying me for a few moments as soon as my toilet is completed. "You had better go first, child; it takes me and my stick some time to get down."

I descend the stairs, leaving Lady Vane to follow. It is one of her ladyship's peculiarities that she cannot bear any one to wait for her. For the hundredth time I am thinking what a strange old woman she is. At one moment she pets me almost as if I were a child of her own, whilst perhaps at the next she cannot say cruel, bitter things enough to me. As I near the dining-room, I smile, remembering how little my costume resembles the usual garb of a humble companion.

A great surprise is in store for me. Sitting, calmly eating his fish, is *our agreeable travelling companion!*

I have not recovered from the effects of my astonishment when Lady Vane enters. She, too, is rather taken aback, but is, nevertheless, quite equal to the occasion.

"Well, this is an unexpected meeting!" she exclaims. "Miss Sparrow, this gentleman and I had the pleasure of travelling in the same compartment this afternoon. At least, I suppose I am at liberty to call it a pleasure, seeing that it was so as far as I was concerned, and gallantry will not permit my late travelling companion to express a different opinion—ha! ha! ha!"

The gentleman bows, and expresses his gratification in a few well-chosen words, while the rest of the company join in Lady Vane's laugh. An attempt at merriment on the part of a titled person is invariably well received by those who are not so fortunate as to possess handles to their names.

Places have been reserved for us at the top of the table, an arrangement which would bring Lady Vane next to Miss Sparrow, and place me between her ladyship and our agreeable travelling companion.

Lady Vane seats herself, and I am about to follow her example, when her ladyship exclaims, addressing the stranger—

"My dear sir, won't you do an old woman a kindness by coming between Miss Temple and myself? I always like to have a gentleman next to me, for one thing; and, besides, I consider it one of the greatest mistakes for those who are with each other constantly to sit together at meals. I'm sure Miss Sparrow won't mind."

The stranger expresses himself as only too pleased to fall in with Lady Vane's wishes in the matter, and the change of seats is soon effected.

Soup is then brought in again for us. Two or three boarders, whom we have met before, inquire anxiously as to Lady Vane's health, but, as her ladyship never cares to talk much whilst eating, she is conveniently deaf, and goes steadily on with her dinner. The stranger, after making one or two ineffectual efforts to open a conversation with Lady Vane, turns his attention to me.

Do I know Brighton? Am I fond of the sea? Do I sing? Just the usual conversational openings a gentleman, meeting a lady at a boarding-house for the first time, invariably attempts. I have replied to such questions scores of times before, yet to-night, although I try hard to appear self-possessed, I am conscious that my colour is deepening. I suppose the wind must have caught my face. In choosing my words, too, I find a difficulty which I never remember experiencing before. Really it is too ridiculous! I catch the reflections of my neighbour and myself in the opposite mirror. He is bending down a good deal as he addresses me; merely out of politeness, I feel certain, still it is just a little noticeable. I glance round uneasily to see if any one is observing us, and it seems to my distorted vision that the eyes of every one at the

table are fixed on us. It is the distinguished appearance of the new-comer which is attracting attention, I tell myself, but still I do not feel at ease. Will dinner ever be finished? I have never known it last so long before. Between the courses Lady Vane monopolises my neighbour, but she always leaves him free to return to me as soon as her plate is put before her.

We are in the drawing-room at last. Lady Vane has drawn an easy chair up to the fire, and, having raised her skirt, is warming her feet in homely fashion. No one but her ladyship would venture to do so in the drawing-room. Whilst thus engaged, she is giving an old acquaintance an account of our meeting with the new-comer in the railway carriage, dwelling much upon his politeness to herself, and her own penetration in discovering that he was a gentleman at a glance.

"What did you say his name is? I couldn't catch what Miss Sparrow called him at dinner," her ladyship asks, as she brings her narrative to a close.

I find myself listening rather eagerly for the reply.

"Aspinell, I believe."

"Oh, Aspindale. Rather an uncommon name."

"No—As-pin-ell."

"Aspindell? Well, I never heard the name before."

"No, no—Aspinell."

Further ineffectual efforts to put Lady Vane right are cut short by the appearance of the tea just as her ladyship is saying—

"Yes, yes, I hear: Asphodel. You needn't shout so."

The tea is followed by the gentlemen and Miss Sparrow, who seldom appears in the drawing-room until half an hour after dinner. The conversation now becomes general, and the usual "social evening" commences.

A reading party is started in one corner of the room; a table is devoted to draughts in another; two ladies begin a game of chess, and a lady and gentleman—of uncertain age—play some other game.

Miss Sparrow makes a charming hostess. With much tact she starts the various games, well knowing the favourite pastime of each boarder, and then she suggests a "little music" for those who do not care for games.

"Miss Robinson, what was that sweet little thing I heard you playing just before dinner?"

"A mere trifle; just a little something that came into my head I hardly know how."

"*Do* try it. It was so very sweet."

Miss Robinson hesitates a little, but finally complies, giving us "Home, sweet Home," with variations—very alarming variations they are too, taxing the powers of the performer's left hand in a manner which that ill-used member justly resents.

Mr. Aspinell declined joining either of the games, and now sits in an easy chair, with his head thrown back, and his legs crossed, listening critically to Miss Robinson's performance.

"Thanks," he says, as the pianist rises. "Nothing comes up to the old melodies after all."

Am I mistaken, or is there a suspicion of fun in his eyes as he speaks?

"So very sweet, was it not?" says Miss Sparrow, turning to me.

I do not wish to commit myself, so I merely reply that I am very fond of "Home, sweet Home."

"Now, Miss Smith, won't you favour us with a song?"

Miss Smith requires more pressing than did Miss Robinson. Eventually, however, she gives us "Robin Adair," Mr. Aspinell turning over the music for her.

Lady Vane listens, beating time with her spectacle-case, and even going so far as to hum a note or two herself.

"How pleased the dear old lady is!" says Miss Sparrow, in an undertone to me. "You know that song, don't you, Lady Vane?" she asks, as Miss Smith rises from the piano.

"Know it? Yes; I've sung it scores of times in my day."

"Very sweet, is it not?" says Miss Sparrow.

"Sweet, do you call it? No, I can't say I think it sweet. A more sing-song thing I never heard in my life. I always did detest it. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Dear old lady, she always says what she thinks!" remarks Miss Sparrow; and then there is an awkward silence, broken at length by Miss Sparrow asking Mr. Aspinell if he is musical.

"I warble a little at times," he admits, rather listlessly.

Sitting down, he sings, to his own accompaniment, a song which I have never heard before. At first it is so truly pathetic that I can hardly keep my tears back as the doleful cadences rise and fall. Then, towards the end, it becomes dramatic, and as I listen every nerve in my body seems to thrill with intense excitement. Truly a wonderful song and a wonderful singer.

Mr. Aspinell rises. The others thank him; I do not. I have not regained my composure sufficiently to remember the usages of society. I am still in dreamland, the voices around me sounding far away.

"What was the name of it?" I ask, when I have calmed down a little.

"Pardon me, but the name of what?"

It is several minutes since the last note died away, and some other topic of conversation has probably come up for discussion.

"The name of the song," I reply.

"It is called 'Forgiven.'"

"Is it by Blumenthal? I know of no other composer who could write a song like that."

"No; it was composed by an unknown man in New Zealand."

Just then I hear the "thud! thud!" of Lady Vane's stick. Rising, I follow her ladyship out of the room.

I am not sorry to withdraw. One does not care to listen to the commonplace after a strain from Paradise has entered into one's soul.

"'YOU ARE AN EARLY RISER, MISS TEMPLE.'"

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

MY FIRST DECEPTION.

THE objectionable church clock has just struck eight. It is a lovely morning, but rather cold. From my window I can see the sunlight dancing on the sea, making it sparkle like so many diamonds. Hastily I put the finishing touches to my toilet, for I am preparing to go out. We do not breakfast until half-past nine, and as Lady Vane never requires me to help her to dress, I have an hour and a half at my disposal.

In a few minutes I am standing on the Esplanade, watching the breakers dash up against the sea-wall. With such force is the spray thrown up that the asphalte is covered with pebbles and sea-weed. It is a grand sight. The air is too cold, however, to make it advisable to stand still long together, so I walk on briskly in the direction of the West Pier. With each step I take my spirits rise. So seldom am I out alone that the sense of freedom I am now enjoying is very welcome. The brightness of the morning, and the clear, invigorating air, also have a beneficial effect on me.

Brighton in October is not much given to early rising, consequently very few people are about. Just a young man here and there encouraging a favourite dog to take a matutinal plunge. In the few faces I do meet, however, I see reflected the brightness which I am myself feeling. The dogs, too, are leaping and barking joyfully as they shake off the sea-water. I have a passion for all dumb animals, especially dogs, a fact which my canine friends seem to discover instinctively, to judge by the damp noses which are rubbed against my gloves as I walk along.

I reach the West Pier, then I turn to retrace my steps, fearing to be late for breakfast. More people are about now, so that I do not notice a tall figure coming rapidly towards me until retreat is impossible. I have just time to make up my mind to bow and pass on, when Mr. Aspinell holds out his hand, wishing me a cheery "good morning."

"You are an early riser, Miss Temple, I am glad to see," he remarks, as he turns and walks back by my side.

I make a commonplace reply, wondering how it is so well-bred a man as Mr. Aspinell does not remember that the option of stopping to speak rests with the lady. I am also a little surprised that he should address me by name.

"I recognised you in the distance, but you were walking so briskly that I found trying to overtake you quite hard work."

"Indeed!" I reply rather coldly.

Without stopping to analyse my feelings, I have a vague impression that the gentleman is presuming on his personal attractions to make advances with a little too much assurance.

"Are you in the habit of taking matutinal walks?"

"A fine morning sometimes tempts me; but I am afraid my movements are too erratic to admit of my laying claim to being in the habit of doing anything."

"I am sorry to hear you say so; I invariably take a stroll before breakfast myself."

"I have always heard that to do so is good for the constitution," I say demurely.

"Yes, I believe it is. Most medical men, however, say that the beneficial effects are increased tenfold when the patient is accompanied by an agreeable companion. Solitary rambles, you see, encourage brooding; brooding is apt to lead to self-examination; and self-examination is admitted on all sides to be one of the most common causes of the worst form of indigestion."

"You would be puzzled to discover any solitary rambles near Brighton," I reply, laughing, "so there is no fear of your suffering from the worst form of indigestion."

"Pardon me, but I am threatened with a still greater evil. To wander about alone amidst the haunts of men, to feel oneself isolated in the presence of a gay and thoughtless crowd, is to incur the risk of suicidism."

"The dangers of being companionless appear to be so great, that I wonder a society has not been started to supply dyspeptic individuals with agreeable walking-sticks, warranted to make amusing remarks at a fixed rate per hour."

"By no means a bad idea! Meanwhile, until this desirable society is set on foot, unfortunate fellows like myself will have to depend on individual efforts to supply their wants. By-the-by, so great was my own need that I fear I was a little too anxious to take advantage of the privilege I enjoyed of meeting you last evening. If, in my eagerness, I overstepped the bounds of politeness, I must ask you to pardon me. May I allow myself the pleasure of walking back with you?"

"Rather late in the day to ask, is it not, seeing that Albany House is in sight?"

"I always make it a rule never to ask a favour of a lady until the time for refusing it has gone by. I find it an antidote to coyness."

We both laugh. I have tried hard to be dignified, but I am deeply conscious of failure. I also have an uncomfortable conviction that there has been some slight tendency to flirtation in our conversation—flirtation being an amusement which I have always held to be both foolish and wrong.

We reach Albany House a few minutes before the half-hour. On my way to my bed-room I have to pass the dining-room. Glancing hastily in, I see the breakfast is laid, but the room empty. I am conscious of feeling some slight sense of relief—boarding-houses are such fearful places for gossip.

Before going down, I tap at Lady Vane's door. The tone in which her ladyship bids me enter tells me that she is in a very good humour.

"Good morning, my dear. Here's a lovely day! Have you been out?"

"Yes, I went as far as the West Pier. The sea is looking glorious."

I hesitate, trying to make up my mind to introduce Mr. Aspinell's name. Unimportant as our meeting was, I feel a ridiculous disinclination to allude to it. All sins, be they great or small, must have a beginning. I tell myself, as I stand irresolute, that my having seen Mr. Aspinell is so trivial a circumstance that it is not worth mentioning to Lady Vane. All the same, in my heart of hearts, I know I *ought* to say something about it, and that not to do so is to take the first step towards deceiving her ladyship—a sin of which, up to the present time, I have never been guilty.

Then the breakfast-bell rings. As I descend to the dining-room, I firmly make up mind to introduce the, to me, awkward subject directly after breakfast.

Intuitively I know that the longer I put off my—shall I say confession?—the more difficult it will be to make. Oh, if men and women would but guard against that first little step in wrong-doing, how much suffering they would escape!

Mr. Aspinell is the last to enter the dining-room. The other boarders have, in fact, been seated several minutes before he comes in. As he passes round to his place, he apologises to Miss Sparrow for his late appearance, and bows to the table generally. As soon as he is in his seat he wishes Lady Vane and me good morning rather pointedly. Surely he must have forgotten for the moment that he and I have met before, to-day.

"A lovely morning, is it not?" he says, turning to Lady Vane.

"Yes, charming enough. A young man like you ought to have been up and out before breakfast instead of being the last down. Why, Miss Temple has had two or three whiffs of the briny already this morning."

"Indeed! Do you go out much yourself, Lady Vane?"

I hardly know whether to feel relieved or annoyed that Mr. Aspinell says nothing about having seen me to Lady Vane. Had he alluded to our meeting, her ladyship would probably have asked me right sharply before all the table why I had kept silence on the subject, and I should thus have been placed in a very awkward position.

On the other hand, his reticence does not seem quite straightforward. It rather looks, too, as if he thought *I* desired concealment.

I feel vexed that he should think I attach sufficient importance to such a trivial circumstance as to care whether it is discussed or not. How I wish now that I had chimed in, when Lady Vane was reproving him for late rising, with some such remark as this:—

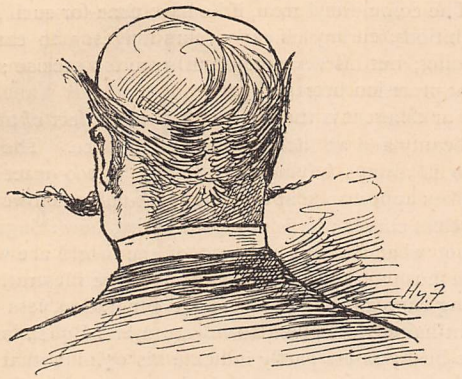
"Mr. Aspinell is not so lazy as you think, Lady Vane. He and I met by the West Pier this morning."

How natural such a speech would have sounded! Why, oh, why did I let the opportunity slip by?

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

IMPRESSIONS OF A NOTICING EYE.

CHARACTERS IN HAIR.



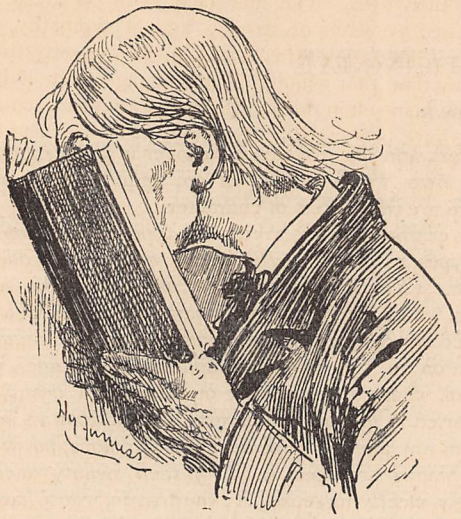
THE MILITARY.

IF we might judge from the Penny Awful, and even from the Shilling Shocker, there is a moral fatality in hair. The dark-eyed woman with the "wealth of raven locks" is a fiend of deep plots and machinations, bent upon the destruction of the heroine with the golden hair—or we believe the approved form is now the "gold head"—and the violet eyes. About one thing the world has made up its mind, or, at least, the world of superficial observers, who have a sheep-like tendency to keep together; and that one thing is, that a strong-minded woman in fiction ought to be a brunette, and that a sensitive, tender, gentle creature is to be depicted as a blonde. This is on a par with the old melodramas, where the heroine always wore white, and came on the stage to slow music. The heroines of our hearts did not appear crossing our life's scene to slow music—did they? Nor were they gifted with sympathy, tenderness, and sweetness according to the colour of their hair. The world of melodrama and of nine-tenths of our fiction is not the world we live in. As a matter of fact, the real golden hair is a gift as rare as the voice of a *prima-donna;* and the "wealth of raven locks" goes often with the softest of natures—those sensitive, and yet unselfish, beings of whom we might say that wonderful word of praise that it took Madame de Staël's genius to invent:—"She was more a woman than all the rest of women."

If the colour is not to be taken as an index, the habitual appearance is a safe guide to at least a few points of character. Our faces carry with them the story of our lives, though it be written in hieroglyphs unread; to some extent we ourselves have made them what they are; not the features, but the expression, is our making, formed unconsciously all our life. In just the same way, it is not the hair itself, but, so to say, the expression we have given to it, that tells the tale. White, black, or grey, brown, ruddy, yellow, ashen, or flaxen—what matters it?—our hearts and our ways are not coloured to match. Curly or straight—how could we help it? But our care and our carelessness, our work and our troubles, have given it an appearance of its own, which is part of our individuality; and therein are the secrets of character.

For examples, let us take a few types of men and a few types of women—*Place aux dames!* of course. The most easily recognisable classes are: the self-loving, whose thirst for admiration shows itself in an affected arrangement, and sometimes an artificial transformation of self into a golden-haired heroine; the tasteful, whose delicate sense of fitness and beauty is unwearied in making the natural coronal look its best, without any affectation or falseness of colour, but who, once having arranged it, carry their beauty unconsciously, clearly forgetting it; the artistic, whose hair is always a studied setting for the face, and no disguise to the shape of the head; the strong-willed self-assertive type, who adorn their heads in some manner audaciously original, fearless of ridicule and ignorant of humour; the impulsive and generous, whose tresses are often astray, and whose elf-locks are apt to stand up or slip loose like truants. These are not to be confounded with the disorderly, whose nature shows infallibly in their hair; for the wild heads of generous and impulsive folk may be of the order "tasteful" too. Or they may belong to the commonplace multitude who make life-long efforts only to keep their hair out of the way. This commonplace multitude has exceptionally precise members, to whom flatness and smoothness mean perfection—law-abiding and orderly in all things, from the paying of the bills to the exact smoothing of a hair, and with precise notions of all duties in their own (and all their neighbours') lives, down to the pinning of the said hair extremely tight. They are unemotional, primly-set pieces of human machinery, excellent in many ways; but poor human nature fears their criticism, and they are of a style of beauty that makes the blood of an artist creep. One more type closes our notes on what the antiquary called Womankind. Who has not noticed the vulgar devoted to

THE VULGAR.



'UMBLE.

cheap display? They are a legion whose curl-papers are public, and whose locks are like the Eastern flower that only unfolds when the day is late.

There is less of artificial style about a man's hair, and habit fixes its form more; it is a better index. We cannot mistake the stern order, or, so to say, the sense of discipline in the hair of the military man.

Nor could it be possible to mistake the coarseness of the vulgar nature, even if one caught only a glimpse of the back of that cropped and thick-necked head, boastful of gloss made out of oil enough to trim a lamp.

A different kind of sleekness lies upon the "'umble 'ead," that is held low, with a shrewd purpose of getting on more easily in the world than less hypocritical folks.

A certain amount of energy is inseparable from hair on end—not on end through carelessness, but through a quality of its own by which it refuses to be put down.

Probably there is some heat of temper indicated by these irrepressible, fly-away, half-curling locks; but in another type good-humour is predominant. It is shorter on end, and it gives the bluff and surprised look inseparable from Tommy Traddles and kindred spirits.

The commercial man, if he have time for such small ambitions, during his early years may try to emulate Apollo; but his waves and curls are too precise; their very precision betrays him.

Far different is the artistic or poetic effect of a sense of beauty and an inclination to negligence. The man who is always buying and selling is too exact if he studies appearance at all; the artist-nature shows more careless curves; he is always thinking how things look—not what he and the rest of the world are worth. The bushy artist, well known in comic illustration, is being supplanted by a younger generation, less luxuriant-haired, less given to velveteen and Bohemianism. His bushy tastes partly indicate his opinion that hair is the natural ornament of the human head, and partly his habit of not bothering himself about prosaic conventionalities. Indolence and ardour alternate in his soul; the lazy times are the fallow seasons of that rich

COMMERCIAL.

ground. "I shall never do anything good again!" the artist has sighed, and presently he does better than ever; but his hair and beard have thickened during the fallow season, and really he reflects, he looks the better for it, and keeps his bushy aspect in his after-glow of energy. At this point a question meets us, which we must leave unanswered. What is the connection between harmony and hair? and why must a musician have long weedy locks, if he means to draw from his audience "tears such as angels weep"?

There is a time when most men let their hair grow long: it is when age is coming. If they are not of the bald and clipped section of humanity, they enrol themselves then among the luxuriant-haired. Why? For no other reason than that white hair is the glory of age. A French proverb says that the head of the fool never whitens. To some extent, it is true; but the converse is more often the case. The fool will not let his head whiten. He dreads the appearance of his silver glory, and does all he can never to get it. But the whiteness of a noble head—how doubly it ennobles it! Many songs have been sung to raven tresses and

ENERGETIC.

BENEVOLENT.

to golden locks; many painters from Titian downward have tried to persuade the world of the beauty of the shades of ruddy brown; but let us give praise to the pure whiteness that comes at the end of life. Strangely enough, it seldom belongs to a woman; it belongs to manhood, to wisdom, and it comes earliest to those self-denying men who have striven with an earnestness that doubled the hours of life, and who have entered with intense zeal into the struggles and sorrows of other lives. The fine face, with its deep lines marked by years of striving and of sympathy, could have from nature no covering more perfectly in harmony than that white glory of old age, even if it has come (as it often does to them) twenty years too early. We have been noting a type that has worn itself out in personal energy for his fellow-man; but a vast amount of easier-going benevolence is crowned with the grey shades. Mark the easy curves of these quiet locks, and perhaps, if we relied on phrenology, we might add, mark the shape of the head that moulds their course.

In some rare cases, silver hairs come early, enhancing youthful looks, and showing under dark eyebrows the brilliance of bright eyes. However it happens, the possessors are no common-place mortals; and nature's freak teaches us why the eighteenth-century ensconced itself in a wig, and why my lord pays a tax to dignify his flunkeys by powdering their heads.

Doubtless, in their respective countries the negro's wool, the Chinaman's pigtail, the bald crown and gummed tufts of the Japanese, all have their characteristics too. But one thing is common all the world over concerning hair. It is the one part of ourselves that can be given away: the treasure of the lover, the only thing the mourner can keep as a positive portion of what was once his living love. Ah! what intense meaning these little shorn locks possess, whether they remind us of the absent or of the dead! They tell their tales—love-stories, life-stories. Nothing else could speak as they speak to our heart. There is character for us in our treasures, even if we can read no such token in the every-day world around us.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

FROM OUR PARIS AND LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

THE favourite materials now worn in France are many of them quite new in design; but a popular arrangement I recommend to the notice of people in England who wish to have a variety without undue expense, is of skirts made in either plain coloured velvet, plush or habit cloth, which may be diversified by several bodices and over-draperies. A dark red, green, or blue velvet skirt would look well with foulard or embroidered cashmere (which has been well worn thus during the autumn), or with any of the plain or fancy woollens. Plain colours as a rule are confined to the skirt; the upper portion is mostly a combination of well-assorted tones, the collars and cuffs matching the petticoat, when it is velvet. Red is a most popular tint, and dark ruby skirts are worn with a happy mixture of lighter shades for drapery. This is completed with red stockings, a red bonnet, and, where the weather admits, a small red umbrella, intended rather to keep off the sun than the rain. Our English corduroy, and a French make of the same material, are greatly used for petticoats, and stand wear and tear.

The embroideries on the cashmeres this year are very elaborate, and, moreover, very beautiful. Most of the designs are Oriental in style, and recall the fine Indian shawls, which I consider are more appreciated in France than in England. Velvet appliqués are also introduced in the same stuff, but not in contrast; they either match the foundation, or are of a lighter shade of the same colouring. With gowns so richly wrought the make is simple; the embroidery is seen plain

and unpleated on the skirt. The bodices are pointed back and front, a style that shows off the embroidered plastrons to perfection, and the epaulettes—without which no French gown would seem to be complete—are now made in passementerie to match almost any colour, and ready to sew on in this form.

The variety in woollen materials is too puzzling. The habit cloths, which English people seem to prefer to wear plain, are brought out in Paris embossed and striped. These look very stylish, and are better suited to ordinary purses than those which have a species of chenille stripe of varied colouring, but so loosely woven that the strands almost drop out as you walk; possibly it is good for trade, as the leading houses are employing them.

Many of the new woollens have visible hairs on the surface, and some are so closely woven as to resemble kid, hence their name Peau de Suède, and the tone we associate with Suède kid remains the leading one. Poplins are being worn, but the French, not the Irish make. If you are going to invest in a thoroughly serviceable French gown, I would introduce to your notice "Orléans," a double cashmere of a fine, thick, heavy make.

For useful every-day gowns the diagonals are to be recommended, made up with the same stuff, having frisé stripes; indeed nearly all the new woollens are sold with plain and fancy material of the same nature. When the plain stuff has no such accompaniment, the dressmakers fall back on the "pavé" plushes, the inspiration for the design being supposed to be taken from the pavement.

With the exception of the Écossais plaids, "camaïeu" effects find a preference: the word really means "a picture of one colour," and as applied to dress, it signifies a variety of tones of the same colour laid one upon the other—a harmony in greens, reds, or blues, in fact; not an admixture of reds, greens, and blues.

The new silks owe their inspiration to the most ornate period of French taste, the reign of Louis XVI., and brocaded flowers between elaborate stripes are the leading characteristics.

Having taken a survey of the materials, we must now see how they are made up. The evening gowns are very many of them in the Directoire style, at all events as far as the bodice is concerned, opening square at the neck, with the peculiar collar of that time. I notice, too, another revival in the fashion of long streamers of narrow ribbon fastened to the back of the bodice, and allowed to float over the trained skirt. Moiré ribbons are much used by the best French dressmakers. Another style for evening gowns is a revival of the Louis XV. make. I noted a beautiful gown in this fashion, which was of a sulphur tone of satin, rather than cream, trimmed with mordoré gauze and some exquisite blonde of the same tone—a very excellent combination. Sulphur-coloured velvet bows kept the lace in its place. The train was long, the back cut in one with the bodice, a mode which is returning rapidly. Many of the plush morning gowns are made all in one also, while the tea-gowns, which were almost universally so arranged, have now pointed bodices and the deep "pocketed" pleats sewn to them. This term means when they are run together at the top, and are allowed to stand out visibly.

Panels of jet, or other beadwork, or some rich fancy material are a part of most of the skirts; and the bodices, when they have not the elaborate plastrons I have described, cross in front, so that no fastening is apparent. Buttons play a most important part, and the wearers deserve much commendation if they undertake to button half of them. Dress over dress would seem to be the thing. A plaid over-dress buttons on one side over a green under-skirt of plain cloth made up on silk—what a weight to carry! but it is the fashion, and what will not women endure to be *à la mode?*

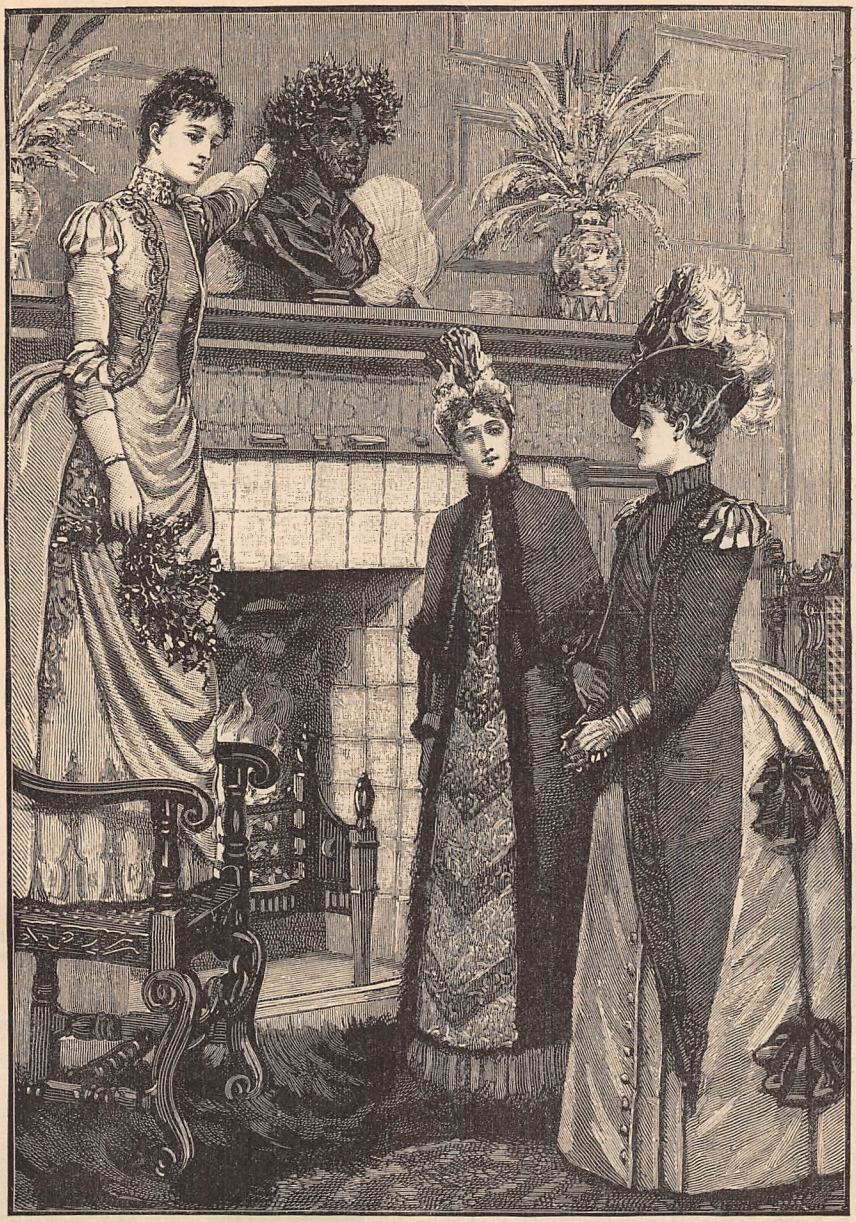
II.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

This is the month of Christmas, and if you have by you a tailor-made gown which wants brightening up, turn it in at the neck, wear an all-round collar, and a man's necktie; white satin is the most stylish, but piqué and cheaper stuffs answer well enough. You may much improve the appearance of dingy winter gowns also by the new velvet collars and cuffs, spangled all over with small gold coins, or by those made of upstanding loops of two shades of ribbon. It is astonishing how much an industrious, thrifty woman may do in the way of giving style to her appearance, by simply making use of the materials she has at hand, but spending very little money.

The fashionable hats are enormous in size, and felt is the special material that young women seem to select in preference to all others. It is becoming, wears well, and is suitable to most occasions. Far more black hats are sold than any others, and next to them, brown. A revival of the old coal-scuttle is perhaps the newest shape, with wide brim turning upward; some are turned back half-way across the brim, so that it is upright over the forehead, but fits the head above the ears. A young, fresh face looks well beneath it, but no one at all *passée* should try this style. The hats generally display either ostrich feathers or a ladder of bows. The drawn-velvet hats are too costly for general wear, but are fashionable.

We have been threatened with flounces for a long time, and now some of the newest lace gowns are made with three gathered flounces, as worn when the Queen was a young woman.

Several pretty, short out-door jackets have been made with loose fronts, and velvet collars and cuffs. The linings are often the prettiest part—coloured satin, plain or striped. Many have hoods, which continue to be a prominent feature on mantles and dressing-gowns as well as on jackets. If you want an extra-warm material, choose the new stuff, eider-cloth, light as air; or the firmer make of blanket-cloth; and if you can afford it, border with fur. Woollen corduroy is another excellent material. Plush is, of course, the most dressy of all the current fabrics, and pretty mantelettes are made of it for carriage and evening wear. But some



DECORATING THE BARD.

of the close makes of plush in brown tones are used for jackets, and so closely resemble seal-skins as to be taken for them.

The newest makes of veritable seal-skins are a sort of jacket dolman with very short sleeves, and a mantelette with no sleeves, but bordered with balls and drops of the fur; the seal-skin balls are sewn on the jacket, as well as depending from the edge.

The winter petticoats have all perpendicular stripes of great width and bright colourings, and they are made up much fuller in width. They are kept out well at the top by the American wire dress-improvers, which answer the purpose far better than steels and mattresses, and are lighter and consequently healthier. They are so cheap that the dress-makers have not shown them any very special favour.

If you desire to keep your bonnet on certainly and surely, you will use a bonnet-pin, and hitherto a black-headed one has been sufficient. Now, however, most ornamental ones have been brought out in the form of swords with jewelled hilts, hearts, clubs, &c. The bonnet brooches assume the form of a bar of pearls,

turquoises, and rubies. Oxidised silver brooches are a great deal used, but are not so new as the iron ones which hail from Berlin, and find favour in Paris. The designs are of the Renaissance period.

Crêpe de Chine is a most useful material, which in all the most delicate and beautiful shades is used for the front of gowns, or for the entire evening dress of young people. With black fancy velvet, or rich velvet, striped silks, &c., pink or lemon-coloured crêpe de Chine forms a most happy contrast.

Large square pockets appear on the sides of many dresses as well as jackets, and for stout figures they have the great advantage of hiding the waist-line and so diminishing the size of the waist. In making skirts it is well to remember that, if they are short, it is better they should fall in straight folds at the back; if they touch the ground, the puffs and loopings are permissible.

Bengaline is a favourite material, also veloutine, which has a wool warp, and consequently drapes well, indeed far better than the more costly poult de soie. Dressmaking is too expensive to admit of the use of poor materials, for they wear out directly, and the cost of the making is thrown away.

Tuckers and lace frillings are but little worn. They are replaced by folds of velvet or silk, and, wherever the complexion admits, it is considered in better taste to forego the intervening white and cream, which used to be considered a necessity.

Linen collars and cuffs, however, have once more come to the fore, and there are many fashionable coloured kinds sold with pocket handkerchiefs to match, these being demonstratively displayed in the front of the bodice or from a side pocket.

The change that has come over sleeves will be seen from our engraving. The coat-sleeve, so long in favour, has given place to epaulettes and puffs. The young lady mounted on a chair has her sleeves of China crêpe, arranged with full bouillonnés at the shoulders, and again with fulness at the cuffs. On the brown velvet mantelette on the third figure there are also full epaulettes of ribbon and passementerie. The centre figure wears one of the caped mantles much affected by French matrons. It is bordered with silver fox—the popular fur of the season. The mantle is not closed in front, but is left sufficiently open to show the handsome front of the dress—a tasteful arrangement of beaded velvet and French moiré.

A MARVELLOUS CHANGE.

THE RESULTS OF THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN NEW ZEALAND.

BY A RESIDENT IN THE COLONY.

READERS of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE will, doubtless, recollect an interesting article which appeared in its pages some time ago, descriptive of "The Bethesda of New Zealand"*—its healing springs, its geysers, and sulphur vents, and above all, those wondrous specimens of Nature's architecture, the Pink and White Terraces. Regarding the latter, artists, poets, and authors of every degree seem to have united in lamenting the inability of pen or pencil to do justice to their beauties.

The Terraces, exquisite as they were in their loveliness, at the same time inspired a feeling of awe. They were quite unique, so far as is known, throughout the whole world. There was something about their regular formation which suggested human handiwork, and yet it needed not a second glance to satisfy the spectator that no human skill could ever turn out a work so impressive in its proportions, and at the same time so delicately fretted and carved in its smallest details. Here was emphatically a structure made without human hands, and the thought must have occurred to the visitor—Was it possible that this lovely vision could really be of earth and permanent in its nature, or was it destined to melt away like the sweet sights and sounds conjured up by Prospero on his enchanted island?

When such a doubt arose, however, it was quickly dismissed. True, the district was of volcanic origin,

BEFORE THE ERUPTION—THE PINK TERRACE.
(*Reprinted from* CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *January*, 1883.)

* "A New City of Health"—CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, January, 1883, page 79.

THE SITE OF THE PINK TERRACE—AFTER THE ERUPTION.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Wheeler and Son, Christchurch, N.Z.)

and boiling mud pools, and *puias*, and fumaroles abounded on every hand. Still, scientific men agreed that the volcanic activity was dying out, and the traditions of the Maoris showed that, at any rate, while they had been resident in the district—say from 500 to 1,000 years—no event had occurred to make them fear the possibility of any fresh outbreak of the fire-fiend.

Before I describe the startling and horrifying manner in which we have suddenly been deprived of those wonderful natural features which the people of New Zealand had learned to regard as their most priceless national possession, let me say a word or two as to the way in which they were originally formed.

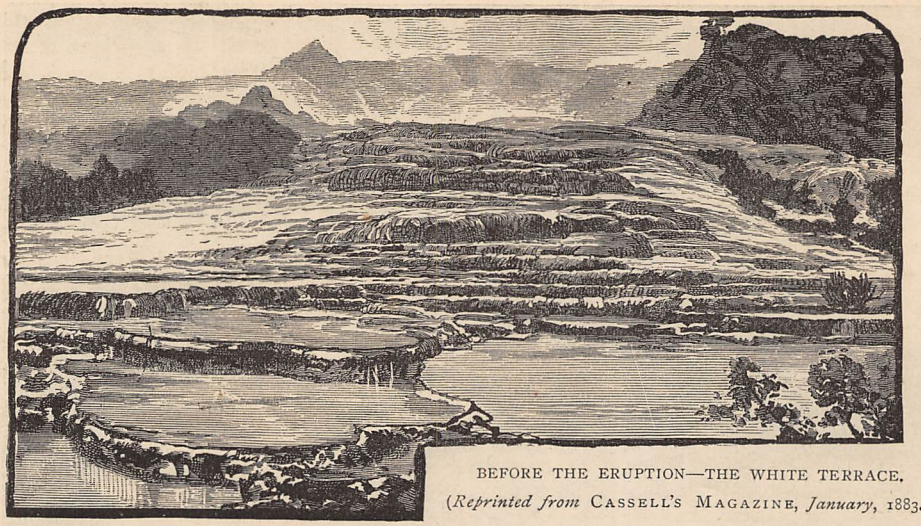
Nature, great artist that she is, produces her most charming effects with the simplest materials, and so it was in this case. Deep down in one of her hidden laboratories beneath the crust of this volcanic region, she prepared a strong solution of siliceous matter in boiling water. This solution is so strong that a shirt dipped in it would be "starched" stiff in a few seconds, and an immersed twig becomes quickly encrusted with silica, reminding us of the "dripping wells" to be found in the limestone caves of some parts of England.

This solution being prepared, it was forced through a pipe to the top of a small eminence, and flowed down the latter into the waters of the lake which nestled at the foot. In the course of some hundreds of years the silica, becoming deposited from the water, had built a series of graduated basins extending from the foot of the hill to its summit, and these formed the most perfect natural baths it was possible to imagine. Their floors were as true as if laid by a spirit-level, while the water in trickling over the edge of the basins deposited an exquisite filagree-work of shining crystals. Such was the White Terrace.

The other Terrace, situated some distance away, was constructed on similar lines though smaller, and here Nature had varied her effects by tinging the crystals with a slight flush of rose-colour. The water in the basins was a delicate ultramarine, and the lovely contrast thus obtained was at once the delight and despair of artists.

Nor was it alone the eye of the visitor that was delighted. To bathe in these basins was a luxury as of Elysium. Some of the ingredients cunningly mixed with the water by Nature's subtle alchemy, gave a soft, creamy feeling to the skin, and a sense of elasticity to the body, which made people ask themselves whether they had indeed discovered the secret of perpetual youth.

All this loveliness is now, alas ! a thing of the past. About two o'clock on the morning of June 10th, 1886, the inhabitants of Wairoa and other places in the Hot Lake district were aroused out of their beds by a terrific commotion. Overlooking the Terrace district



BEFORE THE ERUPTION—THE WHITE TERRACE.
(*Reprinted from* CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *January*, 1883.)

is a singular-looking mountain with three peaks, known respectively as Wahanga, Ruawahia, and Tarawera. First there was an eruption from Wahanga with a loud roaring noise and shocks of earthquake ; a few minutes afterwards there was a more violent outburst from the top of Ruawahia, the middle peak, and lastly there was a tremendous explosion from the remaining peak, the whole east end of which was blown away, the *débris* covering the country to a distance of many miles. Huge clouds of steam and pumice dust and showers of hot stones were flung into the air, and constant flashes of lightning illuminated the scene. What the eye-witnesses described as "fire-balls" hurtled through the air, and as the eruption was accompanied by terrific roaring of high-pressure steam escaping from the volcanic vents, and the constant thunder produced by the electrical discharges, it need scarcely be said that the combined effect was appalling in the extreme. The explosions were heard over the greater part of the North Island of New Zealand ; and the steam-clouds, which were estimated to have attained the height of nine miles, could be seen for a distance of 80 or 100 miles.

The effect of the eruption was particularly disastrous as regards the township of Wairoa, and the native settlements of Mourea and Te Ariki. The two latter were overwhelmed by avalanches of volcanic mud, and all the inhabitants perished. Wairoa was buried in ashes and cinders, but most of the inhabitants managed to escape. Altogether, however, seven Europeans and between 90 and 100 natives lost their lives in this terrible outbreak.

So far I have dealt only with one phase of the outbreak.

The Pink and White Terraces were situated on the shores of Lake Rotomahana, and here another very extraordinary phenomenon occurred. I have already mentioned how one end of Tarawera mountain was blown off. Dr. Hector, F.R.S., C.M.G., Director of the New Zealand Geological Survey, who has made a careful examination of the spot, and to whom I am indebted for many details in this article, states that this rent is a most wonderful feature. It is not a slip from the mountain-side, but appears as if a portion of the mountain measuring 2,000 feet by 500 feet, and 300 feet deep, had been blown off, leaving a rocky chasm, from which steam was being discharged in rapidly succeeding puffs. The eastern side of this chasm is brightly tinted as if by the efflorescent deposit of a mineral substance, probably ferro-chlorides.

Starting from this rent is a terrrific chasm extending right across the site occupied by Lake Rotomahana and some distance beyond. The lake has quite disappeared. Within the chasm is a chain of mud volcanoes, which are constantly ejecting stones and boiling water to a distance of from 600 to 800 feet in the air. As the sides are continually falling in and being again cast forth, each crater presents the idea of a huge monster eating away the surrounding country and vomiting forth boiling mud and steam.

Such is the scene of horror which now occupies the spot once beautified by one of the most lovely natural objects in the world !

I have not yet exhausted the catalogue of wonderful things which happened in connection with this eruption. The Government township of Rotorua, where are situated the healing springs that exert such a marvellous effect on cases of rheumatism, skin diseases, and the like, had a most providential escape. When the first outbreak occurred, the gigantic column of dust was heading straight in the direction of Rotorua, and for this town a similar fate to that of Wairoa appeared inevitable. Suddenly the wind changed, diverted the course of the devastating cloud, and Rotorua was saved.

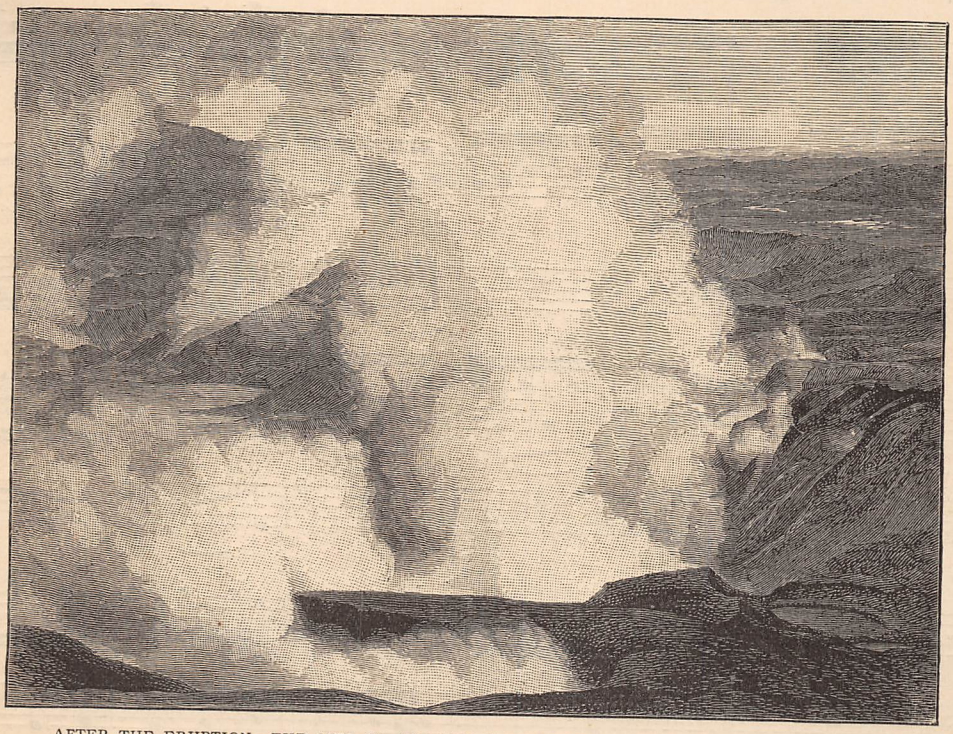
As is usually the case in most eruptions, the volcanic dust was carried to immense distances. Settlers living eighty miles away from Tarawera awoke in the

morning and found their houses and farms covered four inches deep with what at first appeared to be a strange, ghastly kind of snow, but turned out to be grey volcanic dust, which darkened the air like a dense London fog as it fell. Vessels out at sea, 120 miles away from the volcano, also had their decks and rigging covered with powder. Near the scene of the eruption the drift covers the ground to the depth of ten to a dozen feet. Cattle being thus deprived of food are roaming about in a starving condition, and the loss to the colonists will be very severe.

There are, of course, conflicting theories as to the cause of the eruption, which is not surprising, considering how little is really known by scientific men about volcanoes. The outbreak undoubtedly took place in a line of volcanic activity, which can be distinctly traced to the Sandwich Islands, and some people are inclined to argue that as Kilauea, the great volcano of Hawaii, has been quiet lately, the pent-up volcanic energy has relieved itself in New Zealand. Dr. Hector, however, holds that the outbreak is a purely local development of "hydro-thermal energy." His theory seems to be that, by some means or other, the water of the hot springs or lakes in the district obtained access to subterraneous heat; and this caused the generation of an immense amount of super-heated steam, which brought about all the mischief.

At present the volcanoes have quieted down to some extent, but no one knows, of course, when some fresh outbreak may occur. A day or two ago a party of *savants* were exploring in the district, when an explosion took place within 200 yards from where they were standing, throwing up a column of *débris* and steam thousands of feet high. Scientific ardour for once gave place to regard for personal safety, and the *savants* beat a rapid, if not very dignified retreat.

The whole aspect of the country is now so changed that the most experienced guides are unable to recognise localities with much accuracy. Avalanches of mud, geysers, and landslips also render sight-seeing an extremely dangerous occupation. By-and-by, however, when the country has become a little more stable, it is hoped tourists will be able to visit the spot, and a fresh attraction will be added to the many wonderful sights offered by New Zealand to the lover of the picturesque. It has been discovered that we shall not be altogether without something to remind us of the vanished Terraces. These formed so powerful an attraction that people quite lost sight of the fact first pointed out by Dr. Hochstetter some years ago, that there were other Terraces of siliceous sinter—to use the technical phrase—in New Zealand. These are situated in a little-known part of the North Island, within the Hot Lake district, but in such a secluded spot that they have been seen by few Europeans. They are greatly inferior both in size and beauty to those which have been destroyed, but doubtless will now be sought out by tourists as affording some idea of that majestic vision which has vanished for ever, leaving in its place an inferno of doleful sights and sounds.



AFTER THE ERUPTION—THE SITE OF THE WHITE TERRACE, LOOKING TOWARDS TARAWERA.

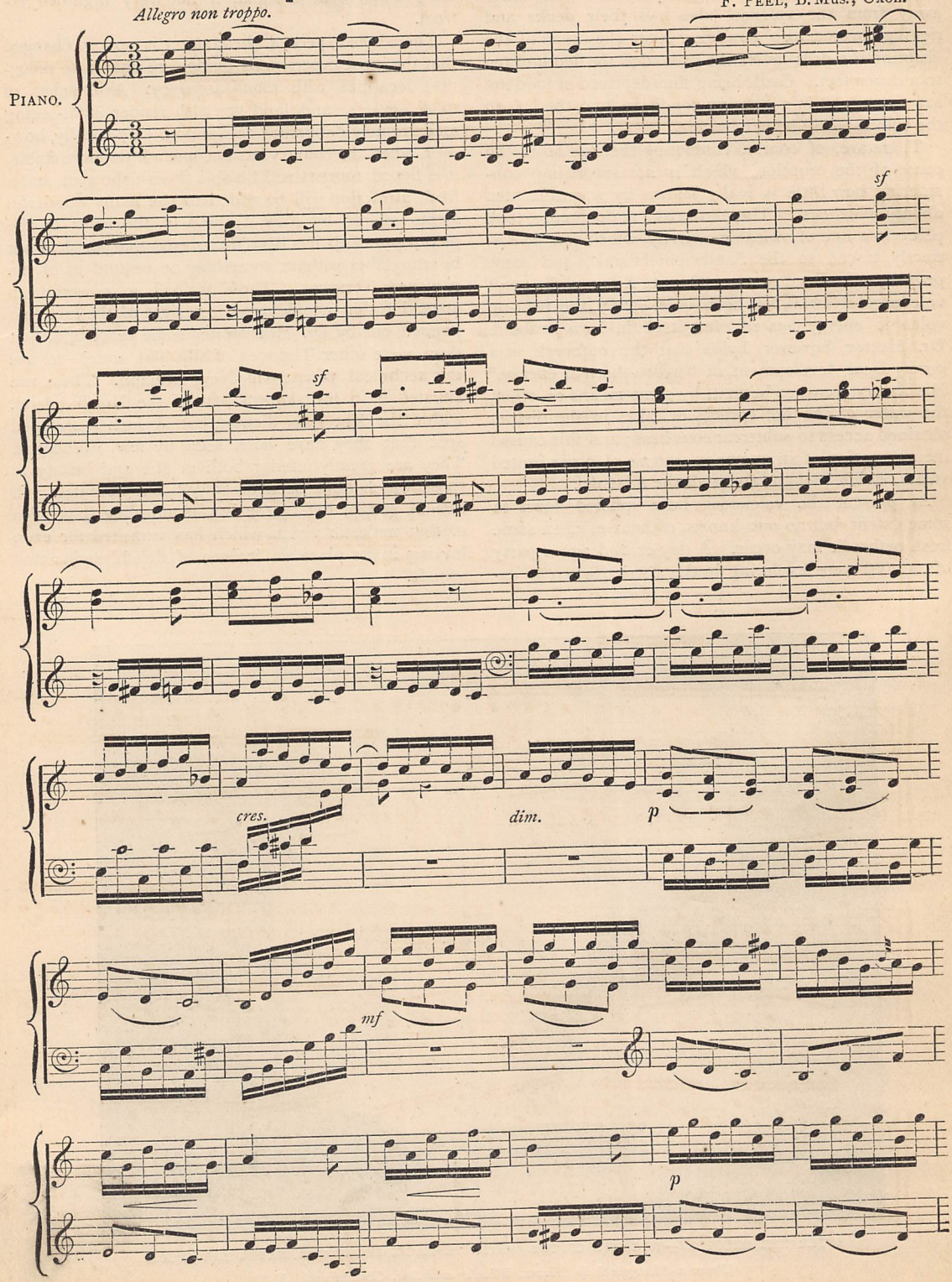
(*From a Photograph by Messrs. Wheeler and Son, Christchurch, N.Z.*)

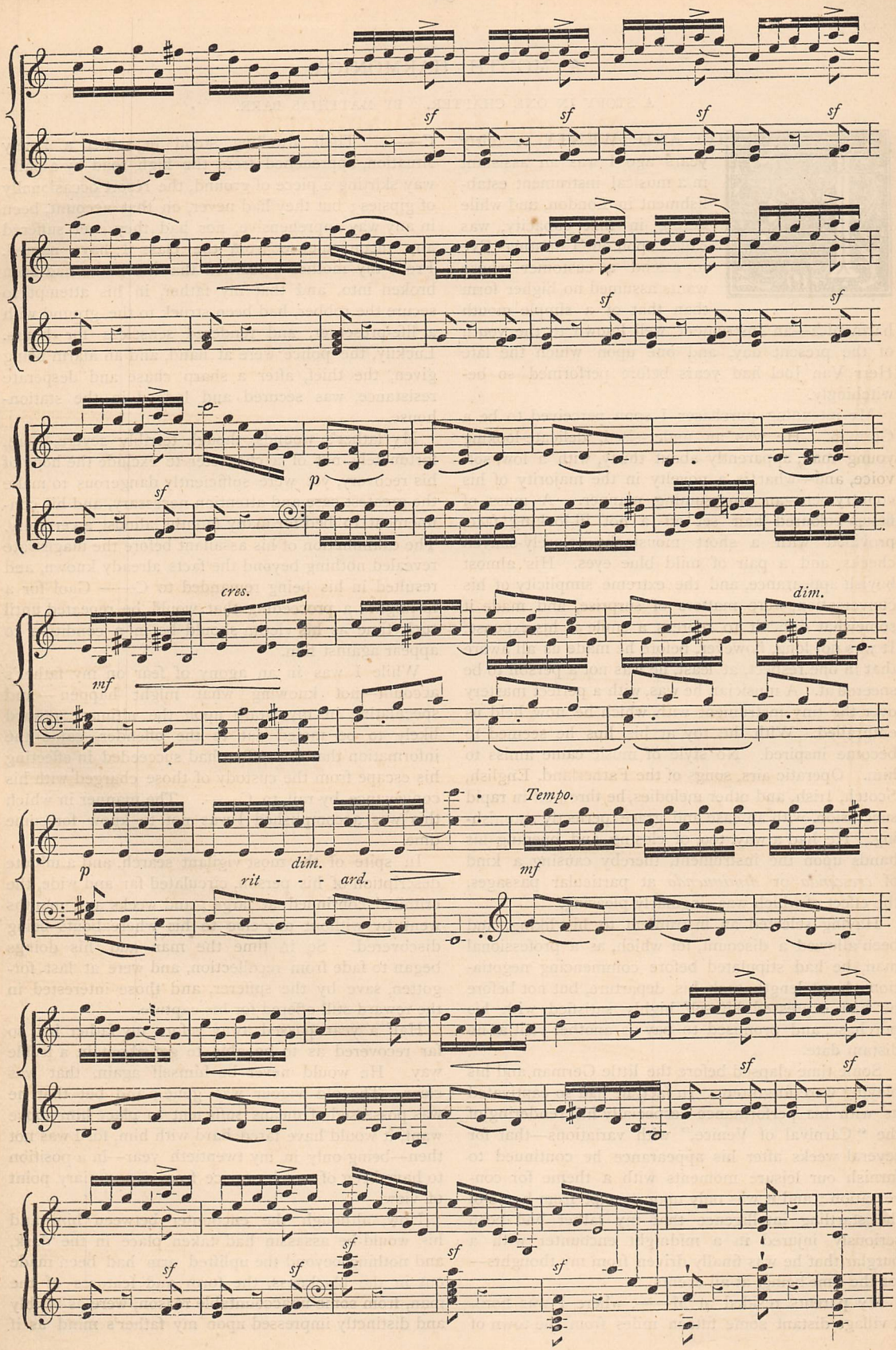
Prelude for Pianoforte.

F. Peel, B. Mus., Oxon.

Allegro non troppo.

Piano.

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A MOUTH HARMONICA.

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER. BY MATTHIAS BARR.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY to thirty years ago I was an assistant in a musical instrument establishment in London, and while acting in that capacity, was called upon one Christmas Eve to attend a customer whose wants assumed no higher form than that of a simple mouth harmonica—an instrument well known to the youth of the present day, and one upon which the late Herr Van Joel had years before performed so bewitchingly.

My intending purchaser I soon perceived to be a German. He was an under-sized, delicate-looking young man, apparently about thirty, with a low, soft voice, and—what is a novelty in the majority of his countrymen—an unassuming manner. A mass of flaxen-coloured hair set off a not ill-looking face, provided with a short moustache, closely-shaven cheeks, and a pair of mild blue eyes. His almost boyish appearance, and the extreme simplicity of his conversation, were matters of surprise, and made it somewhat difficult to repress a smile at his expense. It was not long, however, before he made us all aware that in one respect, at least, he was not a person to be sneered at. A musician he was, with a perfect mastery over the tiny instrument with which he now held us enthralled. With the toy at his lips he seemed to become inspired. No style of music came amiss to him. Operatic airs, songs of the Fatherland, English, Scotch, Irish, and other melodies, he threw off in rapid succession, with an ease and grace perfectly astonishing. He had a way, too, of closing and opening his hands upon the instrument, thereby causing a kind of *crescendo* or *diminuendo* at particular passages, the effect of which was singularly pleasing.

Having selected an instrument to his liking, and been allowed a discount, for which, as a professional man, he had stipulated before commencing negotiations, he at length took his departure, but not before he had expressed himself highly satisfied with his purchase, and promised to pay us another visit at no distant date.

Some time elapsed before the little German and his playing were forgotten. In fact, he had so captivated us with his performance—especially his rendering of the "Carnival of Venice," with variations—that for several weeks after his appearance he continued to furnish our leisure moments with a theme for conversation; and it was only upon receipt from home of the startling intelligence that my father had been seriously injured in a midnight encounter with a burglar that he was finally driven from my thoughts—for the time being, at all events.

My parents resided at M——, where I was born, a village distant some fifteen miles from the town of C——. Their dwelling stood in rather a lonely situation, approached from the high road by a pathway skirting a piece of ground, the resort occasionally of gipsies; but they had never, on that account, been in any way apprehensive, nor had they ever suffered any inconvenience from the class I have named. From my mother I learned that the house had been broken into, and that my father, in his attempt to secure the robber, had been struck to the ground with a life-preserver, and rendered senseless for hours. Luckily, the police were at hand, and an alarm being given, the thief, after a sharp chase and desperate resistance, was secured and lodged in the station-house.

My father's wounds, though terribly severe, were, fortunately, not of a character to exclude the hope of his recovery, yet were sufficiently dangerous to make the greatest care and attention necessary, and his confinement to bed for many months almost a certainty. The examination of his assailant before the magistrate revealed nothing beyond the facts already known, and resulted in his being remanded to C—— Gaol for a fortnight: a proceeding that would be repeated until such time as his victim should be in a condition to appear against him.

While I was in an agony of fear on my father's account—not knowing what might happen—and speculating in my wrath upon the ultimate reward likely to be meted out to the offender, came the information that the ruffian had succeeded in effecting his escape from the custody of those charged with his conveyance by rail to C——. The manner in which this was accomplished I was not to know for some time.

In spite of the most vigilant search, and a minute description of his person, circulated far and wide, the criminal continued at large; and weeks and months went by without any clue to his whereabouts being discovered. So in time the man and his doings began to fade from recollection, and were at last forgotten, save by the sufferer, and those interested in the reward still offered for his capture.

Half a year passed away before my father had so far recovered as to be able to get about in a feeble way. He would never be himself again, that was clear. The old vigour was gone; and but that he was possessed of means sufficient to place him above want, it would have fared hard with him, for I was not then—being only in my twentieth year—in a position to have been of much service from a pecuniary point of view.

Now, although the encounter between him and his would-be assassin had taken place in the dark, and nothing beyond the uplifted arm had been made out in the blackness, the form and features of the man, from some unaccountable reason, were as visibly and distinctly impressed upon my father's mind as if

he had been familiar with them from his childhood. Since that dreadful night he had never ceased to dream of his antagonist, with whom, strange to say, I was always, in a certain dim and shadowy way, mixed up. Sometimes, while in the very act of seizing his adversary by the throat, the latter would suddenly collapse, and give place to a figure in the likeness of myself. At other times he would see us side by side, joined together, as it were, after the manner of the Siamese Twins, my fellow-twin making every effort to tear himself apart, and glaring at me, or through me, whenever my shadow interposed itself between him and the gazer, with looks of the most abject dread. And throughout all this—and let it be repeated as often as it would—my father retained the same keen and unwavering recognition of his attempted destroyer.

It might have been twelve months after the escape of the prisoner when an elderly gentleman entered the warehouse, and desired to be shown some of our best mouth harmonicas. I took the stranger in hand, and while expatiating to him upon the advantages of a certain make over all others, he asked me if I remembered a little German purchasing such an instrument some time before. Of course I did; and having said so, was loud in my praise of the gifted but effeminate-looking artist.

"And so he recommended you, sir?" I said, in a business kind of tone.

"Well, not exactly," returned the gentleman, with a mysterious smile—"not exactly."

Seeing that my curiosity was aroused, he further said—

"It is rather a remarkable circumstance, young man, that you should have been instrumental in letting loose upon society one of the most consummate scoundrels in the universe."

I must have opened my eyes to an unusual extent at this, for the old gentleman regarded me with an amused smile, and seemed to enjoy my confusion immensely.

He handed me his card, from which I saw with astonishment that he was none other than Mr. G——, from M——, the magistrate before whom my father's assailant had been charged, and who had been but recently appointed, so that although his name was familiar to me, I was yet unacquainted with his person. I did not permit my astonishment, however, to give itself vent in words, but waited to hear what the old gentleman had to say before making myself known to him; and that he had something of more than usual interest to disclose I felt convinced.

"I think you will be surprised," he began, "when I give you a few particulars relating to our mutual friend Mr. Kleyser, as he called himself, and his harmonica. You will then see the important part the insignificant-looking instrument played in the little drama, and how you were unconsciously the means, as I have said, of unlocking the gentleman's fetters, and giving the world once more the advantages of his artistic and other services. Let me, then, state at once that a robbery had been committed down in my part of the country, or, I should rather say, that an attempt had been made to commit one, for the rascal, owing to the stout resistance offered, was unable to carry out his design. He was, fortunately, caught in the act; and on being searched at the station-house, among other articles found upon him, was one of these. This, of course, was supposed by the inspector on duty to have been stolen; and on being asked to account for its possession, the fellow insisted that he had come by it honestly—had bought it, in fact, and produced a receipt for it, from somewhere under the lining of his hat, I believe.

"He was a professor of music, he said, and having lost his way, had gone to the house which he had entered, believing it to be an out-building, with the intention of sleeping there, when he was attacked by the owner, and used his life-preserver, which he always carried for his protection, simply in self-defence. To prove that he was a musician, and that what he stated was correct, he volunteered to show his skill upon the musical instrument taken from him. I need not tell you—for you have heard him—how he electrified the inspector and other officers present. He saw his advantage, and was not slow in making use of it, for he entreated to be allowed the retention of his beloved harmonica to cheer him in his solitude. This he was good-naturedly permitted to do, and amused himself in his cell by playing a variety of compositions of a light and airy character. He knew, the cunning rogue, how to take his audience, as you will presently hear.

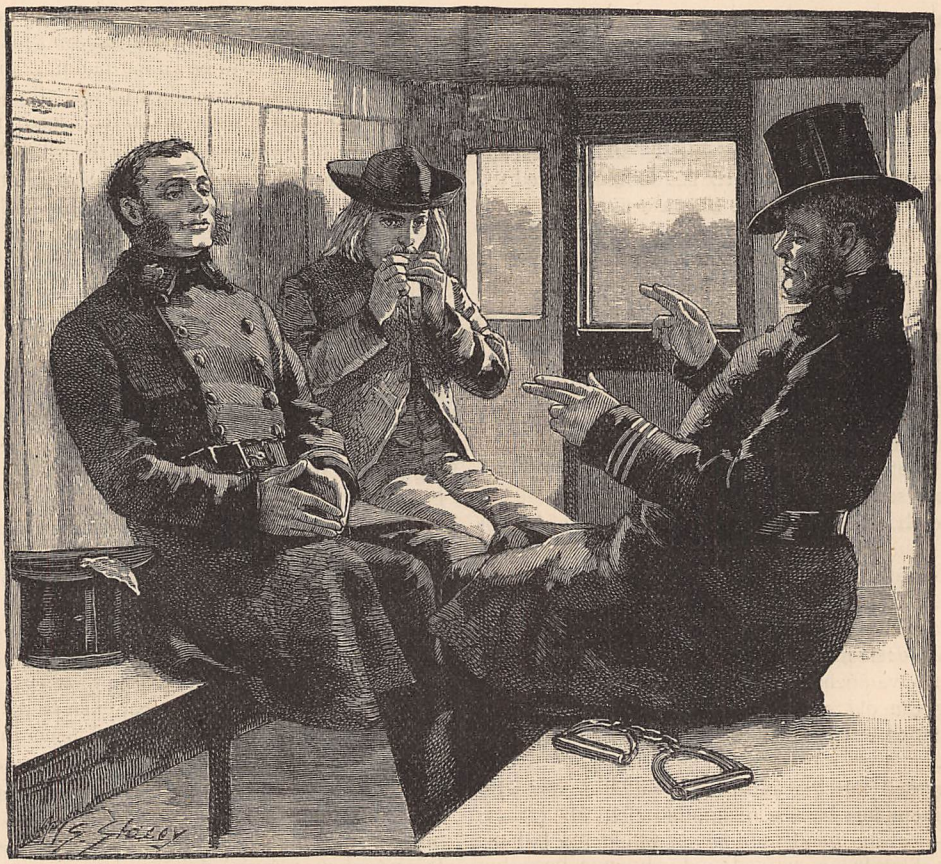
"Next day a report of the marvellous player reached me through the medium of my clerk, and being musical, I determined to hear the performer, and judge for myself. Accordingly, I arranged with the inspector that after examination the genius should be taken to a room adjoining the court, and that I would there come at the conclusion of the day's proceedings and hear him. When before me, his quiet and inoffensive demeanour, subdued voice, and juvenile appearance impressed me strongly in his favour, and lent a shade of truth to his tale, especially as nothing of an incriminating kind had been found upon his person—that the whole affair was entirely a mistake. It afterwards transpired, when he was safely beyond our grasp, that he had recently undergone a term of imprisonment for robbery with violence, and had given considerable trouble during his confinement. I remanded him to C—— Gaol to await the result of the injuries he had inflicted upon the person into whose house he had broken. At length I paid him a visit, and must candidly confess that I never before was so charmed with any sounds emitted by what at best can only be regarded as a plaything. The man was an artist, there could be no doubt of it; and it seems incredible that one possessed of so much talent, who could easily have earned a decent living, should have preferred leading the life he had been doing for years. There is little doubt that by means of his silvery tongue, and the aid of his harmonica, he had succeeded in swindling a number of persons.

"He told me he had procured his instrument here—and the receipt he showed bore this out—and begged,

with tears in his eyes, that I would not then deprive him of it. I yielded to his repeated solicitations, little thinking what my foolish indulgence was speedily to bring about.

"Now comes the curious part of my story, as showing the cunning of the scoundrel, and how innocently we became his dupes. He was taken to the railway station, safely secured, and placed in a train starting for C——, accompanied by two officers, who chose an empty compartment at the request of the prisoner, who seemed to feel his position deeply. All went well until such time as Mr. Kleyser, bemoaning his fate, gave the constables to understand that his greatest grief consisted in his not being able to make use of his harmonica. The men in charge—two to one—having no misgivings, and seeing their prisoner so utterly cast down, agreed to humour him, and, I fear, themselves at the same time. The handcuffs were removed, and the despondent Herr invited to regale them with a tune. This he was nothing loth to do, and did so well, that while the officers were congratulating themselves upon their humanity or their shrewdness in beguiling the monotony of their journey with sweet sounds, their captive suddenly leaped to his feet, and without a moment's hesitation sprang through the carriage window, and, curling himself up like a ball, rolled down the embankment, and disappeared in a neighbouring wood before the defrauded officers had recovered from their surprise. I have only to say, further," added the old gentleman, "that from that hour to this he has not been heard of."

I was fairly astounded by the news. That the mild-looking young man, the inspired artist, as we had named him, who seemed so plausible, so simple and childlike, should prove to be a common housebreaker, and almost a murderer, was beyond my comprehension. From other lips, and without the evidence of the mouth harmonica to make the thing certain, I should have doubted the whole story. When I had got over my amazement, and made Mr. G—— acquainted with my name and parentage, he was almost as much taken aback as I had been myself. Of my parents he had some knowledge, and expressed himself very pleased to have met me, insisting, before leaving, that I should pay him a visit at his hotel in Covent Garden—an invitation I accepted, and did not regret, for I found the old gentleman to be a very cheerful and entertaining companion.



"THIS HE WAS NOTHING LOTH TO DO."

Like my father, from that period until the end was reached, the German was to haunt my thoughts by night and day. He had promised to return, and should he keep his word, I now knew what to do; he should trouble mankind no more—for some time, I felt certain—with his Æolian strains and seductive ways. No person entered the premises bearing the slightest resemblance to him but I was on the spot on the instant. In the streets I looked for him; in every assembly I entered, I sought the owner of the mild blue eyes and flaxen-coloured head; and I had a presentiment that I should meet him again. All night long my dreams were busy with him, no matter what began them. His eyes—no longer mild, but filled with a strange, unnatural light—followed me about, and I saw his right arm raised, and his hand grasping the murderous weapon he had known so well how to use. Yet I did not seem afraid. On the contrary, I appeared always to be endeavouring to come up with him, close—held back, as it were, by some invisible power—endeavouring to grapple with him, and hurl him headlong into the abyss which I fancied lay beyond, and from whence issued continuously the dulcet notes of a harmonica—always giving forth the same tune: the "Carnival of Venice." If I awoke suddenly in the night, as sometimes I did, the melody would linger in my ears until I dropped off to slumber again. Only during the busy hours of the day was I entirely free from its influence.

A third Christmas Eve had come round, and a concert in aid of a charity, in which a friend of mine was interested, was to be given that night. Although I had had nothing to do with the getting up of the affair, I had been the means of providing for the occasion a grand pianoforte free of expense, and had, in addition, busied myself with the sale of tickets, a large number of which I had succeeded in disposing of. Many gifted amateurs had volunteered their services, and altogether the charity was likely to profit by the exertions of its friends.

As had been anticipated, the hall was filled to overflowing. Passing over the well-intentioned endeavours of the ladies and gentlemen who contributed to the evening's amusement, I come to the most remarkable event in this short history. The second part of the entertainment, according to the programme, was to open with the "unique performances of Mons. Albert Trompette;" but whether these were to be of a vocal, instrumental, or acrobatical nature the programme did not state. Presently, a short gentleman, with a bushy black beard and enormous head of hair of the same hue, stepped lightly upon the platform. There was something about the foreigner that riveted my attention at a glance. What it was I could not tell. I remembered no human being I had ever known or seen with such a head and beard as those before me. Perhaps I had seen Mons. Trompette's portrait somewhere. Yes—that must be it, I thought. I looked at him more searchingly still, as I saw him take from the pocket of his fashionably-cut dress coat a small leathern case; but when he produced therefrom a—mouth harmonica, I sank back in my seat, overpowered with a sense of something about to happen. A choking sensation took possession of me; the place swam round and round, and, but for a desperate effort, I believe I should have fallen to the ground. I heard nothing of the music beyond a confused hum, and was brought back to myself by the plaudits of the audience, when, turning my eyes towards the platform, I saw that it was empty. The applause was again and again renewed, and Mons. Albert Trompette once more appeared, and with many bows and smiles acknowledged the tribute to his musical powers. As I gazed, half-stupefied between doubt and hope, the performer raised his instrument to his lips. At the same moment I became conscious of something in front of me, as if conjured up by the lifted arm of the musician—something felt rather than perceived, and yet suggestive of the misty outline of a human form pointing in the direction of the stage. Then I saw the bearded face grow as pale as death, the eyes fill with terror, and the instrument quiver in the hand that held it. A glance sufficed to show me what I have described. I waited no longer, but sped from the place, and as I reached the door the notes of the "Carnival of Venice" were floating on the air.

A cab was standing at the side entrance to the hall, and my friend was telling the driver that his fare would be out in a few minutes. I could hear the variations of the tune going on; and, drawing my friend's attention thereto, put a few questions to him concerning the black-bearded gentleman. There was little to tell. The kindly foreigner had seen the concert announced, and had offered his services gratuitously, which were accepted, and that was all. My mind was made up. Asking my friend to send me one of the attendants whose services were no longer required, I hailed a passing vehicle; and giving instructions to the driver to follow the cab at the door—which my friend had hinted was in waiting for Mons. Trompette—and pull up the instant it stopped, I waited in the shadow of a neighbouring doorway for what was to come. As the attendant made his appearance a fresh burst of approbation announced that the soloist had finished; and I had barely explained the object I had in view, which was that he—the attendant—should accompany me in the second cab, when the Frenchman issued hurriedly forth, and, whispering a word to the cabman, was driven away as rapidly as the horse could carry him.

After half an hour's ride the first cab deposited its fare at the corner of Oxford Circus; and cautiously following, we traced the black-beard to a shabby house in one of the shabbiest streets in Soho. Leaving the attendant to watch the premises, with instructions not to lose sight of its occupant should he leave before my return, I hurried away for Scotland Yard.

Mons. Albert Trompette was arrested that night; and, in spite of his dyed locks and fashionable attire, proved to be Herr Kleyser himself, the little German to whom I had sold the mouth harmonica three Christmas Eves before. On his rooms being searched, a large amount of stolen property was discovered.

Nor had the gifted amateurs escaped, for he had taken advantage of their absence from the retiring-room, and while attention was directed to the platform, to abstract from the ladies' reticules, and the pockets of the gentlemen's overcoats, whatever he could lay his hands upon.

He was taken back to M——, and was no sooner confronted with my father than he was recognised as the man who had so long monopolised his dreams.

Eventually he was committed for trial, and his antecedents being arrayed against him, received a sentence that would deprive his adopted country of his presence for a period of ten years.

I have only to say, in conclusion, that if the murderous little German nearly lost me a father, his harmonica was the means of providing me with a wife, for in time I married Miss Emily G——, the youngest daughter of the worthy magistrate.

WHAT SHALL I SAY?

(See Frontispiece.)

WHAT shall I say? How answer this?
O letter, little thing you seem
To wake me up from girlhood's dream
To thoughts of full life's woe and bliss,
To make the laughing rill a stream!

Shall "No" be answer? Shall I fear
The love so humbly offered me,
Looking into the years to see
A heart grown cold, life sad and drear,
The glad sun set in misery?

Shall I say "No"? Shall I distrust
My own heart's whisperings to day,
And hear the world's hard logic say—
"Marry for wealth and place you must,
And surely this is not the way"?

Or shall I answer "Yes"? Put by
All doubts, all fears of future woe?
I will, I will, because I know
My heart speaks best that makes me cry—
I love him so! I love him so!

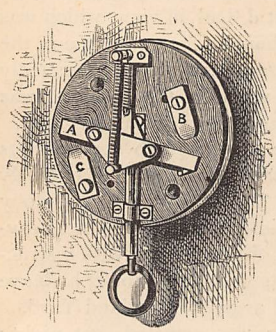
G. WEATHERLY.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

A Bell-pull Switch.

The figure illustrates a new form of switch for domestic electrical appliances, such as the electric light. It is worked like an ordinary bell-pull by means of a cord and tassel, or simply by the ring shown. The figure shows the spring arrangement behind, whereby, on pulling the ring, the electric current is made and broken. The figure shows it broken, the central switch arm, A, being apart from the two contacts, B and C. When the switch arm, A, connects these contacts, B and C, the current flows. The chief advantage claimed for the switch is that it can be fixed near the ceiling of a room, out of sight, while the dependent bell-pull brings its manipulation within reach.



Casting Iron on Brass.

Some novel experiments have recently been made on the casting of iron or steel on brass. The melted iron is prepared with a flux and run over the brass core, the union of the two metals being complete. The compound metal is expected to be useful for car-axles, pumps, and other mechanical parts. Patents have also been taken out in England recently, and put in operation, for a new method of platinising metals by electro-deposition. Platinum is the best metal for resisting corrosion, and as by the new process it can be deposited in thick layers if need be, it is likely to be useful in coating utensils, such as those of chemists, or metal work which is of itself apt to rust on exposure. In connection with this subject we may mention that brass may be tempered by mechanical compression just as a piece of steel may be tempered by heat. A small piece of polished steel placed on the brass object to be tempered will, when both are equally heated, show the temper of the brass; so that the latter can be tempered by hammering, rolling, or wire-drawing to any degree of hardness indicated by the steel.

A Frost Curio.

The engraving illustrates a curious effect of frost, which was produced last February in a New York house. A glass vase containing a carnation flower in water was left in one of the bedroom windows over-night, and in the morning it was found that the flower had been raised out of the vase upon a pinnacle of ice about two inches high. The whole of the water was frozen clear and solid, with the exception of a pretty crystallisation in the centre.

A Mechanical Knot-tier.

An American has brought out a machine for tying a square knot with sufficient facility to make the apparatus useful in book-binding. His machine not only stitches with thread, but ties the knots and cuts off. It runs at the rate of forty-eight complete stitches per minute. Its operation is somewhat similar to that of a sewing machine, but the needles do not require to be threaded as in the latter.

Wire Fenders for Ships.

A plan for lessening the blow of collisions between ships has been patented recently. It differs both from the ordinary rope-work fender and the wire netting used to catch torpedoes; and consists essentially of steel wire ropes suspended from brackets round the sides of the ship in such a manner that the vessel approaching has to break through these before she reaches the hull. A projecting framework of iron fitted with a powerful spring fender is also part of the plan, and applicable as a protection to the bows of the ships.

A Tricycle Cab.

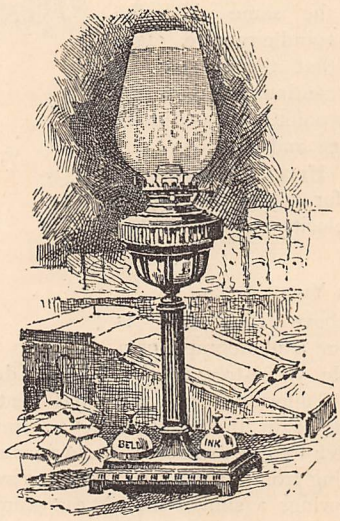
A three-wheeled cab has been introduced into London. Its chief advantage, combined with the stability of a three or four-wheeled vehicle, is the ease with which it can be entered, especially by ladies, who can keep their dresses clear of the wheels—a feat not always accomplishable with the ordinary "four-wheeler."

Surveying by Electric Light.

A Professor of Schemnitz, in Hungary, has applied the electric incandescent lamp to surveying by the level and theodolite in mines. Two lamps are employed, each fed by its own portable accumulator. One lamp is larger than the other, and is used for illuminating the angle of sight; the other, a miniature lamp, is used to light the vernier of the instrument in taking readings. The lamps are connected to the accumulators by flexible conductors, and the whole so designed as to be light and serviceable.

A Novel Lacing Stud.

A new lacing stud for boots and shoes has recently been patented in England by an American firm, and bids fair to supersede entirely the old arrangement which is so liable to break, double up, and wear out the laces. This new stud is made of solid metal, with a shank which, under pressure, forms a rivet on the under side of the leather. The indentation for the laces is perfectly round, so that there are no sharp edges to produce friction. The head of the stud being solid cannot be bent up and down, while it is very neat in appearance, resembling a small button. On the same principle as the lacing stud, some tubular rivets have been patented, which are intended to save all stitching in the manufacture of mill-bands, harness, straps, and leather work generally. By the use of a special machine these rivets punch their own hole in the material, and form their own clench, and can be set at the rate of one a second.



An Office Lamp.

The figure illustrates a combined lamp and ink-stand for libraries and offices. A call-bell is also fitted to the base of the lamp along with the ink-bottle and pen-holder. The height of the lamp is 26 inches, and it is fitted up with the "Empire" or "Duplex" burner as desired.

While upon this subject, we may refer to a new automatic extinguishing lamp called the "Shaftesbury Lamp." The light of the lamp is put out whenever the lamp is tilted or upset. It is, therefore, calculated to do away with some of the dangers of petroleum lamps.

A Steel Steamer.

Three fast new steamers, built of Siemens-Martin mild steel, have been built for the mail service between Dover and Ostend. They are intended to make 17½ to 18 knots an hour, and to enter the Dover and Ostend harbours at all states of the tide. Each of these vessels is 255 feet long, by 29 feet broad; and the draught of water is 8 feet 6 inches. They are paddle steamers, and every accommodation is provided on them for passengers. They will be lighted by electricity, and provided with both steam and hand steering apparatus.

A New Mechanical Device.

A mechanical device has been introduced for the purpose of imparting or recording variable velocities to rotating parts of instruments and machines. It consists essentially of a hollow cone, mounted concentrically but ex-axially on a spindle with which it revolves; the axis of the cone being inclined from that of the spindle, and the direction of the inclination and the plane of the two axes remaining the same while the cone and spindle revolve. It is obvious that this device involves a continuous change between any point in the periphery of the cone and the axis of the spindle. Hence the cone can be used for driving belts from, whose velocity can be readily varied.

A YUCCA ARCH.

A Yucca Arch.

The above illustration is taken from a photograph of a remarkable yucca-tree in the Mojave desert, near southern California. The trunk has bent over and taken root again, thereby forming a complete arch, under which four or five horses could pass abreast; its height being from 12 to 15 feet at its crown. From the top springs a similar limb like a plume. These yucca-trees yield a pulp which is now manufactured into paper.

An Electric-Store Launch.

An electric boat called the *Spark* has been built for use at the Royal Gunpowder Works, Waltham. The object of the vessel is to carry a supply of electric power from powder-house to powder-house, so as to enable these to be lighted by electricity when work of a dangerous character has to be done in them after dark. The vessel is fitted with thirty accumulators, which propel the screw by means of an electric motor, and at the same time carry the store of electricity to light the incandescent lamps in the magazines. We may add that the Channel from Dover to Calais and back was crossed in September last by another electric launch, the *Volta*.

A Magnetic Probe.

During the British Association meeting at Birmingham, Mr. W. H. Preece, F.R.S., read a note on the use of a magnetic needle in localising a fragment of steel in the hand. One of his daughters had the misfortune to have her hand penetrated by a needle, which broke into three pieces. Two of these were extracted, but the third piece defied localisation even by the induction balance of Professor Hughes. A delicate magnetised needle was then suspended on a light paper stirrup or hook from a single fibre of cocoon silk, and when the injured hand was brought near it, invariably pointed to one spot. An incision was made here by a surgeon, and the missing fragment found.

Lightning Holes in the Alps.

Professor Brun has been investigating the "lightning holes" found on the high Alps at heights from 11,000 to 13,000 feet above the sea. The holes are hollow passages in the rock, sometimes only a few millimètres in diameter, sometimes larger, quite vitrified by the heat, and of colours—black or brown—depending on the nature of the rocks. Sometimes the passage branches out, and in other instances it is as if a cannon-ball had bored right through the stone. When examined under the microscope the holes or passages show many internal cavities.

A Tell-tale Paint.

A red paint, which grows darker in tint as its temperature rises, until at 180° Fahr. it is quite brown, has been brought out recently, and is proposed for use as a heat tell-tale. For example, if the bearings of an engine are painted with it, the man in charge can tell if they are running cool or hot. The heating of electric wires could also be told. It seems as if a scale of tints for comparison, with the corresponding temperatures marked upon it, would be useful with the paint, which, it is said, regains its original colour on cooling.

A Cab Communicator.

An electrical device for enabling a fare to communicate with the driver of his cab has been brought out. On an indicator are the words "Stop," "Right,"

"Left," "Turn Round," and on pressing the corresponding button an index flies round to the word in question, thereby signalling the driver. A small bell rings to call the attention of the latter, and it only rings when the index points to the proper word.

A New Food for Invalids.

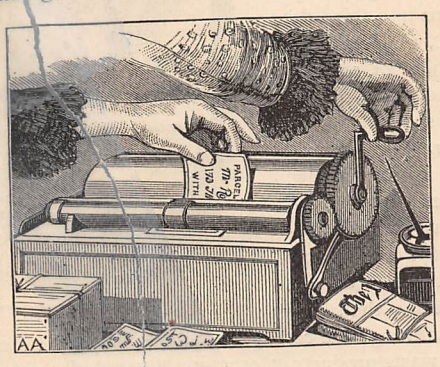
Essences of meat for the use of invalids are now being made up in glass jars. The essence is forced under great pressure into the jars, and these are then hermetically sealed. The advantage of this process is that all danger of contamination from contact with metallic surfaces is done away with.

A Mercury Train Signaller.

A well-known firm of Berlin engineers is now making a device for signalling the passage of a train by means of mercury. The deflection of one rail of the line caused by the passing of a train is caused to press upon the elastic diaphragm of a vessel fixed under the rail, and containing mercury. The mercury is forced up a side tube so as to complete an electrical circuit and ring a bell, or work some other indicator.

Steel Wire Matting.

Matting of steel wire is now used in the United States for railway carriages and street car floors, as well as for door-mats. The steel wire is woven in a series of spirals, strengthened by a rectangular system of steel bars, and bound at the edges by a steel band. The wires, being open, allow the mat to be cleaned by shaking.



A Gumming Mill.

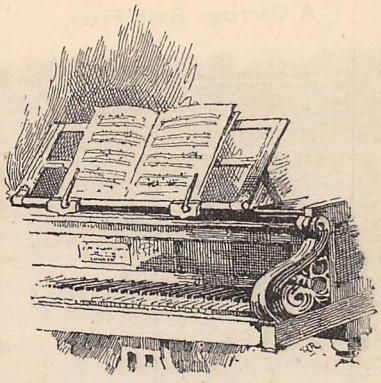
The gumming machine which is shown in our engraving is worked by the handle at the side, the label being put on as shown and passed through the mill. It can gum either the edges or the back of a label, and is likely to be useful in large establishments, railway stations, and so forth.

A Knot-stitch Sewing Machine.

A new lock-stitch sewing machine has been brought out recently in which the two threads make a *knot* after every stitch, instead of the usual twist of ordinary lock-stitch machines. It follows that the seam of the new machine will be stronger against wear and tear than mere twisted sewing.

A Self-Acting Music-Holder.

The accompanying figure shows a music-holder which replaces the old-fashioned desk hooks. It consists, as shown, of a rod, on which two upright arms slide. These arms hold the music leaves down,



and, being movable, can be shifted to suit music of any size. The arms are self-righting, and on being subjected to the slightest touch give way, so as to allow the leaf to turn over, but immediately after resume their position as shown. The new holder can be fitted to any piano, organ, and so on, in a few minutes. It is usually made of polished brass, but other metals can be had according to taste.

Marine Wool.

A raw material called *bisso*, or golden wool, obtained from the *Pinna nobilis*, a mollusca or shell-fish which attaches itself to the sea-bottom by a tuft of fibrous hair, is utilised on the coast of Sardinia and especially the island of Madalena for making cravats, shawls, and so on. The fibre is of a yellow-brown colour and is collected by a kind of iron rake. The tuft is washed, dried, combed, and spun, then woven into cloth. The dark rich "old gold" variety is most prized and, besides being pretty, is said to be durable.

A Sheep-Shearing Machine.

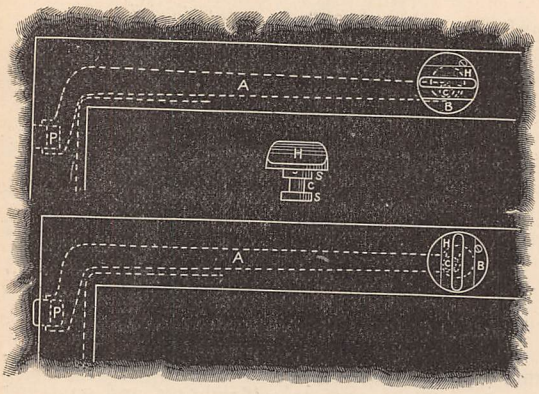
In Victoria, Australia, there is a machine for sheep-shearing in use, which is said to be successful. It is of brass and shaped somewhat like a small trowel. In front is a comb which serves to guard against cutting the skin. The machine is used like shears, but is said to cut both cleaner and quicker. It is actuated by a small turbine wheel geared into another wheel fixed on the cutter. The steam to work it is conveyed from the boiler in a double pipe of india-rubber.

Vibration and Taste.

In a recent paper to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Mr. J. B. Haycraft shows that just as certain compounds containing elements of the same chemical groups have similar colours, so they have similar tastes. This phenomenon he considers to be due to the vibration of the "radical" common to the group. For example, the carbon compounds mannite, grape-sugar, glycerine, and glycol are all sweet, and they

possess a common radical ($CH_2.OH$) with which the taste called "sweet" is associated. In connection with this fact is the current hypothesis that the sensation of taste is caused by vibrations transmitted to the brain by the nerves.

A Carriage Sash Fixer.



A fastener for the window-sashes of carriages is shown in our engraving. It is intended to prevent the rattling of the sash and hold it in position. It consists, as shown, of two pieces of metal, one of which, H S C, forms the handle, spindle, and crank-pin. The other, A, forms the arm. The piece H S C is fixed through the top bar of the sash, and forms an eccentric, which, when the handle is turned a quarter round, throws out the arm A, which lurks in a recess of the bar. The arm A has at its end a pad P, of india-rubber, which forces the sash against the opposite groove, and holds it tight. The handle is similar in shape to those of the windows of the Metropolitan District Railway carriages, and turns upon a small metal bearing-plate B.

Preventing Panics in Halls.

M. Leon Lenaerts, of Brussels, has devised a system of electrical appliances, whereby on the outbreak of fire in a hall or theatre any of the audience can turn the gas off at the meter, at the same time lighting up electric lamps, which show the exits. It is expected that the assurance of this arrangement will give confidence to an audience, and prevent panics.

Pine Tannin.

Dr. Laudin, a chemist who has studied the tanning matter of the American hemlock fir, has at length succeeded in producing tannic matter from the Swedish pine, by a chemical process. Leather tanned by it is said to be equal to the American, though more yellow in colour. It is hoped that a new tanning industry will be developed in Sweden from this discovery.

A Giant Wire Rope.

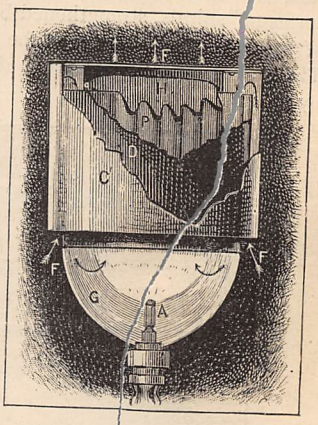
A wire rope for hauling purposes, no less than 5,490 yards long, and weighing 16 tons, is being made at the North-Eastern Wire Rope Works, Tyne Dock. The rope is made of wires so shaped as to build up in geometrical sections, which lock into each other, so that if a wire breaks, it remains in place and cannot spring out. There is also a smooth wearing surface for friction.

Treacle in Fuel.

A German chemist, Dr. Kosmann, recommends the use of treacle for forming small coal and fine ore into solid briquettes of fuel. A mixture of 1 to 1½ per cent. of treacle is sufficient to make coal-dust of lean Silesian coal into good solid blocks, giving a strong coke. Such blocks are good for gas-making. In the same way such blocks can be made of some powdery iron ores, for example the magnetic ores, and pyrite residues, before being reduced.

A Hot-Air Gas-Burner.

The figure illustrates a French gas-burner, devised by M. Delmas, and manufactured in Paris. It consists of a cleft steatite jet, enclosed in an oval globe G, so that the air cannot enter beneath. The globe is the height of the flame, and supports the heating apparatus, which is a flat chimney H, surrounded by a corrugated tube P, designed to multiply the heating surface, and ending at half an inch from the top of the chimney. The tube itself is enclosed in a jacket D, into the lower part of which the globe is so fitted as to prevent the air entering. Loss of heat by radiation is prevented by enclosing the apparatus in a third flat tube C, which projects one-third of an inch beyond the globe. This supports a reflector. The air indicated by the arrow, F, rises through the annular space between the tubes C and D to the top of the apparatus, then descends through the corrugated tube P, where it is heated by the waste products F, escaping through the chimney H. The result is a flame of steadiness and brilliancy.



While upon this subject, we may again mention the Welsbach system of incandescent gas-lighting, which was recently brought before the British Association. It is produced by a thin network cap of fibre, impregnated with an incombustible substance, and placed over the top of a Bunsen burner. The heat of the burner destroys the fibre, but leaves a mineral shape or cage which glows with light. The solution in which the fibre is steeped is a mixed solution of zirconium and oxide of lanthanum. The light is similar to that of a twenty-candle electric incandescent lamp. A yellowish light can also be obtained by tincturing the solution used. The illuminating power is ten candles per cubic foot of gas burned.

Stopping Chanticleer.

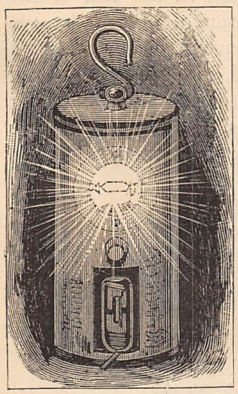
A writer in a magazine gives the following simple device for silencing the crowing of cocks in the early morning. A small lath is loosely suspended about eighteen inches above the bird's perch, so that when he stretches his neck up to crow, the swinging lath comes gently into contact with his comb. This effectually stops him, according to the writer, who states that he owns a dozen birds which never presume to crow until he lets them out.

A Steam Balloon.

A colossal balloon is now being constructed in Berlin. It will be propelled and directed by two steam-engines of 50 horse-power each. The balloon itself is of a cigar shape, and 500 feet in length by 50 feet in diameter. The total weight is estimated at 43,000 lbs. the envelope and netting alone representing 10,000 lbs. of this. It is expected that a speed of 46 to 48 feet per second will be obtained, which it is stated exceeds the ordinary velocity of the wind near the earth's surface.

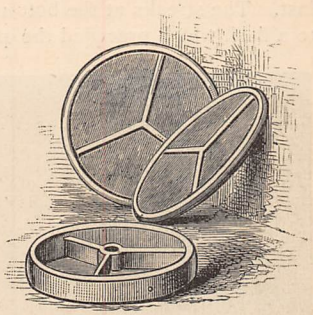
Swan's Electric Safety Lamp.

At the British Association meeting at Birmingham, Mr. J. W. Swan stated that he had improved his safety lamp, an account of which appeared in a recent GATHERER. The battery now consists of four cells instead of seven, and the weight 6 lbs., for a lamp giving a light of from 1 to 1¼ candles for ten hours. The box is of teak and liquid-tight, so that the lamp can be placed in any position. The lamp also serves to indicate the presence of fire-damp. By turning a switch the current from the battery is sent through a fine platinum wire in a glass tube. When fire-damp is present, the wire becomes abnormally bright (as in Liveing's indicator); and also in another form the rise of a liquid in a gauge tube, produced by combustion of the gas, making a partial vacuum, indicates the presence of the gas. The figure illustrates the lamp as now made, the "bull's-eye" being the light, and the tube below the fire-damp indicator. We may add that Mr. Pitkin's hand-lamp, which is also used as a miner's lamp, was introduced to the British Association by Mr. Preece, who stated that it is now fitted with a white opaque reflector, which appears to soften the light better than a silvered reflector. Mr. Preece uses the lamp for reading in railway carriages. The battery can be placed in the travelling-bag, and the light can be hung to the coat; flexible conductors being used to connect them.



A Boiler Dredge.

The figure illustrates a little device which, when dropped into a "rusty" domestic boiler or kettle, will clean it. If, after some use, the water grows red again, the dredge is to be removed, and scrubbed clean with sand and a brush, then put back into the boiler. The device is a metal disc cut into three sectors or vanes, which allow of a circulation of the water between them. The cleaner is stated to be quite innocuous.

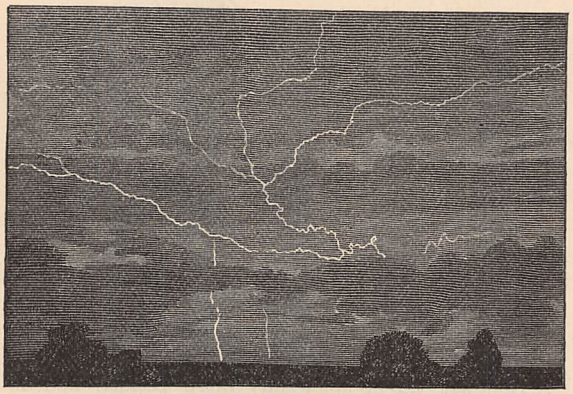


Some Seasonable Novelties.

Christmas and New Year's cards have now become established features in our English life, and each season sees them apparently more popular and in greater variety than before. Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. have won a name in past years for the careful printing of their cards; and this year's novelties are in no way behind their predecessors in colouring or execution. Sprays of leaves, rich in autumn tints, on grounds of gold crossed by a tiny view in colours, or crossing a band of gold on a plain ground, form a pretty and striking novelty. Some folding cards represent hampers, that on being opened disclose kittens and other pets, or flowers. Another novelty is a circular card, in the margin of which are cut two tiny apertures, so placed that on the corners of a visiting card being inserted in them the card is held securely in its place, and thus identifies the sender. With their cards Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. have issued three Christmas books very suitable for presents at this time of year. "At Home Again" is the title of the first of these, which is charmingly illustrated in colours by Messrs. J. G. Sowerby and Thomas Crane. "Pets and Playmates" is a book suitable for young children, and consists of verses by Eliza Keary, prettily illustrated by Edith Scannell. The third, and last, of these little books illustrates that favourite old nursery story, "Three Blind Mice," and the pictures in this case are by Mr. E. Caldwell. From Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons we have received a set of views of the English lakes, tastefully mounted in floral borders, which should serve to remind many readers of pleasant summer holidays. Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner's parcel of cards is quite up to the high average of their work in former years. In delicate flower painting and in pictures of children they especially excel. Miss Havers, whom our readers will remember as illustrating "A Wilful Young Woman," contributes a series of charming little sketches of children. Some mechanical cards are provided with a clever attachment which, on being pulled, turns over the pages of a little book of views affixed to the card. The shapes of the cards are, as a rule, not unlike last year's, except for autograph cards, and in this class fans have been introduced.

A Photograph of Lightning.

The figure is a reproduction of a very fine photograph taken at the Château Rougemont, at Tours, in France, by M. Schleusner, at 10.30 p.m., May 26th last. The streaks at the bottom of the picture belong to a flash which preceded the principal one by a fraction of a second. The divergence from the conventional representation of lightning, namely, a zig-zag line, is worthy of notice, so is the point near the root of the flash where the line of light appears to turn on itself.



Driving Piles by Dynamite.

An engineer of Pesth has recently employed dynamite for driving piles. A circular plate of cast iron, 15 inches in diameter and $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick, is fixed on the head of the pile in a horizontal position, and a dynamite cartridge the shape of a disc, 6 inches in diameter and three-quarters of an inch thick, containing $17\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of dynamite, is placed upon it and exploded by electricity. The depth the pile is driven is stated to be equal to that from five blows of an ordinary pile engine weighing $14\frac{3}{4}$ Vienna cwt. falling 9 feet 10 inches. A plate resists some twenty-five explosions.

An Electrical Foot-Warmer.

In a former GATHERER we have given an account of a foot-warmer for railway carriages entirely heated by electricity, and also of the foot-warmer heated by acetate of soda, which was introduced upon some Scandinavian railways. M. Tommasi, a French electrician, has combined these methods in employing the electrical current to make up for the heat lost by radiation from the acetate, or, it may be, from hot water. The current develops heat in passing through coils of wire of high resistance, and this heat supplies the place of that given out by the heated material in the warmer, thus keeping the latter warm for a long time, and preventing the necessity of changing the warmers.

A Needle File.

An ingenious little arrangement has lately been devised which should prove very useful to business men. It consists of a needle of peculiar construction, which, together with a ring and a piece of cord, serves as a letter-file. The eye of the needle is a little more than half an inch from the top, and is merely a fine hole, through which the doubled cord may pass, and which is so shaped as to retain the knob at the end of the cord and prevent its slipping through. From the eye to the top of the needle is a groove in which the cord lies when the needle is threaded, so that the bend of the cord offers no resistance to the passage of the needle through a pile of papers. A ring at the other end of the cord completes the apparatus, which is very simple and efficient.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DRESS ALLOWANCE COMPETITION.

The Editor is at length able to make public the Award of the Prize in this Competition. Ninety-five papers were received in response to the offer made in our June (1886) Number, and after careful consideration of all these, the Judges have advised the Editor to divide the Prize of Three Guineas between

(MRS.) THOMASINE HOPE-JOHNSTONE,
20, Great Smith Street, Westminster, S.W.,

and

(MISS) EMILY DIBDIN,
62, Torrington Square, W.C.,

whose papers are of equal merit.

Honourable Mention is awarded to the work of the following competitors:—

E. Braine, Oxford.

Blanche McCroben, Bradford, Yorks.

Annie Georgina Banks, Tettenhall, near Wolverhampton.

Maude Jones, Wrexham.

Beatrice E. Barker, Bromley, Kent.

Florence Cuthbertson, Birmingham.

The Editor hopes to be able to publish the Prize Papers in a future Number of the Magazine.

PRIZE STORY COMPETITIONS.

The MSS. in the Thirty-five Pound Prize Story Competition are now in the Judges' hands, and the Award will be published as soon as possible.—The Seventy-five Pound Prize Story Competition closes, in accordance with the Regulations published in our June (1886) *Number, on February 1st*, 1887.

A STEP IN THE DARK.

By KATE EYRE.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

IN WHICH I COMPARE CLIVE ASPINELL WITH THE HERO OF MY DREAMS.

ALTHOUGH a month has passed since the events narrated in the last chapter occurred, I have not yet summoned up sufficient courage to tell Lady Vane of my meeting with Mr. Aspinell on that first morning of our stay in Brighton.

Each day I have firmly resolved to make a clean breast of all my transgressions—for that first meeting has been followed by many more—and each night I have lain down to sleep with the tale still untold. The deplorable weakness, which has kept my tongue tied all this time, has also characterised my conduct generally with reference to Mr. Aspinell.

"Surely you made a mistake," was said to a popular preacher on one occasion, when he had been telling the men of his congregation to be pure, and the women brave; "you meant that the men are to strive to be brave, and the women pure; did you not?"

"Not at all," replied the preacher; "I knew what I was saying. As a rule, men are brave, and women pure; it would therefore be waste of time for me to tell them to become so."

That preacher was a wise man. Weakness is what we women should guard most against. Weakness prevented me from telling Lady Vane of that first meeting, when I had but little to confess; and weakness now makes it so hard to throw off the network of deception which is being drawn tightly around me. Each evening I solemnly make up my mind that I will not go out before breakfast the next morning. When the morning comes, however, I waver; then I persuade myself that I am only anxious to benefit by the sea-air, and that the hope—nay, the certainty—of encountering Mr. Aspinell is *not* the magnet which is attracting me. I also argue out, in a very logical and satisfactory manner, that had Mr. Aspinell and I never met, I should still have been addicted to matutinal exercise; and that to swerve from my usual practice because I may possibly run against an agreeable acquaintance is to attach too much importance to such chance meetings. I also try hard to stifle my conscience regarding my reserve towards Lady Vane. I am merely her companion, I tell myself; her ladyship has therefore no right to control my actions apart from my duties to her. Here I take a little credit to myself for the exemplary manner in which I perform those duties. Then I go on to persuade myself that it is no part of the contract between us that I should always make a point of mentioning all the trivial incidents of my life to her; nor am I justified in imagining she takes sufficient interest in me to care to listen to such unimportant details. All this sounds very well; but, although I repeat the substance of it to myself, in some form or other, I should not like to say how many times every four-and-twenty hours, I am never really deceived by it. Self-deception is, I think, impossible. I know quite well that I go out every morning with the hope of meeting Mr. Aspinell. I know that we return to Albany House a few minutes before the half-hour, not because we particularly desire to be in time for breakfast—although we always make a point of telling each other so—but because we do not wish the other boarders to see us enter together. I know, too, that I dare not tell Lady Vane of these meetings, because I cannot deny that they are intentional, and because—oh, worse than all!—I know that if Mr. Aspinell were strictly honourable, and I quite straightforward, there never could have been a beginning to them.

Many matters have come up for discussion between Mr. Aspinell and myself. He knows all about Lady Vane; in fact he takes quite an interest in her ladyship. I have told him of her wealth, and the eagerness of her relatives to become possessed of it. He was excessively amused when he heard the summary manner in which Bernard Cole was dismissed.

"Poor beggar," he said; "awfully rough on him, wasn't it? Don't you think her ladyship will relent?"

"Oh, no, never, I feel certain," I replied with conviction.

I have even gone so far as to mention Mrs. Melgrove's unjust suspicions of myself. It is a subject I have never ventured to broach to any one before.

"It is so unfair of her," I said; "no one could be more innocent of design than I am."

"Yes, I am sure you are. I could see that at a glance the first time we met," he replied consolingly; "but do you really think her ladyship has any intention of leaving her money to you?"

"I can hardly say," I replied; "sometimes I think she has. But, oh, I do so hope she won't! Mrs. Melgrove would always believe I had exercised undue influence over her ladyship, and I should be thoroughly miserable. I would much rather work for my bread all the days of my life."

"But if Lady Vane does not leave her property to you, to whom will it go, do you think? Some one must have it."

"I think that if no pressure is brought to bear on her ladyship, she will probably die without a will. She has such a horror of preparing for death in any way, that it will most likely overtake her before she has

realised its coming. In that case her freehold property would, I suppose, go to Bernard Cole, and her money to him and Mrs. Melgrove. Anyhow her relations would get it. If, on the other hand, her ladyship should make a will, the chances are that she would leave the whole of her property to charitable institutions, or else to me ; or possibly she would divide it between me and the charitable institutions. At all events, I feel convinced, her relatives would never see a penny of it."

"Under those circumstances, it would be far better for Lady Vane to die intestate. Were I in your place, I should feel just as you do about the matter."

"Would you?" I asked joyfully. "Oh, I am so glad to hear you say so ! I have never mentioned the subject to any one before, because I thought no one would understand me sufficiently to be sympathetic. I know one ought not to mind what others think, as long as one does what is right ; still, it does seem hard sometimes to have every little kindly act misunderstood !"

"Poor little girl! I am afraid your life is rather a hard one."

I am hardly a "little girl," being in fact rather a tall young woman ; nevertheless those words of Mr. Aspinell's have rung in my ears ever since they were uttered, bringing with them a feeling of subdued happiness. I am so glad, too, that he enters into my feelings regarding Lady Vane's property. His doing so shows very plainly to my mind that he is an honest man. I have always thought him the most delightful companion in the world, his handsome face and polished manners having a charm which is all their own. Still, at times, he makes little cynical remarks, and I have been unsophisticated enough to think them just a wee bit heartless. Probably, if I were a wiser person, I should see at once that his cynicism is only on the surface. And then, too, as I have before hinted, although I shrink from mentioning the subject, I have an undefined impression that Mr. Aspinell ought not to contrive—I am afraid I must admit that it is contrivance—to meet me constantly without saying anything to Lady Vane about it. I know that I am as much, nay, far more at fault in the matter than he is. I would fain take all the blame if I could. A woman is never anything approaching a heroine in her own eyes ; therefore it is better for her to believe she has erred herself, than that her hero—the belief in whose heroism is so inexpressibly dear to her—has fallen a little below that high ideal she has formed of him. Am I then prepared to recognise in Clive Aspinell my hero? It is a question I cannot answer. Although it is only four short weeks since first we met, I have already forgotten what life was like before I knew him. If I look forward to the time when I shall probably have parted from him for ever, I am paralysed at the dreary prospect of the years to come. I know, too, that notwithstanding my conscience being ill at ease, I am happier now, with a sort of restless, nervous happiness, than I have ever been before. I have at times devoted some thought to love and mariage, as all women must do ; but never having had a sister or intimate girl friend, and having been early compelled to earn my own bread, I have formed my ideas on this important subject entirely from books. Before I met Clive Aspinell, I should have said without hesitation, my heart is capable of loving only that which my mind approves. Had I attempted to enlarge upon this sentence, I should have gone on to explain that before I could possily love a man with my whole heart, I must feel him to be superior to myself, both morally and intellectually, especially morally. Love with women ought to be, I used to think, a form of hero-worship. I had listened to eloquent preachers breathing lofty sentiments, and I had said to myself, such are the men that women could love. I had read of able politicians devoting the whole of their lives to the furthering of schemes calculated to promote the general good, and again I had thought, such men are worthy of homage.

Love, according to my old idea, should be the most elevating passion of which the human mind is capable; but it was necessary for it to be firmly fixed on a deserving object, ere it could prove an irresistible power, ever leading upward. A woman who truly loved would, I thought, merge her identity in that of her hero, knowing no joy or sorrow apart from his, no ambition beyond the desire to grow more worthy of his affection.

Never, even in my wildest moments, did I hope to meet a hero who would ask me for my love, and whose heroism should be of such a kind, that my heart would respond. I had formed my ideal, a lofty one as I imagined, and I told myself that I should be quite content to feed my fancy with delicious dreams to the end of my days.

All this was before I had met Clive Aspinell. Now my dreams are no longer enough for me ; nay, they have vanished into thin air. I am bound to admit, although the admission gives me pain, that as a hero Clive Aspinell falls far short of my ideal. When in his company I do not feel that obligation laid on me to be at my very best, which heretofore I have always thought should constitute one of the chief charms of being in the beloved one's presence. He is handsome, and clever, without doubt ; but where is that high aim and lofty sentiment which I have told myself would alone win my love? And yet I love him, oh, a thousand times, I love him ! His voice is sweetest music in my ear ; his look electrifies me. When he is with me, all nature seems to smile ; when he leaves me, all joy goes with him.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

CONTAINING CLIVE ASPINELL'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

I HAVE said much, very much, of my own feelings towards Clive Aspinell. I have acknowledged the love I bear him in no measured manner ; and I have hinted something of the disappointment I feel, inasmuch as I have allowed my love to go out towards one who falls so far short of my ideal. In all my dreams of love, I have always imagined it as something which,

if it ever did come into my life, could not but tend to make me better. Yet, now, I am forced to admit that the love which I am so powerless to resist is dragging me down, instead of ennobling me. I even know that I *ought* to cast it from me, tear it out by the roots, only I cannot—I cannot. I would fain tell myself that my lover is a hero in disguise. I try so hard to trace in him any signs of that nobility which I am so eager to worship. After all, it is something that he does not bid me scheme to become possessed of Lady Vane's wealth. I often dwell on this, trying to extract as much comfort as possible from it. Not that it would make any practical difference to him if I were Lady Vane's acknowledged heiress, for Clive and I can never be husband and wife. It is only that I gather from his not urging me to look after my own interests, that his instincts are not mercenary.

Had I met a man noble, good and true, and seeing him, had learned to love him for his nobleness, his goodness, and his truth, I should have held it no cause for shame, even though I had given my love to him all unsolicited. Some may think this a bold opinion to declare; I cannot help that, I repeat what I said before; I consider it no stain on maidenly modesty to love unasked that which is truly lovable. Nor need it be a cause for sorrow. Such love should be hidden deep down in the heart, its very existence should never be mentioned even to those who are nearest and dearest. When thus hidden, it may tinge the character of her in whose heart it dwells with sadness, but it will also tend to strengthen all that is good in her.

Such is not, however, my fate; Clive Aspinell loves me—loves me passionately, even as I love him.

He told me so for the first time this morning. For one brief moment I was happy, madly happy. We were in the Pavilion Gardens. It was a damp, foggy day, and we had the place to ourselves. He drew me to him and kissed me many times. I think I twined my arms about his neck; I know I let my head rest on his breast. "Oh, my love, my love!" was all I said. I am sad enough now, still I would not, if I could, cancel those few rapturous moments. I have tried to recall the scene every hour since it was enacted, tried to feel again his warm embrace; but already the impression has grown fainter. Oh, what can I do to keep the memory of it ever green, that I may always remember what it is to be really happy, if only for a moment?

Sunshine and cloud, light and shade: of such is our life composed. But, oh, in what a small proportion is the sunshine and light compared with the cloud and shade! How much suffering goes to a little joy!

My happiness was indeed short-lived. The reaction was not long in coming. Clive drew my arm within his own, and we commenced to walk slowly down the damp pathway, trampling the dead leaves into the wet gravel as we passed along. The morning was as miserable a one as an English November can produce. The thick yellow fog hung all around. A few dead leaves, among the last to drop, fell to the ground from time to time, heavy with dew. Everything seemed saturated with moisture, and the wet was dripping from the trees in large drops. Soon were my feelings attuned to nature.

"My darling, you have taken me all on trust," were the first words Clive said to me as we sauntered along; "but the time has now come when I ought to explain my position to you."

"My love for you so overpowered me that I had no strength to resist it, or else I am afraid I should not have been so trustful." Having had such grievous doubts of him, I could not bear to be praised for my trustfulness.

"It is much to me to hear you acknowledge the irresistible power of love; for I fear I must plead guilty to having been hastened on to an avowal of my love to you, when honour should, perhaps, have kept me silent for a time longer."

"Oh, Clive, what can you mean?"

"Let us turn in the direction of Albany House, dearest—we shall be late for breakfast if we loiter here any longer—and I will try to tell you my story from the beginning. But my beautiful Adrianne, my Lenten Lily, must promise not to be hard on me. I could not bear to hear cruel words from such sweet lips."

We turned towards home.

"Now, begin, please," I said, without making any promise to be lenient. His manner jarred on me a little. If he had anything of importance to communicate to me, how could he remember the breakfast-hour at Albany House at such a moment?

"Shall I begin in the good old way, 'Once upon a time,' fair lady?"

"Begin as you will, so that you tell me all that is necessary for me to know. Oh, Clive, cannot you see that you are torturing me?"

"Torturing you, my darling? Well, then, to commence in all seriousness. My father, Reginald Aspinell, is the owner of a large property in Buckinghamshire. His country seat is Bradenham Hall, a fine old place, about two miles out of the little village of Bradenham. Rather late in life he married Lady Agatha Pomeroy, third daughter of the Earl of St. Ives. She presented him with two sons: Philip, the elder by three years, and your humble servant. A few years after she died, too long ago for me to have any but the faintest recollections of her. Philip and I survived all the perils of childhood, and grew to man's estate. No two human beings could by any possibility have been more opposite than were we. During our early days Philip was the good boy, I the bad. Afterwards, he was the saint, and I the ne'er-do-well. At Eton he learned to construe Thucydides with grace and ease, and for recreation he would turn to swapping, effecting exchanges of which any knowing old Jew might well have been proud. I, on the other hand, became renowned for my bowling, and the free manner in which I spent my pocket-money. At Cambridge, too, Philip was senior wrangler of his year, and was never known to give a supper-party; while I only just managed to take my degree; I pulled in the 'Varsity crew, however, and I certainly did my best to learn the art of entertaining wine-parties and singing a good song. Philip, being the elder, was the first to settle

"TURNING ROUND, I CONFRONTED HIM" (*p.* 69).

down at home. He was a young man after my father's own heart: scholarly, parsimonious, cynical, and stay-at-home. I do not wish to represent myself in any more favourable light than I deserved; still, in justice to myself, I must say that had my father been more judicious in his treatment of me, he would have had less reason to complain of my conduct towards him. We disagreed on every subject on which disagreement is possible. At last the climax came. The living of Bradenham was in my father's gift, and he was in consequence most anxious for me to take Holy Orders. I, on the other hand, had a great leaning towards the army. The upshot of it was, we had a desperate quarrel, and I left home for New Zealand. That was ten years ago now. Some years after I went away, my brother Philip died, leaving me heir to my father's property. At length my father recalled me. I had by that time made a fair position for myself in New Zealand, and it was with some regret that I returned to England. My father received me with as much warmth as he could summon up towards one for whom he had so little real affection. The day after I returned, he informed me that if I were prepared to live at Bradenham Hall, and do my duty as his son, the whole of his property would come to me at his death; but that if I were not amenable to reason, he would disinherit me without a moment's hesitation. That was six months ago. In a fortnight's time I must return to Bradenham Hall, there to spend Christmas."

Clive Aspinell paused for a moment.

"Is that all?" I asked, with a sigh of relief. "Why, you had nothing so very terrible to tell me, after all."

"I have told you all the facts of the case save one. To be amenable to reason, according to my father's way of thinking, means that I am to marry a wife of his choosing."

"You wish me to understand that your father will not receive me as his future daughter-in-law?"

"Exactly. Were I to mention our engagement to him, he would at once threaten to disinherit me."

"But, Clive, although I am penniless, and at this moment earning my own living, my father was a gentleman and my mother a gentlewoman. If, as you tell me, your father is a wealthy man, it seems to me unnecessary that his son's—wife"—I pause a little over the strange new word—"should be rich. When your father knows you love me, will not that fact have weight with him? And you do love me, Clive, don't you?"

"Love you? What an unnecessary question, my darling! But you do not know my father, dearest, or you would not ask if the knowledge of my love for you would weigh favourably with him. Were he but to hear of you, he would leave no stone unturned to separate us."

"What a hateful old man!" I exclaimed thoughtlessly, forgetting for a moment that I was speaking of my lover's father.

"Hush, sweetest! we must not call him that."

"No, no, Clive. I forgot what I was saying. But surely it is very overbearing of him to insist on your marrying a rich wife? You know, dear, my father was a colonel, and my mother a clergyman's daughter. Your father's son is not stooping so very low, after all."

I drew myself up a little as I spoke, and for a moment I was proudly conscious of those good looks of mine in which Lady Vane at times takes so much pride. I do not generally feel much satisfaction on the score of my tall figure and fair face. I think Clive must have noticed my slight hauteur.

"My darling, I have not been quite fair to you. I have not told you all. I think that were I to show my father my beautiful Lenten Lily, he would, after a time, rejoice in her beauty as I do, and would be glad to welcome her as his daughter, penniless though she be. I believe all this would happen if my father had no other views for me. My darling—I—I have not told you quite all yet."

"Perhaps you had better do so with as little delay as possible. Am I to gather that your father has already selected the lady on whom he would have the honour of your choice to rest?"

"There *is* a lady, whom my brother was to have married had he lived, and my father——"

"Is desirous of your taking your brother's place. And the lady is, I presume, wealthy?"

"Yes, she is the only child of a very rich man, whose estate joins my father's."

"And may I inquire if the lady is inclined to receive your advances graciously?"

"She has consented to an engagement on con——" We were in the King's Road when Clive Aspinell uttered these words. Regardless, in my excitement, of what the passers-by might think of me, I broke away from my double-faced lover, and, turning round, confronted him.

"You dare to tell me, Clive Aspinell, that you are engaged to another woman?"

"My dearest girl, pray calm yourself. Everybody is looking at us."

"Then everybody is looking at a scoundrel and his victim. How any *gentleman* could fall so low as to be the promised husband of two women at the same time is beyond my comprehension. That I should be one of these two women I feel to be a degradation, which I shall need a life-long repentance to wipe out. I beg leave to wish you a very good morning, sir."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

I DECIDE TO TREAT CLIVE ASPINELL WITH COLD DISDAIN.

AFTER wishing Mr. Aspinell good morning in so summary a manner, I turned down a side street, which would bring me to Albany House by a circuitous route.

My cheeks were aflame, and I threw my head back haughtily as I hurried along. I was too angry to feel sorrow—then. I had not reproached him for his perfidy half sharply enough, I thought. How I wished I had denounced him more fiercely! Satirical retorts without number occurred to me now that it was too late to hurl them at the offender. Nothing should ever induce me to care for him again—of that I was firmly resolved. Not even in the sanctity of my own room would I allow myself to think kindly of him.

For a moment the dreary prospect of excluding him for ever from my thoughts and going back to my old life half frightened me, until I remembered that the other young woman had probably listened to honeyed words, such as he had dared to address to me, and anger again overcame every other feeling.

On reaching my own room I did my best to calm myself ere I descended to breakfast. I was not very successful, for my cheeks were still burning and my appetite totally gone when I took my seat at the table.

"Surely he will make some excuse and not come in to breakfast," I thought; but in this I was mistaken, for a few minutes after he appeared, bowing and smiling as usual.

He said "Good morning" to Lady Vane and myself, just as if nothing had happened. So self-possessed was his manner that I could only look at him in amazement. Then an uncomfortable feeling took possession of me. Surely I must have been going in for heroics, and getting up a scene unnecessarily. I am naturally emotional; at the same time I have a horror of being sensational. In moments of excitement my emotion often gets the better of my judgment, and I do and say things that seem to me, when I have had time to calm down, simply ridiculous. As I sat looking at the handsome, courteous man at my side, who was passing me things at the table, and making remarks about the weather, &c., and was, moreover, apparently enjoying his breakfast, I had the unpleasant conviction that my conduct when, not half an hour before, I had called him a scoundrel, had savoured far too much of the sensational. I began to wonder why I had not had the sense to exercise more self-control. I did not regret having rejected his suit—I had not then had time to realise my loneliness—but I heartily wished I had informed him of the change in my feelings in a calmer and more dignified manner.

Then it occurred to me that I had given him no opportunity of defending himself. Of course, nothing he could urge could possibly be an excuse, to my mind, for his having asked me to be his wife when he was already an engaged man; still, in common fairness, I ought to have listened to anything he might have to say in his own defence. It troubled me to think I had been unjust, angry as I still felt towards him. If ever he should ask me to give him an opportunity of explaining himself, I would, I thought, certainly accede to his request, although nothing should induce me to listen to his suit again. However, in all probability he would not seek me any more. I was sorry to think he would always believe I had con-

"I BURIED MY FACE IN MY HANDS AND SOBBED ALOUD" (*p.* 70).

demned him unheard. Still, after all, it did not matter much, only I did not like to be thought unjust.

Directly after breakfast, I retired as usual with Lady Vane to her private sitting-room. Her ladyship never goes out in the morning, preferring to have me read *The Times* aloud to her, and afterwards write letters at her dictation. She carries on a very large correspondence.

This morning I found my usual tasks very irksome, and it was with difficulty that I could keep my mind from wandering.

"Read that again, child. I can't make head or tail of what you are saying!" exclaimed her ladyship more than once.

When my duties as amanuensis began, I was no better up to the mark.

"Bless the girl, the fog must have got into her head! Do pay some little attention to what I am saying. You have altered the sense of that sentence completely. You had better begin a fresh sheet."

Instead of beginning a fresh sheet, I buried my face in my hands and sobbed aloud. The excitement of the morning had been too much for me. Never before had I cried in Lady Vane's presence.

"Goodness gracious! bless me! whatever is the matter?" exclaimed her ladyship. "*I* know. It's the bacon at breakfast that has done it. It was hard enough and salt enough to give a cat indigestion. What a stupid you were to eat it! I left mine and had some fish instead. Here, you had better put these things away now. We won't do any more writing today."

"I am better now, Lady Vane; I think I can go on."

"Put the things up at once as I tell you. And never let me see you eating that salt bacon again."

I dried my eyes, and commenced putting away the writing-materials. As a matter of fact, I had not touched any bacon that morning; but I did not contradict Lady Vane. I think if her ladyship had not been so confident that my grief was occasioned by physical suffering, I should have told her something of the real cause of the outburst she had witnessed. There may be, nay, probably is, an intimate connection between love-troubles and indigestion. At the time, however, I was not sufficiently clear-headed to trace that connection in my own mind, or to lead Lady Vane's remarks on the one form of suffering into such a channel that she would drift of her own accord into a discussion on the other. On the contrary, my brain was so benumbed, that the idea of my evident distress having been satisfactorily accounted for by the supposed consumption of salt bacon struck me as so irresistibly funny, that notwithstanding my wretchedness I began to laugh.

"Bless the girl, why, she's going into hysterics now, I declare!" exclaimed Lady Vane, in much alarm. "Botheration take the window, why won't it go up?"

By degrees I managed to persuade Lady Vane that I was not about to give way to hysteria. After a time I succeeded in leading her ladyship on to speak of her first experiences in French dishes—one of her favourite topics—a little manœuvre which had the desired effect of diverting her attention from my unhappy self. By the time the luncheon-bell rang, she appeared to have almost forgotten my extraordinary behaviour.

Again I had to nerve myself up to fresh effort. Mr. Aspinell showed no signs of shirking the awkwardness of the situation, for he was in his seat to time. His manner was as self-possessed as it had been at breakfast, only rather more subdued, and just a little additionally deferential to me.

At three o'clock Lady Vane's chair came. It was her ladyship's practice to be drawn about in it from three to five every afternoon, when I was expected to accompany her.

The fog had cleared off, and the sun was making an effort to come out. A great many people were about, who having probably been weather-bound in the morning, were glad to take advantage of the fine afternoon. The scene was altogether a gala one, the esplanade being crowded with fashionables. Lady Vane always insisted on having her chair drawn along very slowly, so that she might take in all the details of the elegant costumes which the Brighton belles were ever anxious to exhibit. I cannot say that I found being on duty during these afternoon promenades altogether pleasant. In the first place, I was generally shivering with cold; and then Lady Vane's loud comments on the passers-by were always particularly trying. On several occasions I had been relieved by the presence of Mr. Aspinell. Lady Vane invariably received him very graciously if he chanced to join us on the Esplanade, and seemed gratified when he would stroll along by the side of her chair. Once or twice he had asked her if she would not like to get out and walk a little, and had offered her his arm, a delicate attention which pleased her ladyship greatly. There was, however, no chance, I thought, of his appearing on the scene this afternoon. All the excitement which had resulted to me from my morning interview with him had worn off, leaving me in the lowest possible spirits. I felt disgusted with myself, and everybody and everything. I would not acknowledge that I was heart-broken because I had lost my lover; on the contrary, I told myself he was not worth a thought. Nevertheless, I upbraided myself bitterly for my injustice towards him, and I began to wish earnestly that he would give me an opportunity of offering to listen to anything he might have to say in his own defence. Every time we turned, I looked anxiously ahead to see if there was any sign of him. If only he would join us, I would try to be a little more gracious to him, thereby encouraging him to offer, at some future time, an explanation of his very strange and, to my mind, inexcusable conduct. But, no I could see nothing of him.

Just before five o'clock, however, on our way back to Albany House, we came across him quite suddenly, as we turned round by Albany Square. My heart stood still. I made sure he would stop and speak to us as usual. Lady Vane's charioteer evidently recognised him, for he brought her ladyship's chair to almost a standstill; but all to no purpose—Mr. Aspinell raised his hat and, bowing politely, passed on!

"I STAND BEFORE A MIRROR TO NOTE THE EFFECT" (*p.* 72).

"Well, I never!" exclaimed her ladyship, "whatever bewitches the man? He never passed us like that before."

"Perhaps he is in a hurry, Lady Vane," I suggested.

"Hurry, or no hurry, he shouldn't forget his manners."

I think that "cut" did more towards making me realise the loneliness of my position than anything else that had happened up to that time.

I am alone at last in my own room. I throw myself into an easy chair without removing my out-door garments, and sit looking thoughtfully into the fire. This time yesterday I was not certain of Clive's love for me, although I more than half suspected it. Now I can recall the tones of his voice as he tells me how dear I am to him; I can even feel his kisses on my brow. Oh, that nothing had come between us! It does not occur to me to doubt his affection, although I know he must have been false to that other woman. My love for him has become so thoroughly a part of myself, that it seems to me only natural he should love me in return. Yes, it is no use trying to deceive myself any longer: I still love him—love him as dearly as I did before I knew of that other woman's existence. I have fallen immeasurably in my own estimation because this is the case, nevertheless I am powerless to alter the constancy of my nature. But he shall never know that my heart has not changed towards him. I will be cold and proud, treating him with that quiet disdain which is no more than his due. Having, in my own heart, made him

the fullest reparation for any injustice I may have been guilty of in the morning, I am so anxious to hide the true state of my feelings that I forget all about the graciousness I had intended to show him, in order that he might be induced to defend himself.

Woman-like I am anxious to look my best as I play my new part. I will try to make him feel that he has lost, by his double-dealing, a woman well worth the winning. I dress myself with fastidious care, and then I stand before a mirror to note the effect. My dress is made of rich white silk, fitting close to the throat and wrists. It is quite plain, the long train falling in graceful folds. I have coiled my golden hair around my head, until it looks not unlike a nimbus. The pearls given to me by Lady Vane are my only ornaments. My face is rather paler than usual, and my eyes look larger and darker by contrast. The style of dress calls attention to my height. "Lenten Lily"—yes, I am tall and fair enough to deserve the name.

My father was, I have been told, a very proud, passionate man, my mother one of the gentlest of her sex. As far as it is possible to understand one's own character, I must be, I think, strangely like both my parents: I am so proud and cold at times; I can on occasions give way to such fierce passion; and yet it is so much pleasanter to me to be gracious and gentle, even submissive, as I am to Lady Vane. To-night my lip curls slightly; my face is so still, it is more like a statue's than a woman's. Yet my heart is full of deep, passionate love; only I will not show it—I will not show it, if only I can, for once, be strong.

"'IT IS ABOUT TIME I GAVE UP WATCHING YOUR FOLLY,' SAYS HER LADYSHIP" (*p.* 74).

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

I BREAK DOWN WHILE TRYING TO PLAY MY NEW PART.

My toilette is completed just as the church clock chimes the quarter. As usual I tap at Lady Vane's door, but on finding her ladyship's room empty, I descend to the drawing-room, there to await the ringing of the dinner bell.

Lady Vane is talking to Miss Sparrow as I enter, but her ladyship stops short in the middle of what she is saying as soon as she sees me:

"Bless me, Adrianne! what's the meaning of all this splendour?"

"My dress is quite plain, Lady Vane," I reply, in some confusion.

"Quite plain, do you call it? But you needn't try to excuse yourself to me because you have taken some pains to look nice; you know I always like to see you well dressed."

"Miss Temple looks very sweet in white, does she not, Lady Vane?" remarks Miss Sparrow.

"You might walk many a mile before you would come across a handsomer girl. It's my opinion I shouldn't have her with me long if I didn't keep her shut up like a jack-in-the-box—ha! ha! ha!"

Lady Vane shows her pride in my personal appearance much in the same way as she would do were I a thorough-bred pug. I wonder whether canine beauties experience as much discomfort when their "good points" come up for discussion as I am now feeling. I give one despairing glance round the room to see if Mr. Aspinell is present. Fortunately for me, he is not.

"Her ladyship is *so* fond of you, Miss Temple!" remarks Miss Sparrow, evidently with the object of smoothing down my ruffled feathers.

I seat myself in an arm-chair a little apart from the others, and taking up a book, I try hard to concentrate my thoughts on it.

All the same I am conscious of an amused titter running round the room like an electric shock; and —was it my fancy, or did I hear Mr. Aspinell's name whispered? Clive has always been very guarded in his manner towards me in the presence of the other boarders, still I have an unpleasant conviction that they are rather fond of coupling our names together. Then it dawns upon me that, perhaps, as I am probably suspected of having set my cap at Clive, I shall be thought to have donned my white dress in order to further my design. I am, in consequence, the more resolved to be cold towards Mr. Aspinell with the double object of hiding the yearnings of my heart, and at the same time disproving the unjust suspicions which the other boarders entertain of me.

At dinner Mr. Aspinell's manner is so subdued as to be almost melancholy. He is politeness itself to me, but at the same time very distant, so that I have little or no opportunity of playing my new part.

Lady Vane has evidently not forgiven him for having passed her in Albany Square, for she never once addresses him during the first two courses, and answers but curtly when he speaks to her. I notice that the change in her manner seems to make him uneasy, and that he watches her anxiously from time to time. Her ladyship relents a little towards the end of dinner. Afterwards, when the gentlemen have joined us in the drawing-room, she sits down to chess with him.

Declining to join any of the little groups, I take up a position sufficiently near to Lady Vane and Mr. Aspinell, the temptation to be in the immediate vicinity of the man I love being strong upon me. Again I open a book; but this time I do not even try to concentrate my thoughts on its contents, being anxious merely to appear to do so. Every one is at liberty in a boarding-house drawing-room to read or work at will without being guilty of discourtesy. Whenever I am in the same room with Clive, his every little action is known to me, even though I try hard to keep my eyes averted. His voice, too, although it is not particularly loud, always reaches me, no matter how far apart we may be, and I am able to follow what he is saying, when the remarks made by the other boarders are unintelligible.

This evening I can detect the slightest sound which proceeds from the chess-table, notwithstanding Miss Sparrow having as usual started "a little music." I know quite well when Clive strokes his moustache; when he lets his hand rest on a piece a second or two before moving it; and when he twists the signet ring he wears on his little finger round and round as he waits for Lady Vane to play. If his eyes wander but for a moment from the board, I am aware of the fact. Yet I am not watching him, my face being turned a little in the opposite direction.

All the time I am thinking, thinking till my brain seems in a whirl. In a fortnight's time Clive must go to his father at Bradenham Hall. Perhaps, as he and I have quarrelled, he will leave Albany House even sooner. Awkward as I find it to meet the man I love so blindly on the footing of an ordinary acquaintance, after having called him a scoundrel to his face, I feel that to let him pass out of my life will be infinitely worse. I try to remember what my days were like two months ago, when Clive and I had not met, and a great wonder steals over me as to how I could have endured so monotonous an existence for twenty-two years. Yet, although I now find it impossible to recall my old life, I know I was not particularly unhappy. Will any of the undisturbed calm, which used to content me in the past, return to me when Clive and I shall have parted to meet no more? No, a thousand times no, I tell myself; existence to me can never again be the same. Nothing but dreariness can possibly be my lot in the future. Now, while I am conscious of Clive's near presence, I am only deliciously miserable; but how shall I manage to endure my trouble when all the excitement has worn off, and nothing but loneliness, and disgust at my own folly, remains?

Fool that I have been, to let my heart go from me to one whom I cannot esteem! Surely, Tennyson's words:

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all,"

can only apply in those cases in which the beloved ones have been worthy of adoration. All my life I have rejected the well-known theory:

> "A woman, a dog, and a walnut-tree,
> The more you beat 'em, the better they be,"

at all events as far as the woman is concerned. And yet, have I not been morally beaten, and still I love the hand that struck me? Then I speculate vaguely as to whether I should still have been so weak as to love this handsome stranger had I told Lady Vane of our first meeting by the West Pier.

All this time I am aware that Lady Vane is still somewhat out of temper with Mr. Aspinell, by the spiteful little speeches she makes now and again. He bears them, however, with unruffled good-humour.

Is it for *my sake* he goes out of his way to make himself agreeable to an irritable old woman, who has no manner of claim upon him?

"Checkmate, Lady Vane," he says at length; then adds, laughingly, "There is no means of escape, I fear, unless your ladyship would like to have that last move over again."

"You haven't won often enough, sir, for patronage to sit well on you."

"Shall I give you your revenge, Lady Vane?"

"No, thank you; I am not up to playing this evening. Here, Adrianne, come and take my place. You will have to be more careful now, Mr. Asphodel"—her ladyship never will call Clive by his proper name—"if you wish to retain your laurels; Miss Temple can generally hold her own."

I dare not refuse, knowing well that no ordinary excuse would avail with Lady Vane, so I take the seat vacated by her ladyship, while Clive sets the board afresh.

My hand trembles slightly as I move out my first pawn; otherwise I am self-possessed.

"Now, Adrianne, take care what you are about," is

the caution given to me by her ladyship, who has taken a seat near me, and is watching the game intently. I do not profit by the advice, however, for I am too upset to be able to play without making the most glaring errors.

"Bless the girl! whatever is she thinking about?" exclaims Lady Vane, as I make an exceptionally stupid move.

I don't know if Clive is feeling inwardly agitated, or whether he is acting out of consideration for me, anyhow he meets my blunder with an equally glaring one.

"If you are both trying to see which can be the bigger fool of the two, it is about time I gave up watching your folly," says her ladyship in disgust, as she picks up her stick and hobbles over to the other side of the room. The remark has a deeper meaning to my mind than her ladyship probably intended it to have when she made it.

"Lady Vane appears to be a little ruffled this evening," remarks Clive in an undertone.

"Indeed!" I reply coldly, not making any attempt to speak lower than is my wont.

"Adrianne, you haven't told her of our interview this morning?" It is impossible not to detect the deep anxiety in his voice as he asks this question.

"I did not deem that interview of sufficient importance to trouble her ladyship about it, Mr. Aspinell."

Lack of interest was certainly *not* the reason of my silence; I am, therefore, telling a deliberate falsehood in my eagerness to play my new part well.

"You have shown a wise discretion by keeping your own counsel," he replies, and he looks so relieved that I cannot help noticing it, notwithstanding my agitation.

"But I will not do you the injustice, Adrianne, to believe that indifference was the cause of your silence," he adds earnestly. "Your confession of love for my unworthy self still rings in my ears. Oh, Adrianne, you cannot think how happy your sweet, brave words have made me! Even were you to be so untrue to yourself as to refuse to hear reason, I should always have the joy of remembering that you once acknowledged your love for me, simply and unreservedly, as becomes an earnest truthful woman."

He leans towards me as he speaks, his eyes seeking mine. For a moment I return his gaze, then I look down, as I murmur hurriedly, all my coldness gone—

"Oh, Clive, don't, don't; you hurt me so! Let us both be brave, and part, never to meet again. That other woman has a right to you; I have none. Go back to her, and try to forget that we have ever met. I know it will be hard at first for both of us, but I do earnestly believe that, if we try to do right, we shall be happier in the end."

In my excitement I let my hand fall on the chessboard, knocking down two or three of the men. At that moment Miss Sparrow, attracted by the noise, comes towards us.

"Which has won? Oh, I see, you haven't finished yet. I came to ask Mr. Aspinell for a song, but as you are still playing, I suppose I must not trouble him."

"I shall be only too pleased to oblige, that is if Miss Temple will excuse me. We gave over playing some time ago."

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

HOW TO BE HAPPY, THOUGH SINGLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY, THOUGH MARRIED."

WE lately wrote a book which has been most favourably received, called, "How to be Happy, though Married;" but we think that quite as much might be said on the possibility of single blessedness. Thousands of women, and even of men, cannot marry for one reason or another. Let them cultivate the contented state of mind of that old Scotch lady who said, "I wadna gie my single life for a' the double anes I ever saw."

People may admire the marriage state, and yet have their own good reasons for not entering it. Under the dying pillow of Washington Irving there were found a lock of hair and a miniature. Who will say that a man or woman ought to marry who treasures up such memorials, and thinks of all that might have been?

Impecuniosity is another reason for denying oneself the luxury of a wife. A mistake may, of course, be made as to the amount of money necessary for marriage. There are those who could drive a coach-and-two, but waiting for a coach-and-four, they are carried into the desolation of confirmed bachelorism. That man, however, is much to be pitied who leads a pure life and whose "I can't afford it" is no mere excuse. Let him continue to work and economise, and before very long he will have—

> "A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
> Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing."

To this angel he should be true in anticipation, remembering how Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, advised her unmarried sons to keep themselves pure, so that all the blessings of a virtuous home might one day be theirs.

What is one man's meat may be another man's poison. To some persons we might say, "If you marry you do well, but if you marry not you do better." In the case of others marriage may have decidedly the advantage. Like most other things, marriage is good or bad according to the use or abuse we make of it.

The applause that is usually given to persons on entering the matrimonial stage is, to say the least, premature. Let us wait to see how they will play their parts.

And here we must protest against the foolish and cowardly ridicule that is sometimes bestowed upon elderly men and women who, using the liberty of a free country, have abstained from marrying. Certainly some of them could give reasons for spending their lives outside the temple of Hymen that are far more honourable than the motives which induced their foolish detractors to rush in. Some have never found their other selves, or circumstances prevented the junction of these selves. And which is more honourable, a life of loneliness or a loveless marriage? There are others who have laid down their hopes of wedded bliss for the sake of accomplishing some good work, or for the sake of a father, mother, sister, or brother. In such cases celibacy is an honourable, and maybe a praiseworthy, state.

A mother having become alarmed about the failing state of her daughter's health, and not being able to get much satisfaction from a consultation with the village doctor, took her to a London physician for further advice. He asked a few questions as to the girl's daily habits and mode of life, carefully stethoscoped her heart and lungs, and then gave an involuntary sigh. The mother grew pale, and waited anxiously for a verdict. "Madam," he said, "so far as I can discover, your daughter is suffering from a most serious complaint, which, for want of a better name, I shall call 'dulness.' Perhaps it is in your power to cure it. I have no medicine which is a specific for this disease." Girls who suffer in this way too often prescribe for themselves marriage with men whom they cannot love, honour, and obey. This is as bad as dram-drinking or gambling; but what else can the poor things do? They have not been trained, like their brothers, to useful work, and have always been told that woman's first, best occupation is—to be a wife. To which it may be answered—

> "Most true; but to make a mere business of marriage
> To call it a 'living,' 'vocation,' 'career,'
> Is but to pervert, degrade, and disparage
> A contract of all the most sacred and dear."

Many a girl looks on marriage as a vocation, who has never thought of the duties it involves; and I think for a woman to fail to make and keep a happy home is to be a "failure" in a truer sense than to have failed to catch a husband.

To make "old maid" a term of reproach has mischievous results, and causes many an ill-assorted marriage. Girls have been hurried into marriage by the dread of being so stigmatised, who have repented the step to their dying day. The sacredness of marriage, and the serious responsibilities it brings, are either ignored altogether, or but lightly considered, when marriage is represented as the only profession for women. There is no truth in Brigham Young's doctrine that only a woman *sealed* to a man in marriage can possibly be saved.

Let mothers teach their daughters that although a well-assorted marriage, based upon mutual love and esteem, may be the happiest calling for a woman, yet that marriage brings its peculiar trials as well as special joys, and that it is quite possible for a woman to be both useful and happy, although youth be fled, and the crowning joys of life—wife and motherhood—have passed her by or been voluntarily surrendered.

Who does not know "old maids" who are the light and the stay of homes darkened by sorrow and tottering by the strokes of affliction? "Auntie" is respected and beloved by her nephews and nieces, for she has ceased to think of her own happiness, and is always planning for the good of others. She is not soured by celibacy, but sheds upon all who come in her way the sweetness of good temper and the light of practical wisdom. She has not a home of her own, but, as Wesley did, she takes the world for her parish, and becomes the neighbour of every one who needs her help. Can a life be anything but beautiful which is lived—as are the lives of many unmarried women—in the spirit of these lines?—

> "Question not, but live and labour,
> Till your goal be won;
> Helping every feeble neighbour,
> Seeking help from none.
> Life is mostly froth and bubble;
> Two things stand like stone—
> Kindness in another's trouble,
> Courage in your own."

The lives of many unmarried people are unhappy because they have failed to find an object in life; but when they are more fortunate, their love and powers may be drawn out quite as much as those of the married, by interesting work. They are married to some art or utility, or instead of loving one, they love all. When this last is the case, they go down into the haunts of evil, seek out the wretched, and spare neither themselves nor their money in their praiseworthy enthusiasm for humanity. Employment is a "perennial fire-proof joy" that will always make people happy, though single. If celibacy be an evil, remember what Jean Paul says of evil, that it is "like a nightmare: the instant you begin to *stir* yourself it is already gone."

No doubt it is difficult to find the work we like, but then the work we like is seldom the best for us. Those who prefer any honest work to no work need never be idle. The "spinster's sweet arts" are unselfishness, good temper, tact, and taste. Live for others. You have no idea of the value of kindness. Pleasure is very reflective, and if you give it you feel it, and pleasure which you give by a little kindness of manner returns to you with compound interest. It is related in the life of a celebrated mathematician, William Hutton, that a respectable-looking countrywoman called upon him one day, anxious to speak with him. She told him, with an air of secrecy, that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and sought other company, frequently passing his evenings from home, which made her feel extremely unhappy; and knowing Mr. Hutton to be a wise man, she thought he might be able to tell her how she could manage to cure her husband. The case was a common one, and

he thought he could prescribe for it without losing his reputation as a conjurer. "The remedy is a simple one," said he, "but I have never known it to fail. *Always treat your husband with a smile.*" The woman expressed her thanks, dropped a curtsey, and went away. A few months afterwards she waited on Mr. Hutton with a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept. She told him, while a tear of joy and gratitude glistened in her eye, that she had followed his advice, and her husband was cured. He no longer sought the company of others, but treated her with constant love and kindness.

If it is necessary for a married woman to smile away unhappiness, it is much more so in the case of the unmarried. They must treat their friends with the smile of good humour. If old maids some times feel *de trop* in the world, and not much wanted by their acquaintances, it must be because they have not tact to please. You may not be able to leap into the favour of others, as the Duke of Grammont did, but you may get a hint which can be applied in other ways from the following anecdote:—The Duke of Grammont was the most adroit and witty courtier of his day. He entered one day the closet of Cardinal Mazarin without being announced. His Eminence was amusing himself by jumping against the wall. To surprise a prime minister in so boyish an occupation was dangerous. A less skilful courtier might have stammered excuses, and retired. But the duke entered briskly, and cried out, "I'll bet you one hundred crowns that I jump higher than your Eminence!" And the duke and cardinal began to jump for their lives. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the cardinal, and six months afterwards was Marshal of France.

Unmarried people who are so unfortunate that they have not to earn their daily bread should cultivate a taste for art and science. Nothing drives away *ennui* like a good hobby. On the wedding-day of the celebrated M. Pasteur, who made such extraordinary discoveries about germs, the hour appointed for the ceremony had arrived, but the bridegroom was not there. Some friends rushed off to the laboratory, and found him very busy, with his apron on. He was excessively cross at being disturbed, and declared that marriage might wait, but his experiments could not do so. The unmarried could wait more patiently for marriage, and be more happy should they never marry at all, if they would acquire a taste for art, science, and good literature generally.

A RURAL PARADISE FOR LONDON.

BY F. M. HOLMES.

YE please, is there the Vale o' Happiness still about here?"

"The Vale of Happiness? Well, those with happy hearts dwell in that vale always, I suppose, but I know of no place so named about here."

"When I was a child there was a place here called the Vale o' Happiness."

"Oh, the Vale of Health, you mean, I expect."

"Yes, that's it—the Vale of Health, of course."

"Well, there it is, across these meadows, through the brickfield, and over the Heath. There you will find the pond, and the tea-gardens, and so on."

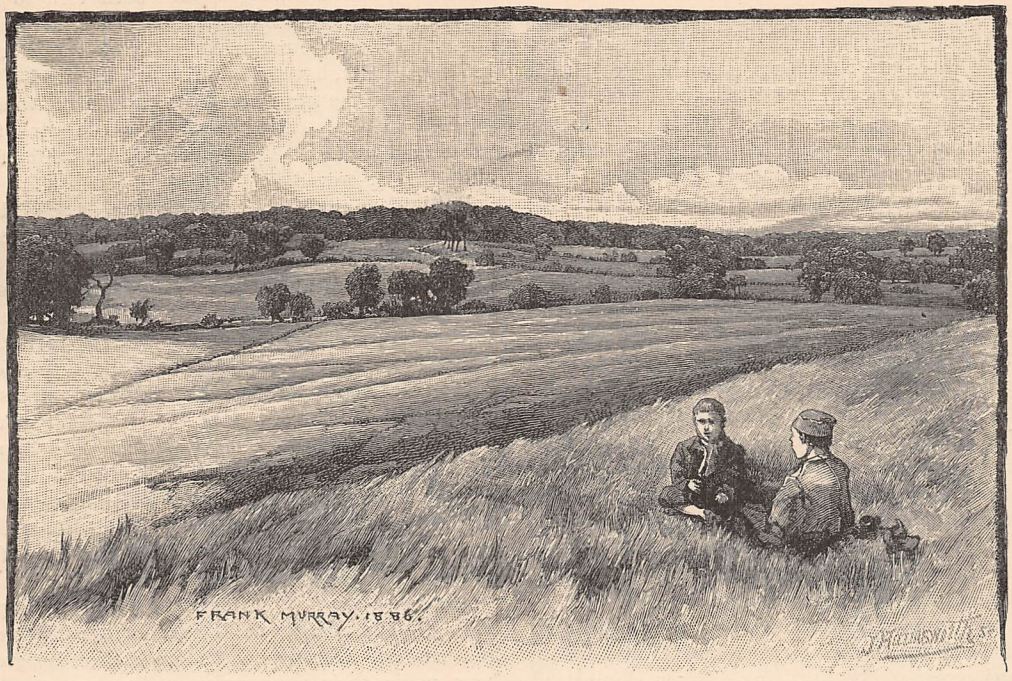
"Oh, thank you, thank you," and the worthy body hurried off.

It was an amusing but not unaccountable mistake she had made, for the Vale of Health at Hampstead is truly the Vale of Happiness to many thousands of London's weary toilers.

We are standing on a somewhat steep and fairly lofty hill, giving a fine prospect all around. At our feet, and extending far, far off, until lost in a mist of gloom and smoke is the mighty City—the metropolis of the great English-speaking people. Behind us is a noble expanse of very undulating pasture-land, gradually sloping both to left and right to a valley on either side; at the further end of the left valley is the Vale of Health, and there also lie those celebrated Hampstead Ponds, teeming still with tittlebats, immortalised by Mr. Pickwick, and from whence flowed the ancient river Fleet, now degraded to a sewer, which gives its name to Fleet Road and Fleet Street. Beyond is a stretch of grassy heath, a line of willows, and then a slightly wooded hill or rising ground thick with houses, and a tall, slender church spire looking over all.

In the valley on the right are the Highgate Ponds, dear to the hearts of skaters and sliders, and yet sadly dangerous withal; above them rises the lovely wood-clothed, tree-crowned height of Highgate—also with a tall church-spire o'ertopping all—and on a splendid summer morning the suburbs of London present few fairer sights—save and except always the view from Richmond Hill down the valley of the Thames—than this western view of Highgate, with the lovely green trees mirrored in the calm, shining surfaces of the placid little lakes below.

Straight before us—looking now away from London almost due north—the expanse of the fields is bounded by a sloping belt of dark woods, which close around and beautify Lord Mansfield's historic mansion.



PARLIAMENT HILL FIELDS.

They are surpassingly lovely, these trees, at all seasons. We have watched them in the winter, when the dark brown boughs—a lace of arboreal network—are outlined against the cold northern sky; in the spring, when they are touched with the tender green of bursting buds; in the sultry summer, when the sun illumines their dark boles, and their foliage is one fine mass of dusky green; and yet again in the autumn, when thousands of tints blend together to make one lovely and variegated whole.

But, still looking north, there is one very distinctive feature that strikes the eye. In the front of these woods rise the bare and naked branches of five gaunt Scotch firs and one weird-looking sycamore; and gazing more closely at them, we find they are planted on a round and grassy knoll, which appears to have a hedge about it, and also a dry ditch. The tops of these trees form quite a landmark for some distance around, and seen against the bright lemon-coloured sky of a summer evening, are sufficiently striking; but why they are there, and how long they have lifted up their bare, gaunt arms in winter storm and summer sunshine, no one knoweth. They mark a notable spot, for the curiously-shaped mound whereon they stand is an ancient tumulus, concerning which no one seems to be able to say anything with certainty. Some persons will have it that this is none other than the grave of that ancient British queen, Boadicea, when, after "bleeding from the Roman rods," she at length passed from this troublous life and sought her earthly resting-place; others again maintain—according to William Howitt, no mean authority—that a great battle was once fought here ages ago—just before Cæsar invaded Britain—between the people of St. Albans and the people of London, and that this ancient barrow, or tumulus, is the huge grave containing the bodies of the slain!

Picture the scene this quiet summer evening, when the sun is sinking behind the western hill, and the twilight conduces to meditation. Imagine the savage painted Britons rushing from that wood, which almost certainly was there then as now; call up before your mental gaze the shock of the opposing hosts, the din of conflict, the yells, the flourishing of spears, the fatal blows, the shouts of triumph, and the groans of the dying; and then the gathering together of the corpses with their gaping wounds, and the huge grave! Tell us, O quiet trees, O blades of grass, O silent mound, if such be the dreadful scene of which you are the mute witnesses! But, alas! Nature is silent, and no one knows why the barrow is here.

There is also another barrow in the fields. Let us retrace our steps to that hill—the highest—whereon we first stood. Quite on the top we can discern the low mound and the depression round it like a ditch or fosse, which at one point—almost due north—is filled up as if an earthen bridge had crossed it. Some persons regard it as an ancient fortification, such as may be met with on the Cornish moors and in Wales; others speak of it as a tumulus. It has two names: sometimes it is Parliament Hill, sometimes Traitors' Hill, but the reasons thereof are by no means clear. It is supposed that elections may have been held here, or that farther back yet in "our

rough island story" the ancient Folk-mote met on this grassy height. Antiquarians tell us that hills crowned with tumuli were often used for such purposes, the reverence attaching to such places being possibly one reason at least for selecting them.

There is another story, however, belonging to the hill: viz., that the Parliamentarians in the days of Charles I. planted cannon upon it, and hence, in the opinion of some persons, it might be Traitors' Hill; but as to the truth or falsehood of these various stories, who shall pronounce a verdict? There are the names, and Parliament Hill seems the most widely adopted at the present time.

Towards London it is a somewhat steep and singular formation, and we may imagine it to be a huge bastion rising sternly against the onward march of the jerry-builder! Thence the ground undulates to the Tumulus Hill, and farther back again to the fine Ken or Caen Woods, the remnant of the great Forest of Middlesex, where once roamed the wolf and the wild boar, and through which the Romans cut two great roads to the north—still existing, we believe, as Edgware Road and Highgate Hill, whereon Dick Whittington heard the bells of Bow.

The picturesque spot, therefore, we have attempted to describe is one of the northern heights of London, of great interest and beauty, lying between Hampstead on the west and Highgate on the east, and separated from each by a valley, in which lie respectively the Hampstead and the Highgate Ponds. The fields are as quiet now—except on high days and holidays—as when the ancient Britons hunted the deer in the wild woods, or strove against each other for mastery. Old, old oaks still stand lonely in them, worn and wasted, as if grieving for far-past days.

In the sunlit silence of a summer morning you may hear the larks' lovely burst of song as they shoot up beyond your sight into the deep blue sky; in damp May evenings we have often heard the peculiar note of the landrail, sometimes called the corncrake; the nightingale still makes melody for ears that can appreciate its song every returning spring; while as for thrushes, blackbirds, and the various finches, they still make the day jocund with their music.

And yet we are but four miles from Charing Cross, and within the parish which has its parish church in Euston Road!

On clear Sunday afternoons, or in early summer mornings, one may obtain such a view of the vast City, lying slumberous almost at his feet, as will wonderfully impress him with its enormous size, its wealth, and its poverty, while across the wide valley of the Thames, where London lies as in a huge cup, the blue, misty hills of Surrey are at marvellous moments discernible, while at rare intervals the Palace of crystal glass at Sydenham stands out flashing in the sun like a diamond, its towers and rounded roof and gleaming upright walls as a miniature, and yet distinct as though there were no London gloom and smoke.

As may be supposed, in the summer evenings and on holidays the fields are full of toilers from the great City. Unfortunately, many of the children get beyond all control, and the hedges have been torn so grievously that the sweet hawthorn blossoms, which were almost as fine a picture, in their way, as the chestnuts in Bushey Park, have been grievously denuded of their beauty; and the trapping of the birds in the winter is pursued so persistently that there is danger of the "feathered choirs" being seriously thinned, if not altogether destroyed.

But in the spring and early summer these fields are at their best. They are "put up for hay"—there are very few hayfields now so near London—and their grassy slopes are at times quite golden with buttercups, and anon almost white with daisies. In certain corners bluebells still come up every dewy spring, and the white, fleecy clouds sail over the wide, fertile meadows and hills, as they were wont to do years and years ago, when London was shut up within its thick walls. And then, when hay-time comes, up stream the people almost in thousands, to get if but one glimpse of something like country life—to listen to the swish of the scythe, to tumble on the sweet-smelling hay, and, if the long-suffering farmer permits, to frolic among it to their hearts' content.

But, alas! alas! all these things are in danger of ending. The ubiquitous builder is drawing nearer and nearer. Already boards for letting the ground have made their appearance, and unless steps are very promptly taken, Parliament Hill and its rural fields, its ancient barrows, its birds, its wild flowers, and all its beauty will be but things of the past, and cheap suburban shops may crown the height of "Boadicea's Grave."

Happily, a project is on foot to purchase these fields and dedicate them to the public for ever, but at the time of writing it is not decided whether this scheme will be brought to a successful issue. Some time ago the Metropolitan Board visited the site to view its importance in reference to London, and recorded their opinion in a Report laid before Parliament that of the desirability of this fine tract of high-lying ground being kept open there could be no question. A Bill has since been passed enabling the Metropolitan Board to acquire the site, and the sum at first asked by the owners has been reduced, but naturally there is hesitation to add to the burdens of the already overburdened rate-payers of London. Nevertheless, Hampstead Heath will hardly be the Heath without these fields, for they run beside it for some distance, and if built upon, the Heath would become little better than an over-trodden, walled-in "green." The idea that the Heath in itself is sufficient is a great mistake, for it only consists of some 220 acres. Epping Forest in the east and Wimbledon Common in the south-west are much larger, while in the west are Hyde Park and the Green Park, forming 771 acres.

A glance at any good map of London—or, better still, a visit to the spot itself—will soon show how necessary to the Heath and to the people of London is the preservation of these fields.

The property belongs to two owners: the East Park Estate—between Parliament Hill and the Hampstead Ponds, and consisting of about fifty-nine acres of richly

A GLIMPSE OF LONDON.

wooded grass-land—to Sir Spencer Wilson, and the remainder to Lord Mansfield. Part of the East Park Estate is rendered hideous by particularly ugly brick-fields, yet beyond the bricks are some magnificent trees and a little stream and pond, wherein may yet be picked anemones and marsh-marigolds, betony, valerian, and golden rod. Farther afield are the buttercup and bluebell, while many an artist loves to come here for delightful little "bits," or to sketch some of the sturdy beeches and oaks that are near by to remind one sometimes of Burnham.

The other and larger part of the site—Parliament Hill and Fields—is Lord Mansfield's property, and includes the two hills spoken of, the undulating meadow-land, and some ancient public foot-paths—altogether about 205 acres. They are full of old associations—among others, of Keats and Coleridge, Shelley and Leigh Hunt, and many other giants of another day, to say nothing of the thousands of happy lovers who no doubt have wandered here.

But no associations, however ancient, however literary, however sentimental, however time-honoured—no beauty, no rural quiet, no usefulness, merely, will save the fields. They must be paid for in hard cash ; and this we fervently hope and trust will be done, and so they will be saved to the public.

If it is done, we would beg the Metropolitan Board not to make too prim a park of the fields. Imagine a smooth, well-kept gravel walk winding up to "Boadicea's Grave," or insulting the top of Parliament Hill ! No; let us preserve the fields as they are ; let us have all the exquisite rural charm which now distinguishes them so pre-eminently from all prim parks ; let us have the sweet-smelling hay, the songs of the larks and thrushes, and the peaceful quiet. But place them under strict control, and save the hawthorn, and the wild rose, and the birds from the ruthless grasp of the thoughtless street Arab. The Metropolitan Board have the chance of securing a rural paradise for London, and we fervently hope they will rise to the greatness of the occasion.

FOOD FIT FOR INVALIDS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

IT is a matter very much to be lamented that, although nearly every head of a family knows something about the nature and uses of the more common and less dangerous medicines, and perhaps even possesses a medicine chest, there should be so little general knowledge about the proper system of dieting the sick and convalescent.

There is also, I am sorry to say, more or less of a prevailing ignorance as regards the food necessary to support life—healthful, happy life—in infants. Almost every mother feeds in her own particular way, on a plan probably handed down to her by tradition. If this were otherwise, and if the subject were better understood, there would be fewer bandy-legged and rickety children in this country, fewer pale, flabby faces, and fewer cases of consumption and chest complaint. Of this I feel certain.

As regards invalids: in very few of even the largest and best houses, so far as my knowledge goes, is such a thing thought of as setting apart one room in the house as a sick-room. Such a room as this, I need hardly suggest, ought to be in the quietest part of the house, and well aloft. It ought to be large, well and scientifically ventilated, with as cheerful an outlook as possible, and with as much furniture as necessary, and no more.

No; this is seldom considered, and so, when some dear one is laid low, he or she is placed in an ordinary bed-room, so filled with furniture, so adorned with drapery and curtains, as to reduce the patient's chances of recovery to a minimum.

Again, when some one falls sick, the doctor is always appealed to as to what the food should be. The doctor is, to be sure, the best judge, but every one ought to know a little about invalid dieting.

Now, broadly speaking, we divide food for invalids into low diet, middle diet, and full diet.

Low Diet.—This consists of the nutritious teas, such as beef tea, mutton tea, or chicken tea—all of which possess much the same nutritive value; but change is pleasant and wholesome—broth, barley water, and thirst-allaying drinks.

Middle Diet.—For this we add puddings, eggs, and perhaps biscuits, bread, or toast to the low diet.

Full Diet.—By this the physician means a fair and *digestible* allowance of solid and nutritious food, the plainer the better; chops and steaks, underdone, and not fat; chicken, game, boiled white fish—not the oleaginous sort, such as salmon—eggs, bread, puddings, potatoes (well mashed and in great moderation), but only the lightest of vegetables, such as marrows or cauliflower.

Now, in many cases correct dieting is of life or death importance, and the doctor's orders are, in this respect, to be most strictly obeyed. In some fevers, for example, a patient will indulge in queer whims and fancies as regards food.

"Just a little of this, or a little of that, nursie."

But "nursie" must be firm, and the most she can do for her patient is to report the matter to the doctor, and ask if such-and-such an article, which the invalid has craved for, will do him good.

I might give a hundred instances in proof of what I advance: namely, that a patient will often long for the very article of diet which is least of all beneficial to him. Vegetables, for instance, might positively prove fatal in a case of dysentery or in the convalescent stage of typhoid fever.

The quantity of the food given to the invalid, its quality and its culinary preparation, are all to be considered by the careful nurse. I can afford but little space for describing the cooking of invalid food—there are, I believe, useful pamphlets that describe all this—I can but give a hint or two about the value of certain articles. Now, I have over and over again said there was a right way and a wrong way of making beef tea. My readers ought by this time to know the right way. The wrong way is to let it come to the boil; by so doing we harden the albumen instead of coaxing it out, and permitting it to mingle with the water by gentle simmering. There is a "beef tea extractor," which obviates the danger of its being wrongfully prepared, but I cannot at present recall the name of the inventor, though, I suppose, at most chemists' or druggists' shops the information could be obtained.

As to the strength beef tea should be: a pound of nice rump steak should make a quart. I think it is both better and cheaper to make it from steak rather than from skinny stuff from near the shanks.

The longer beef tea is simmered the stronger and better will it be; two to three hours is the minimum, six hours would be none too long. A little nice toast eaten with it increases its nutritive properties, or it may be thickened with arrowroot or some of the so-called "patent foods" of the shops.

Give beef tea little and often, but this will depend on the state of the patient. Say, as a minimum, about two ounces every two hours, or an ounce of thickened beef tea every hour if the stomach can bear it, and if it produces only comfort, without either restlessness following or increase of fever.

Beef tea may be taken hot, with a sprinkling of pepper, or sipped cold, or even taken iced. In this matter, as a rule, it is safe enough to trust to the patient's tastes.

The same remarks hold good with regard to chicken tea, and with mutton tea.

Mutton broth is a valuable invalid food. I need not give a receipt, only a warning, for what is called Scotch broth is also made with mutton, but though it possesses

all the nutrient qualities of the pearl barley, still the amount of vegetables it contains renders it unfit for the delicate invalid.

Among the cooling drinks I may mention arrow-root-water. It is so simply made and contains much that is strengthening. Put a table-spoonful in a basin, and draggle it with cold water into a paste, then pour on boiling water, and stir till you have formed a thinnish starch. It is next diluted with cold water till it is about the consistency of cream, sweetened and flavoured if found necessary, and it is ready. But, unless by the doctor's express orders, neither brandy nor sherry should be added.

Barley-water is not so much used as it ought to be, owing perhaps to its taking more trouble to make, but it is invaluable, nevertheless. Briefly speaking, it is prepared thus :—Well wash an ounce of pearl barley, throwing away the water, then add a quart of water and a morsel of lemon-peel, and let it simmer, with constant stirring, till thick enough ; sugar and the juice of lemons may now be added to taste.

Cream of tartar drink is very cooling. Stir a drachm of the tartar into a pint of boiling water, with a morsel of lemon-peel and sugar to taste. It is, of course, taken cold or iced.

I need only remind the reader of whey, lemonade, and orgeat. They are too well known to need description.

Of soda-water with milk I have only to say, while admitting it is cool and nutritive, that it should only be taken in small quantities at a time, and the effervescence should have partly passed off before it is used, otherwise it is apt to uncomfortably disturb the stomach.

Now, a word or two about more solid food; and first come eggs, first in rank because they contain everything necessary for nutrition, and are, if properly cooked, generally easy of digestion, though be it remembered they cause biliousness even in the healthy if partaken of too freely.

We have as a good combination raw eggs beaten well and added to milk, to tea, to beef tea, mutton or chicken tea, or to broth.

A raw egg, if it can be swallowed, will often be retained when nothing else could be.

Need I say that eggs for invalids—and everybody else—should be positively and truly new-laid? These are not always easily attainable in towns. I may observe, however, that during the first three months of the egg season—May, June, and July—when there is a glut of eggs in the market, even Irish eggs are fresh and good.

Custard is a delicious form in which to serve eggs.

Poached egg is good, but rather insipid. Omelettes are better, either sweet or savoury.

What the Americans call "mush" is very nice. The eggs are simply well beaten, and milk added; the whole is poured into a jar, and boiled a few minutes in a saucepan till thick. The salt, I believe, is added to the mush in the jar, and it may be eaten with pepper and a little toast and butter.

So many kinds of puddings are there, that it is difficult to name the best. But in this matter of pudding, if it be ordered by the doctor, I think the patient might as well be consulted. Perhaps he will say tapioca or sago ; in either case he has made a very wise choice. Bread-and-butter pudding, I think, should stand higher than it does, only it is made in such a variety of ways, some good, some bad, and often over-done.

Rice pudding requires some care to make it really tasty and digestible, and on the whole I am not in favour of it.

I should not omit to mention a dish that will be new to thousands of my readers. Nay, then, I will mention two, now that I am about it. Both are most nutritious and delicious, and both hail from "'yant the Tweed." The first is called "milk broth," and consists of well-washed barley boiled in new milk. The second goes by the name of "milk porridge." It is made in the same way as ordinary porridge. Let the milk come to the boil, having added a sufficiency of salt, then sprinkle in the oatmeal—a medium kind, not too fine—and keep sprinkling and stirring till thick. It needs no extra boiling. But it must not be eaten too hot, rather the reverse.

Calf's-foot jelly should be made at home—a receipt can be had from any ordinary cookery book.

Fish for invalids should be boiled—gently boiled, and prettily garnished and prettily served: indeed, the more neatly and sweetly a sick person's viands are presented the more he will relish them, and with the greater heart and hope will he eat. Let the linen, then, be like snow; let the silver glitter and the glasses sparkle; and if you can throw in a flower, so much the better.

Meats such as beef and mutton should be most tender. Always buy them some days before they are wanted. The cooking ought to be of the best: no unsightly splashes of gravy, nor extra lumps of fat. I have seen the very shape and size of a beef-steak disgust an invalid.

Change is to be studied, and we ring the changes on beef, mutton, fowls, partridges or grouse, or pheasant, and pigeons.

The potatoes are better mashed—very well mashed : not a morsel as big as a pea should remain unbruised —then stirred with a little salt and creamy milk till as white as the driven snow.

Refinement should guide the cooking, as well as the arrangement of the tray in which the invalid's meal is served.

A word about tea. Do not let it be infused longer than three minutes, then pour it off immediately into a second warm tea-pot, and so serve.

TWICE DEAD.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IT was evening, a still, soft, red-skied evening late in summer. The sea plashed up in a sleep-like, murmuring monotone at the feet of the few first strollers on the promenade, and big, fashionable, fastidious Westmouth was wrapt, for a little time, in a dream free from the fretfulness and the flutter of gaiety.

In one of the quiet cross-streets I found the gate to which I had been directed. A small brass plate announced the name, and the soft strains of a violin which floated out through the open window told me further that in a few more minutes I should be learning from Alice Ashbury the cost of my folly. Perhaps (daring thought!) in half an hour my lost, forsaken, injured love would be in my arms again: for she *had* loved me. And she was as forgiving as an angel.

While I must wait feverishly impatient on the door-step, you, reader, may learn in very few words the reason of my suspense. A year ago, just a year ago, I and Alice Ashbury were all the world to each other: there was not a film of distrust between us, and then we quarrelled. That is enough. I make the confession with shame, but I will not dilate on the circumstances. I acted in an impulsive, inexcusable way, and went abroad for a year. When I returned I learnt that Alice had gone to live with her mother, who was an invalid, at Westmouth, and was there giving lessons on the violin, by which exertions she and her mother, with the little income Mrs. Ashbury received as a clergyman's widow from a clerical charity, were just able to live.

In the old days Alice was governess in a family where I was a frequent and welcome visitor. That was in London, where I was reading law. I was called to the Bar exactly a month before that fateful, ridiculous quarrel. I found myself a barrister, with pride for my profession, ambition to succeed, and plenty of money, and a month later—such are the depths of folly open to impulsive natures—there was nothing to interest me in life but the torturing memories of a happiness I had thrown away.

"Mr. Steadman," said the servant, and in another moment I was standing an abashed culprit alone before Alice Ashbury.

It *was* Alice. I could have told that almost in the dark. But what had happened? Those large, luminous, eloquent eyes were hidden behind a hideous pair of large stained glasses, sight-protectors, with glass in front and at the sides. And then her throat, her neck as of exquisitely modelled ivory: that was cloaked and hidden away in an ugly black band. Yet it was Alice her very self, and that was enough for me.

The unavoidable restraint, a restraint very palpable in both of us, was no sooner endured and dismissed than I assailed her with sympathy and inquiries about her health, inquiries which were so saturated in self-reproach and deprecation as to make further declarations superfluous. I saw immediately that I was forgiven. Ah! if I had seen nothing more, I should not have this narrative to tell.

Alice's manner was sweet—sweet as of old, but oh, how different! How calm she became, and self-subdued, as I became eager! She was not mine—she was not mine, though I was so fully forgiven.

Round and throughout every tender word and gesture was the unmistakable mandate, which only the most gracious natures can utter sweetly: "To this point you may come, but no further."

To my earnest, eager inquiries she had answered quietly, "Oh, my throat will get better, and my eyes too, I hope. I have gone through greater changes than those little troubles since I saw you. What made you come now, Harold? Had you not better have written if we were not to keep up that ridiculous quarrel till we were old?"

Soon after this, when I had spoken about the past, and Alice had sighed—when I had spoken about the future, and she had shaken her head, I threw off all restraint. In vain she told me that the past must be a dream—a pleasant one to her—that I must not speak of love; things were altered. I reproached and reviled myself, I protested, I entreated, I threatened—I threatened that gentle, sympathetic, loving heart with my own unending misery.

"No, Harold," said she, when I had assailed her gentle heart with entreaties and protestations till she trembled like a leaf. "No, you must go—you must go at once, and far away, or you will be unkind: I am engaged to be married."

"But you love me," I cried, "and you do not love the man you are going to marry. You will break your own heart in breaking mine." The minutes flew, I do not know how many, while agony and bliss trembled in equipoise, and hope and despair chased each other, and wrestled above the balance.

"No, no," she said faintly; but only her lips spoke, her heart refused not. "No, no," but the struggle was over. "No, no;" but in another second I should have clasped her in my arms, and kissed her passionately, when the wand of fate for good or evil was waved suddenly with tragic force, and the battle was drawn.

There were foot-falls on the stairs; a second or two later the door opened, and her mother entered, pale, gentle, and kindly-looking. At first her face was reproachful; then, as her quick glance met Alice's, it became surprised, concerned; and a second later I thought—a swift, precious thought—that she looked pleased. I found out afterwards she *was* pleased.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

ONE afternoon in the previous spring, when Alice was saying good-bye at the door to one of her pupils, a little girl of whom she was very fond, a gentleman passing—designedly at that time—waited a few moments at the gate, giving a smile of recognition to the child, and enjoying undisguisedly the sweet display of affection which the little pupil threw into her adieu. A minute after, the child put her hand in his, and chattingly went along with him.

That was Philip Yewburton, my rival, a man of whom Mrs. Ashbury knew hardly anything, except (unmistakable facts) that he was possessed of extensive means, and was making a very protracted stay at the Imperial—protracted, she afterwards concluded, on account of Alice.

The little girl, whom the doctors had ordered to Westmouth for the winter, was staying with her mother at the same hotel. Thus Mr. Yewburton had become acquainted with them, and soon managed, in the furtherance of his designs, to establish a very agreeable intimacy with little Lucy Winchat.

The incident on the afternoon I have alluded to, followed by one or two similar occurrences, was eclipsed in the course of a week or so by the meeting of Alice and Mr. Yewburton in Mrs. Winchat's rooms.

This opportunity for a possible intimacy was improved by Mr. Yewburton most advantageously in often taking his little friend for a lesson, and still oftener in calling for her when it was over.

All this time—imperceptibly at first, I suppose, then faster and faster, as the charms of Alice fascinated and enthralled him—he was falling in love. And Alice: it seems that she was, too. The man was handsome, agreeable, and well off.

Well off! Forbear sneering, reader, if you are inclined to sneer. Alice had suffered something from "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." She had eaten the bread of poverty after her palate had grown accustomed to a very different diet. But her own poverty was not Alice's chief reflection. Her mother was poor, very poor, and growing old. And what was I? I was not worth a thought; though I was not treated according to merit, I received at that time many a thought, many an anxious, yearning, forgiving thought. But time receded; Mr. Yewburton advanced; I was silent; and Alice's heart was lost and won.

One afternoon in April, Mr. Yewburton called ostensibly for Lucy Winchat, after being well assured that Lucy had left ten minutes ago. The violin was on the table, and Alice, lovely and serene, was sitting before the little flickering fire, alone.

After a quarter of an hour passed in sweet converse, he took up the violin. "Would you have me for a pupil?" he asked.

"You are too old," said Alice. "I could never teach you."

"I'm only thirty," he laughed; "and you could teach me easily, I know you could. Now try. How do you hold the thing?" There were smiles, there was laughter, and the room was filling with love.

From one to the other passed the violin, now under Alice's chin, elegantly, exquisitely held (ah, how I used to gaze at her in that lovely attitude!)—now clumsily—ridiculously—in the hands of her eager pupil.

"There! there!" she cried, "now you have it indeed!"

Alice looked at him, looked with laughing eyes full of admiration; but his face changed. He looked back at her with a strong yearning love. His eyes spoke eloquently, so eloquently that Alice looked on the floor. Then the violin spoke—spoke sweetly and distinctly: "Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee."

She jumped up. "You impostor!" but Mr. Yewburton went on playing, and soon glancing from that plaintive air, as Alice sat down again, he touched those responsive chords till they moaned, and wailed, and pleaded, as nothing can wail and plead but a violin in the hand of its master.

No; I shall tell you no more of that love-scene. I hate the thought of it. But within a week after that afternoon Alice Ashbury had pledged her word to marry Mr. Yewburton.

"Who was Mr. Yewburton?" asked Mrs. Ashbury; and he frankly told her.

Six months ago he was engaged to be married. His *fiancée* died before the day fixed for the wedding, and he believed that he would never be joyous again. Since her death he had lived a retired life, and had for the most part shunned society, but Alice's loveliness drew him out of himself, and promised him happiness once more. He would not like his engagement to become generally known among his friends for six months, out of respect for the feelings of his old lover's relatives. For the present, he begged Mrs. Ashbury to gauge his fitness for her daughter's husband by the strictest rules she chose to apply; and concerning his income, he would (as indeed he did) place evidence before her to show that he was worth at least £500 a year.

Such was the explanation of matters, and Mrs. Ashbury was satisfied; but Alice (it was a woman's whim, I suppose) mortified her little heart with wonderings and questionings about his first love, and then foolishly thought of me.

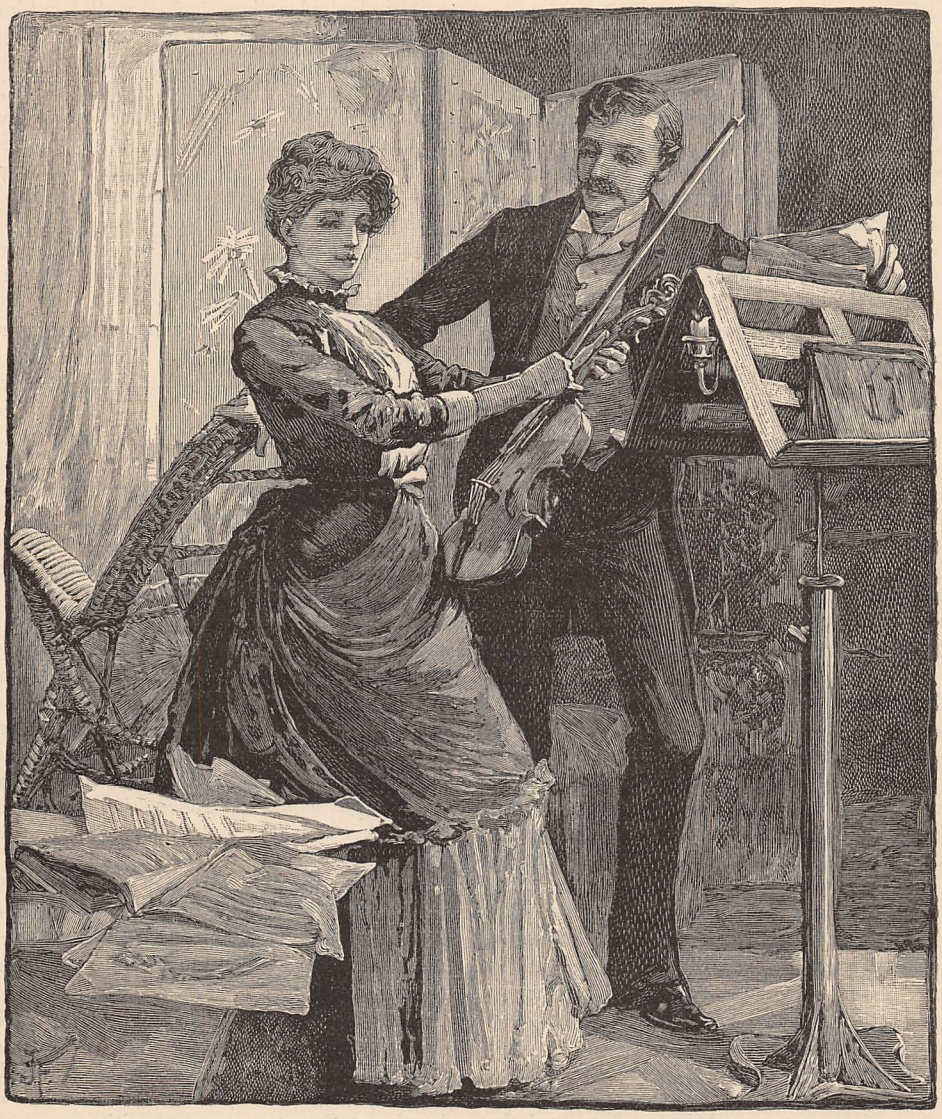
Soon, with grounds or without grounds, Alice began to suspect that her new lover's passion was cooling. With cause or without cause, her love grew less. She repented; she wished to be free. Then came into her heart the strangest little scheme which love in perplexity could invent. She complained to her mother and to Mr. Yewburton frequently that her eyes were affected. She saw, or pretended to see, an oculist in London, and soon after appeared in those hideous glasses. Mr. Yewburton was concerned. He detested them, and never omitted an opportunity of saying so.

Soon Mrs. Ashbury's grief and sympathy wrung from Alice the secret; and after much protesting on one side and crying on the other, her mother promised to keep it.

So the days passed and Mr. Yewburton grew cooler;

he came less often to the house ; he suggested much less often that they should walk on the parade, among the gay and the lovely, haunts which he was so proud to frequent with her in the hours of their early love. And now the probing and stinging inquiries of Alice's Alice again investigated, and decided to lie in vanity, and not in love.

So things dragged on for several weeks ; then there came a change. Somewhat gradually his former manners returned. He came often. He asked Alice



"FROM ONE TO THE OTHER PASSED THE VIOLIN" (*p.* 83).

troubled heart pressed her to harsher measures. She would try him with a severer test, which came in the form of a perpetual sore throat and its accompanying ugly band.

This was too much for Mr. Yewburton. His manner changed. He no longer took any pleasure in her society out of doors, but still paid regular, though much less frequent, visits, and apparently troubled himself much about Alice's ailments—trouble which why she never suggested a walk on the promenade. Once more they sought the gay throng, and once more Alice looked admiringly into his handsome face, and wondered if she could not be happy as his wife.

She confided her new happiness to her mother, laughing and crying alternately as she did so. She said she was afraid she did not love Mr. Yewburton much, but now she might soon learn to. And then Mrs. Ashbury, tender, compassionate, motherly, seeking

above everything her child's happiness, confessed that she had told Mr. Yewburton the secret—had told him the glasses and the ugly band were nothing but a fad—perhaps a test.

She said, expostulating—

"Was it not enough, child, to chill any man's ardour to think you might go blind and be permanently out of health? Mr. Yewburton is not romantic; he is a thoughtful, kindly man; and the future to him is not the impossible region of a boy's dream."

Then Alice had cried long and bitterly. She had acknowledged the justice of her mother's remarks, and said she would try to love Mr. Yewburton if he wished to hold her to her promise.

When matters had reached this point—two days only after Mrs. Ashbury's confession—when the mask was still being worn from the very uncertainty and distraction of events, I returned suddenly that soft summer evening like a dream of the past into Alice's troubled life.

I only learnt a few of the above particulars on the night of my arrival. I cannot describe the misery and perplexity into which I was plunged; how, under Mrs. Ashbury's guidance and with her assistance, I played the friend and waited—waited for the time which Mrs. Ashbury said was at hand, when Mr. Yewburton would resign his prize, would be glad to dissolve the engagement.

Alice, now the secret was out, had thrown off her disguise. She appeared to him beautiful, faultless, priceless; but oh, had he possessed eyes to see, how cold and loveless!

On the few occasions when he met me, he exhibited some slight symptoms of jealousy, and drew closer, so close, to the woman he loved that I now began to feel myself a dishonourable man. I must go away; he would never give her up, no, not if Alice asked him. And what was the poor child to do? Tell him she did not love him? She had told him. "But you *have* loved me," he said; "it is a fancy: a passing shadow of sweet caprice. You will love me again, and ten times more than before."

I must go away: that was plain. I had been at Westmouth three weeks, and after that first awful conflict I had not tempted Alice. Indeed, I had been surprised at the self-mastery which I had shown.

The day for my leaving had arrived; Alice seemed quiet, emotionless, resigned.

The September sun was streaming through the open window. The violin was in Alice's hand. I had asked her to play something—my last request.

"Yes," said Mr. Yewburton, "do."

She began to play "Robin Adair;" then imitating Mr. Yewburton, she broke off, and made the violin wail out her feelings, which were those of sorrow. Mr. Yewburton listened critically, I thought, at first; but when a few moments had passed, and I looked across at him, he was wholly absorbed in looking through the window—through the opening between the curtain and the wall—at a lady by the gate.

No wonder a man like Mr. Yewburton was looking there. The lady listening to Alice's music, which floated into the quiet, sun-steeped street, standing beside a bath-chair, and bending over the invalid with an expression of tender reverence, was an enchanting picture. "Ah!" I said to myself, "I would that Mr. Yewburton knew her. I wish he would get to know her—become enthralled in her beauty (which seemed unusually striking) and leave my Alice to me."

Within twenty-four hours after that, Mr. Yewburton was talking to that very woman, was smiling in her face.

That afternoon I called at Mrs. Ashbury's again. It was my last day, the last with Alice for ever: who shall blame me?

Alice was engaged, she was engaged in conversation with that very lady; and when she had gone I learnt her mission. She had come to beg as a great favour that Miss Ashbury would take her violin that evening and play for an hour to her sister, a lady who was an invalid—who, in fact, was dying.

Alice had seen the invalid's carriage stop in the morning and was touched with pity then. Now she was overwhelmed with sympathy. She would come certainly; she had an engagement, but she would put it off. She would be there at seven.

At seven she was at the gate of the invalid's apartments, and I was with her (I tell you again it was my last day). In about an hour she came out, but not the Alice of old, not the Alice I had known these last three weeks. She did not speak, she did not smile; she hardly looked at me.

"Alice—Alice, what is it?"

"I'm ill," she said; "let us hasten home."

"Must I go away?" I cried—unable long to control my passionate, hopeless love—before the lamp was lighted and as the gasping, flickering fire-light threw its fitful lights and shadows on the sad face of Alice, who sank crying into the first chair she reached—"must I go away to-morrow? and for ever?"

"No," she sobbed, "you mustn't. You must not go at all; oh, Harold! Harold! do you really love me, or is it a fancy? What a cruel, bad world this is!"

I cannot tell you what I replied, reader. It would not read well, if I remembered, but I know I soon mentioned the name of Mr. Yewburton.

"I shall never see Mr. Yewburton again," she said; "never again—never!"

I was stunned—I was bewildered—I was delighted, but many minutes passed before I was curious.

Half an hour later the lamp was still unlighted; the fire leapt up feebly in its last frantic effort to keep alive, but no one heeded—it could go out; all the lights of Westmouth could have gone out. I was unconscious of surroundings; externals had become annihilated; time had vanished: for Alice was in my arms, and I was wild with joy.

* * * * *

It was a large, luxurious, costly-decorated roo[m] where that wan sad woman lay, in the subdued sw[eet] tinted light, and looked fixedly into Alice's face, [whi]ch was wet with tears.

"Child," said the invalid, "it is not your f[ault]—it is not your fault; if I did not know that the [wealthy and

the lovely shrink from the cold lips of the dying, I would ask you to come near and let me kiss you."

Now Alice was bending over the sufferer's couch, her lovely face like an illuminated passage from some old book of devotions, and her hot tears streaming down on those white, withered hands which clasped her own.

"Ah, you are very beautiful, and once he thought me beautiful; but now I am dying—I shall die before the autumn, and he will be glad. I came to Westmouth when the doctors said I must not be moved, because I wished to see you—I wished to save you. Philip Yewburton!—I will not upbraid him—he was to be my husband, we were to have been married six months ago, and now I shall soon be dead; but I tell you, as the last kindness which God has given me to show to any one, that Philip Yewburton does not love you. He loves your beauty, and you and your beauty—let sophists say what they like—are not one and the same. Your beauty might pass away in a year: mine did. Look at me," said the anguished woman, turning her marred features to the transparent, health-stamped beauty of Alice's sweet face, sweet even in its excess of sorrow. "Your beauty might pass away in a year, but you would remain. You—no other—with the same heart and the same memory; and Philip Yewburton would turn away and tell you with the kindest voice that everything should be done for you that money could do; you should have everything that money could buy; but nothing sweeter would you have from him."

"Mabel—Mabel," cried her sister, coming and kneeling down beside my poor distracted Alice, "you will kill the child!"

"No, no," broke somewhat petulantly from those pallid, feeble lips. "This little shock will be forgotten, and she will be stronger for it afterwards and more beautiful even than she is. Good-bye. No, do not kiss me" (but she did). "If you come again—and I should like you to come again—bring your violin. I love the violin, and ah! how he can play it! It was his violin that won my heart. You need not fear to come again if I send for you. Philip Yewburton, when he knows I am here, will come to me at once. He will chide me for travelling; he will bring me heaps of flowers. He will tell me I may yet get better, and I shall smile, well knowing that I soon shall be better, much better, in heaven. Then he will go away again, and you may come: will you?"

"Yes," sobbed Alice, "I will come every day."

Poor child!

A silence followed. The dying woman's sister put her arm round Alice and drew her away while the invisible angels, if indeed there are invisible angels, mutely blessed them—those two angels that were not invisible. Ah, reader, that was two years ago; they are very different now—very different they were when I last saw them smiling, chatting, and laughing together; more beautiful, but very different, for they both are mothers.

And Philip Yewburton? I do not know. I never ask. I see and hear sad things enough without going out of my way to seek them.

HOW TO DRESS ON TWENTY POUNDS A YEAR.

TWO PRIZE PAPERS.*

I.

GRANTING the possession of good taste and judgment in order to apportion this sum to the best advantage, it is quite possible to dress well and suitably in every respect, without exceeding the sum mentioned, as the writer hopes to make clear in this paper.

Many ladies with a limited allowance are able, by making their own dresses, to save dressmakers' expenses, and, consequently, to spend more money on the materials, but as many cannot (or have not time to) do this, it would be obviously one-sided, in proposing a scheme for the management of a dress allowance, to take for granted that dresses should be made at home. Moderate dressmaking charges are, therefore, allowed for in each case; but in the matter of millinery, most girls with taste can trim their own hats or bonnets, thus saving considerably.

It will simplify matters for our purpose to divide the year into two portions, winter and summer, and we shall first deal with winter garments, the most important of which will be required about October. In selecting a dress for winter, a dark and serviceable colour should be chosen. Navy blue and dark olive or myrtle-green are always good and never unfashionable, whilst for delicacies of tone we have dark shades of all the best colours in Umritzur cloth, a most beautiful and durable fabric. That sold for 25s. the dress-piece is thick and soft, while velvet dyed to match each shade costs 4s. 6d. the yard. Supposing a dress length at 25s. to be chosen, with velvet 4s. 6d., foundation, linings, &c., 5s. 6d., and cost of making 15s., the entire cost of a handsome, artistic, and most durable winter dress is £2 10s. We may assume at least one of last winter's dresses to be in good wearing condition as a secondary one, and these will be found sufficient for winter and early spring wear.

A black cloth jacket, well cut, but plain (which is the

* Between the authors of these two papers was divided the Prize offered by the Editor for the best paper on this subject.

best style), will cost £1 10s., and a hat either to match the dress in colour, or what is almost better, a black hat or bonnet (felt or velvet), in which some detail of the trimming, as a small wing, matches the dress, and may be replaced by different colours to match other dresses, should cost 10s. 6d.

Boots should always be good, and well (not tight) fitting. One pair of new boots will be required for winter wear, and will cost £1 1s., whilst 4s. 6d. will go for a pair of house-shoes. Four pairs of cashmere stockings, black, or the dark colour of dress, cost 8s.; and a serviceable silk umbrella, 10s. 6d. For renewal of under-clothing £1 10s. is allowed, and we have now provided for all but the small, though important, items of gloves, handkerchiefs, lace, and other details of dress. Very good long gloves are to be bought in many shades at only 2s. the pair, and 8s. may be allowed for four pairs at this price. Darkest bronze-green Suède will be found a most useful colour, and will go with any dress: the tan shades have the latter advantage, but not the former, as they soil so quickly. With regard to handkerchiefs, one dozen of very good white cambric, costing 15s. at most, will last for more than the year, so this item is finally disposed of. Collars and cuffs, or lace for morning wear, we shall put down at 5s. An evening dress could not, of course, be managed out of this allowance—that is, compatibly with being well dressed on ordinary occasions, which is the important point—but for home or other quiet evening wear, a dark dress may be most becomingly lightened by the addition of one of the pretty soft white vests which are so useful. Three of these made of Indian muslin and lace will last for a long time, or a silk kerchief, contrasting with the dress, may be used in the same way most effectively. The expense of these will be covered by 7s. 6d.

We have now supplied all wants extending over the winter months, and have spent half the allowance, viz. £10, as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Dress	2	10	0
Jacket	1	10	0
Hat		10	6
Boots	1	1	0
House Shoes		4	6
Stockings (4 pairs)		8	0
Umbrella		10	6
Under-clothing (including Corsets)	1	10	0
Gloves (4 pairs)		8	0
Handkerchiefs (one dozen)		15	0
Collars, Lace, &c.		5	0
Three muslin and lace evening Vests		7	6
	£10	0	0

We now turn to summer clothing, which will be required about the end of April. Beginning with dresses, it may be observed that washing gowns are the reverse of economical, as most girls with small allowances are aware. In choosing two summer dresses, which should be suitable for many occasions, discretion must be exercised. For the more dressy of the two we shall select one of summer cashmere (Umritzur) at £1 1s. the dress-length. With making and other expenses this dress will cost £2 2s. Very light shades must be avoided where economy is an object, but the neutral shades are so very pretty that there is no hardship in confining our choice to them. The second dress will be required for more general wear, and should be thoroughly serviceable. A grey homespun or beige gown will be found most useful; it should not be too light in colour, and should be simply and tastefully made. This will be suitable for walking or for seaside wear, also (with the addition of some items which will be found in our smaller purchases) for boating or tennis. The cost of the grey gown (making included) will be £1 10s. A thin cloth jacket, or a fur cape for spring and autumn wear, costs £1 1s. or so. For a jacket black is preferable, plain and well cut; if a coloured one is chosen it should be darkest brown or green. Should a cape be purchased instead of a jacket, a very good one (say raccoon fur) may be had for one guinea, but it would perhaps be better to have a sealskin one, costing £1 10s., and we shall leave a reserve fund to allow for the latter sum. A pretty straw hat or bonnet for summer wear on dressy occasions should cost only 8s. 6d., and a straw sailor hat, with a white or cream ribbon round it, for country wear, tennis, &c., will be 4s. Two pairs of walking shoes will deduct £1 1s. from the fund, and six pairs of good lisle thread stockings will be 12s. For a sunshade 10s. 6d. may be allowed; a cream, coffee, or string-coloured one is best, and will be correct with any dress. Three pairs of Suède or silk long gloves will cost 6s. For renewal of under-clothing £1 will be found amply sufficient, and 5s. will go for lace for neck and sleeve trimmings.

We have now, after providing for all requirements, a reserve fund of £1, unless £1 10s. has been spent on a sealskin cape, in which case we have a surplus of 11s. Either sum may be invested in such articles as a pretty tennis-apron (4s. 6d. or 5s. 6d.), and a sash to match the cashmere dress, and which can also be worn with the grey (the sash will cost from 4s. 6d.). The surplus may go for silk neckerchiefs, collars and cuffs, or lace. The following is a summary of the summer's wardrobe:—

	£	s.	d.	
Dress (cashmere)	2	2	0	
,, (homespun or beige)	1	10	0	
Jacket or Cape	1	1	0	(or 30s.)
Hat		8	6	
,,		4	0	
Shoes (2 pairs)	1	1	0	
Stockings (6 pairs)		12	0	
Sunshade		10	6	
Gloves (3 pairs)		6	0	
Under-clothing	1	0	0	
Lace		5	0	
Sash, Tennis-apron, and other articles	1	0	0	(or 11s.)
	£10	0	0	

Having submitted a Dress Scheme for one year on an allowance of £20, it is only necessary to add that this paper is based on practical experience, and that the writer trusts it may prove of equally practical use to ladies who wish to dress well and tastefully on a small allowance.

Thomasine Hope-Johnstone.

II.

To dress on £20 a year a lady must be prepared to go without many things that are often considered indispensable: she must do without silks and costly furs; she must be content with a plain handle to her umbrella; she must be willing to wear a jacket or mantle for two seasons or more, even if it be not the latest pattern; she must eschew all bargains in the way of cheap materials for dresses, as she cannot afford to wear anything that is not thoroughly good; she must avoid dressmakers' bills, and must buy the materials for her own gowns and have them made under her own eye.

A lady with small means ought to be able to do little items of work for herself, and not pay for every trifling alteration in her clothes. She should make her own under-clothing, and be able to trim a hat or bonnet for ordinary wear.

Then, and this is a most important point, she must take care of her clothes. When she has a new morning dress she must not wear it to water her plants, put out stores, or pick strawberries for jam, but must keep an old one for all occasions when there is a possibility of its being torn or stained. She must not wear a light dress on which every speck of mud would show, in the streets on a showery day, and she would be wise to keep an old hat or bonnet for wet weather.

Materials of mixed wool and cotton should be avoided, also such colours as will not wash or will fade in the sun.

The style of dress must vary considerably according to the abode of the wearer—whether it be in town or country. In the latter she may wear more washing fabrics and light colours than are possible in a town, but she will require stronger boots and more of them. Her hats will be far less expensive, and she will not need many bonnets.

In the following table a scheme is made stretching over three years. It must be borne in mind that the lady does not start without clothes at the beginning of the first year, but has by her old dresses, half worn and fairly good, boots, linen, and out-door clothing.

FIRST YEAR.

	£	s.	d.
Thick Woollen Gown	2	0	0
Making do.		12	6
Cotton Gown		15	0
Making do.		7	6
Thin Woollen Gown	1	10	0
Making do.		10	0
Evening Gown	1	10	0
Making do.		10	0
Carried forward	£7	15	0
Brought forward	7	15	0
1 Pair Walking Boots		17	6
1 do. do. Shoes		10	6
1 do House Shoes		6	6
1 do. do. Slippers		4	6
Under-clothing	1	0	0
Stays		18	6
Stockings		10	0
1 Bonnet	1	1	0
1 Hat or Bonnet		18	6
Retrimming do		15	0
Winter Jacket	2	2	0
Gloves	1	0	0
Waterproof Cloak	1	1	0
Lace, Collars, and Sundries	1	0	0
	£20	0	0

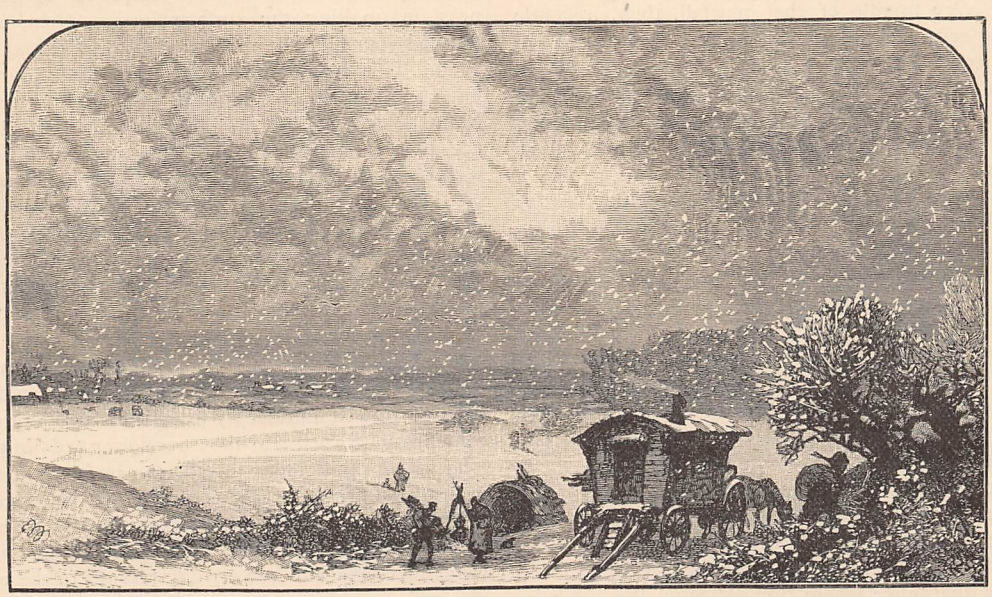
SECOND YEAR.

	£	s.	d.
Velveteen Gown	2	10	0
Making do.		12	6
Gown of light material that may be worn in the evening	1	10	0
Making do.		10	0
Medium Woollen Gown	1	10	0
Making do.		10	0
1 Pair Walking Boots		17	6
1 do. House Shoes		6	6
1 do. Tennis Shoes		5	6
Under-clothing	1	0	0
1 Winter Petticoat		8	0
Stockings		10	0
1 Bonnet	1	1	0
1 Hat or Bonnet		18	6
Retrimming do		15	0
Mantle (Summer)	2	2	0
Gloves	1	0	0
Silk Umbrella		17	6
Parasol		10	0
Dressing-Gown	1	1	0
Lace, Collars, and Sundries	1	5	0
	£20	0	0

THIRD YEAR.

	£	s.	d.
Thick Woollen Gown	2	0	0
Making do.		12	6
Evening Gown	2	0	0
Making do.		10	0
Thin Woollen Gown	1	10	0
Making do.		10	0
Cotton Gown		15	0
Making do.		7	6
1 Pair Walking Boots		17	6
1 do. do. Shoes		10	6
1 do. House Shoes		6	6
1 do. do. Slippers		4	6
1 Bonnet	1	1	0
1 Hat or Bonnet		18	6
Retrimming do.		10	0
Under-clothing	1	0	0
Stays		18	6
Winter Jacket	2	2	0
Gloves	1	0	0
Muff	1	1	0
Stockings		10	0
Lace, Collars, and Sundries		15	0
	£20	0	0

E. DIBDIN.



JANUARY GARDENING.

IF there be one month more than another in which the temptation comes strong upon us to let our garden take care of itself, it is this month of January: the ice-bound, or it may be the fog and rain-tangled look of things outside, and the allurements of Christmas festivities inside the house almost determine us to abandon horticulture until the spring comes. Gardeners, however, who are thorough gardeners, know that this is a delusion and a snare. Now, until the winter is actually upon us, we rarely know what kind of a season we are to expect; a very severe one, on the one hand, tries and often kills some of the more delicate plants, while a mild and damp winter is perhaps quite as injurious, as it is generally followed by very bitter spring winds, which are sometimes still more disastrous in their cutting off young shoots that have been prematurely forced on by the milder weather. We are not sure that, of the two seasons, the last-named is not, in the long run, more fatal in its effects in the garden, while the adage as to the "green yule" and the "fat churchyard" is sufficiently familiar.

Well, then, let us put the questions alternately: What shall we do in the garden in a severe winter, and then, what shall we do in a mild one? How then, first of all, are our shrubbery and flower garden to fare in a severe and prolonged frost? For instance, our tulips, and all our bulb collection—such as our hyacinths, &c.—had better have some protection thrown over them in the shape of long straw or peas haulm; it is very important that no frost should reach the bulb itself. Where, however, a deep snow has fallen almost simultaneously with the keen frost, there is perhaps less anxiety about the bulbs or any plants that, with the life still strong in them, are nevertheless asleep under the ground. Indeed, were we to select one day for an idle one in the garden itself, we should choose the day after a really deep snow: though even here, as we are still on the supposition of a severe winter, we might suggest an hour or two's work with a hoe or a long and strong walking-stick, shaking off carefully the heaviest of the snow that you see is simply overweighting your fine shrubs. Many a goodly tree or shrub has simply been ruined and perhaps killed, or, at all events, the shape and beauty of it entirely destroyed by the smashing weight of

snow that has been ruthlessly allowed to remain on it. In the very middle of the snowfall, then, a gentle shaking or tapping of the young trees and shrubs will be of great assistance to them. But by no means remove the snow from your garden beds—whether in the flower or kitchen garden; it is a warm protection of the best kind, and one that nature seems to have provided.

Then as to some garden operations in a mild winter: this often implies soft and drizzling weather, with a damp and muggy atmosphere. Hence we can, in a season of this sort, carry on our heavy garden changes that we began perhaps in October last. It may have been that at that time they were on a scale too large to allow of their being continued; and a season of this sort is the very one in which to carry out and perfect our original design. Or, again, in this open weather we may go on vigorously trimming and pruning our shrubbery, and make it eventually grow and shoot out into any form we please.

Another grand and important alteration we can now make in our garden is upon the lawn—a part of horticulture too often neglected. We sometimes notice, perhaps, that, after severe thunder-rains, the water in some few spots on the lawn forms for a short time a small lake, and after all has subsided, a little more careful inspection will reveal a decided settlement of the soil. In this open weather, then, see that all this is remedied: have in a sufficient quantity of new turf—for you will find that in many places where the lawn has been exposed to the drip from overhanging trees, some of your turf will be either dead or nearly so. Have the new turfs cut three feet in length and a foot wide, and then each one neatly rolled up in the treacle-pudding fashion of our school-days, otherwise you will find them awkward to handle, and liable to break in the operation. Before, however, laying your new turf, have the ground on which it is to come accurately levelled—and in this you cannot be too particular, even though you go to the trouble of borrowing the carpenter's spirit-level for the purpose—or all your work may have to be done over again. Worse still, you may do positive harm to your lawn by carelessness in making the surface level. Next, having levelled your ground, well roll it so that it may be all solid. This being done, take care that your turfs have been cut all of a uniform thickness, or you will again be in trouble. Assuming, then, that all these precautions have been taken, what remains to be done is fairly easy. When unrolled, lay the turfs side by side and very close to each other, each row being pushed close to its neighbour with the back of your rake, afterwards beaten down well, and finally rolled with a good heavy roller. You will afterwards have the satisfaction of seeing your lawn as even and level as your drawing-room carpet.

Once again, as to the open flower garden: any beds in which there is positively nothing might with advantage be well and deeply trenched and manured, as sometimes we are apt to allow our flower beds to go too long without thoroughly turning the surface soil, which in process of time, must therefore grow exhausted.

Then, as to our window gardening, to which perhaps we find ourselves occasionally more driven this month: we cannot expect to be very gay just yet in the way of bloom; true, we may have a few gay crocuses in pots, and our hyacinths, if we have taken pains with them, will before long be beginning to show; but palms and varieties of the dracena are admirably adapted for the window.

Again, in the fruit garden: new trees of all kinds may be planted here in a mild winter, or during any period of good open weather. Of course the autumn is the better time for this, but we are now supposing that autumn is lasting from October to nearly the end of January—a by no means uncommon thing. In fruit-tree planting, if your soil be rich and moderately deep, there will be no need to manure it first of all.

As to our now well-stocked greenhouse: give all the air you can, choosing the best time of the day for this; yet, in a time of hard frost and east wind, some little caution here will be needful; but give *some* air, tempered if you will through a gauze protection, either by the door or by the lights.

"CHRISTMAS WEATHER!"

THE sleet beats fast on the casement pane,
The icicles freeze together,
And sharp winds blow o'er the mounds of snow,
For 'tis right good Christmas weather!

The sleet beats fast, and the sharp wind blows
Over the gorse and the heather,
But my Lady Bountiful, out she goes
In the right good Christmas weather.

What cares she for the sleet and the wind,
And the snow-flakes light as a feather?
In furs well clad, her heart is glad,
For 'tis right good Christmas weather!

Yet many must suffer, too well she knows,
When want and cold come together;
So my Lady Bountiful, out she goes
In the right good Christmas weather.

And wherever she steps a warm light glows
Over the gorse and the heather,
And hearts that were sad are hearts made glad
In the right good Christmas weather!

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

"MY LADY BOUNTIFUL, OUT SHE GOES
IN THE RIGHT GOOD CHRISTMAS WEATHER."

"CHRISTMAS WEATHER!" (*p.* 90).

PACKING PARCELS INTO HAMPERS.

THE PARCEL POST.

THERE is, perhaps, no Government establishment that affords so much satisfaction to the public as the Post Office. The reason of this is not far to seek; for, in addition to the efficient manner in which it discharges its numerous and important functions, it does not fall upon the already overburdened shoulders of the taxpayer for its support. It has, moreover, especially of late years, uniformly shown itself eager to adapt itself to the varying and growing needs of the community. Changes in a concern that has the collection and distribution of two thousand million letters, post-cards, newspapers, &c., yearly, that transacts the telegraph business of the country, that is also a medium for effecting payments by means of money and postal orders, and does a savings-bank, life assurance, and annuity business, are not to be undertaken lightly, and imply an amount of thought and consideration of detail that can be understood only by those actually engaged in the matter. Notwithstanding these difficulties, however, the Post Office seems to be ever ready to accommodate itself to the public requirements, in which respect it is an example not only to other Government institutions, but also to many private enterprises.

It is now three years since the Parcel Post was introduced, the greatest postal improvement yet made, after the penny post. The people of this country will not soon forget the man under whose auspices this great reform was inaugurated. It was Mr. Fawcett (to whom we are indebted for many other minor improvements in the same department of the public service) who undertook and successfully accomplished all the preliminaries necessary to pave the way for the practical realisation of this great scheme; and so thoroughly does he appear to have mastered the details connected with it, that he was able after the first year to make a prediction that has been verified. Sir William Harcourt, in his first Budget speech, gracefully referring to this, remarked: "I desire to say one word of a man whose memory I am sure is cherished by the House—I mean the late Mr. Fawcett. In July, 1884, he predicted that the number of parcels would be 27,000,000. The figures of last year (1885–6) are 26,527,000. That, I think, will show that his foresight and prediction were accurate." In this connection, too, mention must be made of the services, already recognised by the State, of Mr. F. E. Baine, C.B., to whose untiring zeal and capacity for organisation much is due. At this moment, the Foreign and Colonial Post is advancing month by month under his skilful guidance, and it may safely be predicted that before very long postal relations for parcels will have been established with every quarter of the globe.

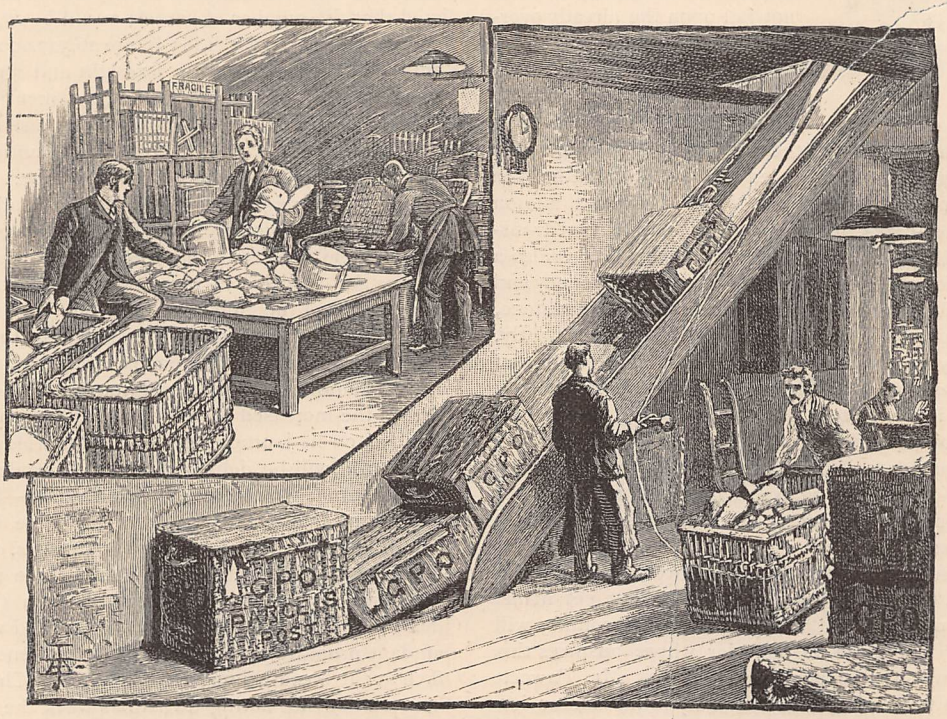
The benefits conferred upon the public by the Parcel Post are very apparent, and have contributed largely to swell the number of parcels sent throughout the country. There is the increased ease with which the parcel can be started on its journey; there is the knowledge of the time when it will be delivered, and the certainty of its being delivered; then there is the fixed charge—formerly there was no telling what expense might be incurred by sending a parcel by the railway companies, or where the charges would end. In addition to these palpable advantages, the public have confidence in the Post Office; and that this confidence is merited we have abundant proof from a casual visit to the General Post Office at the busiest time of the year, viz., Christmas. When we say that during Christmas week the amount of parcels sent through the Post Office is more than double what it ordinarily is, the reader will easily under-

stand that at such seasons the department can afford to lose no time. It consequently happens that a carelessly made-up parcel—and some of them are very carelessly made up—now and then comes undone. In such cases the unfortunate packet is taken to "the hospital," and carefully repaired. Here are a few of the invalids that we observed undergoing treatment. A fragile card-board box containing three eggs, all of which were smashed, three new pennies, and three pieces of holly. Another patient, also a card-board box, consisted of one fig, one raisin, one almond, a piece of cake, and a piece of Christmas pudding. Another was a brown paper parcel, containing a small wheel-barrow, a trumpet, nuts, sweets, oranges, a cake, a piece of pork, a jacket, and some tea and sugar. Another was a tin box full of raw tripe, about four pounds in quantity. Another brown paper parcel had a pound of tea with a half-sovereign in it. A collection of varieties was next disclosed in a card-board box, consisting of half a cooked fowl, a piece of bread, a piece of cheese, two potatoes, a piece of Christmas pudding, and a piece of cake. We have just one more to mention: it was a thick card-board box full of exceedingly precious articles! These were one envelope, one sheet of note-paper, an old pen, a very small bottle of ink, two half-penny postage stamps, and a piece of blotting-paper. It was surely sent in jest, this packet, for the whole contents, if sold, would not fetch enough to defray the expense of carriage. We could not help imagining what would have become of these frail parcels if they had been in the hands of the railway companies. The fact is, however, people would not take so much liberty with the companies, and we may assume that such parcels as those noticed are amongst the additional trade that was expected to follow on the introduction of the Parcel Post.

By the courtesy of Mr. Hunter, superintendent of the Parcel Post Department at St. Martin's-le-Grand, we are able to give our readers a list of the more curious articles that have been observed in transit. An unpleasant commodity to be damaged was a small wooden box, containing two live snakes. These were of course destroyed, for reasons that every one will readily appreciate. They might have belonged to a harmless species, still, Post Office officials cannot be expected to be naturalists; besides, it is not every one that has the nerve to handle a snake, even though assured that it is perfectly innocuous. Not quite so disagreeable to put together, yet bad enough in its way, was a tin box full of live leeches, which were consequently sent on to their destination at Derby.

Here is rather a stupid collection to put together, especially, as was the case, in warm weather: curling irons, a pair of garters and socks, and some ice cream. The thoughtless packer, intent on pleasing a juvenile palate, never dreamt that the ice cream might melt. It did though, and soaked the other articles.

Amongst other members of the animal world that have been observed were two tame mice in a wire cage; in a basket were two live pigeons; in a small cage was a field mouse; in a wooden box were about a hundred and fifty frogs, all alive and duly sent on; then all the way from Belgium came two live canaries in a cage, and a day or two after from the same country two live



(1) PARCELS IN HAMPERS COMING IN FROM THE RAILWAY DEPÔTS. (2) OPENING THE HAMPERS AND SORTING PARCELS.

paroquets. Just before Primrose Day in 1886, ten thousand packets of primroses were sent from the country to London. We are not aware that firewood is scarce at Saffron Walden, and if it were, one would hardly think the Post Office the best medium, on the ground of expense, for relieving such scarcity; all the same, however, nine small bundles of this very useful and necessary article in the domestic world passed through the Post Office last March—an exceedingly cold month, as readers may remember, and therefore making a present of firewood or any other combustible material exceedingly desirable at that time. From Arbroath, a town in Forfarshire, there came up to a charity school in London a collecting box full of money, not secured in any way except by being wrapped round with brown paper and a piece of string, which had become loose, and was carefully replaced before the parcel left the office. A similar packet came from Bournemouth, destined for a boys' home in London. It was in June that these offerings were made, and it might be a reasonable inference to make that they were in response to the appeals, frequent in the summer, for funds to afford an outing to the unfortunate little ones that are so numerous in our large cities.

AT THE LIFT—DESPATCHING PARCELS IN BOXES.

An interesting proof that the Parcel Post is more expeditious than other carrying agencies was furnished in 1885. The then Postmaster-General caused a hundred test parcels to be sent from different places in the country to other places at a distance by the Parcel Post, and at the same time the same number of parcels were sent through the railway companies and other agencies from and to the same places, a record being kept of the times of despatch and delivery. Out of the hundred sent by the Parcel Post, seventy-one arrived earlier than the corresponding seventy-one sent by any other agency. The average time occupied by the hundred sent through the Post Office was twenty hours and twenty minutes, while the average time in the other cases was twenty-five hours and fifty minutes. Here, however, the advantages of the Parcel Post do not stop, for all the hundred that went through the post were delivered at the houses of those to whom they were addressed; in the other cases nearly three-fourths of the parcels were left at the nearest railway station. In addition to all this, it was found that the Post Office was, on the whole, the cheaper mode of conveyance, sixty-eight cases out of the hundred being less, twenty-four being equal, and eight only being more. It is somewhat surprising that the Post Office should be able to carry parcels cheaper than the railway companies, seeing that it has to pay the latter fifty-five pounds out of every hundred it receives on account of parcels sent by rail. Surprising though this is, there it is proved as clearly as the nature of the case will admit. We shall revert to this further on; meanwhile, here is another point of superiority possessed by the post over other carriers—it damages fewer packages. For every ten thousand parcels only one is damaged; it is also ascertained that only one out of every ten thousand is lost; even this small liability to accident may be said to be now reduced as nearly to zero as is consistent with human fallibility, for compensation is now granted for damage, and moreover, by the payment of a small fee a parcel may be insured. In this respect the post has until recently been behind the private carriers, who acknowledge the receipt of a parcel in writing, and hold themselves responsible for its safe delivery.

In speaking of the Post Office charges for parcels as compared with the charges of other agencies, we expressed surprise that the former should be the lower, for besides having to disburse the greater proportion of its receipts to the railway companies, the Post Office has by far the most arduous part of the work to do in collecting and distributing the parcels sent through it, the railways having simply to convey them from station to station. It is quite true that up till now the Parcel Post has not paid. In the year 1884-5 it was carried on at a loss of £90,000; the receipts of the year 1885-6 exceeded those of the previous year by £40,000, and began to overtake the expenditure, a process which is expected to continue. If we were to judge the Parcel Post by these facts alone, we should be in error. The increased convenience of this post has undoubtedly increased the number of parcels sent throughout the country, and from this country to other countries. Now when any one despatches a parcel, he generally writes a letter, or at least a post-card, and when any one receives a parcel he generally does the same. Thus the Parcel Post stimulates letter-writing, and there ought certainly to be placed to its credit a considerable sum derived from the letter service. It is, therefore, not so great a loss to the revenue as the figures would make it appear; moreover, we must judge so young an institution tenderly, for it has had a hard struggle

to attain the position it now occupies as the most comprehensive carrying agency in existence. It is now linked with the postal organisations on the Continent and in the colonies. This has increased its usefulness as well as its business, the foreign and colonial post sending and receiving six thousand packages per week.

We shall just say a word now about the chief office at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Here we have parcels coming in as they would at any other post office, being handed over the counter, weighed, stamped, and booked. For this purpose there are two counters, one facing the west for the convenience of those coming from that direction, the other facing the east for those coming thence. At these counters the ordinary business is at the rate of four thousand parcels per day. The other inlet for parcels is at the south end of the building, and receives all that are collected from the City and suburban offices as well as those passing through London.

In this end of the Post Office yard, scenes of rare bustle and animation are daily, and indeed hourly, to be witnessed. Van after van, with its freight of parcels, disengages itself smartly from the stream of vehicles which flows along Cheapside, rattles into the yard, and in a few minutes its cargo of parcels quietly descends by the hydraulic lift, which carries them to the sorting rooms below. From a platform in this yard, too, parcel despatches, in almost constant succession, are being hurried off to the principal London railway stations, at each of which, it should be remarked, there is a large Post Office depôt, into which, and from which, parcels are collected and delivered over a large surrounding area.

These latter and the parcels received at the counters are sent down to the basement, where they are sorted into racks, each rack being devoted to a certain district or town, the name of which is painted in large letters. From these racks the parcels are then removed by packers, those for one destination being carefully packed in one basket, and those for another in another, and so on. These baskets are then sealed, placed on a hydraulic lift, and hoisted into the vans, to be conveyed to the railway station. Everything is done with such method and such care that mistakes are next to impossible, and the only feeling with which one can view the scene on a busy day is a feeling of admiration for a truly wonderful system.

W. B. R.

NOTHING FOR NOUGHT.

A GREAT deal might be written and very curious information given upon the whole subject of advertisements past and present, but it is only now to one class of them that we particularly wish to draw attention: a class most specially attractive in these days—the offers of work.

"Work for the Unemployed;" "Work for the Half-employed;" "Work for the Clever;" "Work for the Ignorant;" "Work to gain an Income;" "Work to gain Pocket-money." "None of it troublesome!" "All of it genuine!" "Position no hindrance!" "Distance no drawback!" "For those in society, work!" "For far-away country-folk, work!"

Such has been the tenor of the advertisement sheet of the newspapers through the many long weeks of the last few months.

No one, it may be taken for granted, is so fond of work as not to substitute for it in his own mind that which it represents—money. And is that indeed to be obtained so easily?

We speak only of what we have read. It is in print; it must be true. "No previous knowledge required." So runs the advertisement. "Easy work; pleasant work; no pressure as to time; work to be done in your *leisure moments*—not even your disengaged *hours*. Quite private; no one need know anything about it. If you are a lady you remain a lady still." (No one need know that you *worked* to buy your pretty hat!—such must be the inference intended.) "Ten shillings, twenty shillings, forty shillings easily gained every week." Oh, delightful!

The pay is higher, certainly, than we are accustomed to hear of as being earned by women easily. True, very clever embroiderers, card-painters, or copyists may occasionally command the highest of these sums, and obtain it with less labour than those who can only gain the lowest. But what of that? It is not for them that work is so earnestly needed; they are the few, and their skill is in demand; but that has nothing to do with our subject; the work offered in these advertisements is so easy that it needs no knowledge or experience or special faculty. In some exceptional cases a little instruction may be required, but then success is assured at fixed periods:—*e.g.*, drawing of ordinary kinds you shall do in a week; designing, arabesques, flowers, &c., soon after. You need never have had a pencil in your hand before or seen a paint-brush, yet in a specified number of days you shall draw the human form divine with perfect accuracy—nay, more, with the success which is the test of excellence—the remunerative evidence of a weekly salary!

Why, then, do we allow these golden offers to require repetition day by day and week by week? Surely the laziest of the "upper classes of either sex" might find something inviting enough in such work to induce them to rush in and fill their purses.

There is, however, one small stipulation. You must buy your tools; no one can work without his tools. In order to make quite sure of their being good—so good that not even a bad workman can complain of them—you *must* buy them of your employer. Then if, unfortunately, after all these precautions, your unpractised hand should not produce work quite up to the standard he has set before his mind's eye, the ten or twenty shillings you have paid him for materials will, though he is forced to reject your work, secure him from any loss your want of skill might have occasioned him by the expense of correspondence and the advertisements of which you availed yourself. While, on the other hand, if your artistic powers are undeniably equal to the work, and yet, perchance, his market be at the time overstocked, so that a quantity of good work coming in weekly would be embarrassing, he can, acting on the impulse of an honourable man, employ and pay you until you have been quite reimbursed for the outlay on the materials.

Who can complain? You lose nothing—nay, you gain, for you have no doubt some of the paints left—he loses nothing; he made his little gain on the sale of the materials, and he has your work to sell. Plainly, this is a most admirably just distribution of work and profits. Oh, but your time and skill! Bah! what is the value of that? It was only for leisure time and ignorance that he advertised.

A fee of one, two, or three guineas, paid for instruction, is supposed to carry with it a promise of employment—for how long, we believe is not specified.

All these money-making promises demand your time and trouble in experimenting and inquiring. They are disheartening—perhaps you have called them so. Let me, then, introduce the seekers after profits to another and easier road designed to reach the same happy end.

You are in "society"; you see many people; you hear much talk on many subjects—house-building, furnishing, decoration, investments. Among your extensive acquaintance there are many who want a little advice on matters great or small.

Get up a subject—several subjects. Offer your services, or, more correctly, accept the offered engagement of a company, a firm, a syndicate—by any name 'twill pay as well—become their agent; then your advice, offered gratis to your friend, will be gain to you as well as to him, or whatever it may prove to him. The locks on his doors, the screws to his windows, the paper adorning his walls, the grate by which he sits to enjoy the ruddy glow—nay, the very coals which produce that genial heat, may all, if you but understand your work, be made to contribute to your yearly income.

What a happy thought for your friend, were he but cognisant of it! Surely the gratitude he feels for your kind help would sparkle and run over if he but knew the whole.

You may go a step further in the course of mutual assistance. People in society are not all rich. How invaluable is the advice of a friend—not a professional financial adviser—who "understands about things," and can give good counsel upon small concerns in the stockbroking way—"things" that will make small savings yield a good dividend. Why, if you can impart such knowledge, is it not fair that you should have a fee?—paid, of course, by the company you serve. In this case, again, you effect a double good—one to your neighbour, the other, more certain, to yourself.

If you live away in the country, out of society's reach, there are still many things you can use for your self-help business.

There is paint, and cattle medicine; there are new pens, and nickel silver pencil-cases, but that last venture has been rather discredited. There must be also, though far beyond the reach of all ordinary aspirations, the position of head promoter to each of these beneficent schemes of the enviable potentate who, unlike the curmudgeon of our early years, scatters broadcast invitations to all comers to "pick up gold and silver on Tom Tiddler's ground."

Who invents the schemes? Who justifies them? Who are taken in by them? are the questions which arise in one's mind after some investigation and a little experience on the subject.

The last question is the one most easily answered. Over the two first there hangs a mystery which it may be as well not to seek to solve.

We know that a good many hungry fish must rise to the bait, or the line would not be worth the trouble of throwing. They belong to two classes, the larger of which comprises those who do not believe, or who have not lived long enough to understand, that nothing is to be had for nought—that if they offer Mr. A. or Mr. B. perfect ignorance and scraps of time, however kindly he may assure them that such shoddy is all he desires, he will not give anything worth having in return. By the same rule, having advertised for what "any one can do," there is no contract binding him to esteem or remunerate valuable work as of any greater worth than what he asked for.

Good work is always to be bought. The man who advertises a high remuneration for work that "any one" can do will soon find the market glutted, and cease to pay, or will pay good work badly.

The other class of dupes consists of people who are always on the look-out for money *easily* made—for work without labour, which, in truth, never does and never will produce anything more than an occasional and accidental flash in the pan. They are the same kind of persons whom we may imagine likely to answer another description of advertisement in which, for the consideration of £50 or so, paid to-morrow, you are assured that you shall receive employment or interest worth £500—some day.

It is a melancholy evidence of the ignorance and gullibility of thousands in our midst, that it should be

worth the while of speculators to make so many offers of these kinds. There is nothing new in them, except their multiplicity.

Besides these offers of work easily done and well paid, and these agencies for helping to make others happy, comfortable, and rich, there is yet another description of advertisement addressed to the literary, the intellectual, the amateur who would fain see himself in print, the writer who would be an author could he but get ducats for his thoughts.

"Come!" cry the voices of more than two or three societies; "come to us; we will help you; we will advise you. Your talent need no longer be hidden. You have offered your wares in the market, and in vain. Ah! publishers are unappreciative; editors are over-busy; but we—we have nothing to do. We will read for the publisher; we will advise the editor. Your MS. shall be weighed and sold—at least, we hope so; if not the first, then the second, the third, the fourth. Continue to write; continue to send us your guinea yearly; subscribe to our magazine, and do not fear—we will try what we can do for you. Look at our list; did you ever read any of the books to which we have acted guardian? Look at the names of our patrons, and be persuaded. Just for the sake of a few guineas will you let your MS. remain ever a manuscript? You think that from a publisher or an editor you have the best chance of getting a right judgment. Do you not know that the world is governed by go-betweens? Pay your money and confide in us."

It is strange indeed if, between art, literature, and finance, sensational tales, society paragraphs, Stock Exchange syndicates, and word competitions, something is not to be gained by the experience one derives from the tempting offers of would-be benefactors.

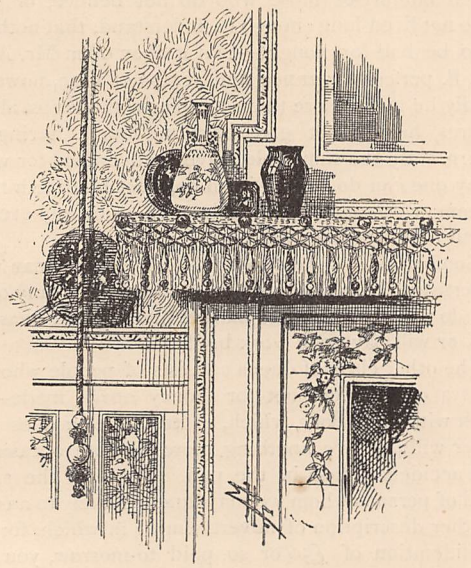
Something—but it is a salutary lesson, to find that work is work, all promises to the contrary notwithstanding.

C. W.

MORE HINTS ABOUT ARTISTIC FURNITURE.

HANGINGS.

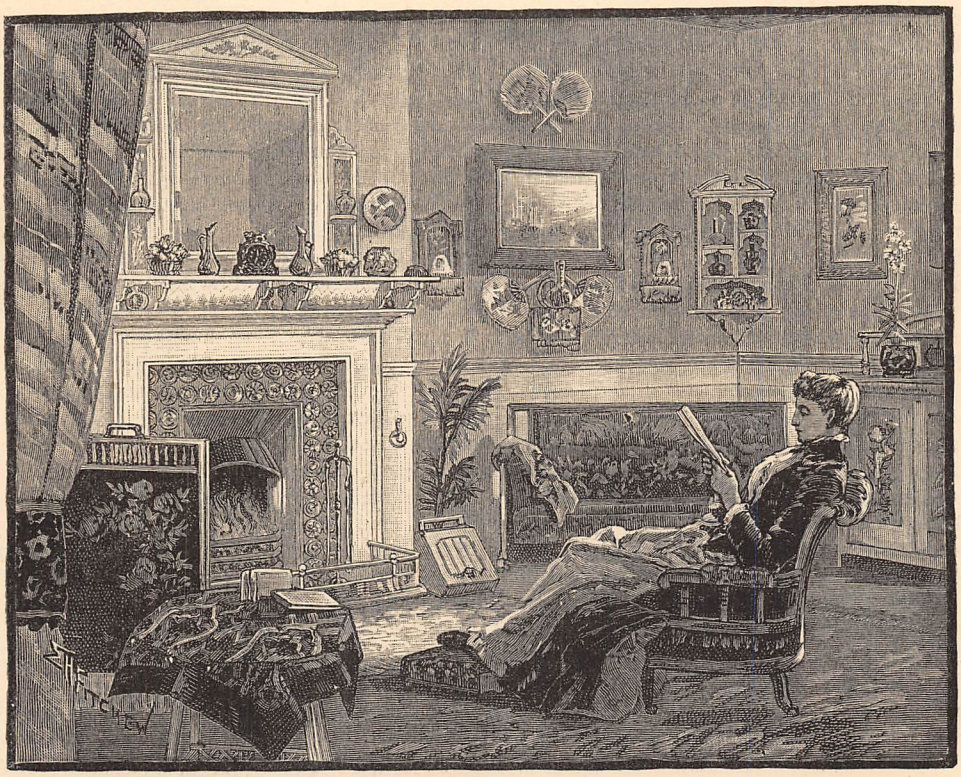
AS I turned to examine the carpets, curtains, and furniture coverings in the set of rooms I was describing last month,* I was struck with the wonderful change the last few years have worked in such things; instead of the then fashionable magenta and pea-green rep curtains which, in turn with stiff netted cotton, used to adorn our windows, we now see soft hanging serge, art plush, and the lightest Madras muslin. The largely-beflowered, many-coloured carpets are things of the past; even in first-class lodging-houses they only live in memory. In some rooms the white wool hearth-rug is still a cherished idol, upon which no chair may ever be placed, but its reign is nearly over: it is being fast hurried to the dye-pot, and will end its days a peacock-blue or sage-green harmony instead of a white atrocity.



MOORISH MANTEL-FRIEZE AND BELL-PULL.

To properly describe the hangings in this set of rooms, it will be best to take them one by one, as only minute details can give an idea of the appearance of the whole. The first room I entered was small and square, with two rather large windows side by side; it struck me as being very richly furnished. The same tone of colour was used for walls, carpet, curtains, and coverings, but in different degrees: the walls were papered with a plain unpatterned paper of light Venetian red; a wooden dado ran round the room and was painted white, the same colour as the door and the window-shutters. The mantelpiece was also of white painted wood, and it stood out well from the Venetian red background. The entire floor was covered with Indian matting: not the ordinary cheap substance of white and red, for this was dyed in colours of the old Egyptian mattings, and is therefore just the thing for putting under Persian carpets; it can be bought in London at from two to four shillings a yard, according to quality and width. Over this was a Persian carpet, covering the centre of the room: it was fourteen feet nine by eleven feet one, and had cost twenty-nine pounds ten shillings; it was a small pattern, an Eastern design in quiet colours; it had been down for some years when I saw it, but showed no sign of wear. The Persian carpets cost money

* "Some Hints about Hand-painted Furniture." CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, December, 1886, p. 30.



A WELL-ARRANGED ROOM.

to buy, but are exceedingly durable. The chairs and sofa were covered with a new and very beautiful material called Brockham plush: it costs twelve and sixpence the yard at present, and is a wide width; the colour of this was a Venetian red ground, with a quaint design in gold and pink; the substance of the stuff is so thick that it does equally well for curtains. It had not been used for curtains in this instance, for the money spent upon the plush had been saved in the windows, though the uninitiated would be none the wiser; the curtains in material looked like rough and very thick bath towels; they were of a Venetian red ground, with diagonal stripes of red, blue, sage-green, and white; they are called Moorish curtains, and only cost sixteen and sixpence a pair. They can of course be bought in many colours. Much care and artistic work had been bestowed upon the smaller details in this room: the footstools, for instance, had been covered with Venetian red serge, and worked in crewels in an Indian pattern—blue, olive-green, and white.

In the adjoining room the decorations were of a different style. The room was large and long, with four high windows, and here economy had been the order of the day, for, in spite of care, a room of its size cannot be furnished for nothing—and yet what a pretty room it was! Taste and knowledge do so much more than money where beauty is concerned.

The floor was stained and polished, and the dark boards made a beautiful surface, upon which were thrown three or four large rugs made of dull Indian red felt, trimmed with a thick fringe of the same colour; these rugs are inexpensive, and look very well. I have seen them in bright orange-colour, when the effect upon the dark staining is exceedingly good. Two long sofas were covered with loose-fitting covers made out of Madagascar mats; these mats are woven in a pattern of well-blended stripes, and are most useful for furniture or for using on the floor. They are six feet six long, and cost aboout four and sixpence each. Some of the chairs were also covered with this material, while a dyed and patterned canvas, called kalamet, had been used for the others, as it went better than anything else with the mats; it can be bought from elevenpence the yard, and is very strong, and therefore most suitable for chairs. The mantel-border was made out of a mat, but instead of a fringe or lace edge, it had a novel and very pretty border of mosaic pottery balls of bright red, yellow, blue, green, and many other colours; it was just the edging to go well with the material, as it gave it the bright colour it seemed to want. A bell-rope made of cord and the same kind of coloured pottery hung at the side of the fire-place. These pottery trimmings are quite new, and are, I believe, only sold by one firm in London.

The window curtains were the chief triumph of art;

they looked like very coarse serge, but in reality they were made of ordinary house-flannel. Many yards had been bought at a small cost, and had been immersed for three or four days in a bath of coffee. They had come out a beautiful colour, and had since been embroidered in cross-stitch in Indian red. The embroidery went in the form of a wide band at the top and bottom of each curtain and across the middle. Cross-stitch was chosen for these particular curtains, because it is more suitable, in company with Madagascar coverings, than crewel patterns; but I have seen house-flannel worked with a bold crewel pattern, but not in crewel wools. The single Berlin wool is what is used, and it can be obtained in all the crewel art colours. A pattern of oranges, pomegranates, or cherries with the blossom, looks very well on this material, the fruit, when shown, being raised by French knots.

The dinner-table was being laid at one end of this room, and our attention was caught by a very pretty centre-piece for the table. A piece of white linen had been worked with a running conventional pattern, in china-blue washing cotton; this had been surrounded by a five-inch border of china-blue plush. Upon the centre of the work there stood four little wire horse-shoes, which were entirely covered with moss and flowers.

In the bed-room, the Madras muslin curtains were a pretty feature. They were cream ground, with a quaint pattern in darker colours of birds and flowers. These curtains are two yards wide, and only cost one shilling a yard, so they are within the means of many, and are constantly used for drawing-room windows. A very pretty screen had been made from a clothes-horse; the frame was painted black, and a piece of pretty blue and white cretonne had been lightly nailed from the top to the bottom. Another of the same kind had been painted bright scarlet, while white dimity had taken the place of coloured cretonne.

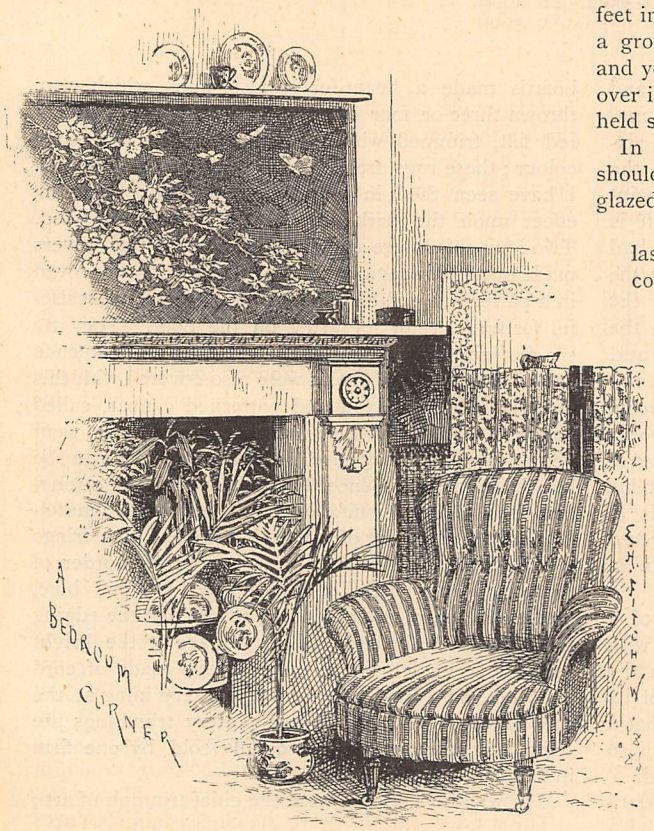
At the first sight this room looked like a sitting-room: there was no sign of a bed or a washing-stand; a comfortable sofa stood by the fire-place, and another delightful-looking wide couch was near the window. This, to our surprise, we found was the bed; it was one of those comfortable low beds made with no high foot-rail. In the day a loose-fitting cover of pretty chintz was placed over it; it kept the bed-clothes free from dust, and made the bed an ornamental adjunct to the room. The washing-stand was hidden by one of the pretty screens. The floor was covered with Indian matting of the ordinary kind, in a pattern of red and white. An Indian dhurrie had been used for the sofa and arm-chair. Dhurries measuring five feet in length can be everywhere bought for four shillings; for the coverings of chairs it is best to get them in dark colours—they will then wear for a long time.

The painting in this room had been confined to the back of the mantelpiece, where a piece of dark red American cloth had been fastened. It was the same length as the mantelpiece, and about three feet in width; it had been beautifully decorated with a group of white dog-roses and a flight of pale blue and yellow butterflies. A tiny shelf had been fastened over it, which ran the entire length of the cloth, and held some blue and white plates.

In buying American cloth for painting, great care should be used to obtain the dull kind, as the highly glazed sort never looks well.

I have left the exterior of the fire-place as the last object to describe. The mantelpiece was covered with a plain piece of velvet, which ran along the top and fell down on each side, but did not hide the front of the mantelpiece. The colour of the velvet on the mantelpiece was dark red, but the two side pieces were blue. This is considered the latest fashion in mantel-borders, and it is not so ugly as it sounds.

The interior of the fire-place was large and old-fashioned, with wide bars. To each bar little wire hooks had been fastened, to which blue and white plates had been hung. A large dish was at the back of the grate, and in the grate itself and on the hobs stood blue and white pots filled with india-rubber plants and palms, both of which grow easily anywhere. The bottom of the grate was covered with a piece of Indian matting, like the rest of the room.



LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER.

By ARABELLA M. HOPKINSON, Author of "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," "Pardoned." "Sweet Christabel," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE TRESIDDERS.

IN the library at Torworthy House, a large, lofty room, lined with book-cases, Mr. Tresidder sat alone, sunk in meditation. The evening sun, slanting through the open windows, fell on a tall, spare, good-looking man of about sixty, with small, almost effeminate features, and a general air of delicacy that gave people the impression that he was far from strong.

There was, however, plenty of vitality about Lewis Tresidder—a restless energy indeed in small things that had made him in his younger days a power in fashionable London society, and in later years the foremost man at the various foreign watering-places he had frequented with his wife and family.

The younger son of a good Cornish family, he had begun life in the Guards, and had married a Miss Burgoyne, a clever, handsome girl, who had died young, leaving him one son, whom she had named Paul, after little Paul in "Dombey and Son."

A very different child had he, however, proved to his namesake. Strong in body and mind, and difficult to manage, Mr. Tresidder had been only too glad to hand him over to his mother's family, and the loving care of her twin sister, Grace Burgoyne. When, a year or two later, she in her turn married, and went to Canada with her husband, she could not separate herself from her nephew, and begged that he might be allowed to accompany her.

Mr. Tresidder acceded all the more readily to her request in that he was just about to contract a second marriage with the Honourable Diana Lemesurier, the only daughter by a second wife of old Lord Bellairs, to whom a step-son was not particularly acceptable.

With this marriage, and Paul's departure, Colonel Tresidder, as he was then, turned his back on the past, sold out of the Guards, and commenced a roving life, which suited his wife, and in time came to suit him.

The second Mrs. Tresidder, like all the Lemesuriers, was a Bohemian at heart.

"All I ask is not to live in England," was her request to her husband, when they married. "England is so dull, and so detestably rich and respectable. Let me live in the land where you count your money by francs, and one can delude oneself with the idea that one is a millionnaire."

Mr. Tresidder had been nothing loth; not that he had the horror of England that his wife professed to have. On the contrary, he had a strong respect for all that she condemned; but the franc idea commended itself to his mind, as also the facilities the Continent offered for the cultivation of good society—an art in which he excelled.

So they wandered about from one place to another, according to the seasons, appearing from time to time in England, where lived Mrs. Tresidder's brother, Lord Bellairs, an eccentric bachelor, who shut himself up in absolute seclusion.

Some people said he had never recovered the shock he had experienced when his only brother Hugh, his wife, son, and daughter, had all been drowned in a squall on the Lake of Geneva; others, that he was merely a selfish hypochondriac. Be that as it might, not all Mr. Tresidder's ingenuity could effect an interview with his brother-in-law, whilst both his and his wife's most affectionate letters remained unanswered.

Hugh Lemesurier's death, accompanied by that of his only son, had made a considerable change in the aspect of the Tresidders' affairs. By it Mrs. Tresidder became her half-brother's heiress, and although he was but a poor nobleman, still a large landed property, even utterly neglected as his was, was not to be despised.

There was, however, one obstacle to this dream being fully realised. Hugh Lemesurier had had an elder daughter: wild, wilful, good-looking, like most of the members of her father's family. Surrounded from her infancy by an artistic, musical set, such as the Lemesuriers delighted in, no one had been astonished when, in direct opposition to her father's and mother's wishes, she had persisted in marrying a handsome Italian tenor, who had been permitted to have the run of the house, and encouraged to sing with her. In spite of these extenuating circumstances, Hugh Lemesurier had refused to forgive his daughter, and the newly-married couple had judged it advisable to retire to Italy till such time as the parental indignation had subsided. That time, however, had never come. A year after her marriage, Amy Manceschi had died unpardoned, in giving birth to a daughter, and the slight tie between Signor Manceschi and his parents-in-law had been completely severed by a curt letter from Mr. Lemesurier, in which he intimated that henceforward they were strangers to each other. From that day to this one that Mr. Tresidder sat meditating in his library, nothing had been heard of Amy Manceschi's husband, or of the little girl who had been the innocent

cause of her mother's death, and who by this time, if she were alive, must be a middle-aged woman.

After all, Lord Bellairs, the chronic invalid, had outlived his sister, Mrs. Tresidder, younger than he was by more than a score of years ; and at his death, without a will, Hugh, her only son, had stepped into his uncle's property without opposition. If Amy Manceschi's daughter was still alive, she was either indifferent to her just inheritance, or ignorant of her claims to it. At any rate, in spite of diligent advertising, and no pains being spared to discover her, or any descendants she might have, she was not forthcoming, and the natural conclusion was that she had probably died in childhood, and that Hugh Tresidder was undoubtedly his uncle's lawful heir.

As he was, however, at the time of Lord Bellairs' death—a year ago now—only seventeen years of age, his father had the management of his affairs, and it was with the view of thoroughly reconnoitring his property that the whole party had come to spend the autumn at Torworthy House. Strong as he was at organisation of a certain kind, Mr. Tresidder had no knowledge of land, or of business connected with land, so, as a referee on these matters, he had invited to stay with them for his autumn holiday, a half-nephew of his first wife's, a certain Cosby Savile, a rising young barrister, who was fast becoming the man of business to the whole family. Mabel had had her share in this arrangement. Cosby sang a capital baritone ; he was extremely agreeable when he chose to be ; and he would do admirably to amuse Mrs. Austen, who might otherwise be bored, Mabel told her father, all of which excellent reasons were quite unnecessary, seeing that Mr. Savile was well known to be an acquisition, and none the less so that he and his pretty cousin, as he called Mabel, were never five minutes in each other's society without sparring.

It seemed to Mr. Tresidder, as the difficulties in connection with his son's inheritance daily increased and multiplied, that he should want his nephew's advice even more than he had anticipated. The whole estate had been suffered to go to rack and ruin ; the agent had proved himself dishonest ; and as for money, there was none coming in, but plenty to be paid out. He was meditating on these disagreeable facts as he sat in his easy-chair, with a cigar in his mouth, devoutly wishing that he could be transported to his beloved Homburg, where he could sip the waters side by side with a gouty prince, and compare his symptoms with those of half the English peerage, when the door was flung open, and Mabel came flying in.

"Oh, pater dear ! we have had an adventure."

Mr. Tresidder looked up absently.

"My dear," he said, "I am busy and worried."

"Are you, dear ? Then I am going to send away your worries by telling you what we have seen and done to-day. After tea, as you know, we started on an exploring expedition, and, of course, before long we began to sing as usual. Consequently, we lost our way and wandered, *I* say for miles—Cosby says about a mile—until we reached a clearance in the wood——"

"My dear, ought not you to dress for dinner ?"

"Oh, never mind dinner. Well, there, in the centre of the clearance, stood the most curious-looking girl you ever saw, staring at us as though she expected us to eat her, at least. Her dress was too funny—something like what Noah's wife must have worn when she went into the ark—with a pair of enormously thick boots, and, surmounting it all, such a beautiful head and face, with brown eyes like a stag's. I asked her the way, and she answered me with a strong provincial accent, but with a voice that was quite delicious to listen to. She offered to guide us, and just as she was leaving us I found out her name—Vere Thornleigh. Have you ever heard of the Thornleighs ?"

"Farmers, I should say, from your description."

"Wait until you have heard the end. Well, she went her way, and we went ours, stopping on the terrace before we went in to try one of our choruses over again. After two or three bad starts we were all singing it together, when from the valley below there came joining us a voice like an angel's. I looked, and there, standing on one of the granite boulders, was our wood-nymph. Now, pater, I intend making that young woman's acquaintance, and asking her up here. Do you hear ?"

"Very well, my dear ; I have no objection, provided she is respectable. You are very like your mother."

"Oh, poor *madre* would have been in ecstasies over her. Now I must run away and dress for dinner, and so ought you ;" and, with a pat on her father's shoulder, Mabel disappeared as rapidly as she had entered.

Mr. Tresidder followed her slowly. He had already forgotten her story, and was once more intent on his cares and worries. Nevertheless, with a cheerful countenance, he met his guests at dinner, and was amused to hear Mrs. Austen's version of the meeting in the wood, as opposed to Mabel's.

"Mabel is at the age when every goose is a swan," he remarked, to his daughter's indignation.

"Just you wait, pater," she answered, "until you have seen my goose. Cosby, I hand over to you the mission of finding out all about Miss Vere Thornleigh. How I wish," she continued, "that we had Piangini here !"

"And who is Piangini ?" asked Mrs. Austen.

"He is a most delightful creature that we met at Bologna, and with whom mother struck up a great friendship. He is about as tall as I am, almost as broad as he is long, and sings *buffo* songs simply perfectly. I do not know exactly what he was, but he has been very unfortunate and lost all his money, and now he gives singing lessons. He has a wonderful talent for digging out people with voices, and if he had been here to-day, he would not have sat down to dinner until he had found out where Miss Thornleigh lived."

Cosby smiled. "You have some very remarkable acquaintances, Mabel," he said languidly. "I have not the honour to be a Piangini, but I think I may manage to discover the abode of the wood-nymph, even though I have not a talent for digging out voices."

It was half-past nine in the morning, two days later, that he strolled into the breakfast-room, where the party was assembled. He looked as unruffled as had he but just emerged from his bed-room; nor your pillow I had stumbled on a charming old farm-house."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Austen, "a farmer's daughter. I said so."

"SHE CAUGHT AT THE TWO LITTLE HANDS" (*p.* 103).

was it until he had eaten some breakfast, and Mabel was about to leave the room, that he pulled out his sketch-book, and, handing it carelessly to her, said—

"Behold the abode of the Thornleighs."

"So you have found her," cried Hugh. "Why did not you take me with you?"

"Do you know what time I started, my boy? At an hour that would make you shudder. I left this house at six-thirty, and whilst you were dreaming on

"Instinct told me that I had hit upon the cage that held our singing-bird, so down I sat on a boulder which commanded a good view of the house, and began to sketch it. By-and-by the nymph herself appeared."

"Did you speak to her?"

"I greeted her, but she was in a hurry to return to her aunt, who is ill. So she left me somewhat unceremoniously, and as I had satisfied my curiosity and was very hungry, I came home. On my way I

encountered a fossilised specimen of humanity, who was both deaf and toothless. He was a shepherd, he told me, and, remembering your boundless curiosity, I entered into conversation with him, and bawled myself hoarse in making him hear. After a series of cross-questions and crooked answers, I managed to extract from him that there are two Miss Thornleighs, an aunt and a niece, and that the aunt—here is something a little out of the common for you—has the reputation in the country-side of being a miser. No doubt she has heaps of glittering gold laid up in divers old stockings."

"Cosby, you are quite charming. You shall take me to the farm this afternoon. I do not think I shall let you come, Beattie"—to Mrs. Austen—"Cosby and I will go alone."

"That you certainly won't," said Hugh. "I shall go too."

"But the aunt is ill," objected Mr. Savile.

"We shall go to inquire for her," rejoined Mabel promptly. "Leave it all to me; I shall manage capitally. Cosby, I start at three this afternoon."

He smiled. "I am entirely at your orders," he said.

He and Hugh were ready at punctually three o'clock, but Mabel kept them waiting half an hour. At the end of that time she appeared in the simplest and oldest dress her wardrobe could produce, and with a pair of boots that for stoutness almost rivalled Miss Thornleigh's. She apologised for keeping them waiting, but said that she had been on the terrace with the pater and Beattie, who were sitting there immersed in West Country genealogies, of which she could make nothing, except that they all appeared to have married their cousins, and that somewhere in the Middle Ages the Cawsands had intermarried with the Thornleighs.

"So you see," she cried, "our wood-nymph comes of a good old family, and my swan is a swan, after all. Hughie," she continued, "I have discovered the most delightful stick, which must have belonged to Lord Bellairs. I mean to appropriate it, and inaugurate it on that break-neck descent with accounts of which Cosby has tried to frighten me."

When, however, they reached the labyrinth of rocks she became a little more *piano*, and was glad to avail herself of Cosby's and Hugh's helping hands till they emerged into the valley, where they first caught sight of the fine old chimneys of Thornleigh Farm.

As they were approaching the gate, they saw Dr. Coomb coming out of it, and stopped him to ask after Miss Thornleigh.

"She is dead," he said. "Died this morning, and I have been with her niece ever since. Poor girl! I have only just brought her round; she has been unconscious for hours. It is a strange house altogether, and they say that that old woman who has just gone was a terrible Tartar."

"They say? Did not you know them before, Doctor Coomb?"

"Never set foot in the house until yesterday. No one ever was ill there, so the old servant says. But there is no doubt that that poor girl is ill now—thoroughly overdone, I should say."

"And who has she with her?" asked Mabel, whilst Cosby stood by silent and attentive.

"Only this old woman, who appears to have as much idea of illness as my horse here. I shall come again to-morrow."

"And has she no friends, no relations?"

"None, the servant says, for I asked her that very question."

"Who and what are these Thornleighs, Doctor Coomb?" interposed Cosby.

"My dear sir, centuries ago these Thornleighs were the great people of these parts, but, like most old families, they have decayed and dwindled, till it appears that this girl is the last of her race. Once they owned all the property that is now Mr. Tresidder's, besides a great deal more. They say the present house is the sixteenth part of the old one, but really very little is known about them, for old Miss Thornleigh would not allow any one inside her doors."

"How sad for that poor girl!" said Mabel. "Doctor Coomb, do you think I might go and see her, and ask if I could be of any use to her?"

"I doubt if that old servant will admit you—like mistress, like maid, you know—but I should think that Miss Thornleigh herself would be glad to see any one kind and sympathetic, and, above all, young. Good evening, Miss Tresidder; I must really be getting on."

"I mean to go in and see that poor child," said Mabel, turning to her two companions as soon as Dr. Coomb was out of sight. "She must want a friend at such a time."

"That is right, Mab," said Hugh, whilst Cosby nodded his acquiescence.

They had reached the gate now, and the two men agreed to wait outside, whilst Mabel went up to the door, and, after a minute's hesitation, pulled the bell. She waited some minutes, and then she rang again, at the same time trying the handle of the door, to see it it was open.

To her surprise, the latch yielded, and she found she could enter if she chose. However, she preferred to be admitted, and rang a third time, supported by the recollection that, although she was intruding into a house where the mistress lay dead, yet her survivor was in want of help and sympathy.

With all her wilfulness and waywardness, Mabel Tresidder was the kindest-hearted creature in the world; besides, there was to her something extremely fascinating in the idea of this girl, with the uncommon face and the wonderful voice, living in this lonely valley, the last of her race.

Tired at last of standing with the afternoon sun shining fiercely upon her, she gently opened the door, and, with beating heart at her own temerity, entered. She found herself in a large square hall, panelled and floored in black oak, and lighted by small windows, filled partly with stained, partly with plain glass. On the walls hung some old armour of Charles I.'s time, fishing-rods, whips, guns, interspersed with stags'

heads, and in one corner a large case of stuffed birds. On one side opened out an enormous yawning fireplace, on which stood bright brass dogs, and above which an elaborately carved mantelpiece reached nearly to the ceiling. From the centre of the hall sprang a beautiful wide oak staircase, also elaborately carved with the same device that was repeated over and over again on ceiling, windows, and panels — namely, a wreath of thorn-leaves, and underneath it the motto, "*La force est mon droit.*"

Whilst she was still looking around her, uncertain what to do next, a door on her right hand opened. She turned round quickly, and confronted Vere, standing there white as a sheet, her great scared brown eyes sunk and hollow, her lips pale and pathetic.

Miss Tresidder coloured crimson.

"Oh, Miss Thornleigh," she cried, "please do not think I meant to intrude, but Doctor Coomb told me that you were all alone, and I thought my father or I might be of use to you. I rang three times, and then I ventured to come in. Will you forgive me?" and she put out her hands and took both of Vere's. "I am so sorry for you!" she added.

That touch of gentle kindness did more for Vere than all Dr. Coomb's well-meant efforts; she caught at the two little hands, and drew Mabel closer to her.

"You are like an angel," she said, as the tears welled up into her hitherto dry eyes. "Why are you so good to me?"

Mabel smiled. "You must not stand, you know," she continued, delighted with her success; "you are very weak, I am sure. May I come into your—your sitting-room, and have a little chat with you?"

A look of terror came over Vere's face.

"Aunt does not like—to have any one here," she was about to answer, when the full realisation of what had happened coming suddenly across her, she burst into a tempest of quiet tears, in the midst of which Mabel led her into the sitting-room, and placed her in the nearest approach to a comfortable chair that she could find.

"You will be better now," said Miss Tresidder, suddenly feeling herself experienced and venerable by the side of Vere, whilst she took a look round this room too, plain to severity in its absence of luxury and comfort, but furnished in a style that would have made a broker's eyes glisten.

The oak panelling that reached all round the room from floor to ceiling was elaborately carved with quaint old theological and allegorical subjects; the high-backed chairs arranged against the wall with mathematical precision were of black ebony; the round bare table in the centre of the room was of rare inlaid marqueterie; and the scanty curtains that hung in straight folds by the side of the windows were of old tapestry-work. One side of the room was filled up with an oak bookcase, of which the glass doors enshrined the only literature Vere had ever had access to, whilst in a recess at the opposite end stood, side by side, four enormous jars of Oriental china, that Mabel's comparatively unpractised eye told her were of great value, flanked by two presses of carved ebony, in which Miss Barbara had kept her lavender-scented linen.

The room, guiltless of carpet or drapery of any description except the window curtains, looked gloomy and bare, but there was nothing vulgar—nothing to offend the eye—about it, and Mabel turned, with a smile, to Vere.

The girl had dried her eyes, and was sittting motionless, her hands folded before her, beautiful as a statue of Niobe. Mabel took one of her hands and patted it.

"Now," she said, "cannot some of us be of use to you? There must be—much to be done, you know, and you are not fit to do it. Dr. Coomb told me how ill you had been."

Vere coloured. "Mr. Birch has been very kind," she said, "and," springing up, "I ought not to be sitting here idle."

"Sit down," said Mabel authoritatively; "and if you do not mind, tell me a little about yourself. Have you no relations or friends you can write to, to come to you?"

She shook her head. "I have not a relation or friend in the world," she answered, "but old Hannah."

"And who is she?"

"Our servant."

"Why, then, you poor child, I must be your friend; and I know my father and brother will be delighted to help you in any business you may have to do, if you will let them. And—and—in a few days—when—you understand—you must come and stay with me: will you?"

A smile flashed across Vere's face, to disappear as quickly as it had come.

"Stay with *you!*" she said. "I am not fit to do that. You are quite different from me;" and involuntarily she glanced from Mabel's cool, pretty dress to her own strangely-fashioned, clumsy garment.

Mabel smiled; then, suddenly remembering her position as mentor—

"Have you ordered your mourning?" she asked.

"I make all my clothes myself," she answered, a bewildered look coming into her eyes. "Hannah said something about it just now. I will see about it."

"But you will never have time to make it, or Hannah either. Now, I tell you what I will do. I will come for you in my pony-carriage early to-morrow morning, and drive you over to Claymouth, where I will help you to choose something ready-made."

"Oh, but I must not," she was about to answer when the door opened, and Hannah came in, her arms full of rusty-black garments. On seeing Mabel, she stopped short, the clothes fell to the ground, and she stood rooted to the spot, speechless with indignation. At last she found her tongue.

"Miss Vere, I'm right down ashamed o' yu, and the mistress lying dead up-stairs; and no sooner be she gone than yu must bring foreign folk here, as she never cud abide." Then, turning to Mabel—

"And aren't yu ashamed, my fine young leddy, tu

come intu the house o' mourning? Shame! shame on yu both!"

"Hannah, Hannah!" cried Vere, in an agony; "how can you speak so to this young lady?"

"And I will speak so tu any leddy as doesna know how tu behave," cried the angry old woman, whilst Mabel rose from her chair.

"My good woman," she said, trying hard to suppress the smile that would rise to her lips, "please don't excite yourself. I came to see if I could be of any use to Miss Thornleigh, who, I understood from Dr. Coomb, had been very ill. You will make her ill again if you speak to her as you did just now. Now I will say good-bye," she said, turning to Vere; "but I will come down here early to-morrow morning, and see if I can be of any help to you."

Vere rose from her chair, but she was obliged to hold on to it for support. Old Hannah looked on with blazing eyes as Mabel drew the girl to her and kissed her.

"You ought to be in bed," she said. Then, turning to the old servant, with her winning, half-foreign way, "You must not be angry with me," she said, "for I want to help your poor young mistress, who is too ill to do anything for herself, so I know you will let me come again to-morrow;" and, with a smile that was like a sunbeam in that gloomy old house, Mabel passed out of the cool, dark room into the glare of the summer sun.

But she had hardly closed the door behind her, when it was opened hastily again, and Vere had seized her arm.

"You must not mind her," she said imploringly. "She did not mean it; oh! I am sure she could not mean it. You will come again, won't you? You have been like—like an angel to me," and Mabel's hand was raised to the white tremulous lips, and covered with grateful kisses. The action had come spontaneously to Vere; never in her life had she done such a thing before. Ashamed and confused at her own emotion, she withdrew as hastily as she had come, and shutting the door resolutely between her and the light, returned with slow and lagging steps to desolation, darkness, and old Hannah.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE IRON CHEST.

A WEEK had passed away since Miss Barbara's death, and the last but one of the Thornleighs had been laid to her rest in quiet Torworthy Churchyard, the Thornleigh vault having been long closed up.

Her will had been found in an old cedar-wood desk, and was simple in the extreme. In it she left all she was possessed of to her niece, Vere Thornleigh, on condition that she paid an annuity of twenty pounds a year to old Hannah. The sole executor was the former rector of the parish, Mr. Elton, who had been dead for the last two years.

Nothing could be plainer or more simple, and Vere, who had vaguely expected in it some sort of solution of her aunt's death-bed agitation, was, at the same time, disappointed and relieved. She was, however, really too ill to feel anything acutely, except that she was alone in the world.

It is the result of despotism that those who live under its sway end either by revolting from it, or are turned into machines—admirable, possibly, as long as the controlling hand is there to guide them; lifeless and inanimate without it. Miss Thornleigh had been such a despot; had she lived much longer, Vere would most probably have broken loose from her tyranny; indeed, she had already shown signs of so doing. As it was, Miss Thornleigh's removal left her niece helpless as a child who has lost its way, and is ready to cling to any guiding hand that may present itself.

Absolutely ignorant of the world, she yielded only too willingly to Mr. Tresidder's and Cosby Savile's offers of assistance, fairly bewildered at the many steps they suggested as necessary to be taken, in consequence of her aunt's death and her own inheritance. Even old Hannah, suffering no less from the loss of the strong controlling hand, gave in to the strangers, when she learnt that Mr. Savile was a lawyer or barrister—it was all one to her—a personage who represented to her the whole majesty of the law; and she would open the door quite smilingly to that cheery individual whose quickness and perception—to her almost magical—had, apart from his jocular amiability to herself, won her regard.

Mr. Tresidder was thoroughly in his element; there was nothing he delighted in so much as managing other people's affairs. He brought to them a talent and acumen that he never displayed in his own, and he had, at once, adopted towards Vere a certain paternal manner, which drew the girl to him, and made her regard him with shy gratitude. Mr. Birch, who had been the first to befriend her in her desolation, had willingly withdrawn in favour of these two men, fraught with this world's wisdom, of which he possessed but a small share, and thus it came to pass that, in a surprisingly short time, they had taken the whole management of the Thornleigh affairs upon their shoulders.

Vere had been moved to Torworthy House the day after the funeral. At present she was too weak to be worried with business, but as time went on, and she grew stronger, there was no doubt she would have to go through her aunt's papers and possessions; until then, nothing definite could be settled or made out, except the one fact that this beautiful but rustic maiden ought to be a considerable heiress. Dr. Coomb, who continued to attend her, pronounced that she had had a long strain, and that Miss Barbara's death had only brought on an inevitable crisis that must have come sooner or later. In confidence he told Mr. Tresidder that she had led too hard a life for a girl who had all the signs of gentle breeding about her. Meanwhile, he prescribed perfect rest, generous living, and sympathy. All this she got, and a great deal more besides, and she expanded under it, as a flower expands to the sun. Hugh was her slave, although a somewhat lazy one; Mr. Tresidder was kindness itself, whilst Cosby Savile

was an endless fund, at first of wonderment, then, by degrees, of amusement to her.

But it was to Mabel that she turned with a humble, affectionate gratitude that was not lost upon that little person. Mabel was in her element. Vere's rustic shyness, and provincialisms were so many points in her favour, for they removed her several degrees from the ordinary commonplace young woman of the period. Her beauty, her youth and desolateness, her being the last of a fine old race, all lent her a romantic charm, whilst her lovely voice would in itself alone have been a passport to Miss Tresidder's affections.

The two girls were together the greater part of the day, Vere talking but little as she lay, obedient to orders, on that hitherto unknown luxury, a well-stuffed sofa, but listening with wondering, admiring delight to Mabel's ever-ready stream of conversation, occasionally interrupting it with a shy "Will you sing or play to me, Miss Tresidder?"

"You ought really to be one of us," Mabel answered, laughing, one day, "you are so idiotically fond of music. Oh! my dear, what fun we will have when Doctor Coomb will let you sing again!"

"Let me sing again! I have never sung at all, except to myself," she answered. "I know nothing; I am ignorant, like one of your servants, not a bit like you. You are too kind to me; you will make me discontented when I go back to my old home, and my old life, and all the beautiful sun will have gone."

"Why should you go back to your old home, and your old life, *Vera mia?* I have an idea, but we will talk of that later, when you are better, and have got through your business."

"Is there more business? I thought it was all done now Mr. Tresidder and Mr. Savile had settled that I was to be—I cannot remember now what it was."

"A ward in Chancery. You have heard of that before, have not you?"

Vere shook her head. "Did I not tell you I was ignorant? There are so many, many things you all speak of, of which I know nothing."

"Well, yes, I suppose so," slowly. "But then, on the other hand, there are a great many things you speak of, of which *I* know nothing. I tell you what it is, Vere, you must read the paper regularly every day, and *all* the leading articles. The pater says there is nothing like *The Times* for giving general information. And I will send to Claymouth for 'Bleak House'—I don't think it is in the library here—and that will tell you all about Chancery."

Vere smiled delightedly. "How good you are!" she said; "but, Miss Tresidder, will you say '*Vera mia*' again? It sounds so pretty."

"Not if you call me Miss Tresidder. My name is Mabel; say Mabel."

"I dare not call you that; it would be so—so—presuming. I am but as a peasant beside you, although" —with a little flush of pride—"of course I know I am not one. I do not speak as you do; I do not look as you do."

"My dear little girl," patronisingly—Vere was quite three inches taller than she was—"you can do all kinds of things that I can't. From what you tell me, Miss Barbara gave you a good English education? you write a thousand times better than I do, and all you want now are a few accomplishments, and—what shall I say?—a certain knowledge of the world—or rather, of society. There is plenty of time for the accomplishments, and the rest will come of itself. Ah!" suddenly coming down from her tone of lofty wisdom and mature experience, "here is pater. Now you can ask him about your business, and what being a ward in Chancery means."

They were on the lawn in front of the house; it was a sweet, still afternoon; and Vere, extended on a wicker-work sofa, with an Oriental shawl thrown over her, had not much the appearance of a peasant, of which she accused herself.

"I do not like to tease Mr. Tresidder," she said. "I am always bothering him with my questions."

"Pater likes to be bothered: it is an amusement to him in this dull place. Isn't it, pater?" raising her voice.

Mr. Tresidder was within earshot now. He was alone this afternoon. Cosby, who had taken it into his head that there was slate to be found on the estate, was away, ostensibly on a fishing expedition with Hugh, in reality inquiring, prospecting, interrogating. Mr. Tresidder, who found Thornleigh far more exciting than Torworthy, had been wandering, as he did most days of the week, about the farm, counting the ricks, inspecting the live stock, and asking questions of the stolid labouring men, whose curt answers in broad dialect he had some difficulty in comprehending. He had been even busier than usual this afternoon, and had arrived for the tenth time, at least, at the conclusion that there ought to be some money somewhere. For, strange to say, except a few pounds for current expenses, there was none to be found, either in the house or out of it. The banks at Claymouth denied all knowledge of Miss Thornleigh; Vere, little as she had known of her aunt's money matters, was positive that she had not had a London banker; and as for investments or securities, why, such words had never even been heard at Thornleigh. The only conclusion to fall back upon was that the country-side rumour was correct, and that Miss Barbara had been a miser.

For it was very evident that money there must be somewhere—at least, so argued Cosby. From all that could be gathered, the farm, under the vigilant eye of its mistress, had been prosperous beyond all others throughout that side of the county. If her neighbours spoke truly, Miss Barbara had escaped most of those ills which have rendered farming in these days a road to ruin. Did the cattle disease break out, her beasts went scot-free; her hay was always got up and stacked before the storms broke; and so on, through all the seasons of the year, she came out, so to speak, victorious. Her labourers worked longer, and harder, and for less pay, than on any other farm, and she literally seemed to possess the power of making sixpence do the work, not only of a shilling, but of half-a-crown.

"An uncommonly clever woman," Mr. Savile had remarked more than once to his uncle, as he listened to these tales. "I take it as a real misfortune that I have just missed the privilege of knowing her. But my toothless friend was right—she was a miser."

Yes, everything pointed to that fact. Vere's perpetual assertions of their extreme poverty; her dress, her bringing up, even the coarse food to which she had been accustomed, all confirmed the truth of the report. But if Miss Thornleigh had been a miser, where were her hoards? Where those stockings that are inseparably connected in the human mind with misers? It was really time that things should be looked into, for they had been delayed quite long enough.

Thus reflected Mr. Tresidder, as he walked slowly home from Thornleigh that hot August afternoon, and he was still deep in his meditations as he advanced towards the spot where the two girls were sitting. He had not heard Mabel's question; he was thinking of Vere, and how long it would be before she was up and about again.

"And how is the patient this afternoon?" he asked jocularly, as he drew near to the sofa. "Getting quite strong, eh?"

Vere looked at him with her sweet, pathetic eyes. How hot he seemed! How tired! He had been at Thornleigh, as usual, looking after her affairs. How good he was—they all were—to her! How could she ever repay their kindness? Instinctively she felt that under the jocular inquiry after her health was concealed a certain anxiety—a wish that she should be better. Perhaps he was tired of her—wanted her to go.

"Oh, yes!" she answered, throwing off the rug, and sitting up alert and brisk. "I am really quite well. I should not have been lying here, but that Miss Tres——"

"Mabel, if you please."

"——would make me."

Mr. Tresidder rubbed his hands gently together.

"She is quite right, quite right," he answered. "Better take too much than too little care. But if you really are convalescent, my dear, there is some work before you which must not be delayed longer than necessary. I mean that you ought to look through your aunt's papers and possessions, and take stock of your inheritance. Do you think she is equal to that, Mabel?"

"Yes, I am quite equal to it," Vere answered for herself, as she picked up the rug, and folded it up; "and of course it ought to be done."

"It won't take very long, I dare say," continued Mr. Tresidder.

"It can be done by instalments if she gets tired," broke in Mabel. "My dear Vere, it will be a most enjoyable task. Fancy all the treasures you will light upon in that old house. Don't shake your head; you know you have treasures."

"You call such strange things treasures," answered Vere. "I always think you mean money. There is a great iron chest in the cellar; perhaps there are some of your kind of treasures in that."

Mr. Tresidder continued to rub his hands together a little harder now, but he said nothing, and his countenance merely expressed attention.

"An iron chest!" cried Mabel; "how truly delicious! You will let me come with you, Vere?"

"Of course. I would not go without you; and if Mr. Tresidder will come——" shyly.

"Mr. Tresidder is only too glad to be of use to you, my dear child. You may want a man to be with you for a variety of reasons: to lift anything heavy—the lid of the chest, for instance. Then, shall we say to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, pater! Cosby won't be here."

"That does not matter, my dear. Too many people would only be in the way. I think you can go through your possessions without Mr. Savile, eh, Miss Thornleigh?"

"Oh, yes," she answered absently; then suddenly jumping up—

"How shamefully idle I have been!" she said. "I will not be an invalid any longer, and to-morrow," with a little wistful smile, "you must leave me behind at Thornleigh. There is too much for Hannah to do, and I ought to be looking after my work."

"Gently, Vere," said Mabel. "You must not forget that you have been ill. But as I dare say there is a good deal to be looked into, I will allow you to work at Thornleigh by day, but you must come back here for dinner—I insist on that. You need not plague yourself about your animals, and so on; they will all have to be sold."

"Sold! why sold?"

"You will not surely go on living at Thornleigh by yourself?" with a rising *crescendo* of surprise in her voice. "You are rich, you are young; you could not bury yourself alive like that!"

"I do not understand," said Vere, passing her hand across her forehead. "Where else could I live? Where else could I go? I know no other place. You are mistaken too. I am not rich; we were always poor, very poor. Aunt Barbara has often told me so, and scolded me for being extravagant."

A flicker of a smile passed over Mr. Tresidder's countenance.

"Ah, well! my dear, we shall see," he said. "It is to find out what you really possess that I want you to go through your aunt's papers, &c. When you have done that, and all the necessary business connected with it, it will be time enough to consider your future."

It was early the next morning—at least, early for Torworthy House—when a little party, consisting of Vere, Mabel, and Mr. Tresidder, alighted from the pony carriage, and presented itself at the front door of Thornleigh Farm, to be presently opened, with much drawing of bolts and turning of keys, by old Hannah.

"So you've come back at last, Miss Vere?" said that sour-visaged personage, grimly eyeing her young mistress' altered appearance in the black garments of Mabel's choice. "The gentleman," looking at Mr.

Tresidder, "told me yu'd bin ill. Yu never was ill when the mistress were here. It's all along o' being with fine folk, as has time to be ill."

"Now, Hannah," said Mabel, half authoritatively, half jocularly, "we have no time to waste, arguing with you whether Miss Thornleigh has been ill or not. She is better now, and has a great deal to do this morning, so please to let us in."

Hannah moved on one side, with a distortion of her countenance that did duty for a smile (she could not but acknowledge that Miss Tresidder was a very pleasant young lady), whilst Vere went up to her to give her some whispered directions about dinner, the extravagance of which made the old woman shake her head ominously. "Yu'll never come to no good, Miss Vere, now the old mistress is gone," she said, with a snort. "With yer fine dresses and grand dinners, as which yer aunt couldna abear, yu'll soon be ruinated;" and in high dudgeon she went off to execute her orders, eyeing suspiciously the bunch of keys Vere carried in her hand.

In another five minutes the work had begun upstairs; while, in the parlour below, Mr. Tresidder was taking stock of the contents, like any Wardour Street broker. Vere found her task comparatively easy; Miss Thornleigh's life, so stern and self-denying, cut off from all outside interests, had gathered no accessories round itself. Even in the bureau in her bed-room, where she had been wont to keep them, but few papers were to be found. Files of bills, all duly paid and receipted; recipes in faded ink on paper more or less yellow, with an old-world ring about the ingredients that seemed natural enough to Vere, but read strangely to Mabel; books full of farming accounts and memoranda; and lastly, in a drawer apart, a bundle of letters, written in a boy's childish hand, getting gradually more and more formed, and signed, "Your ever affectionate and dutiful Brother, AMYAS B. THORNLEIGH." These were all its contents.

Vere felt strangely moved as she took the bundle of letters and carried them to the light. As she did so, something slipped out from amongst them, and fell with a ring on to the uncarpeted floor. It was a tiny flat silver box, containing a simple curl of golden hair, soft and fluffy as silkworm's silk.

"It must be my father's," she said to Mabel, with her wistful smile, as she tenderly stroked the little relic. "He had golden hair; and these letters are his too. Look, they are signed Amyas Thornleigh—that was his name. How I wish Aunt Barbara had let me see them before; I know so little about him. I shall take these home and read them."

Mabel looked at the little curl, that spoke of so many years ago, when its owner had been an innocent child, with hair like threads of gold; then at the letters, short and bald as boys' letters are, but couched in old-fashioned respectful terms, as dead and gone as the hand that had penned them. But they did not move her as they did Vere. To her they were only the rather uninteresting letters of a boy who had grown into a man, and died years and years ago, whilst to his daughter they conjured up a vision of a fair-haired youth, with a gentle abstracted face, who, had he lived, she would have loved to call "father."

But she was not allowed long to stand and dream of "the tender grace of a day that is dead." Mabel, impatient to get on, had taken the keys, and was busily employed in trying to fit them to the locks of the other articles of furniture in the room. With a sigh to the memory of the father she had never known, Vere put the letters on one side, and crossing the room, joined her in her further investigations. On the whole, they were decidedly disappointing, at least to Miss Tresidder, in spite of her raptures over the carved bedsteads, chests, and washing-stands scattered over the bed-rooms, interspersed with some fine old Spanish mahogany, with here and there a table or book-case of Dutch marqueterie-work.

For although the drawers and wardrobes were full to overflowing, it was only with such prosaic articles as old bed-furniture, linen, and clothes, possessing no merit but that of antiquity, as testified by the darns and patches with which they were adorned, some of which Vere recognised as her own handiwork. It was refreshing, in the midst of these unlovely accumulations, to come across a parcel of baby-clothes, set apart in a drawer by themselves, smelling strongly of camphor, and tied up in an old silk pocket-handkerchief. Miracles they were of stitching, feathering, and gathering, the cambric of the finest, the workmanship such as in these high-pressure days mothers have no time to spend on their infants' adornment. One by one Vere unfolded the tiny garments, searching for a mark whereby she might identify them, but in vain.

"They must have been my father's or Aunt Barbara's," she said, with a little sigh—somehow she wished that they might have been her own. "And I suppose my grandmother made them. Look, Mabel, at all these fancy stitches let in. Are they not lovely?"

"They are too sweet," said Mabel: "fit to be sent to the South Kensington Museum as specimens of skill, and your grandmother must have been an exquisite needle-woman. But, Vere, dear, we must not spend *too* much time over them—remember we have to get through an immense deal."

"Yes, so we have," said Vere, who had begun to lose herself in the unconscious pathos that lies in a little child's clothes, with their suggestions of untarnished love and hope, "so we have. We really must make haste;" and resolutely she folded the last Lilliputian garment, put the parcel back in the drawer, and locked it up.

And they did make haste, and to such good purpose, that they had finished the upper floor by the time they sat down to the extravagant repast Vere had ordered old Hannah to prepare. It was laid out in what Miss Barbara had been wont to call the "dining-hall," a room that sent Mabel into ecstasies, for all round the frieze at the top were the arms of generations of Thornleighs, quartered with those of the families with whom they had intermarried.

"VERE DID AS SHE WAS BIDDEN, AND IN ANOTHER SECOND HAD VERY NEARLY DROPPED THE BOX OUT OF HER HAND IN HER AMAZEMENT" (*p.* 110).

Vere did the honours shyly, but gracefully. Her rusticity did not make her awkward, and there was a certain air about her, a gentleness, a sweetness, and wistfulness of smile that had often puzzled both Mr. Tresidder and Mabel—why, they could hardly tell, except that there was something not quite English about them.

After dinner came further researches. The great chests in parlour and dining-hall were opened—emitting a delicious scent of lavender as piles of snowy damask were unfolded, the best and finest of which had never been seen on Miss Thornleigh's table.

But linen, however nice it may be, is comparatively uninteresting, at any rate to the masculine mind. Mr. Tresidder was not sorry when it came to an end, and Vere was free to turn to a beautifully carved bureau in the hall, which had been attracting his curiosity for some time past. Here at last were some data respecting the Thornleighs. The family Bible, the family pedigree, were brought to light, and eagerly seized upon by Mr. Tresidder, whose craze was genealogies, and who considered himself an authority on the subject. In this case they were all that he could wish, save for one small deficiency. Both in Bible and pedigree the Thornleighs succeeded one another, generation after generation, with no break, except an occasional descent from uncle to nephew, instead of

from father to son. The pedigree, which stretched back into early Norman times, terminated, as did the entries in the Bible, with Amyas Thornleigh, a fact that caused Mr. Tresidder to look somewhat grave.

"Your father's marriage is not put in here, I see," he said carelessly.

"Isn't it?" answered Vere, equally carelessly, whilst Mabel ran down the genealogy, opening her eyes wider and wider as she came against West Country names, well known in history, social and political, with whom the Thornleighs had intermarried in their palmy days.

"Vere, I don't believe you know, or care to know, what a swell you are," she cried, and was amazed by Vere's answer—

"What is a swell?"

"Why, you are one. The Thornleighs were connected in old days with half the best families in England."

"Oh! is that being a swell?" asked the girl, as she pulled out a pair of heavy curtains, carefully folded up, peppered, and put away. "Look at these. Don't you think they are rather ugly?"

"They are quite, quite beautiful, you foolish child!" (relinquishing the pedigree to her father). "Oh! what exquisite old work! I see the ground is quite worn out; you must take them up to London, and have them transferred. I know a place where they will do it beautifully."

"Do you know" (colouring) "I am so ignorant, I do not quite understand."

"That is because Mabel talks so fast," said Mr. Tresidder, turning round, "and uses all manner of expressions that have never penetrated to this quiet retreat."

"Pater, you are rather rude," said his daughter. "I am afraid I do talk rather fast, but it is because I have always such a quantity to say."

But Mr. Tresidder did not answer her. He was again immersed in the pedigree, after making a feeble effort to silence his daughter, in order to enjoy it in peace. Truth to tell, he was a little disturbed in his mind. Like Mabel, he would have regarded Vere's descent as irreproachable if it had not been for that unfortunate omission of her mother's name in both the genealogies. How was it to be accounted for? Was it intentional, or merely carelessness? Think it over as he might, he could not tell.

It was getting late now, and yet Vere worked on. The training of years showed in the steady industry with which she passed from one thing to another, without pausing or resting, tired as she was. Had not Mabel asked for tea, she would not have thought of such a thing, but that young lady insisted; and Hannah, too horrified at the innovation for speech, set down the tray with such a bump, that it was well that the cups and saucers were of the commonest stoneware.

"And how about the iron chest?" asked Mr. Tresidder lightly, as he drank his tea, his eye resting the while on Vere's clear-cut features, her perfectly modelled head and throat, and a favourite axiom of his rose to his memory; "*Bon sang ne peut mentir.*"

"Are you not tired, Vere?" asked Mabel, conscientiously, for the words "iron chest" had conjured up all manner of romantic ideas to her imagination, and she was as anxious as her father to have it opened. "You have been standing about an immense deal, and you look terribly done up."

In truth, Vere did look very tired. There were dark rings round her eyes, and her face, always pale, looked deadly white. But simple bodily fatigue had always been ignored by Aunt Barbara, and the girl did not think of giving in to it.

"Oh, that is nothing," she exclaimed; "I would rather go on and finish my work. I can't bear leaving off in the middle of it. What a good idea of yours, Mabel, to have tea! It has made me feel quite different."

Mabel smiled. "Not having been brought up by Miss Thornleigh," she said, "I could not have gone on without it; and I think even pater would have struck work if he had not had his tea."

The little interlude of rest and refreshment had done wonders for all of them, and, duly invigorated, they descended into the cellar, Mr. Tresidder feeling that the climax of the day was before him. The cellar struck cold and chill after the light and warmth up-stairs, and the horn lamp borne aloft by Hannah —there was not an oil lamp in the house—seemed no better than a farthing rushlight in its cavernous gloom. Gradually, however, as their eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, objects, invisible at first, began to stand out one by one, until the iron chest loomed into sight—large, solid, grim.

With masterly tact, Mr. Tresidder managed to dismiss Hannah before he turned to Vere, and took from her a rusty key that she held in her hand. There was breathless silence as he adjusted it in the lock; even Mabel was grave, and had nothing to say; another minute, and the ponderous lid was creaking on its rusty hinges, and the contents of the iron chest stood displayed before their eyes.

There was a little murmur of disappointment from Mabel, an inaudible "Ah!" from Mr. Tresidder, an exclamation of recognition from Vere, as the candle-light revealed row upon row of small wooden boxes, which might contain anything from groceries to diamonds. They were nearly all uniform in shape and size, arranged with a mathematical precision which left plenty of space, intended, no doubt, to be filled up, had Miss Thornleigh lived.

"So this is what became of my boxes," cried Vere. "I used to make these for Aunt Barbara," she said, turning to Mr. Tresidder, "in the winter evenings, and I often wondered what they could be for. She never would tell me, only once she said that some day I should be glad that I had made them."

"Will you open one?" asked Mr. Tresidder, trying to suppress the excitement with which he was quivering in every nerve.

"I wonder what can be in them," she answered calmly, as she took the topmost one in her hand.

Evidently she had not the faintest suspicion that they could contain anything more valuable than household treasures—preserves or pickles, perhaps, in which Miss Thornleigh had excelled.

"Oh! don't stop to wonder," cried Mabel; "open it quickly."

Thus adjured, Vere did as she was bidden, and in another second had very nearly dropped it out of her hand in her amazement. For instead of preserves or pickles, as she had expected, she found herself confronted by rolls of shining sovereigns and packets of crisp bank-notes. Mr. Tresidder smiled. The stockings had come to light at last. He met Vere's gasp of astonishment by an encouraging pat on the shoulder.

"Go on, my dear child," he said; "don't look so alarmed; this is only what I expected."

"What you expected!" she ejaculated incredulously.

"Yes, dear," said Mabel gently, although she was in a fever of impatience. "Just see what is in the next."

Almost mechanically, Vere obeyed. A second box was opened, and then a third. Their contents were identical with those of the first. And now the excitement had taken possession of her too; she was trembling all over.

"Will you help me?" she said to Mr. Tresidder.

"I will too," said Mabel; "I can put the light down here," setting it on a corner of the chest, "and then you will not have to stand so long."

The work proceeded rapidly now. With Mabel's and Mr. Tresidder's co-operation, box after box was opened, and the contents roughly counted. Gradually, but surely, the once formidable pile grew less and less, until there was but one box left. As soon as it dawned into sight it attracted Mr. Tresidder's attention, for it was larger than the others, and of a different shape, and it fell to his lot to open it.

"Here we have at last the family jewels," he said, as he lifted the lid, to find, instead of the monotonous bank-notes and sovereigns, some red leather jewel-cases, a few cardboard boxes, and a small bundle of papers, done up in an india-rubber ring.

"Hurrah!" cried Mabel; "I am so sick of bank-notes and sovereigns."

But the contents of the cases turned out but very poor after all: a few hair bracelets, a crystal marquesette or two, four or five old miniatures, a large crystal locket set in coppery-looking gold, a small diamond pendant and earrings, an old-fashioned watch or two, some vinaigrettes and smelling-bottles, and that was all.

"There may be some more," cried Mabel, dreadfully disappointed; but, alas! they had come to the end of the boxes. The whole of the bottom of the chest was filled up with some enormous maps of what had once been the Thornleigh estate.

"We will take these back to Torworthy, shall we?" asked Mr. Tresidder, after cursorily glancing at them; "and we can study them at our leisure, as also these papers from the jewel-box. Meanwhile the boxes must be left here for the present. You must let me congratulate you, my dear Miss Thornleigh. I have been making a rough calculation of the contents of that chest, and there cannot be far short of, if they do not exceed, fifteen thousand pounds!"

"Fifteen thousand pounds!" she said slowly, looking at him with great bewildered eyes. "Is not that a very great deal of money? Oh! it cannot be. We were very poor. Aunt Barbara always said so."

Mr. Tresidder smiled. "That is a very common delusion with—with—oh, well, my dear, there is the money, so whatever you may have been in the past, you are certainly not poor now. It is high time we were moving; you are completely overdone," for Vere had turned suddenly white, and was clinging to the chest for support. "A breath of fresh air will do you good."

"You see to the rest of it, pater, will you?" said Mabel; "and I will take Vere up-stairs. The air here is not over-good," and putting her arm round Vere's waist, Mabel gently drew her up the steps into the parlour.

Ten minutes later, refreshed and invigorated, the two girls were driving back to Torworthy, whilst Mr. Tresidder, crowded out of the pony-carriage by large unwieldy maps and sundry other impedimenta, was slowly pursuing his way on foot.

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

FROM OUR PARIS AND LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

WHAT a number of beautiful gowns are to be seen in Paris at the present moment! Heliotrope, from the very lightest tone of what we used to call "peach" to deep violet, plays a most important part, and is daringly blended with some tones of green, and with gold-colour. The beauty of this lovely tint is never so apparent as in plush, which seems to catch the light, and intensify its soft delicacy. Stripes of plush on Sicilienne grounds are employed for the portion of the skirt that is now called a train, though it is rarely distinct. These stripes admit of the most delightful combinations, such as white and peach, gold and white, light blue and a rich red-brown. Occasionally tiny flowers are scattered over the silk stripes. Many costly gowns are made plainly and simply, with a wide sash at the back, but they must

be cut perfectly, and hung with that consummate art which French dressmakers have so completely mastered.

The embroideries employed on gowns in Paris are of the most costly descriptions, and some of the Oriental multi-coloured galons on the favourite red cloth dresses make remarkably handsome toilettes. Cream woollen stuff wrought in gold is worn in the day-time as well as in the evening, and when the gold embroidery is intermixed with draperies of the most transparent muslin, the effect is artistic in the extreme.

Cloth shows to the greatest advantage with plush, and many handsome trimmings consist of appliqués of plush, much padded beneath, on a cloth background. A narrow guipure lace made with braid and silk in black is laid on to several of the plushes, entirely covering them, and subduing their lustre ; this is most successfully applied to cardinal, gold, and copper-colour.

The draperies are generally arranged on the front of the skirt, and fall in a decided point. Cloth dresses are very usually bordered with fur, and large square outside pockets appear at the sides. Waistcoats are fashionable, and delightfully warm ; the bodice opens over them with revers. A wide-cut French bodice is a study, being of the most composite description. Many of them have velvet revers, which start at the waist, and pass round the neck to the other side of the belt ; a square, upstanding collar comes above them, and there is a full plastron in the centre. It is almost impossible to have too high a collar, but such collars are most difficult to cut, whether their idea be borrowed from the Incroyable or the Medicis period, and both are in favour.

The dolmanettes worn in Paris consist of dress bodices sufficiently large to wear over the ordinary ones (at least they are cut in the same way), the basque coming just below the waist, and they have long ends in front, and double sleeves, one pendent over another that fits the arm closely. Whether these are made in plush or velvet, they are loaded with handsome trimming, with plenty of pendants of beads, the edges of the sleeves and fronts being generally outlined with fur. Bonnets and muffs are often sold with the mantles—all matching.

At many of the weddings lately French brides have adopted a fashion which is always followed by Royal ladies in England, viz., to wear the veil off the face. They do not fasten it so often with diamonds as in England, but two bands of orange-blossom now frequently keep it in place. Lace, especially old lace, never shows up better than on pale yellow satin, and those who have been spectators of some of the recent gay weddings, have had an opportunity of deciding upon the merits of the combination in the dresses worn by the guests. We hear rumours that satin is going out of date, but it is not justified by fact. Pink woollen gowns, trimmed with velvet, are much worn by young people, velvet being the one fabric which is most employed for trimmings of all kinds, whether it be in simple galons or perforated ones, outlined with gold, or mere bands.

Black lace gowns are as well worn as they have been for the last two years. By no means discard them if you have any by you. If you have a clever dressmaker, she can drape the lace so that it forms a separate skirt, and then you can wear it over black, white, red, grey, or maize skirts, making much variety, and each fashionable.

Hand-painted dresses and jackets are well worn ; and, as artistic triumphs, so are the plain woollens which are most elaborately treated in this way. Great skill is needed, or a bizarre effect is easily produced.

Children of tender years are wearing cream bonnets and hats almost exclusively, and the tone is most becoming to them. Older children and adults have large cream-coloured bows introduced into brown or black, indeed into almost any coloured hat or bonnet. The white "coq de roche" birds are as fashionable in Paris as seagulls would appear to be in England. The metallic ornaments now introduced into the best French hats and bonnets would take pages to describe. Much metal thread, too, is used in the embroidery.

Large plush bonnets of the poke order, but without any wired foundation, are worn in the evening ; they require a pretty face beneath, and a certain art in putting them on. Most of them are trimmed with fur, and nothing could be well more cosy and comfortable, whether for facing the night air after a close, hot room, or for a long journey.

After all it is the wearer who makes the success of a dress, and a great secret of the Parisian dressmakers' art is that they adapt their fashions to the individual customer, and happily, if the wearer be a Frenchwoman, they meet with hearty co-operation. There are few who do not understand what suits them. They make a study of face, figure, and carriage, and though their garments are costly, they do not have too many of them. They make each new dress a part of themselves, and realise its effect in motion and in repose. They raise the "toilette" to the dignity of a fine art, and, moreover, succeed in producing a perfect result. The colours now worn in Paris are most daring in their combination, but they are so skilfully handled that they never produce a discordant effect.

A glance at our illustration will show how skilfully fur is used by French dressmakers as a trimming to a winter evening demi-toilette. The materials of the dress are dark blue plush and pale blue satin, the latter being used for the *crevés* at the tops of the sleeves, for the full plastron, and the flounced under-skirt. The blue fox fur borders the velvet over-dress, which crosses the front diagonally, and is kept in place with a handsome enamel clasp on the left side. The fur encircles the throat, and is fastened with a blue satin bow at the back ; but if too warm, this fur band might be replaced by upright loops of narrow pink satin ribbon or by folds of watered ribbon. The second figure wears one of the handsome plush and Sicilienne mantles in various shades of beige and brown, for which Frenchwomen evince such a partiality. The open sleeves are lined with crimson satin, and the

AN AWKWARD CROSSING.

Sicilienne is further enriched with chenille passementerie of the finest description, with beads to match.

II.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

A New Year—new hopes, new fortunes, new fashions, and new clothes—it brings all of these to most of us, so I must start by telling you something of the new modes. It is not, however, a particularly good season of the year for any great novelties in dress. Our London drapery shops are given up to their bi-annual sales, and they like to clear off their old stock before they begin to arrange for the reception of all those myriads of fabrics and trimmings which have been ordered, possibly a year ago, and have kept many hands well employed for months.

I would cordially recommend thrifty women to take advantage of these sales, but to make use of all their common sense, judgment, and forethought in doing so. If they buy bargains simply because they are cheap, they will be considerable losers; but if they make up their minds beforehand what they are likely to have to buy in the course of the next six months, what they cannot do without, in fact, and invest in those articles only, they will be considerable gainers. It is quite true that there are a number of articles bought by shopkeepers just for the sale, and, as a rule, it is best to avoid them; but the greater part of the goods offered are the past season's stock, which has to be replaced by the coming one. Made-up dresses, which from a tradesman's point of view deteriorate by keeping, are to be had at a much reduced cost; mantles also. Odd lengths of ribbon and trimmings, sold for a few pence, often save many a shilling, so do the artificial flowers. But if you buy too many, and do not exercise a wise discretion, it is easy to waste your money. Women have a reputation for losing their heads where a bargain is concerned. This may be the case with many, but there are numerous exceptions, and a little pre-arrangement and no undue haste are the best safeguards.

The forthcoming fashions are to take the direction of poke bonnets; Kate Greenaways and the Cabriolets are to be adopted by us in the spring, so it is to be hoped the Jubilee Year of her Gracious Majesty's reign is to be gladdened by hot sunshine, for then the shady brims will please us in one way—they will protect our complexions.

I was fortunate enough to see the layette prepared for the Princess Beatrice's expected infant. The bassinette was just the same kind the Queen had had in her infancy: simple wicker covered with white satin, and with the finest book-muslin edged with Scotch embroidery of the simplest pattern—a scallop and a few dots—but thoroughly and substantially good. The basket was of more novel construction, being one of the new kind with three tiers, trimmed to match; and all the little brushes, and the dozens of elaborately embroidered bibs edged with Valenciennes lace, the white sponge-bags, drawn in with white satin ribbon, the pillows with their fluted cambric frills, the thick, soft downy blankets, had all one monogram, and no other—R. N. (Royal Nursery), surmounted by a crown. The white frocks were of the same form as those worn by the Queen and her children: lace over white satin, a simple long skirt, and short, low bodice; most of those for the Princess Beatrice's child are made with alternate rows of muslin and lace insertion matching the bodice, a frill of the lace at the edge.

If you can afford it, invest in fur. It is used much on dresses and mantles now, and rumour says that in the future it will be even more generally employed. A passing fashion is the Paris blue fox. I do not recommend it; the real blue fox is too valuable for many people's purses, but the imitation is merely dyed, and next year is likely to become vulgar, though now it is the height of the mode. You can never do wrong with sable, if you can afford it. The newest fur muffs

have a pocket quite concealed in them, and opened by a spring in the inside, the best sort of pocket-muff yet brought out.

Plush is used for tea-gowns, jackets, mantles, ordinary dresses, and most of the leading articles worn by women, and shows off to the best advantage with fur. The Parisian fox on black plush is a most happy combination. Otter, too, is good. It does not spot with rain, and wears well. Cheap and good mantles are to be had of this fabric in great abundance this year, especially the kind which open with lappels, like a man's coat thrown back, to show a waistcoat. For driving in the country, long cloaks are best; but those who walk have given in their allegiance to the short and more dressy mantles, which are lighter, yet keep the body just as warm.

The draperies of skirts still continue to be very long, but they are hung diagonally, and the vests are often draped beneath manly lappels.

Every day some new woollen stuff is brought out, and a novel idea is a silk thread with a bead interwoven between chenille stripes. Velveteen has been wonderfully improved, and I have seen some with equal stripes of two colours, so good that I mistook it for velvet matelassé; and lace patterns on woollen fabrics give them a most excellent appearance. The linen-drapers seem to find it to their advantage to sell what they call "robes," viz., an admixture of plain and figured stuff, cut in dress-lengths, which I am happy to say now are ample enough to make really good gowns, and not skimpy-looking ones. Some of these have very handsome beaded panels; I do not, however, recommend them, unless they are for immediate use, for panels will not have a long day. London shops are flooded with the handsome woven *pentes* introduced last year, of silk and velvet, the stripes graduated, the lowest next the hem being of plush and edged with fringe; they cost some pounds to make, but now some shillings will buy them, and they are being used on tulle gowns. If panels were likely to continue in vogue, they would not have been sold off at such an alarming sacrifice.

If you want a good durable dressing-gown, have one made in Molleton, a very firm, soft make of flannel. The fronts cut in one the entire length are loose and flowing, the back of the bodice is shaped, and the fulness of the skirt sewn on to it. Coarse lace and embroidered bands are the best trimmings, for they all wash together.

Young people requiring evening dresses need not of necessity select plain tulle. A novelty is the horizontally-striped tulle. Another kind is scattered over with marabout feathers, and yet a third is studded with sequins of all sizes. Cheaper and more lasting is the Esprit net, with tiny spots, which will clean, and, with care, wash.

In our engraving, an Englishwoman is to be seen waiting to cross an awkward street, daintily dressed in brown and red. Her mantle, bonnet, and muff are brown plush, the first heavily ornamented with beads, among which a few ruby ones shine conspicuously. The bonnet has a red bird, a red bow and strings, and the muff has a red satin lining. The brown skirt has a striped plush panel, in which red plays a subordinate part, and the balayeuse to the skirt (only seen when lifted) is pinked-out red satin. The second figure, somewhat in the background, wears a cloth costume of the new plomb shade, enlivened with dahlia-red plush, which lines the side panel, and forms the deep gauntlet cuffs, revers, and pointed collar. The felt hat shows the same combination of colouring.

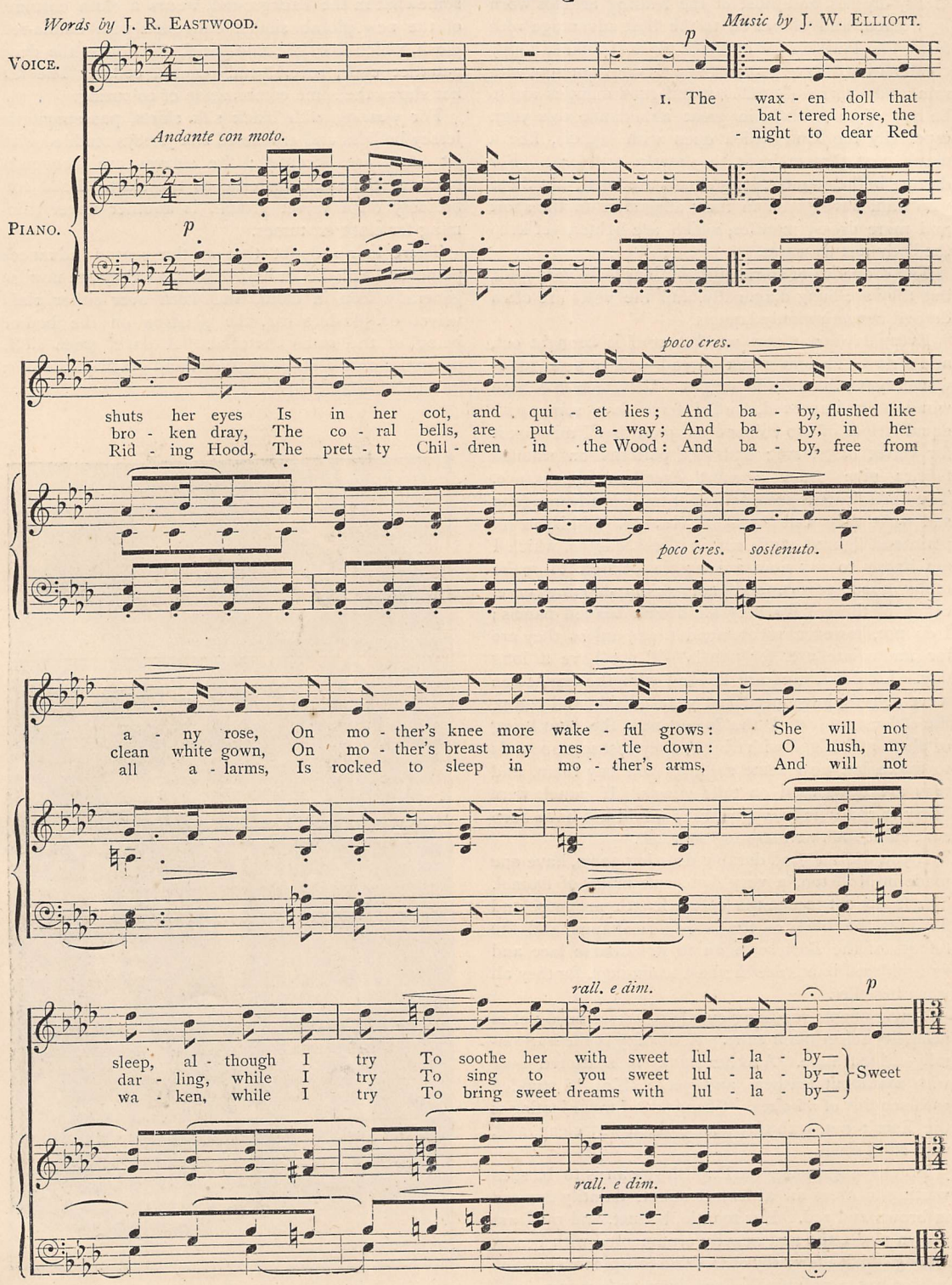
For wearing with black silk skirts, passementerie jersey bodices and crocheted silk jerseys studded with jet stars are accepted; the sleeves are frequently made of the same material as the skirt. Bead embroidery on a velvet ground is another novel trimming for cloth costumes.

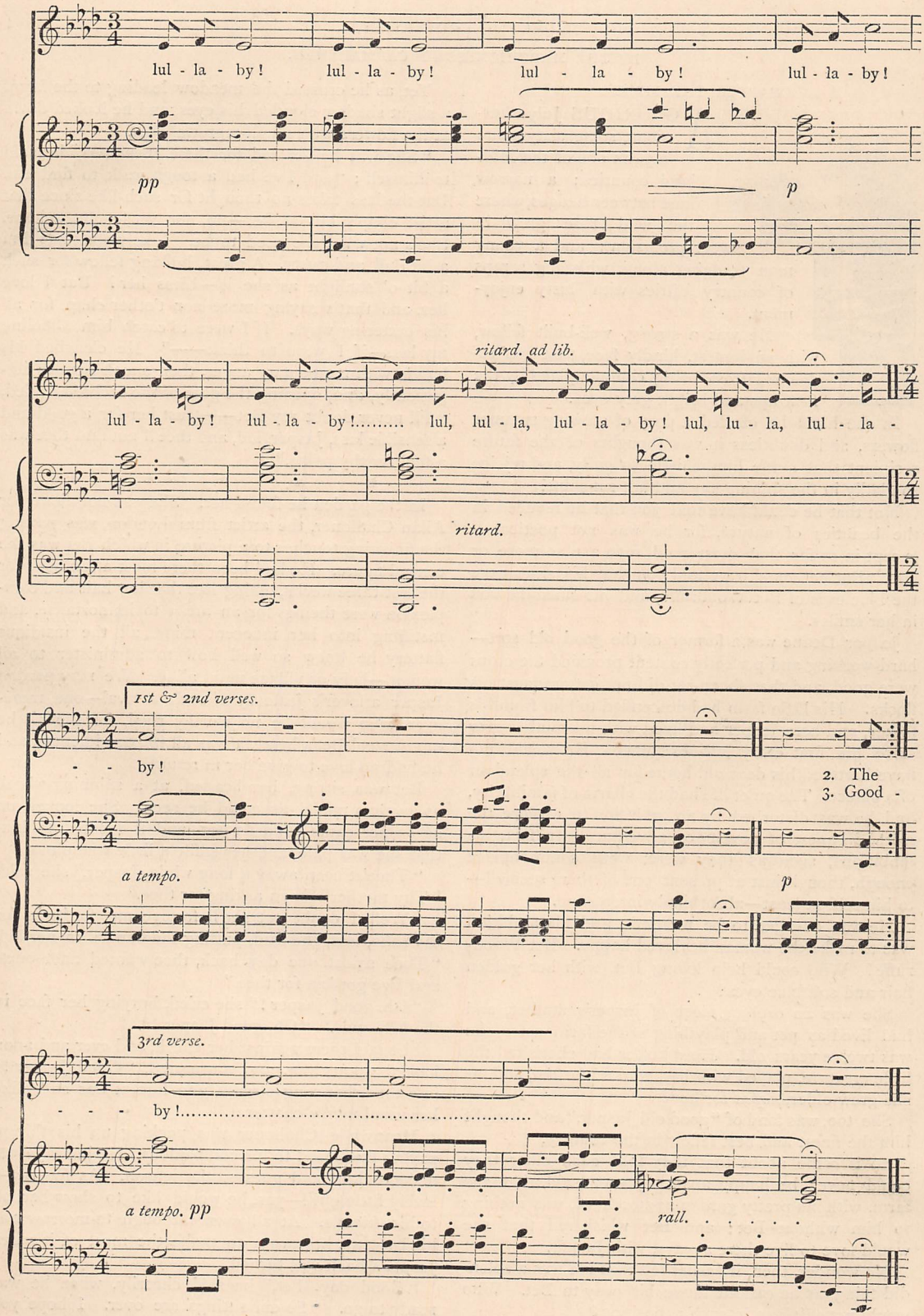
There is no doubt that as the season advances polonaises will be in high favour, as they are now so generally seen in cloth, and worn over either plaid velvet or plush skirts, the plastron on the bodice being of the same material. A dark green cloth polonaise over a checked brown and green plush skirt has an admirable effect.

SOMETHING NEW.

A Lullaby.

Words by J. R. EASTWOOD. *Music by* J. W. ELLIOTT.

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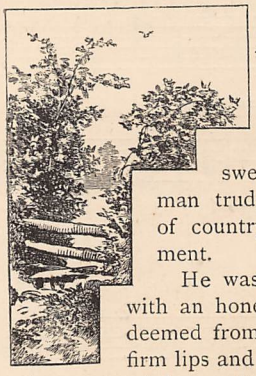
BET: A SKETCH.

BY THE MARCHIONESS OF CARMARTHEN.

CHAPTER THE FIRST



A GLORIOUS July afternoon, some sixty years ago, in one of the Midland counties; a narrow lane between hedges, where the wild rose grew in sweet profusion; and a young man trudging along, whistling scraps of country ditties with lusty enjoyment.

He was a strong, well-built fellow, with an honest, kindly face, that was redeemed from being commonplace by the firm lips and bright grey eyes.

In one hand he carried a posy of glowing summer flowers, and doubtless it was thoughts of the future recipient that made him whistle so gaily, and rejoice so gladly in the shining sky and hot sunshine.

Not that he could have told you that he revelled in the beauties of nature, for he was not poetical—except in so far that most good men are so more or less. But he *could* have told you that his skies were the blue eyes of Bet Woodruffe, and his sunshine was in her smiles.

Jasper Deane was a farmer of the good old sort—hard-working and perfectly content provided the crops were good, and that sheep-rot did not get amongst his flocks. His little farm had descended to him from his father, and here Jasper had lived with his mother ever since his first entry into existence. He would not have bartered his dear old home for all the splendour of a palace. The quiet life had the charm of familiarity, and he was disturbed by no ambition to explore the world in quest of novelty or adventure. In fact, his ambitions, such as they were, were commonplace enough, though just at present one of them seemed—to himself, at least—absorbingly interesting.

He was engaged to be married; and his ambition was to make the woman he loved happy. Bet Woodruffe! Who could help loving Bet, with her golden hair and soft blue eyes?

She was an orphan niece of Jasper's mother, and had lived as pet and plaything at the farm since she was twelve years old. How Jasper had cherished the little creature, played with her, worked for her, and, as she grew older, *hoped* for her!

She, too, was fond of "good old Jasper," and thought him the finest and best fellow in the country.

So it came about that they told each other they could never be happy apart. Jasper said that the farm, with its pretty garden and orchard, was nothing to him without Bet; and Bet whispered that she would love to live there always, with Jasper.

No wonder, then, if Jasper felt that life was a splendid thing, as he carried home his posy to Bet. Who would not think so in such a position?

Yet, as he crossed the meadow leading to the farm, a slight shadow clouded his eyes, and he looked down at the flowers with a half-regretful sigh.

"She was half-crazed for these anenomes," he said to himself; "and I've had a tough walk to find 'em. But the lass takes no thought for such-like since that artist chap's bin at her—no, nor yet for me, neither. She's not what she used to be. Likely she finds I'm a bit dull and rusty. A great, hulking fellow for such a bit o' sunlight as she is—bless her! But I love her, and that's saying more nor t'other chap, for all his buttering ways. If I were to catch him a-fooling my lass—if I were to think——" He clenched his hands with momentary anger, then shook himself impatiently, and, opening the gate of the orchard, added, "I'll never doubt my Bet——trust her for a good and a sensible lass, Jasper, lad, and thee'll not find thee was a fool for thy pains."

* * * * *

In the garden he found her. She was not alone, for Allan Challoner, the artist from London, was putting the finishing touches to a picture in which Bet was the central figure. He had been there most afternoons for the last three weeks, telling Bet that her hair and complexion were themes for an artist to immortalise, and instilling into her innocent mind all the insidious flattery he knew so well how to administer to all women—lady or village maid alike. We may pardon Jasper a lover's jealousy of such a rival—one, moreover, who would be no worthy rival, for though he might steal Bet's heart, it was all in pure idleness, and he had no love to give her in return.

Bet was sitting, bareheaded, at a spinning-wheel, as lovely a model as could be seen. She looked up as Jasper came towards her, and it seemed to him that she was pale, and her smile a little tremulous.

"Thee'st been away a long while, Jasper," she said. "Thy mother's been asking for thee."

"Well, I doubt not she'll forgive me, for 'twas for thy sake, lass," he said, putting the flowers in her lap. "Thee saidst, one day back, thee wanted anemones, and I've got 'em for thee."

"Oh, good Jasper!" she cried, burying her face in the blossoms. "Oh, good Jasper!"

She laid them against her cheek, and ever and anon looked up at him, and murmured, "Good Jasper!" in a tone that rang strangely to him, it was so unlike her usual merry chatter.

Meanwhile Challoner was packing up his things, paying little heed to his companions. He knew Jasper disliked him, and guessed the reason. As for Bet—lovely little girl!—yes, he would like to show her off to his friends. At all events, though to-morrow was his last day, he meant to make the most of it when Jasper's back was turned.

"Good day, Bet," he said cheerily, when he was ready to go. "So our sittings are over. I hope you

are as sorry as I am! Here is a little keepsake for you—wedding present—what you will." And as he spoke he put round her neck a long gold chain, such as Bet had never, in her dreams, thought of possessing. She gave a cry of delight, and her face lit up with childlike pleasure and admiration.

"Oh, 'tis beautiful—beautiful—beautiful!" she said gratefully. "'Tis too fine for such as me, sir. Oh, I cannot thank you as I want! Look, Jasper, look! Oh, I must show aunt! Isn't it beautiful, Jasper, lad?"

"'OH, 'TIS BEAUTIFUL—BEAUTIFUL—BEAUTIFUL!' SHE SAID."

Jasper's flowers had fallen unheeded to the ground, whilst Bet stroked the chain with eager fingers. Jasper, his brows drawn together, stood a little apart from the other two, with a hard knot in his heart.

"'Tis of no use to such as thee," he said sullenly. "Thee's got no watch to wear on it, and if thee had, 'tis too fine to be flaunting on thy neck o' work-days."

* * * * *

"Thee's tired, Bet," said Jasper on the following evening, coming up to Bet as she sat pale and listless at the window, gazing out into the night.

"Nay, I'm not tired," she answered; adding hurriedly, "Aye, I am—tired to death; I will go to bed. 'Tis the hot sun wearies me. Good night, Jasper."

"'Tis something else nor the sun, I'm afeard," said Jasper gently, trying to read her half-averted face. "If thee would tell me what ails thee, now? Maybe I could help thee somewhat."

She was silent for a moment, then broke out impetuously—

"I want to see the world. I want not to be here for ever, doing the same things day after day till I die. 'Tis a poor spirit that never tries to fly the nest."

"Thy wings are safer in the nest—there's danger outside for such as thee, with thy yellow hair and blue eyes," said Jasper earnestly. "Is't what that artist said to thee some time back, lass? Aye, I mind what he bid thee—to go and make thy fortune by thy face!"

"And if I made my fortune, I'd bring it to thee, lad," said the girl, turning to him eagerly. "Thee knows 'tis not to forsake thee I'm wearying to see the world. I'd come back to thee."

"Nay," he said, stroking her hair tenderly, as though she were some frail flower that might fade beneath his touch. "Thee dost not know what thee speakest of, Bet. Thee'd never come back. Not as I'd have thee stay if I thought thee'd be happier if thee went. 'Tis for thy own sake I bid thee stay. I love thee, Bet."

"'Tis not in thee to understand," said Bet.

She rested her cheek for a second against his hand, then slipped quietly up-stairs to her little bed-room.

Once there, she did not go to bed, but sat at the lattice window, struggling and fighting with her

thoughts. In her hand she held the gold chain, caressing the shining links, and allowing her foolish little brain to dream of other pretty things, richer by far than this.

Poor Bet! She was innocent as the daisies that spring in the meadows. But in her very simplicity lay her danger. It never occurred to her that Challoner's flatteries were calculated to do her harm by exciting ambitions which could never be gratified. He told her she was sweet and lovely, and that if she came to him in London he would make her a lady, and she should be his model, that all other artists would envy. He was clever, and she was vain. Again I say, poor Bet!

She still seemed to feel the pressure of his hand at parting, still to hear his last whisper, "If you want me, Bet—come."

Jasper? Oh, after a time Jasper would be proud of her for being a lady. It was only that he did not understand.

So, as the old clock in the kitchen ticked out the slow minutes and hours, Bet sat on dreaming, whilst the subtle poison of vanity crept into her ignorant heart.

When the dawn was breaking she rose, gathered some of her clothes into a bundle, and crept noiselessly into the passage.

Once she paused. It was on the threshold of Jasper's room, and here some sudden impulse made her kneel down and clasp her hands together.

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee!" she prayed in a whisper.

Then she glided, a ghostly figure in the chill dawn, out of the house—away "to make her fortune."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"PLEASE, sir," said Challoner's landlady, coming into his studio one afternoon, "there's a young person as is come to see you. I'd say as she comed from the country. She ain't like *our* models!"

Challoner gave a short whistle of surprise.

"Bet!" he muttered. "Well, show her up," he added.

A few minutes later Bet stood before him, nervous and shy now that she had taken the decisive step, but never doubting that she would be as welcome as he had told her she would be.

"I've come, sir," she said timidly, "because you said you'd make me a lady, and—and I'm dead tired o' the farm and——"

"You want to see the world? Quite right. Well, how do you want me to make you a lady, Bet?"

The question was beyond Bet. Until then she had not even put it to herself, but now she knew well enough, in her unsophisticated mind, that he had implied one very simple way of making her a lady—by first making her his wife. The bare, passing thought seemed such cruel treachery to Jasper, that a hot blush covered her face as Challoner repeated his question.

He smiled to himself, and coming closer, looked into her face with careless admiration.

"There is only one way of making you a lady, Bet—by marrying you," he said; "but that is not possible for many reasons. *Les convenances*, you know!"

"No, I do not know," said Bet, with frank innocence; "I never heard of them."

"Then take my word for it. You believe that I am very fond of you, Bet?"

"Ye-es," said Bet, rather dubiously, though it seemed the most natural thing to believe everything that was said to her. Every one at home had petted and made much of golden-haired Bet, so why should not even a gentleman be fond of her if he said so? and why should he not marry her if he chose?

What he said, or how he made it all clear to her, Bet could not afterwards remember. But gradually, as she listened to his suave words, she realised that all his fine speeches meant practically nothing. She might be one of his paid models, that was all. Slowly the light died out of her eyes, the colour from her cheeks, and when he ceased speaking, she looked back at him with wide, horror-struck eyes.

Was it for this she had travelled all this way—to be repulsed with ill-disguised scorn?

"Come, little one, we can remain good friends, all the same," said Challoner persuasively.

"Never, never!" she cried wildly; and before he could recover from his astonishment, she had darted like a wild creature out of the room, down the stairs, and out into the lonely street.

Whither her steps were carrying her she knew not. The City was strange and bewildering to her, and the narrow streets, with dingy houses on either side, seemed to crush her.

She sank down at last on a doorstep, and thought drearily over her position. Where should she go? What could she do? How gain a livelihood here, where she knew no one, and where the very streets chilled her heart and soul? One thing she felt to be impossible—she *could not* go home, back to Jasper, whom she had wronged.

Unsophisticated as she was, it yet struck her very forcibly that to return to him when she was in trouble, after leaving him for her selfish ambitions, would be despicable in the extreme. Besides, what was she to him now? He knew what Challoner's flatteries were worth; he had warned her, and begged her to wait and see how happy *he* would make her, even though he could not make her a lady.

Poor little Bet! Great tears dropped one by one on to her hands, whilst she whispered her farewell to Jasper and the old joyous days, and sent up a little prayer to God to help her and forgive her.

As if in answer to her appeal, help did come to her just then, in the shape—not, indeed, of a beneficent angel, but of a stout, kind-faced washer-woman, who was staggering home under the weight of a heavy clothes-basket. Something in the girl's dejected aspect enlisted her sympathy, and she laid a rough hand on her shoulder, exclaiming—

"How now! What are you a-cryin' your eyes out for, my girl? I guess you're from the country; leastways your *clothes* is. What are you a-doing here, I'd like to know?"

"I'm all alone," said Bet piteously; "and I'm tired, and I've nowhere I can go to."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated the woman, with a shade of suspicion in her voice; "I'll be bound it's your own doing. What's the matter, eh?"

"I came to seek my fortune," said Bet, looking up with her guileless blue eyes, "and—and——"

"Ho! ho! that's fine," laughed the woman, highly amused; "and I guess you didn't find it, eh? Well, why don't you go back to your folk at home?"

"I cannot," whispered Bet; then, holding out her hands—"Oh, help me!" she cried; "'tis impossible to go back to them, and what am I to do?"

"Up you get and follow me," was the reassuring answer. "I believe you're honest, and if you give me satisfactory answers to what my good man asks you, *I'll* put you in the way of summut."

Molly Grant found it hard enough to make both ends meet without indulging much in the luxury of "giving." But she did her best. She gave Bet a night's rest, made her help with the washing, and promised to see what could be done for the future.

But Bet dared not think of the future. It made good Molly's heart ache to see the girl's listless manner and sad blue eyes, and the fading of the round cheeks. "She ain't long for this world, *you* see!" she said to her husband; "'tain't natural for a pretty girl like her to lie awake o' nights, a-sobbing fit to break her heart."

* * * * *

Two days passed drearily away, every moment being full of dread to Bet lest Challoner should find her. Instinct told her that he would make an effort to see her, and in this she was right. But she did not understand that this huge City, where she imagined any one could lie hidden from his nearest friends, was familiar ground to Challoner, and that with a little trouble he would not fail to discover her retreat.

On the evening of her second day with Molly, that good woman sent the girl on an errand some two or three streets off, thinking it best for her to get used to walking alone, as she would always have to do so henceforth.

Bet was walking dreamily along, thinking of Jasper and home, when a hand laid suddenly on her shoulder arrested her with a start of nervous dread.

"Bet," said a light caressing voice, "why do you hide from me, you foolish little thing?"

"Because I hate you!" she cried, covering her scared face with her hands. "Oh, sir, leave me!"

"I shan't hurt you," he said impatiently; "come, listen to reason. I want you for a new picture—Bet! Bet! what is the matter?"

For the moment he raised his hand from her shoulder she had rushed from him in blind, unreasoning terror. She only felt that she *must* get away from him—must never see his mocking face again.

Challoner was provoked beyond words. It *was* ridiculous, he said to himself, to see her flying from him as though he wished to murder her—silly child!

On Bet hurried, down street after street, heedless whither she was going, so long as she escaped from him. When at last, from sheer exhaustion, she paused, she had no idea where she was. It was growing late, and soon the night would be upon her.

Presently she reached the river, and here, tired to death in mind and body, she sat down to rest on one of the seats along the wharf.

She must have slept, for when she was aroused by an authoritative order to "move on," it was quite dark, and the hush of night had fallen over the noisy City. Wearily she wandered aimlessly on, resting now and then, when she thought no one was watching. She was too tired to be afraid; a kind of stupor was creeping over her, as the long night dragged slowly past.

"Soon it will be morning," she said to herself.

She seemed to be falling—falling—falling. She stretched out her arms with an inarticulate moan, and sank—not on to the hard pathway, but into a pair of loving arms that were held out to save her. It was Jasper, who had come to take her back to life and love.

* * * * *

"How didst thee know?" asked Bet.

They were driving home through the lanes, in the cart, with the old grey horse that Bet had ridden on many a day, and for the first time Bet broke the silence.

All the way in the coach Jasper had been outside, so that they could not talk, but now Bet began to feel that old times were coming again.

"How didst thee know?" she said.

Then Jasper told her how he had at once followed her to London. He went straight to Challoner and got the truth from him, then set about searching for Bet.

Some horrible dread had at last made him wend his way to the river, where he had found her.

"Thee knows, lass," he ended, "if I'd found as thee was happy, I'd not have worried thee. But I feared for thee, Bet."

"And—and—*him?*" hesitated Bet.

"*He'll* not forget me in a hurry, I reckon," said Jasper, with a grim chuckle.

There was a short silence. Bet was so grateful that she could not speak. Now and then a tear fell on to her clasped hands, because she was so happy. Poor little Bet!

"What ails thee, lass?" asked Jasper at last. "Is't that——"

"'Tis for joy," whispered Bet.

They were close home now; there was the meadow, and beyond it the orchard and the dear old farm.

"Bet?"

"Aye, lad?"

"This day fortnight 'll be our wedding-day?"

"Aye, if thee'll have me," said Bet, lifting up her rosy lips for him to kiss.

FIRST LOVE

ROMANTIC youth is hopeful, brave,
Honour's knight errant, beauty's slave;
What marvel youth should frequent spy
A blissful world in some bright eye,
And, musing on perfection, match
With life the dream his fancies hatch,
Till—wondering what his heart should move—
His vision stands confest—first love!

The summers pass, the children grow;
Brave men, good women, forth they go;
The parents' hair is blent with grey,
Ere long runs out their working day.
Both looking back on well-fought years,
Wait, cheerful, lonely, free from fears;
At length eve smiles, day's labours past,
And First Love blossoms, first and last!

M. G. W.

Thrice happy they who keep enshrined
This idol of the youthful mind,
Whose vagrant hearts still homeward turn,
Unsatisfied where strange lights burn—
Whose sorrows, like the mountains' blue,
When tear-show'rs fall, but smile anew,
Then marriage brings without alloy
Its heart-whole bliss, its sober joy.

LETTERS FROM THE PLANETS.

BY OUR ROVING COMMISSIONER.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

A DISCOVERY.

ONE fine morning, not being pressed with business, I resolved on a walk on Penmor to see some archæological remains which had been recently discovered there, and which, though I had already once visited, yet I had never properly inspected. It was a fine, cheery May morn. The dew was on the heather; the golden gorse looked bright in the glowing sunshine.

As I left the last cottage and granite hedge, and pushed out into wild nature, I do not know how it was, but thoughts did come before my mind of that stranger from another world who once on that very moorland had shown himself to me, and told me strange things that seemed still as a dream. Where was he? Had he remembered me? The letter I had received, that he had last been seen in Switzerland (on his second visit in 1883), on the Jungfrau, was in my pocket. I read it over. It was manifestly no mere delusion of mine, but there had been a visit not only of one, but of three visitors from a sister world to our planet.* I wonder if three people could be deceived into a common fancy that they had talked with beings not of the earth earthy, and yet not spirits, but of material bodies, and in some degree human.

As I walked on in the bright sunlight, other thoughts came on me, and I began to turn my mind to the subject of my search, the newly-discovered cromlech. I need not detain my readers with the account of the cromlech, a description of which is to be given in a paper in a London archæological society. All I will say is that it was very interesting, and deserved my walk.

As the day was very pleasant, I resolved to go on further to the Nine Maidens, a circle which old antiquaries used to call Druidical, but which it is now the fashion to consider as the border of an antique sepulchral barrow. I mounted the ridge on which it stood, and looked for a moment on the glorious view of sea and moorland. Then stepping up to the circle, I was struck by the fact that the eastern stone—a huge, flat, granite block—had been broken in two, and in part pulverised by some tremendous force, like the explosion of dynamite, or the blow from a heavy cannon-ball.

"What a mischievous age this is!" I cried aloud—"Even these granite blocks are not safe. Some wretched miner has blown up the slab with dynamite." But on examination it hardly looked like an explosion, but the blow from some powerful projectile that had smashed the slab.

* See "Aleriel; or, a Voyage to Other Worlds," pp. 203—213.

I was going away disheartened at the mischievous propensities of our age, which are destroying some of our most valuable ancient Cornish monuments, when I noticed a few yards off a small slanting tunnel (in the ground, and apparently cutting into the solid granite rock) of a few inches diameter. I approached it, and pushed into it with my stick as far as I could, but in vain; I could feel no bottom; then I tried to look into it, but it was all gloom. Could it be connected with the smashed slab? I took the measures. It was exactly such as a projectile striking the slab would pierce into the earth. What could it be? Could it by any means be connected with the mysterious friend I had met on the moor? I was burning with curiosity, but alone could do nothing, so unwillingly I had to return home to think over this curious discovery.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

A STRANGE LETTER-BOX.

AFTER dinner I resolved to go down to the village and seek the aid of Thomas Tremeer, an intelligent miner, to work out the problem with me. I found Tremeer at home.

"Do you know," I asked, "that the east stone of the Nine Maidens is smashed up?"

"Don't you say so, sir! It must have been a hard job to them as did it; but you can't tell what chaps will do with dynamite nowadays."

"But the odd thing is that it looks as if it was hit off—not blown off."

"You don't say so, sir! What can it be?"

"Well, Tom," I said, "suppose you and I go up and see for ourselves; you take a pick and a couple of dynamite cartridges, and we'll see into it."

Tom promised to go with me on the search.

I had a sleepless night, wondering over my discovery.

The morning came at length, and after breakfast I found Tom in the kitchen ready for the trip, with his pick, borer, and, I presumed, cartridges. We started for the walk, chatting over the little gossip of the village; but as we approached Penmor, I grew more and more anxious and interested, and found a difficulty in talking of anything. We seemed to get on so slowly over the surface granite. In time, however, we were there. Tom examined the place. To his practised eye it was clear that no dynamite explosion had done the damage, but that it was the work of some projectile which had embedded itself in the rock. Without discussing the possibility of such a theory (as I suppose on some philosophers' principles we ought to have done), we set to work to open up the mysterious little adit or tunnel. It was tough work, for beyond a thin layer of turf there was solid granite. The dynamite cartridges had to be used, and I with Tom got

under a projecting rock some yards distant for the explosions. At length the tunnel was opened out for about three yards, and then Tom, with his borer, released from the rock a curious conical bolt of steel, on which, to my utter astonishment, I saw deeply indented, in clear Roman letters, my name and address.

Tom read them. "It is for you, sir, certainly," he said, "but who can have put it here?"

I told him whom I suspected, and the wonderful story of Aleriel and his visit to our parts. He looked amazed and somewhat frightened, but I told him it was no witchcraft, for my singular friend was not at all wicked, but seemingly very good and pious, though certainly in a strange way. However, I took the bolt, and looked over it for an opening. The thicker part had a sort of red seal of lead upon it. This, I thought, was the opening. With the aid of the pick we pulled it off, and then inside we found a crystal cone, of about three inches diameter, embedded in the steel projectile. This cone I pulled out, and in the crystal I noticed two folded letters separately buried in it. I did not like to break the crystal at once, so I resolved to take it home and examine it.

I came home and examined the crystal carefully. It was evidently a solid block of something like glass, into which the letters had been placed when in a molten state, and they, therefore, could not possibly be reached without breaking the crystal into pieces. After some scruples I broke it with a bar of iron, and the letters fell at my feet, and I found each of them addressed to me, and the word *Aleriel* written across each address.

I opened the first. It contained a curious tale, which I here give: an account of an ancient lunar city.

LETTER THE FIRST.

A RUINED CITY IN THE MOON.

Central Cone of Mount Aristarchus.

As we approached your satellite, the moon, we selected the ring-mountain Arzachel, in the Great Crater Chain, for our landing-place. It was a grand and awful scene of desolation; my companions were struck by its still grandeur. It was night, and the stars shone like brilliant points in the black sky; while the earth moved as a majestic globe, shining with its pale earth-light on the terrific precipices and cliffs and peaks of Arzachel. We waited here an earth-day, and then suddenly the glorious sun lighted up one of the loftiest peaks of Ptolemœus in sight in the distance; then peak on peak was illumined. The intense cold of that worse than Arctic night was succeeded by burning heat. The mighty sun soon blazed upon the awful gorges and clefts of the mountain, and it was day.

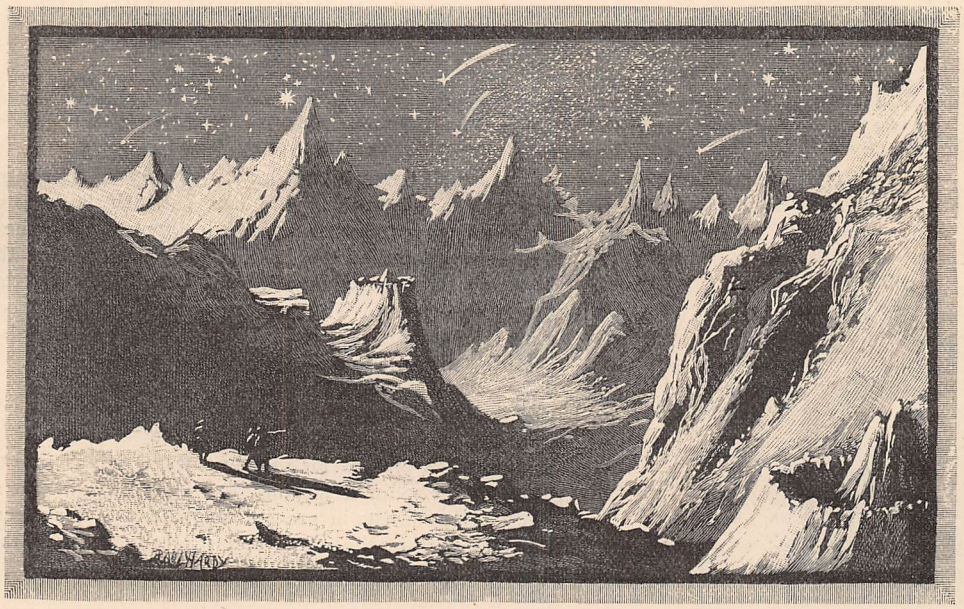
We looked around us and walked from our ether-car down the rugged slopes of Arzachel. Suddenly a block of stone perfectly squared caught my attention.

"Can that be a work of nature?" I said. "It looks wrought by industry."

Ezariel examined it and said, "It may be true, then, as our sages suppose, that this dead world has once been the abode of intelligent immortal spirits enshrined in corporeal bodies. Is it only a used-up, a ruined, a destroyed world? Are these vast and terrible mountain ranges only memorials of the vast convulsions that once destroyed life here?"

We agreed to search, if not for living beings (for none such even of a low type seemed to survive upon the lunar surface), at least for remains of intelligences that once may have dwelt there. We searched Arzachel for about three earth-days, but found nothing. It was terrible to walk on a world that one had thought had

THE POST-OFFICE.



A MOONSCAPE.

never known life, but still more awful to traverse one where life had been, but had become extinct.

Finding nothing more on Arzachel, we agreed to proceed to Ptolemœus. But in vain; there were no signs of life having existed there. So we went thence over the Sinus Æstuum to the great circle of Copernicus.

At length, here, near the central cone of Copernicus, I noticed a massive rock, which seemed smoothed by something more than the volcano or the earthquake. I drew near it. It was the opening of a cavern. I entered it, and, causing light to shine around me, followed by my companions, I pierced its depths. Along the wall we traced on either side quaint and curious figures, evidently chiselled and not the work of nature, and strange hieroglyphs cut into the rock. I cannot describe to you these lunar caverns and their sculptures. They had apparently been saved from the great catastrophe. They were very quaint and unearthly, but perhaps depicting scenes on the lunar surface when seas and continents existed there, and living beings dwelt upon the moon. They showed intelligence, but were inferior to your better and more civilised works on earth. If I could liken them to anything I have seen on earth, it would be to the buried cities of Yucatan or the vestiges of the Peruvians.

Those American remains also were records of lost nations, but these of a lost race—a race that had died out or been extinguished on this now dead world.

When we had copied these strange designs by photography, we emerged from the cavern into the bright sunlight. Then around the cavern I thought I could trace terraces and Cyclopean rocks piled into the walls of an ancient city of this lunar race which had passed away for ever.

"Thus," I cried, "perchance in ages to come may travellers in space, visitors from another planet, wander over the earth, and wonder at the ruins of London or of Paris and the remnant of man's civilisation, and conjecture what kind of being man could have been when he lived upon the earth, and what sort of world the earth could have been in the ages when it was fit for suppporting life."

There they stood, those massive walls of the Copernican city, rent and torn by physical forces of destruction, yet showing that once even in that wild region intelligent life had been.

After we had examined these remains, we proceeded to the grand mountain Aristarchus, glowing in the sunlight with its huge white cliffs. We have searched this region also. In a gorge of Aristarchus, perched on a ledge in the rock, I traced the relics of another city, in a better condition than the first: long walls of white stone, terraces well built, but broken in many places, the débris of ruined towers, streets upon streets vaguely marked in ruins, squares, Cyclopean edifices could dimly be traced. Amid the fractured stones were curious pieces of wrought stone quaintly cut, which might have been ornaments of the Lunarians.

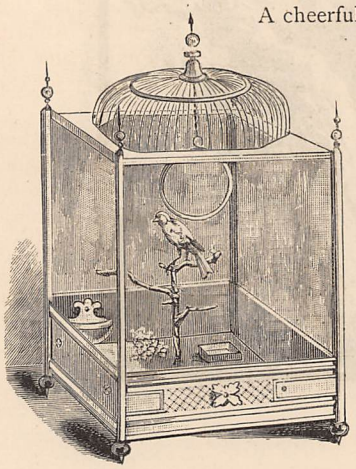
"Here, even here," I cried, "once has been life. It is a dead world now—a desolate realm of death, but it is only a world in which life has been extinguished. Who were the Lunarians? what was their form? were they like men, or of what class and order in creation?" No answer could I find to these questions. The shadows of the lunar night suddenly closed in. The white peaks turned black, the earth shone forth in the starry sky, and intense frost bound all things. The lunar night had begun. Farewell!

ALERIEL.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

A Glass Bird-Cage.



A cheerful bird-cage, which allows the bird to be well seen, is shown in the figure, and is the device of Mr. Ayckbourne. The sides are of glass, but the top is of wire-caging in the ordinary way. Air is admitted freely by this open dome. In other respects the cage is similar to the time-honoured patterns.

A Handy Table Easel.

A new easel, by name the "Hatherley," has lately been patented in this country, and it promises to be very useful for the display of drawings, photographs, and other works of art. When closed, this easel packs away very compactly, but the frame is so constructed that it can readily be opened instantaneously by merely pulling apart the front legs. One great advantage of this easel is that the back support is geared along with the front legs, and there is thus no danger of collapse when the apparatus is open. Indeed the opened easel is so rigid that it can with safety be used as a music-stand. Larger easels on the same principle are being made for sketching and studio purposes.

Darkness Photographs.

Captain Abney, R.E., has, it is stated, prepared photographic plates so sensitive that they are sensible to the dark heat-rays beyond the red end of the spectrum. Such a plate, used with a rock-salt lens in the camera, is believed to be capable of giving an image of a body heated, but not self-luminous.

A Railway Station Indicator.

A railway station indicator in the carriages of trains is now used on some of the American railways. It consists of a cylindrical drum, upon which are fixed slips of wood bearing the names of the stations. These are detachable, and readily replaced by others if the carriage goes to another line. The cylinder is actuated by a spring which is wound by a backward movement of the drum. The spring is controlled by an electro-magnetic catch, which is actuated by a battery placed upon the locomotive, or in the luggage van, and which permits the movement of the drum to take place only one step at a time when the circuit is closed. The switch is controlled by the conductor or engine-driver, and a warning gong is also struck each time the change of station is indicated.

Precipitated Gilding.

A process for gilding glass, which is said to be the revival of a lost art, has been brought out recently. It consists in precipitating the gold (or silver) on the back of the glass, and protecting it from the atmosphere by a varnish.

Uses of Sugar.

Unrefined sugar has, it is said, been long used in India as an ingredient of mortar. It has been recently pointed out that cane-sugar and lime form a chemical compound suitable as a cement. Equal quantities of finely-powdered lime of a common sort, and good brown sugar mixed with water, form a mortar which has been found to join stone and even glass. The lime should be thoroughly slaked with air, for if any dry particles are left, they will ultimately swell and break the joint. Portland cement can also, it is stated, be improved by the addition of a little sugar. Sugar is also mixed with plaster of Paris in modelling—an ounce of sugar to each half-pint of water. Sugar has recently been tried in Italy with success as an anti-incrustator in boilers. Two kilogrammes of sugar were added to the water in a 20 horse-power Field tubular boiler with 126 tubes, and after forty-five days' work the boiler could be cleaned without scraping it, as the sugar detached the "scale."

Signalling by Gas.

Mr. J. R. Wigham, the well-known inventor of the Wigham gas-burner for lighthouses, has devised a new system of lighting for lighthouses, which is held to be more economical than the "group-flashing" system. The new system consists in causing the lenses to revolve, and the groups of lights to revolve with them, the relative positions of the lenses and groups being maintained. By it only two, instead of six or eight, lenses are required. By the older system these lenses revolved round a single central group of lights. Another novelty in gas-lighting is a semaphore, designed for night signalling, which was recently built at Mount Wise, Plymouth. It consists of arms 6 feet long, branching out in all directions, representing the

positions of the day semaphore. At the end of each arm are three gas-jets, which flame up when a valve is opened. The valves are worked by keys on a key-board. This device was not, it is reported, very successful when first tried; but it may contain the germ of something better. We may also mention that a portable "electric lighthouse" has been devised by M. A. Beduwe, of Liége, Belgium, the appliances consisting of the lighthouse, a car to shift it about, and a hydraulic motor to work the dynamo which supplies the current to the electric lamp.

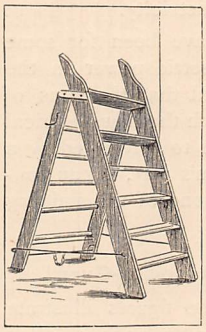
Heat Conductors in Cooking.

Copper is well known as a conductor of heat, and a novel use of its powers in this direction is that of their application to cooking. For this purpose large copper skewers, coated with tin, are provided with hollow blackened knobs or cups, which act as heat collectors. In cooking a joint, for instance, two of the heat collectors should be thrust into it, leaving about an inch of the tinned blade, and the cup-like collector, exposed. The heat of the oven or fire then acting, during the cooking process, on the collectors, is communicated to the blades in the joint, and by them to the meat. Thus the heat is conveyed direct to the inside of the joint, and all danger of underdone "interiors" is removed. It is claimed also for this process that the juices of the meat are more effectively retained, and that as the heat is applied more thoroughly to the meat, an economy of time, and consequently of fuel, in cooking is the result. We should add that the heat collectors, or cups at the ends of the rods, are of varying shapes for use with different classes of meat and methods of cooking.

FIG. 1.

A Combination Ladder.

A ladder which can be turned into a pair of steps is shown in our engravings. The ladder is hinged or jointed at its middle, one half being able to bend over and form the back stay of the steps, this stay itself being also furnished with rungs. The figures illustrate the method of using it in both ways.



COMBINATION LADDER.
FIG. 2.

Soap from Sheep's Wool.

The grease from sheep's wool has been utilised in making a cheap soap, not adapted for toilet purposes, by M. Robart, who recently communicated the details of his process to the French National Society of Agriculture. This grease, when brought to its point of fusion, absorbs the sulphuric compounds—for instance, sulphuric hydrogen—and so treated it becomes saponifiable in a cold state. Soap is made by this process in less than an hour, whereas soda soaps take from six to eight hours for their manufacture. The soap is, moreover, made without caustic alkali, but simply with alkaline carbonates, a fact applicable to all fatty matter when sulphurised. M. Robart recommends the soap for killing insects in vine cultivation.

Seaweed Note-Paper.

A process for making writing-paper from seaweed has been brought out in this country. The weed is boiled with carbonate of soda, and the filtered solution is treated with sulphuric acid. This yields a paste more viscous than gum arabic; and it is supposed that it can be profitably utilised. After this paste is removed, the fibrous matter left is made into paper.

What is "Massage"?

"Massage" is a new mode of treatment for certain diseases, such as writer's cramp, dyspepsia, and rheumatism, and is believed to operate by promoting circulation, absorption by the lymphatics, and electrical contractility of the muscular tissue. It is performed by *effleurage*, a stroking movement of the palm of the hand over the surface centripetally; by *pétrissage*, pressing and rolling a portion of the muscle between the fingers and the adjacent tissue; *friction*, applied by the tips of the fingers; and *tapotement*, a kind of percussion applied by the tips of the fingers.

Purifying Water by Iron.

Mr. W. Anderson, M.I.C.E., has successfully employed iron, preferably in its "spongy" form, as a purifier of water, by shaking the iron up in the water, instead of simply letting the water filter through the iron. This idea was suggested to him by Sir Frederick Abel. The water passes first into a revolving cylinder, through hollow trunnions, and the iron is showered down through the water, which afterwards falls through a height where it becomes aërated, and then filters through a sand bed. Three of these revolving purifiers are now at work in Antwerp. Mr.

Anderson believes that iron can purify almost any water for dietetic purposes.

Training Guns by Electricity.

The War Office authorities have been for some time past engaged in trying electric power in the working of guns; and it is stated that the guns of Spithead fort are to be fitted up with the new electrical training gear. Electric motors are to be worked by a large generator placed out of harm's way, a plan considered preferable to the present one of transmitting the motive-power by shafting.

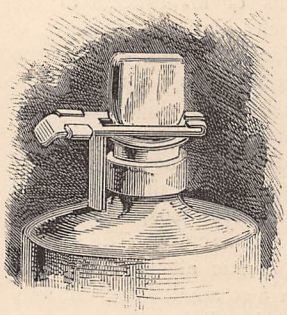


FIG. 1.

A Poison-Guard.

The figures illustrate a bottle with a glass stopper, and a "stopper fastener," which prevents any one removing the stopper from the bottle, except deliberately and with both hands. The fastener is made of brass and can be fitted to any bottle, whether narrow-mouthed or wide. When placed on a bottle containing poison it prevents the use of the contents inadvertently for some other liquid.

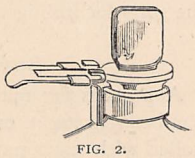


FIG. 2.

Meteoric Resin.

Some time ago a French *savant* picked up a curious substance, found on stones and trees after a stroke of lightning, and this on being examined by M. Stanislaus Meunier, a well-known meteorist, has proved to be a kind of resin. It burns in flame with a resinous odour, and leaves a mass of carbon behind. There are several cases on record of bituminous substances accompanying fire-balls and thunder-storms; but this appears to be the first case of the preservation of them for scientific analysis and speculation as to their origin.

Tea and Lead.

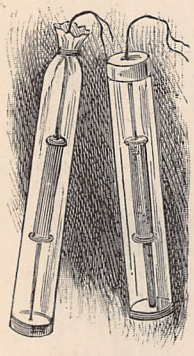
Professor Pedler, of the Presidency College, Calcutta, has made a series of experiments on the effect of lead-lined tea-chests on the tea. It has been observed that tea sometimes corrodes the lead; but Professor Pedler concludes that tea properly manufactured in the ordinary way has no power to corrode lead. If, however, unseasoned or damp wood is used for the boxes, corrosion of the lead is almost certain, some kinds of wood acting more strongly than others. Even with seasoned wood, if it becomes saturated with water, and then placed in certain favourable circumstances as regards heat and moisture, there may be corrosion. The active agent, he thinks, is produced in seasoned wood by a secondary action from the constituents of the wood. The corroding agent is usually acetic acid in the presence of moist air and carbonic acid; but other acids of the same series are sometimes produced, and also act on the lead. The lead being thus corroded by the action of the wood, the tea takes up the disagreeable odour produced, and will thus become deteriorated.

A New Hansom.

The new Victoria hansom, which combines some of the advantages of the brougham and Victoria, has been approved by Sir Charles Warren, and is now to be seen on the London streets. It can be opened or closed by the passenger at will, and is a handsome as well as a convenient vehicle. Hansoms with india-rubber tyres have also been introduced into London; the rubber rendering their travel easier.

Transparent Photographic Paper.

A transparent paper to take the place of glass plates in photography has been recently brought out. A thin homogeneous paper is treated with benzole in which some gum dammar and gum elemi are dissolved. This renders the paper at once flexible and transparent, and suitable instead of glass. They can be used to print from, and as quickly as glass negatives; and they are also said to be easily developed, fixed, and washed. Those photographers who desire portable appliances will probably find them useful. While upon this subject we may mention a new paper made at Düsseldorf. It is a gelatino-citro-chloride paper, and has the following advantages over albumenised paper for photographic purposes. It produces better prints with all the details of the negative, and is especially valuable for weak negatives, because the light parts become lighter, and the dark ones darker. The printing is also quicker with this new paper than with albumen paper, and, moreover, the prints do not fade so readily as with the latter. Any surface, according to an experienced photographer, can be obtained by its use, from the highest polish of an enamelled print to the "matt" surface of an engraving.



A Water-Cartridge.

The figure illustrates a cartridge for blasting mines, especially fiery coal-seams, which has been invented by Mr. Miles Settle, and has recently been well tried. It has even been placed in barrels of gunpowder, but it gives no flame. It is fired by electricity, and the explosive is gelatine dynamite. The explosive cartridge is completely surrounded with water, and is stated to be quite safe.

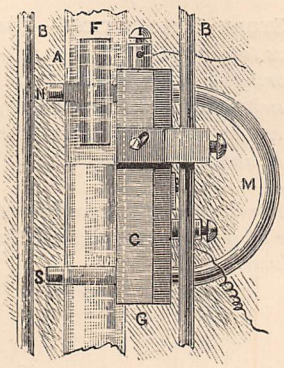
New Locomotives.

At the Baldwin Locomotive Works, United States, several novel locomotives have been constructed for use on the street railways of Minneapolis, in Minnesota. Their novel feature is the use of heated soda

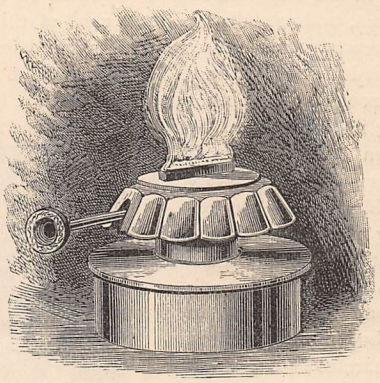
in place of furnace fires. The engine will have no visible chimney, and will not emit smoke or ashes. The boiler is of copper, and contains 5 tons of soda, which, on being damped by a jet of steam, produces intense heat. The action ceases when the soda is thoroughly saturated, which takes place in about six hours. The exhaust steam from the cylinders is used to saturate the soda. The engines have about the same power as those used on the elevated railways, and readily draw four light cars. We may also mention that a locomotive propelled by gas has been at work on a street railway in Melbourne, Australia, for some months. A gas-engine is the propelling motor, and the supply of gas is contained in four copper holders, each 6 feet long and 16 inches in diameter. The gas is put in under a pressure of ten atmospheres, and there is sufficient stored to run the cars 15 miles. An engine and compressing pumps for the gas are fixed near the line, so that the locomotive can readily get a fresh supply. This use of a means of propulsion practically without weight deserves attention. At the Trafalgar Colliery an electric locomotive is in use underground for hauling the coals to the shaft. This has hitherto been done either by wire ropes, persons, or horses. The engine is the device of Mr. Reckenzaum, and is similar in character to that of his electric tramways, the power being supplied to the electric motor by means of accumulators carried on the locomotive. The electric motor is of 8 horse-power, and suitable brakes and auxiliary appliances are provided.

A Magnetic Boiler Alarm.

Low water in steam-boilers is ingeniously signalled by the electrical arrangement which we illustrate. The apparatus consists of a brass case C, attached to one of the side rods B, of the water-gauge of the boiler. Through the upper and lower ends of this brass case pass the legs of a horse-shoe magnet M, whose ends project a little beyond the glass tube A. The case is fastened at such a height on the gauge screw that the upper leg of the magnet comes opposite a float F, when the water is at its normal height. The float consists of a small piece of iron encased in vulcanised india-rubber. Within the case there is pivoted a strip of iron I, which carries at its centre a platinum pin D, and attached to the inside of the insulating cover G is a small platinum contact E. The latter is connected to the binding post upon the cover, and another binding post in electrical connection with the brass case C. To both these posts or terminals are also attached the wires of a circuit containing an electric bell and a battery.



Now, so long as the water keeps at its proper level, the iron float F, being magnetised by the magnet M, attracts the upper end of the iron strip within the case, and maintains the pin D out of contact with the electrode E; but when the water sinks so as to bring the float opposite the lower leg of the magnet, the lower end of the iron strip is attracted by the float, and the pin I is brought into contact with E. This closes an electric circuit and rings the bell, thus signalling the fact of low water.



A Safety Spirit-Lamp.

A new spirit-lamp, which obviates many of the risks attendant on the ordinary table spirit-lamp, has lately been introduced. It is so constructed that there is no danger of over-filling the lamp, while a shield that surrounds the burner prevents heating of the spirit reservoir, thus guarding against two of the most fruitful sources of danger. For use on tea-tables and for bed-room kettles, these new lamps should prove very serviceable.

Christmas and New Year Cards.

The Christmas and New Year Cards issued by Messrs. Sockel and Nathan are distinguished by the great taste displayed in the selection of the designs, and the great care exercised in their production. Oval is a favourite shape with this firm this year, and they have even used ovals in their "Modern" series of autograph cards. Some well-executed "frosted" cards, and two series of views at the Colonial and Edinburgh Exhibitions, deserve special notice. Machine-frosted cards are the speciality of Messrs. Wirths Bros. Some of the views issued by them of sunsets, and other richly-tinted scenes, with sparkling foregrounds of snowy landscape, are exquisitely rendered. A word of commendation, too, is due to Messrs. Wirths' satin cards, and also to the tastefully designed backs of their cards, which are provided with messages of greeting and blank lines for the names of sender and recipient. Perhaps the most characteristic feature of this year's cards is the provision everywhere made for identifying the sender. Foremost among makers of this class of cards is Mr. J. F. Bennett, who has produced a series known as the "Visette," in which each card is constructed to hold a lady's or gentleman's

visiting card. The designs, though not elaborate, are pretty and in good taste. Too late for notice with their cards, Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner have issued a charming Christmas gift-book for children, entitled "The Land of Little People," with verses by Mr. Frederic E. Weatherly, and illustrations by Miss Jane M. Dealy. We regret that space will not allow us to do more than mention, though with high commendation, a work that deserves more lengthy notice. Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons have issued a real novelty in the Raphael Panel, which is, so far as we have seen, undoubtedly the finest card of this season. It is a reproduction of the picture by Raphael recently purchased for the National Gallery from the Duke of Marlborough. Another striking novelty issued by this firm is the series of etchings after paintings by Constable, which are admirably rendered. Space will not allow us to mention more of Messrs. Tuck and Sons' novelties than these, but all their cards are as careful in execution as they are admirable in design.

A Lifting Shadow.

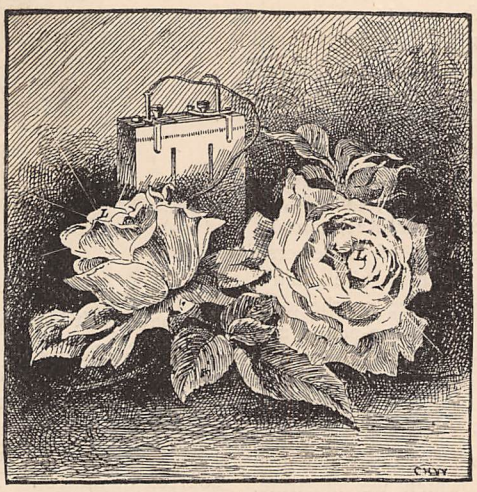
Many travellers have noticed that the shadows cast by Adam's Peak in Ceylon at sunrise, instead of lying flat on the ground, appear to rise up like a veil in front of the spectator, then suddenly to fall down to their proper level. This has been supposed to be a kind of mirage, but the Hon. Ralph Abercromby, F.R.M.S., attributes it to light wreaths of morning mist being driven past the western side of the mountain, and catching the shadow. When these move on, the shadow falls to the ground.

Woodite.

"Woodite" is a new material, which possesses the elasticity of caoutchouc, without, it is stated, being inflammable, or injured by salt water. It is proposed to use it as a fender on quays and sea-walls, in order to prevent injury by collision with ships; and also to protect the unarmoured parts of torpedo vessels. Experiments made at Dartford upon a target covered with cubes of the material, showed that shots passed through it leaving the hole closed; but further experiments with artillery are required on this point. We may add that a caoutchouc has recently been obtained from the common lettuce plant.

An Illuminated Rose.

The accompanying figure illustrates a small pocket apparatus for the electric illumination of flowers, such as roses, to be worn in the hair or on the dress. The apparatus consists of a vulcanite case containing three voltaic cells. It is only 4 inches high by 1 inch thick, and 3 inches wide, so that it may be carried in the pocket. Its weight is about 1 lb. A smaller form weighs only ½ lb., and will go into the vest-pocket. Flexible silk-covered connecting wires lead from the poles of the battery to the tiny electric lamp L, which is placed in the interior of the flower, as shown. A switch on the box enables the light to be put on or off.



AN ILLUMINATED ROSE.

THIRTY-FIVE POUND STORY COMPETITION.—*The Editor much regrets to have to announce that no manuscript has been found worthy to receive the Prize, although over fifty were submitted. The Prize will, therefore, be offered for a further Competition, the particulars of which will be announced in due course.*

A new series of Competitions, open to all readers of this Magazine, is in course of preparation, and will be announced later in the volume.

SPECIAL AMERICAN COMPETITION.

IN view of the growing number of our readers in America, and of the fact that they stand at a manifest disadvantage in respect of several of our Competitions already announced, which are more suitable to our readers in Great Britain, we have been induced to offer an Extra Prize of $25 for the best practical paper on THE DOMESTIC SERVICE DIFFICULTY IN AMERICA, with Suggestions for its Solution. The paper should contain not less than 2,000 words, and must not exceed 3,000 words in length. Each MS. must be accompanied by a declaration that it is the writer's unaided work, countersigned by a clergyman or other person of responsible position.

The Competition will be conducted in accordance with and subject to the General Rules of our Competitions, as given on page 448 of our last volume, 1886.

All MSS. must be sent, prepaid, to *The Editor of* CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, Cassell & Company, Limited, 739, Broadway, New York, not later than March 1st, 1887.

VERE THORNLEIGH'S INHERITANCE;

OR, "LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER."*

By ARABELLA M. HOPKINSON, Author of "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," "Pardoned," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

FAMILY CORRESPONDENCE.

LEWIS TRESIDDER was "not so young as he was," and the painfully steep ascent of the short cut from Thornleigh to Torworthy tried him severely this warm August evening. He was thankful to gain the shelter of the woods, and to sit down, shaded from the rays of the setting sun, and rest. Great beads of perspiration stood on his forehead as he lifted his hat, and put his hand into his pocket to draw out his handkerchief. As he did so, he came in contact with the small bundle of papers that he had found in the jewel-box, and put into his pocket for Vere to investigate at her leisure. He took them out, and looked at them again. They were labelled "Family Correspondence," written in a small, cramped handwriting. "The handwriting of a miser," he said to himself.

As he grasped them, they felt strangely hard for papers only, and he could not resist the temptation to slip off the india-rubber ring, in order to find out the cause. It was quickly discovered. Ensconced in their midst lay a long narrow pocket-book, bound in green shagreen, silver-mounted and silver-clasped. Its rather small pocket was evidently full, for it bulged at the sides, preventing the clasp from catching.

Mr. Tresidder looked around him. He was utterly alone. Through the stems of the trees he could see the sun, like a ball of fire, sinking slowly, slowly in the west; the air was full of the hum of insects, the rabbits were at play, the birds calling to one another; another half-hour or so, and all would be hushed to rest. Again he wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, and then he glanced at the papers and pocket-book resting on his knees. "Family Correspondence"! What did that mean? Did it mean the unravelling of that slight mystery respecting Vere's mother, if mystery there was? Or was it merely a collection of chatty, gossiping letters, such as members of a family are wont to interchange? Hardly that, though; there were not enough of them.

He took up the one that lay topmost, balanced it in his hand, turned it over and over, looked once more around him, then drew it out of the envelope and glanced at the signature. It was signed, "Ralph Vere Thornleigh," written in a firm, bold handwriting. That was Vere's grandfather, old Miss Thornleigh's father—so much Mr. Tresidder knew from the pedigree. From the signature it was natural that his eye should travel to the opening sentence, "My dear Daughter," and from thence back through the intervening matter to the signature once more. Another five minutes, and he had read the letter through.

It was evident from its contents that the writer was unaccustomed to go from home, for the major part was taken up with the account of his journey by coach to the county town, whither he had clearly gone to vote at the time of a general election. There were a good many directions respecting farming affairs, and but one sentence in any way relating to the family: the only one, to Mr. Tresidder, of any interest: "Tell Amyas that an unhappy wretch was found dead of starvation in a garret here last night. It has put some folks in a commotion, but it has not excited any surprise in my mind, for" (underlined) "the man was a fiddler." What did that enigmatical piece of intelligence signify? Would he find its solution in the next letter? He would see.

This time Mr. Tresidder did not go through the form of turning the letter over and over; he at once drew it from the envelope, and read it straight through. It was dated some years later than the last, and was written on a similar occasion. It was full of minute details of farming affairs—clearly Miss Thornleigh and her father had been kindred souls, and she had inherited from him her shrewdness, hard-headedness, and capacity for business. The rest of the letter was taken up with election intelligence, written from the most ignorant and narrow-minded standpoint, which would have amused Mr. Tresidder if he had had time to do more than skim it. This time there was no mention of Amyas.

There remained yet one more epistle, and these three constituted the papers that had encircled the pocket-book.

This third letter, written a year after the second, differed from the other two in that Mr. Thornleigh seemed, from the change in his handwriting and the tenor of its contents, to have become suddenly a spiritless old man. All the aggressive self-assertion, the shrewd business-like details of the former epistles were lacking. The phrases were as rambling as the caligraphy, and it concluded with a sentence which, even after the lapse of twenty-six years, sounded pathetic. "I feel I have become a very old man, Bab. I shall never leave home again, and shall be very glad to get back to you and my own fireside." Again not a word about Amyas.

At the end was a little note in Miss Thornleigh's

* NOTE.—The title "Life's Fitful Fever" has been altered for reasons which are given on page 192.—ED.

handwriting: "This is the last letter ever written to me by my honoured and beloved father. He died of a broken heart three months later. Woe to him that brought him to his death!"

This was becoming exciting. Mr. Tresidder wished there were more letters, but there only remained the pocket-book. It lay open on his knees, its white leaves fluttering gently in the breeze, and a sheet of yellow paper just peeping out of its bulging receptacle. He pounced on it eagerly, drawing out the whole contents of the pocket. They consisted of two letters, and a document of some kind. He would read the letters first.

No, they were not from old Ralph Thornleigh. The handwriting was totally different from his, and, moreover, extremely illegible. He turned at once to the signature. It was, as he had expected, that of Amyas Thornleigh. Here surely, then, he would find the solution of the mystery, for, by this time, Mr. Tresidder was quite satisfied that there was some mystery.

The first letter—for he read them according to their dates—was dated from Bayswater, and ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR SISTER,—Although my father died without sending me one word of forgiveness, and you have thrown me off completely, never answering one of my letters, I cannot act in the same heartless way by you. I cannot forget that you once loved me, cared for me, and tended me as fondly as if you had been my mother. That was many years ago now, still I remember it, and like to look back on it rather than on the time that followed,—so full of strife, reproaches, and bitterness, that it drove me away from a home where I was thwarted beyond human endurance. It is very long since I have written to you, Bab. When my last letter remained unanswered, I almost swore that never again should you see my handwriting. But I am weak, and cannot keep those unnatural resolutions as you can. Remembering, then, those early years, when I thought of you as a mother, I consider it my duty to write and inform you that I am married, and, as far as my union with one of the sweetest of women is concerned, am the happiest of men. I will keep nothing from you. My dear wife sings for her living, as I play for mine. She has a voice that the very angels might envy, and that would soften even your heart, could you hear it, and her face is as beautiful as her voice. We are not rich, far from it: we are scarcely comfortable; but we are contented, for we are both young, we are getting on in our profession, and we are devoted to one another. Bab, you must be very lonely in the old place now; will you not come and see us? You could not help loving my Amina. And her name reminds me that I have forgotten to tell you that she is not altogether English, but half Italian. Her father was an Italian singer; he was stabbed at Perugia when she was quite a child, since when she has been brought up, and given an excellent education, by an English lady. The whole story is too long to be put into writing. Come and hear it for yourself, and be sure of a warm welcome from your ever-loving, although cruelly ill-used brother,

"AMYAS THORNLEIGH.

"P.S.—I had almost omitted to tell you that I still retain my professional name of Bradshaw. Amina knows me only as Mr. Bradshaw. I could not tell her I was a Thornleigh of Thornleigh as long as I was banished from my old home."

Mr. Tresidder read this letter over once, twice. It was very interesting—more than interesting—exciting; for here was Vere's mother found. The fabric was complete, and Vere undoubtedly the last of a fine old race. So far, so good. But what had been its result? Had Miss Thornleigh accepted the invitation it contained, or passed it over in silence, as she had the former epistles? Well, the other letter would probably tell him all that. Carefully he folded up the first, then picked up the second, and proceeded to read it. It bore the date of two years later, and was written on very inferior paper, from an obscure street in Chelsea, in a very different style from the preceding one. The words straggled over the page, as though the writer had had no control over his pen.

"Barbara Thornleigh," it commenced, "you have scorned my letters and my wife, and now it is too late for reconciliation. I am very ill; they tell me I have not long to live. When I am dead, my wife and my child, my little girl, will be alone in the world, and penniless. I commend them to you. If you have a heart, if you have a conscience, you are bound to take care of them, for my father left you all he had, and me nothing. I do not ask this thing of you; I demand it. God forgive you your cruelty to your only brother. If you come, ask for Mr. Bradshaw.

"A. B. T.

"P.S.—Bab, come. Come, that I may tell Amina the truth as to who I am. Throughout these two years I have concealed it from her, waiting, hoping against hope, that you would write or come. I have days, perhaps weeks—who knows it may not be months?—yet to live. I feel so different to-day. I know how suspicious you are. It has occurred to me that you may not have believed my last letter to you. I therefore enclose you a copy of my marriage certificate. Come."

The marriage certificate! Ah! now he had got at the core of the whole business. Now he should find out who Mrs. Thornleigh had been, and probably why her name had been omitted in the pedigree. That she was nobody very illustrious was quite clear. A young woman who sang for her living, the daughter of an Italian singer who had been stabbed, probably in a street fray, when she was a child! He could in some degree sympathise with Miss Thornleigh if she had not been particularly attracted by this candid account of her sister-in-law's antecedents. So reflected Mr. Tresidder as he unfolded the document, which was, of course, the enclosed copy of the marriage certificate. Yes, there were the names in black and white: Amyas Bradshaw and Amina . . . .

The paper dropped suddenly from his hand, as if it had stung him, and he remained staring in front of him with wide-open eyes, as if he had seen some vision. . . . . How hot, how stiflingly hot it was in these woods! Mr. Tresidder gasped for air

as he wiped his forehead ; the perspiration stood on it in great drops; he had turned white to his lips. So he remained motionless, paralysed, as it were, for a few seconds ; then, with a sickly smile, he stretched forth a feeble nerveless hand, and once more grasped the paper.

"It can't be ; it is impossible!" he murmured to himself. "She must have died long and long ago. I must have made a mistake, and it is some other name." He looked again—"Amyas Bradshaw—Amina Manceschi" seemed literally to leap out of the paper and confront him. Was that a "c," though? Did it not look like an "i" that had not been dotted? Did any one ever dot their "i's" after they had passed out of copy-books? Of course not. Manieschi—it was certainly Manieschi—now that he looked at it attentively, he was almost surprised that he should ever have taken it for Manceschi.

Mr. Tresidder had considerable powers of self-deception ; he had been more or less of a self-deceiver all his life, but try as he would this time, he could not convince himself. Deep down in his heart remained the certainty that the name was Manceschi, and that Amina Manceschi was Amy Lemesurier's daughter. And if so—why, if so . . . . .

He threw down the certificate petulantly, and took up the pocket-book. Why should he trouble his head about this Amina Manceschi, or Manieschi? What was she to him? It was ridiculous to suppose that she was Amy Lemesurier's daughter. What tittle of evidence was there to that effect? None. For aught he knew, the name of Manceschi might be as common in Italy as Smith was in England. Her father a singer—were not all Italians singers more or less? With this sweeping, but hardly convincing mental argument, Mr. Tresidder once more turned his attention resolutely to Miss Thornleigh. What had been that lady's attitude on the receipt of her brother's last appeal? She must have responded to it somehow, or Vere would not have spent her life at Thornleigh. Perhaps the pocket-book would tell ; it must have some connection with these papers, or why should they all be done up together?

With feverish rapidity he began turning over the leaves. They were full of entries. It was, in fact, a minute journal of everything that took place on the farm, couched in the briefest possible terms. Of extraneous matter there was apparently none. Page after page Mr. Tresidder ran his eye down these wearisome details, until he had nearly come to the end of the book. Here at last there occurred a blank ; the farming entries suddenly ceased, and a clean white page presented itself to his eye. He turned it over. Ah ! here it was. Here was the entry he sought.

"Account of how I came to adopt my brother Amyas' daughter, and bring her up.

"On the 4th of January, 18—, I, Barbara Thornleigh, of the Manor of Thornleigh, in the parish of Torworthy, received a letter from my only brother, Amyas Bradshaw Thornleigh, in which he informed me that he lay a-dying. The letter, which was dated December the 19th, did not reach me until a fortnight later. The next morning I left Claymouth by the 9.20 train. It was bitterly cold weather. Snow had been falling on and off for a fortnight or more, and when I reached London in the dark, the streets were full of it. I went straight to my brother's lodging, but had to pay a hackney cab a monstrous sum to take me there. The man pretended not to know where it was, so as to get more money out of me, and drove me through street after street in search of it. When, after much difficulty, I arrived at the house, I found I was too late. Amyas had died quite suddenly the very night after he had written his letter to me, and had been buried more than a week. I asked the landlady, a decent-looking woman, for his wife, and was told that she had gone away and deserted her child immediately after her husband's funeral. I was not surprised. I told the woman that I was the baby's aunt, and asked to see it. She brought it to me. A pretty child, with yellow silky hair, like Amyas' when he was a baby. On questioning the woman, she told me that its mother had gone out a week ago, leaving the child in her care, and had never come back again. She was weeks in arrears with her rent, and she believed that she had made off and never meant to return. I am certain that the landlady was right. Determined to be careful, I made her take her Bible oath that the baby she showed me was the daughter of the people who had called themselves Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw, and the other lodgers in the house did the same. I slept in the room where Amyas had died, that night. There was nothing in it but a bed, a table, and a chair. The next day I packed up the baby's clothes, and paid the landlady the rent owing to her. I am sure the woman cheated me, for the sum I was forced to give for six weeks' hire of that miserable little room was enormous. For her care of the child, I gave her the furniture, which was handsome payment. I reached Claymouth with the baby that afternoon at 5.30, and drove to Thornleigh. I found everything in order in the house.

"I shall do my best to bring up Amyas' daughter as a Thornleigh should be brought up. She will never know any relative but myself, and never be told anything of her disreputable mother. I shall let her believe that she died when she was born.

"I shall have her named Vere, after my honoured father.

"This is the true account of my adoption of my niece, Amyas Thornleigh's daughter, written January 10th, 18—. If she conducts herself according to my wishes, I shall leave her all my possessions."

Here, then, was the story ended, and so far it was tolerably clear. There had been a family quarrel. Amyas Thornleigh had been cut off by his father and sister, had married and died, leaving a child. But the mother? What had become of her? Had she indeed deserted her child? Was she really a disreputable person, this Amina Manceschi? It looked like it. An Italian singer's daughter might be anything. A woman who deserted her child immediately after her husband's death ! It was pretty plain, from his letters, that that husband had been but a weak vacillating creature, who had most probably been

taken in by an intriguing Italian woman with a handsome face.

Mr. Tresidder shrugged his shoulders. Vere was the last of the Thornleighs, but the less said about her mother the better. Meanwhile it was she, no doubt, who had transmitted to her daughter those melting brown eyes, those classical features, that moulded jaw. Probably by this time she was dead; at any rate, she never seemed to have troubled the family any more.

And here Mr. Tresidder looked at his watch. Why, what time was it? Positively past eight o'clock, and the dinner-hour was eight. Hurriedly he rose, thrust the papers back into the pocket-book, put the ring round the parcel, and set off towards home.

"Those girls will think I am lost," he exclaimed aloud; "I must hurry."

And hurry he did, but not so fast but that he had time to notice, as in a new light, the fine old trees that crossed his road from time to time, to reflect on the capabilities of the soil, the prospects of the slate-mines. Within the last half-hour an extraordinary change had come over the spirit of his dream. His estimation of Torworthy had risen in the most marvellous manner, and if at this moment he had been asked his opinion, he would have contended that it was not even out-of-the-way.

"No, I will not show the pocket-book to that poor child to-night," he thought to himself, coming back with a bound from visions of the slate-mines in full working order to Vere. "She is already completely overdone, and the idea of a disreputable mother will not make her sleep any the better. I wonder, by the way, if she has been told who she was! I will give her old Ralph Thornleigh's effusions. There is nothing in them to disturb any one's peace of mind."

The recollection of the letters set him off thinking again, and apparently, in spite of the temporary shock the marriage certificate had given him, his reflections were pleasant, for there was a smile hovering round his lips, and a light in his eye, as though some inspiration had suddenly come to him.

"It would settle the whole matter admirably," he murmured aloud. "I wish the boy were a few years older, and that the mother had been a different sort of woman—I confess she sticks in my throat. You can never tell where she may come out. However, we shall see. Mabel will be charmed," and as though her name had conjured her up, he turned a corner to see his daughter running towards him.

"Oh, here you are at last, pater," she exclaimed, out of breath; "I was afraid you were lost in the woods, so I came to look for you. What in the world has made you so late? Do you know what time it is?" then, without waiting for his answer, "I left Vere on the sofa, after giving her a good meal of jelly and beef-tea, so there is no hurry, for I have put off dinner indefinitely. Ah, pater!" clasping her hands round his arm, "I want you to be very good and dear, for I have such a lovely notion, and I must tell it to you whilst we are quite alone, and before Cosby comes back. He always throws cold water on my vagaries, as he calls them. I know Hugh will like it."

Mr. Tresidder looked at his daughter, with a funny smile on his lips. Could it be that he and Mabel had conceived the same idea? If so, he too was of opinion that it had better be put into shape before Cosby returned. He was so unexpectedly cautious at times.

"Well, let us hear it quickly," he said; "for although you have put off dinner, the sooner we have it the better."

"Oh! never mind dinner; this is so much more important. What should you say now," lifting herself on tiptoe, and peering into his face, "what should you say to Vere—living—with—us? Hush! don't answer a word until I have done. Now we are giving up wandering, and are going to settle down into dull, conventional English people, I know I shall be dreadfully moped; I am positive I shall. But if I have Vere with me, it will make all the difference in the world. It will be such fun polishing her, teaching her music, hearing her sing, correcting her rustic ways, and so on, that I shall have no time to be dull. Besides, I have taken to her immensely. I really love her, pater, and Hughie is quite fascinated with her, and then she is not like other people, which is *such* a charm. Do, do, do let her live with us. I have been nearly bursting with this brilliant idea the whole afternoon. I can't think how I kept it to myself so long."

"Have you done, my dear?"

Mabel nodded her head. "Quick, pater, answer."

"Good gracious, child! You don't expect me to make up my mind on such a proposal as yours in a second, do you? There are several very weighty objections to your plan. To begin with, Vere is no better than a farmer's daughter, although she is Miss Thornleigh of Thornleigh."

"No better than a farmer's daughter!" indignantly. "Have you ever met with a farmer's daughter with a voice like—like——" Mabel cast about in her mind for a suitable simile, and ended, as was rather her habit, with hyperbole—"a Jenny Lind, and who looked like a Roman empress? Think, pater, what a sensation she would make in London!"

"Oh! nonsense, Mabel. Do pray let us keep to the matter in hand. Are you quite sure you would never be ashamed of your new friend?"

"Positive. Am I that sort of person, pater?"

No; he could honestly say she was not. Was she not addicted to befriending openly all manner of strange people, like her mother before her?

"Of course I ought to have remembered your love of any eccentricity. What was it you said about Hugh?"

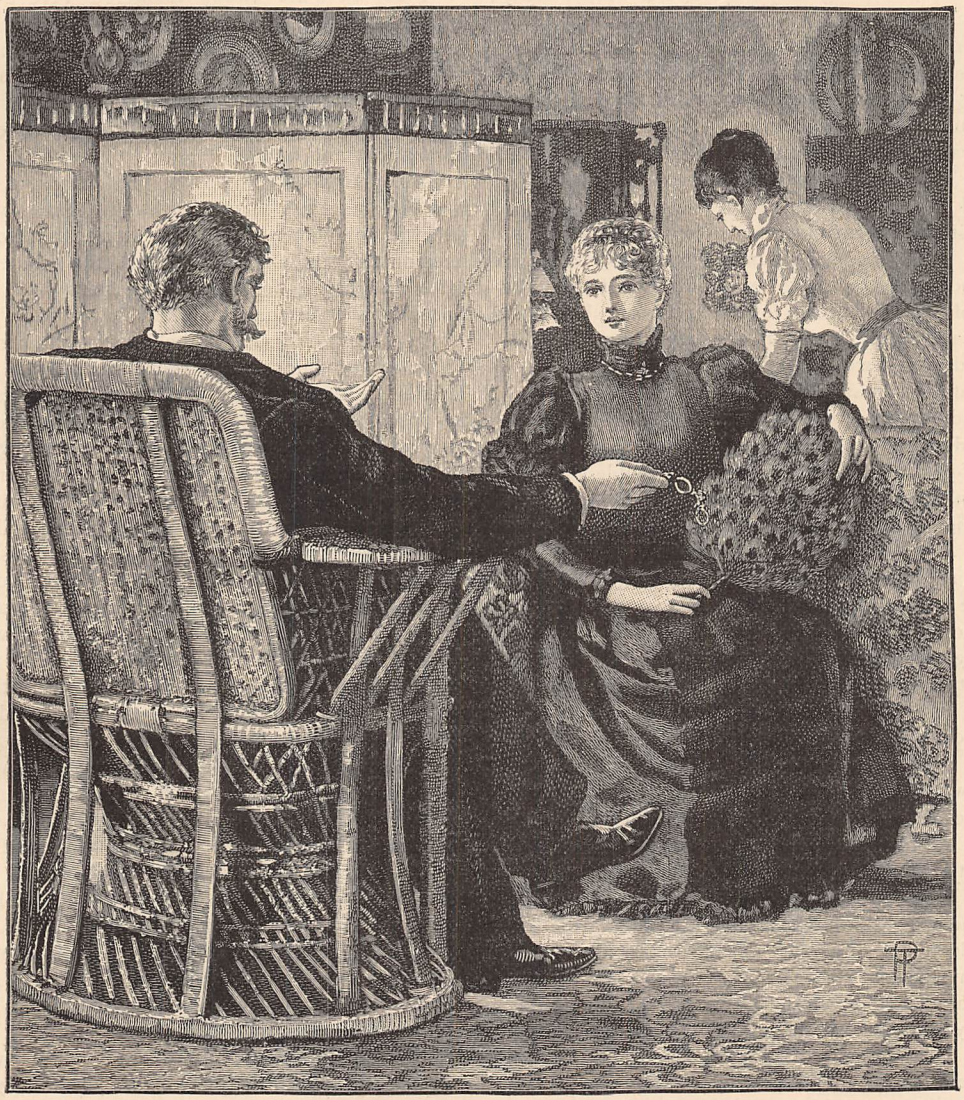
"That he would be delighted. He admires Vere beyond anything, and says she is the very prettiest girl he has ever seen in all his life."

"Hugh says that, does he?"

"Yes. Ah, pater! I see you are afraid Hughie might fall in love with her; but if he did, what of it? I am sure she is good; she is certainly beautiful; she

has that chest full of sovereigns and bank-notes, and lastly, a voice like an angel's. Think what delightful things we could get up together! Vere treble, I alto, Hugh tenor, and—dear me! we should want a bass."

not his own plan? Was it not his own idea put into words by Mabel? That girl was really very clever, but it would never do to let her have it all her own way. Mr. Tresidder put on his most solemn face.



"'NOW, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, . . . I TAKE A GREAT INTEREST IN YOU'" (*p.* 134).

"Do have mercy on me, Mabel, and don't rattle on in this way. How can I think with you chattering all the while?"

"I beg your pardon, pater dear. I expect you want your dinner after wandering in the woods this long time. I will go in and order it up in a quarter of an hour's time. Think about my plan, will you, whilst you are dressing, and if you agree to it, just give me a nod when you come into the drawing-room."

Agree to it! Of course he agreed to it. Was it

"Leave it to me, Mabel," he said. "If I agree to your proposal, which is a very serious one—for how can we tell what kind of a girl Miss Thornleigh is?—I will give you the nod you ask for. But understand me, *I* make the proposition to Miss Thornleigh, not you, for there are all manner of business matters to be settled, which you don't understand."

"I think I do, *petit* papa," laughed Mabel, as she danced off to dress for dinner, leaving Mr. Tresidder to walk leisurely to his room.

Dinner was not so lively as usual. They missed Cosby and Hugh; Vere was very tired, Mabel preoccupied. Mr. Tresidder alone was cheery and talkative, rallying Vere on her fortune, and her unknown connections, but saying no word about her future. The pre-arranged nod had, however, been given to Mabel, so that young lady's mind was at rest—only when was the word to be spoken?

After dinner she went to the piano, whilst Vere lay on the sofa, looking out at the solemn moon, and thinking how soon she must say good-bye to her brief glimpse of a happy, unrestrained life. Mr. Tresidder was sleeping sweetly in his arm-chair after that toilsome climb up the rocks, and was only roused by the clock in the hall chiming out half-past ten.

"Bed-time for invalids, *Vera mia*," cried Mabel, shutting the piano, and glancing compassionately at her friend's white face. Vere roused herself from the contemplation of her own future, and rose obediently to the call. Mr. Tresidder also awoke, rubbed his eyes, and looked wonderingly at the two girls.

"What did you say, Mab?" he asked.

"I said it was time for Vere to go to bed," she answered; "it is half-past ten."

"Half-past ten! Bless my life, impossible!"

"I am afraid it is," said Vere, with a little sigh; "good night." Then looking up shyly, she added, "I must go home to-morrow, Mr. Tresidder. You and Mabel have been ever so good to me, but now that I am quite well, I ought not to trouble you any longer, but go home, and see after things there."

During this speech, Mabel looked at her father, then walked to the table, and picked up the newspaper.

"It is coming now," she thought to herself.

"My dear Miss Thornleigh," said Mr. Tresidder, clearing his throat, "you take me by surprise. Do you know we really cannot part with you yet? Mabel would be inconsolable without you. Sit down, my dear, sit down a few minutes, and we will talk this little matter over. Now, my dear young lady," as Vere reseated herself, "I take a great interest in you, and I cannot help regarding myself as a kind of guardian to you, in default of any relative or nearer friend."

"Did not Mr. Savile say that if I wished it, and you did not mind it, the Court of Chancery would probably appoint you my guardian?"

"Yes, you understand all about it exactly, I see. Well, then, in the character of your future guardian, you will excuse my asking you some questions, and, at the same time, giving you plainly some information. To begin with, I must inform you that, far from being poor, as you imagine you are, you are very comfortably off, not to say rich. That is to say, that besides the estate, which is probably worth a good deal, although I cannot say for certain, being ignorant of those matters, you have in that iron chest about fifteen thousand pounds. Now, having told you this, I ask you what do you propose to do in the future?"

"I can hardly tell," answered Vere. "I can only think that I shall go on living at Thornleigh, and looking after it, as Aunt Barbara did. I know no other place."

"But, my dear Vere," broke in Mabel, throwing down the paper, and utterly abandoning her neutral attitude, "how horribly lonely and dreary for you! Besides which, I thought you wanted to learn music and all manner of things. How can you do that at Thornleigh?"

"I do not quite know," answered Vere despondingly; "but tell me what else I can do? For all the years of my life I have lived in this valley; where else can I go? I suppose I could learn music at Claymouth, but sometimes I think that would be wicked, as Aunt Barbara disliked the idea so. You see I have no relations and friends."

"No, you poor thing; but you must not say no friends, for we are your friends, and that is why the pater is going to propose something, that you shall sleep on all night, and answer to-morrow—Pater, make haste and say it, for I am very sleepy—As to not learning music, excuse slang, but that is bosh."

"In a hurry as usual, Mabel," remarked her father. "You are so impetuous. Well, then, my dear Miss Thornleigh, the proposal I have to make to you is this. Supposing you do me the honour to nominate me as your guardian, and the Court of Chancery agrees to the same, would you not like to make your home with us? No, do not start, but hear me out, for I am going to put the whole matter on a purely business-like footing. Mabel, as you know, has no mother or sister, and stands in need of companionship. She, as indeed we all have, has taken immensely to you, and asks for nothing better than to be a sister to you, whilst I frankly confess—in business matters there is nothing like being perfectly open and above-board—that the pecuniary assistance your living with us would afford, would just now be a valuable help. Hugh, as you are aware, has lately come into this property, which is always an expensive luxury when there is very little money and the estate has been allowed to go to rack and ruin, as this one has. As he is not yet of age, I have the management of all his affairs, and I am extremely desirous to send him to a good college at Oxford, such as will fit him to fill his position as heir of the late Lord Bellairs, worthily. This, however, I cannot possibly do without more money than I have at present. Do you follow me, Miss Thornleigh? You see I am perfectly frank with you. And now, having stated the advantages I and my family will derive from your society, I will briefly set before you what you will receive as an equivalent. First, a home where you will be loved and cared for as my own daughter. Secondly, all the advantages such a home will offer, in the shape of the best society and the associating always with people of refinement and culture, who will be only too happy to teach you all those little niceties and usages of society that you, in your Eden-like seclusion, have had, as yet, no opportunity of acquiring. Thirdly, every facility will be given you to perfect yourself in any of the arts or sciences that may take your fancy, for I may as well tell you at once that part of every year will be spent in London or on the Continent."

"Have you finished, pater?" interrupted Mabel, as he stopped to take breath. "What a rigmarole! was

it not, Vere? One might fancy him an embryo M.P., and you his hoped-for constituents. Do you understand it, my dear, or shall I state it simply for you?"

Mr. Tresidder smiled; he was accustomed to Mabel's ways. "Impudent little monkey!" he said, but then he grew grave, for the big tears were coursing down Vere's cheeks, and she was trying hard to control them.

"You are so good, so good to me," she sobbed out, "but I am not fit to live with you. I am not a lady like you," turning to Mabel.

"You must allow us to judge of that, my dear," said Mr. Tresidder, whilst Mabel laughed and put her arm round Vere's waist.

"It is all because she speaks provincially, poor little thing," she cried, "and understands making butter and cooking and doing all manner of useful things, instead of speaking French and being able to sing and play. Don't deny it, Vere. Now, listen to me, dear, and don't cry. If you live with me you will soon leave off saying 'yu' for 'you' and 'tu' for 'too,' and so on, because you have a most perfect ear for sound, and you will take pains not to do so. As for the French and the music and the 'ologies,' you shall have masters and mistresses till you sigh to return to your butter and baking, and wish you had never met Mabel Tresidder."

Vere smiled through her tears whilst Mr. Tresidder shook her hand.

"There, there, my dear," he said, "you are thoroughly tired out: go to bed, and think about it, and give me your answer when you please. Wait a minute, though"—fumbling in his pocket, and producing therefrom Ralph Thornleigh's letters; "here are these papers of yours that I brought from your home to-day."

Vere looked at them. "Papers!" she said. "Oh, yes, I remember. Out of the jewel-box, aren't they?"

"Yes," he said. "Now, no more waiting about; it is already much too late for you to be up;" and with a smile of satisfaction on his countenance, Mr. Tresidder lit her candle, and bade her and Mabel good night. "The deed is done now," he murmured to himself, as he took his way to his sitting-room, "for there is no doubt she will say 'Yes.' I wonder what Cosby will say."

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE ELDEST SON.

WHAT Cosby did say was not altogether palatable. In fact, he totally disapproved of all that had taken place during his absence, and did not hesitate to express his opinion pretty freely.

"You know nothing at all of this girl," he said, pacing up and down Mr. Tresidder's study some two or three days after his return from the fishing expedition, "beyond the fact that she was brought up like any common farmer's daughter by a wretch of an old aunt. Who was her mother? And why is she not mentioned in the genealogies? How can you possibly tell that she will prove a fit companion for Mabel, or that Hugh will not fall in love with her?"

But at this stage in the argument, and naturally too, Mr. Tresidder turned restive.

"It is all settled now," he said testily. "I think, Cosby, I may be allowed to have my children's welfare at heart, at least as much as you."

Which was perfectly true. But then Cosby knew nothing of the existence of that green shagreen pocket-book lying so securely at the bottom of one of Mr. Tresidder's portmanteaus, waiting for the day when Vere should be deemed sufficiently strong to bear the shock of its contents. That hour was long in coming, for days turned to weeks and months, and still the book lay in its hiding-place, and its real owner never suspected but that with her grandfather's letters Mr. Tresidder had handed her all the papers he had found in the jewel-box. In this way nine months had slipped away, and Miss Thornleigh had become an institution in the Tresidder household. Mr. Tresidder had been appointed her guardian; Thornleigh was let to a well-to-do farmer, Hannah was pensioned off, and Vere herself was undergoing the process of being turned into a nineteenth-century young lady. As yet the arrangement had worked very well. In return for the handsome sum allowed him for his ward's maintenance, Mr. Tresidder's part of the contract had been most faithfully fulfilled, and nine months' education in the "niceties and usages of society" had wrought such wonders that that gentleman was in a perpetual state of complacency over his own farsightedness, in having devised so admirable a scheme. Nor could anything be better than the relations between his son—now fast earning the reputation of being the laziest man at Oxford—and his ward. Indeed, they were on quite a brotherly and sisterly footing, and Mr. Tresidder would smile contentedly when he heard Vere laughing at Hugh for his crass ignorance of all country matters.

"You must teach him, Vere, you must teach him," he would say, rubbing his hands; "it will never do for a landowner to be ignorant of such things."

But Hugh did not learn quickly. Brought up in a half-foreign style, kept constantly from school on account of being delicate, it was far pleasanter to him to gather a handful of flowers, and to sit down and paint them—never finishing them, be it said—than to learn the rotation of the crops, or to weigh the relative merits of one soil against another.

For the last two months, however, the Tresidders had been in London, and here Vere's education assumed alarming proportions. French, piano, singing—the house in Rutland Gate was literally besieged by the professors of all these accomplishments, and Mabel was perfectly happy in hunting up innumerable old *protégés* of her mother's to assist in her friend's development.

The celebrated Piangini had been secured for the singing; a French count who had fallen on evil days, for the French; a German lady who had met with reverses, for the piano. So different was the life, with its ever-varying interests, its shifting lights and shades, that the girl would sometimes rub her eyes, and wonder whether it were not all a dream—if she were indeed herself.

Meanwhile she made the most surprising strides in her singing, for her ear was perfect, as Mabel had said, and her voice! "Ah! dat is one most beautiful voice!" as Piangini expressed it. The little Italian was in ecstasies over it. He grudged her no time, no trouble, and all he had to contend with was her trying to sing all day. But here Mr. Tresidder interfered, assuring her solemnly that she would ruin her voice if she tried it too severely in this early stage of its career.

But he could not be harsh to his ward, who was such a success, and a daily witness to his own perspicacity. In the little society he allowed her as yet to see, her uncommon style of beauty, her sweet, slow smile, her low, liquid voice, were all attractive, whilst her extreme shyness was put down to pride, Mr. Tresidder having given to the world such an account of her birth and connections that, although he was well laughed at behind his back, people did not doubt the intrinsic truth of his statements.

But although Vere at present did not go out into society, she saw plenty of it at home. Very seldom did the Tresidders dine by themselves; still less rarely did an evening go by without some friend dropping in after dinner, according to the foreign fashion. These were chiefly musical people, some of Mabel's pets, who, armed with some kind of instrument, or endowed with voice, would look in for an hour, and take part in a trio or quartette, a duet or chorus, as the case might be. Cosby Savile, who had left Torworthy very soon after Vere's instalment there, had been the first to welcome his relatives to London, and in spite of his numerous engagements, was to be found at Rutland Gate at least twice a week. Whatever he might have thought of the expediency of Miss Thornleigh becoming a member of the Tresidder household, he said nothing more on the subject, contenting himself with observing her narrowly. But Mr. Tresidder, desirous as he was to let the subject drop for ever, could not refrain himself from reminding his nephew of his objections, and at the same time modestly lauding his own wisdom, as they sat together after dinner one evening. To his surprise, Mr. Savile refused to change his opinion.

"I have not altered it by one hair's breadth," he answered, "although I allow that, on the face of it, your scheme works well, and so far the young lady is a decided success. I should like to know more of her parentage. It seems a most extraordinary thing that she should know nothing of her mother, not even her maiden name, as I think Mabel told me. However, be that as it may, I am certain of one thing—she is not pure English."

"What on earth makes you think that?"

"The evidence of my senses. There is something un-English in her physique, her ways, her voice, and yet I cannot define how or where. It is an instinct, I suppose. If I were asked, I should say she had some Italian or Spanish blood in her veins."

"With that pale golden hair! Absurd!"

"That is Saxon enough, certainly, but I never denied her English ancestry. I suppose you have found out nothing more about her since we last talked the subject over?"

"Nothing. Shall we adjourn up-stairs?—it is late."

When the two gentlemen sauntered into the drawing-room, Vere was sitting at the piano, whilst Mabel, immersed in a book, never so much as turned her head when they entered. Mr. Savile, after contemplating her gravely for one long second, approached the piano, and sat down by Vere's side.

"You would make a capital model for St. Cecilia," he said, "if you would only keep your head as you had it when I came into the room. What have you been doing with yourself to-day?"

She had ceased playing, and now she turned round and faced him.

"Don't leave off," he begged; "go on with your fantasies; we can talk all the same."

"I cannot," she answered, "if I talk. Besides, my playing is nothing; all my fingers are like thumbs. I only do it to amuse myself. I think of things and then I try to find the notes to suit them. Did not you ask me what I had been doing to-day?"

"Yes. How have the arts and sciences been progressing? and the French count, and old Piangini, and all the rest of *les misérables* that Mab has hunted up so industriously for your benefit?"

"I have had three of them to-day," she laughed, "and I love the signor; he is so kind. He sang me 'Adelaide' this morning. Oh! it was lovely, although Mab says his voice is going."

"And what did you do? Cry?"

"How could you guess?" blushing. "I could not help it—just a very, very little," apologetically. "Mab laughed at me, but the signor took my part, and said it was because I was a real artist. Do you know he told me that, years ago, he heard a voice very like mine. It was at a party, where a girl sang Schubert's 'Addio' so exquisitely that the tears came into his eyes, and he could hardly keep from crying. He never heard her name, nor could he recollect what she was like; but whenever he hears me sing, he remembers her voice. Is it not strange?"

"Very. And do you cry at all the concerts you and Mabel patronise so largely?"

"Of course not," indignantly. "It is only when some one sings very beautifully, and beautiful music, that there comes a lump in my throat, and I think of the spring at Thornleigh, and my dear old rocks."

He smiled gently. "And besides the arts and sciences, what have you done?"

"After lunch Mab and I drove out, such a long way, into a part of London where I have never been before, to the Victoria Hospital. The poor French count has a sister ill there. We went down such dreadfully poor streets—the coachman went the wrong way, Mab said — where everything and every one looked dirty and black and wretched. There were little children all in rags running about, and women who looked horrid and untidy, and some despairing. I was trying to put all that into notes when you came up."

"Ah!" he answered quite gravely, "so you caught a glimpse of the seamy side of this great Babylon, did you? It was not a cheerful subject for your music. You must have pitched it in the most minor of minor keys." Then resuming his former light tone, "And

"And do Mr. Tresidder and Mabel let you wander about London by yourself, like that?"

"They let me do anything I like. Why? Is it wrong? I just get into a cab, and am driven there, or else sometimes I walk some way. Mab does the same."

"'WHENEVER HE HEARS ME SING, HE REMEMBERS HER VOICE'" (*p.* 136).

the French count's sister was there, was she, poor soul?"

"Yes, and I am going to see her next week again, or perhaps the day after to-morrow."

"'I!' Are you going alone?"

"Mab has not time. You see she has so much to arrange for this party she is going to give, so I told Mademoiselle de Vilaine—do I say it right?" (blushing)—"that I would come by myself."

"Wrong! oh, dear, no! Only—well, never mind, it is no business of mine. And after the hospital, what happened?"

"We drove back to Eaton Place, to a tea at Mrs. Dacres'. There Mabel was very pleased, for she met some one she knew a long time ago, but had not seen since she was quite a little girl. I forget her name, but she was an old lady with quite white hair, and such a dear sweet face."

"Do you like the teas?"

She shook her head. "Not at all," she said. "I would much rather be at home. Mabel says I must go to them to learn manners. Every one is very kind to me, but I don't know what to say to them. Mab talks away about all kinds of things, but I feel quite stupid, and the harder I try to talk, the less can I think of anything to say. Sometimes there is music, and then I don't mind, for I can sit still and listen."

"And when are you going to dinners, and all the rest of the social treadmill?"

"I don't know. I do not want to go to them. We are to have two dinner parties here next week, and after the last, this drum—it is such an odd name—they are talking about. I believe Mr. Tresidder and Mab are discussing it now. Look, how earnest they are."

Mr. Tresidder and Mabel were indeed looking very much in earnest, as they stood together in front of the blazing fire, apparently engrossed in a letter the servant had just brought in, and forgetful of the other two behind the piano in the back drawing-room. But the sudden cessation of their conversation made Mr. Tresidder look up, and as though a new idea had struck him.

"We will ask Cosby," he said.

"Cosby, you are wanted in here," cried Mabel, "and you too, Vere, if you like to come. We have no secrets."

Mr. Savile rose at once, and walked into the front room.

"What is all this confabulation about?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing, Cos, nothing; just a trifle," responded Mr. Tresidder, drumming with his fingers on the letter he held, whilst Mabel, making big eyes, said in a stage whisper—

"Paul is coming home."

"Oh! ah!" he said; "I am sure I am delighted." Then catching sight of his uncle's serious expression of countenance, he turned to Mabel and said, in a lower voice, but still perfectly audible: "Don't want him, do you?"

Mr. Tresidder frowned. He did not care to have his thoughts thus quickly translated into plain English. But his daughter saved him the trouble of a reply.

"Of course we want him," she answered. "I like the idea of an elder brother immensely; and a brother who is quite a stranger is far more interesting than one you know by heart, as I do Hughie. Besides, Paul must be a bit of a savage. He has been living all the years of his life in the Canadian backwoods, so he won't be all cut-and-dried and spick-and-span like you and Hughie, but——"

"My dear child, do for goodness sake let me get in a word edgeways. Look here, Savile, I am enchanted to see Paul; but it is just this: he is impetuous, as he always was."

"Why, pater, you have hardly seen anything of him since he was quite a small boy."

"Well, he was impetuous then, was not he? How you do argue, Mabel! Now, without a word of warning, he writes to say that he is coming home at once, and, as far as I can make out, he will arrive the very day or evening, it may be, of this party of ours."

"And if he does," asked Cosby, in his slowest, calmest manner, "what of it?"

"Don't you see—I can't help thinking he may be just a bit—a bit—of—a—savage, as Mab suggests, and—ah! well—it would be—come, you understand, Cosby."

"We have one savage, pater," whispered Mabel, glancing towards Vere, who had left the piano, and was making her way to the fire. "We can accommodate two, and they shall immediately be introduced to one another."

"I am afraid I am very stupid," Mr. Savile answered in his blandest tones, as he made room for Vere; "but I confess I don't understand. I should imagine, however, that Paul, if he arrived in the middle of the hurly-burly of an entertainment, would immediately retire to his room, and you would see nothing of him until the next morning. It is just possible he may not have dress clothes. I am profoundly ignorant of the backwoods, but I don't fancy they use them much there."

"Of course not!" cried Mr. Tresidder, visibly relieved, and failing utterly to appreciate his nephew's covert satire. "Even if the people are here, we could have him and his luggage smuggled in somehow, and send him to bed."

"He used to be very nice-looking," said Mabel. "Some years ago he sent me a photograph of himself, which I stupidly lost in our wanderings."

"But you have never told me," asked Cosby, turning to his uncle, "what it is brings him home in this sudden manner."

"I think I had better begin at the beginning, and then you will comprehend the whole matter. I need not tell you that when Paul's mother died, her sister Grace took charge of the boy; that you know. In the course of time Grace herself married Charlie Duff, a very good fellow, most people called him. I never cared about him; and when his regiment was ordered to Canada, Grace vowed she could not part with Paul, and insisted on taking him with her. Out there Charlie got bitten with the land mania, sold out, and became one of the earliest settlers at Manitoba. He and Grace had no children, so they finally adopted Paul altogether, to try educational experiments on him, I believe. As on my marriage with Mabel's mother I had given him up to them, I could not interfere; but I must confess I do not believe much in a man turning out an English gentleman, who has been at no sort of English public school. The fact is, they wanted to keep him completely to themselves, and away from his family. They sent him, I believe, to the best schools out there. Grace and old Charlie drummed into him all they knew. They sent him travelling; he did the grand tour, and came and visited me and poor Di at Biarritz, when Mab and Hugh were at school. He was then a great hulking, shy young fellow, not stupid, by any means, but—well, you know, Cosby, what I mean, and it is no good mincing matters. After his travels he went back, and

settled down with his uncle and aunt: the very man for the place—a young Hercules, with nerves of iron, I should say, and observation !—lor' bless you ! he knew more about Biarritz and France generally, from the short time he spent there, than I do now."

"Dear pater, do tell us what has brought him to England. You are so very—discursive."

"All in good time, Mab. Well, your aunt Grace—no, by the way, she is not your aunt—Mrs. Duff died about a year ago. Don't you remember Paul's letter on the subject? And old Charlie sent for a widowed sister to come and keep house for him. As far as I can understand, this lady has revolutionised the whole establishment, and the consequence is, Paul has been seized with a desire to visit his relatives, and take a holiday. I will not say that Lord Bellairs' death has nothing to do with the matter. Now I put it to you, Cosby: don't you fancy that he will be something of a savage?"

"Won't give an opinion until I have seen the young man. By the way, what age is he?"

"What age is he? Let me see. Seven or eight and twenty, so he is too old to mend any ways or manners he may have formed. There are some decent people settled out there, he tells me, some Manners, Walshes, and Lord Braithwaite, and he pretends they are all very exclusive together. Duff used to be a man of undeniable breeding; and as to Grace, she was a very pretty, charming girl; but, of course, in that solitary hard-working life, they have all sunk together."

Vere had been listening intently to every word that Mr. Tresidder said. Now she put her face close to Mabel's, and whispered—

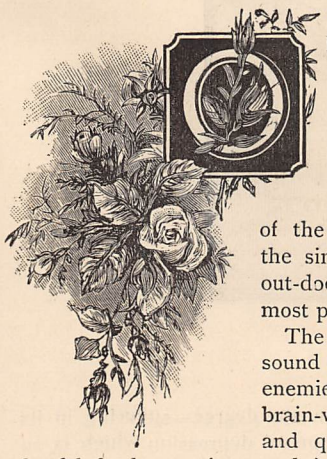
"I am sure I shall like my fellow-savage."

"Of course you will," answered the girl aloud; "so we all shall. I am determined to love him, and I am glad he is big. Pater, was he really vulgar and common when you saw him at Biarritz?"

"Bless me, Mabel! Vulgar and common? No, not a bit of it. You would hardly expect my son to be anything of the kind. I say he was shy and rather loutish, but a very fine young man. Your poor mother was very pleased with him, and put him through his paces more than I did. But that was nine years ago. Since then I dare say he has not improved, for I suspect he has worked like a common labourer. However, we shall see. What—going, Cos? Come and have a cigar, and you two girls go to bed."

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

STREET ENTERTAINMENTS.



OF the many distinct classes of nomads who form an outer fringe, as it were, on the commonplace warp and woof of civilised callings, that of the wandering caterer for the simple pleasures of the out-door crowd is perhaps the most popular.

The travelling "artist" (in sound or in tableaux) has his enemies—in the over-tasked brain-worker jealous of peace and quiet, in the sick-nurse fearful for her patient, and in the radically unsympathetic. But his friends outnumber his foes. His appearance at a convenient street "pitch" is hailed with delight by the juveniles; and on the beach, or the village green, or in the neighbourhood of the race-meeting his appreciative audience is swollen by children of a larger growth. He is indubitably a native of Bohemia, and although we may dwell far from the frontier of that happy-go-lucky state and repudiate its laws, or lack of laws, we instinctively acknowledge subtle ties of affinity with even its lowliest inhabitants. Is it not with a comprehension of this fact that Dickens in his pathetic story of "Little Nell" introduces his readers to the humours of Messrs. Codlin and Short?

But to the lives that these men live, the trials and disappointments from which they suffer, the chronic grief and gloom that may lurk beneath their mask of bravado and boisterous gaiety, how few cast more than a casual thought!

The purveyors of peripatetic amusements may be broadly divided into two classes: those whose appeal is made primarily to the eye, from the proprietor of Punch and Judy, to the clown on stilts, or the leader of the performing bear; and those who address the ear, comprising in their ranks the players upon almost every known species of musical instrument that it is possible to press into the service, and ranging in importance from born musicians whom only their own follies have brought into the streets, to the automatic "grinder" of the most blood-curdling barrel-organ tunes.

It is from South and East London—as winter quarters—that, with the advent of spring, the migratory professional will make his start. In a good season there will be much wear and tear of the stage properties, and the labour of renovation is one that makes demands upon both time and taste. A peep into more than one squalid interior on the morrow of the first really sunny day, might disclose a scene provocative of involuntary

PREPARING FOR A TOUR IN THE PROVINCES.

mirth, and yet affording likewise a lesson in patience; for the master of the mimic drama will bestow infinite pains in getting his puppets and accessories "ship-shape," as he styles it, for the coming wanderings. There will be the holes in the green baize to repair —rents sometimes made by over-curious youngsters anxious thus early to pry into the prompter's mysteries; Dog Toby's cue must again and again be recalled (by bribes rather than blows, let us hope) to that hapless animal's memory; and the complexion of the merry, hump-backed dwarf's countenance will certainly need revival by the friendly paint-brush. Wife or daughter may attend to the more delicate matter of the attire of the puppets.

Is the trade failing in any degree—suffering in its measure from the wide-spread depression which is so sad a fact? Here we fear it would be unwise to rely too implicitly on the statements of a worthy who is in an atmosphere of unreality and of good-humoured roguery day in, day out, and who moreover has at all times a keen eye to *backsheesh*. But of the increasing competition in this line as in others there seems at least some evidence, and—

"No, my friend, if you insist upon an answer I can't deny that times generally are hard."

Punch's proprietor growls that he, at least, has had reason enough to know it.

The hardships and vicissitudes of which these men

are at the mercy may stand as types of those endured by the entire body of these nomads. Bad weather—unless they have the good fortune to get an in-door connection—may annihilate business for days in succession, they may have to take speedy flight from a promising position owing to rigorous municipal bye-laws, they are suspected of all kinds of misdemeanours and ordered on without rhyme or reason, they suffer disaster from storm, a run of bad luck empties their slender treasury at an inauspicious moment and even the doors of the cheap lodging-houses are closed against them, leaving only the refuge for aching, weary limbs, of the open hill-side.

And yet in the face of all these drawbacks to contentment, your true road professional, to the manner born, will be as jolly and careless as the proverbial sand-boy, a veritable Mark Tapley in his habit of extracting comfort from the most unpropitious surroundings.

Erratic as to a superficial observer may appear the roaming of individual members of the tribe, there is method in their wanderings. They compare notes by the roadside or in the rural inn, and it may chance that the strange hieroglyphics found by the puzzled householder on the gates of his domain, may, being interpreted, convey a warning by some cheery wayfarer to his fellows of the like branch—or, as he would phrase it, "lay"—against following in a track where the harvest of humble coins has already been reaped.

Travelling owners—or in some instances merely hirers—of performing animals, or birds, form a not inconsiderable section of the miscellaneous army we are discussing. There is the man who with respective cages of canaries and white mice, and the assistance of a philosophic cat who is above all ordinary feline temptations of appetite, will spread out his cloth in fair or market, and win both admiration and approbation (he trusts also a more exchangeable *solatium)* by the revelation of docility and cleverness on the part of the tiny creatures he has taught. And there is his comrade who upon the "boards" of a smaller and a circular table will conduct a most comical and assiduous "Jacko" through a succession of tricks suited to the undeveloped intellect of man's mimic—the monkey. To these may be added—with others—the proprietors of "The Happy Family," of performing dogs, and, at a wide interval, of the dancing bear.

It would be well if those who spend a spare ten minutes in watching these exhibitions would be at the pains to discriminate, and would patronise with their smiles and their silver only those amusements which there is reason to believe are free from the taint of cruelty. In several of the cases mentioned the conscience of the onlooker may be quite easy. The finer qualities of animal intelligence, like those of humanity, are called into play by kindness and patient training, not by harshness and coercion, and the very cleverness—all but reason—which is shown by the bird or the monkey or the mouse, is the best of evidence that a bond of something approaching affection exists between teacher and pupil. But with respect to the bears, led about the country mostly by foreigners, doubts may be entertained.

The suspicion of cruelty, past or present, is with difficulty divorced from yet another category of strolling amusements. The acrobats who in any thoroughfare are sure to draw a crowd, and, amongst the lads, stir up a spirit of surreptitious emulation, have an undeniably hard calling. The power of twisting and turning into postures which are flagrant defiances of nature is only obtained at the expense of pain and excessive weariness. And it is the children who, alas! are made to suffer.

"Aye, aye, Tim's as lissome as an eel," the master acrobat will say proudly. But he will sketch to no inquirer the inner history of the prolonged rehearsals that have conferred the vaunted agility. A few years back there was an Albino who added song to his accomplishments, and pathetically based his appeal for sympathy—and cash—on the laborious nature of the training he had undergone. Who could resist the plea that rose in the sad recital :—

> "And many a weary hour I've passed
> *Whilst standing on my head"* ?

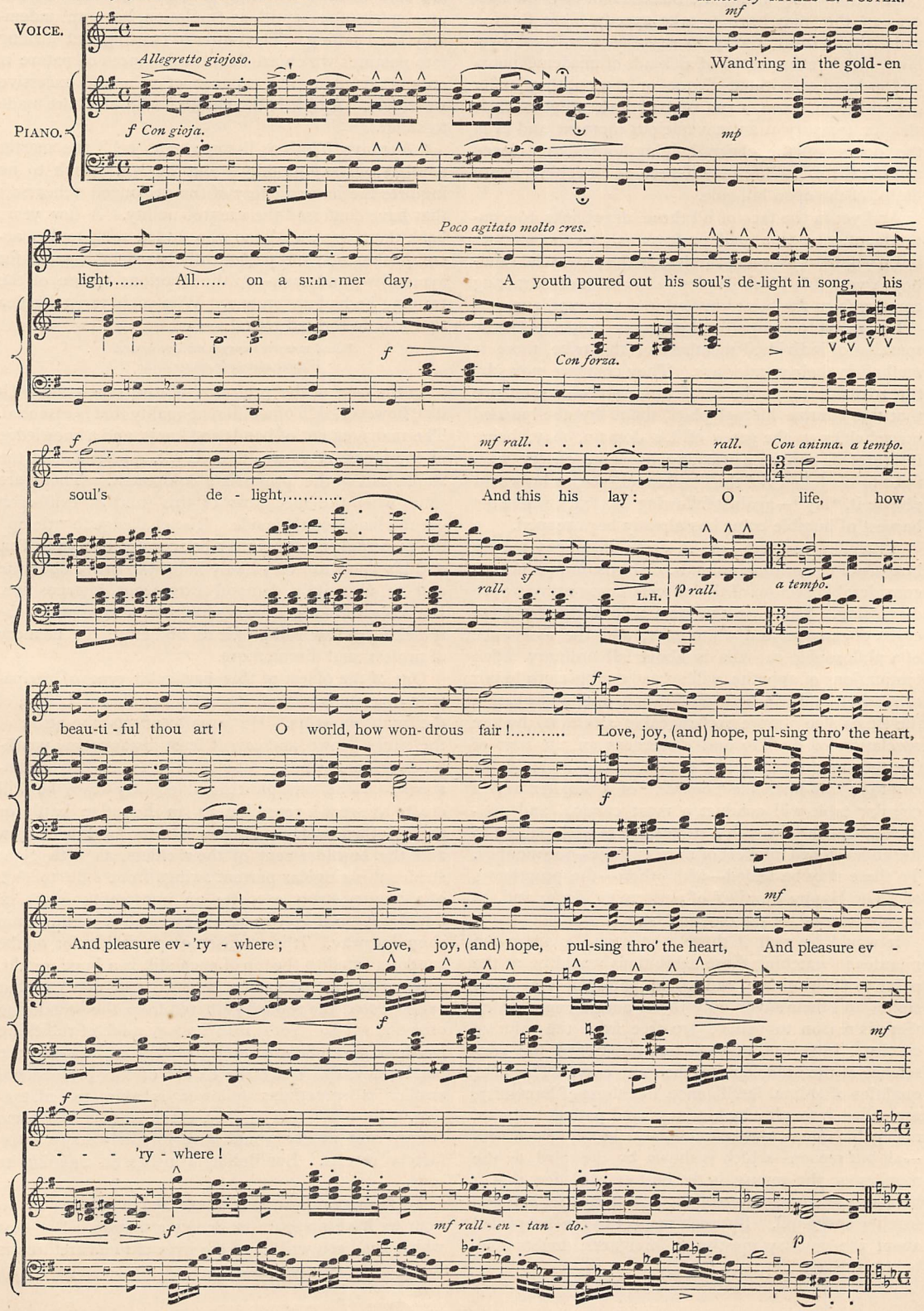
In the case of the professor of the rope-tying trick it is, however, skill of a different quality that is essential. The management of bands and knots, and a knowledge of the fitness of means to ends (*i.e.* rope-ends), is the staple part of the professor's equipment. There are times when the spectators of this kind of exhibition get the laugh on their side. The challenge to "tie up" the principal performer may be accepted by a Jack Tar, and his knots are very likely indeed to prove obdurate and to ultimately demand extraneous interposition. But sailors are a generous race, and a coin after the rollicking guffaw will go far to obliterate the memory of professional discomfiture.

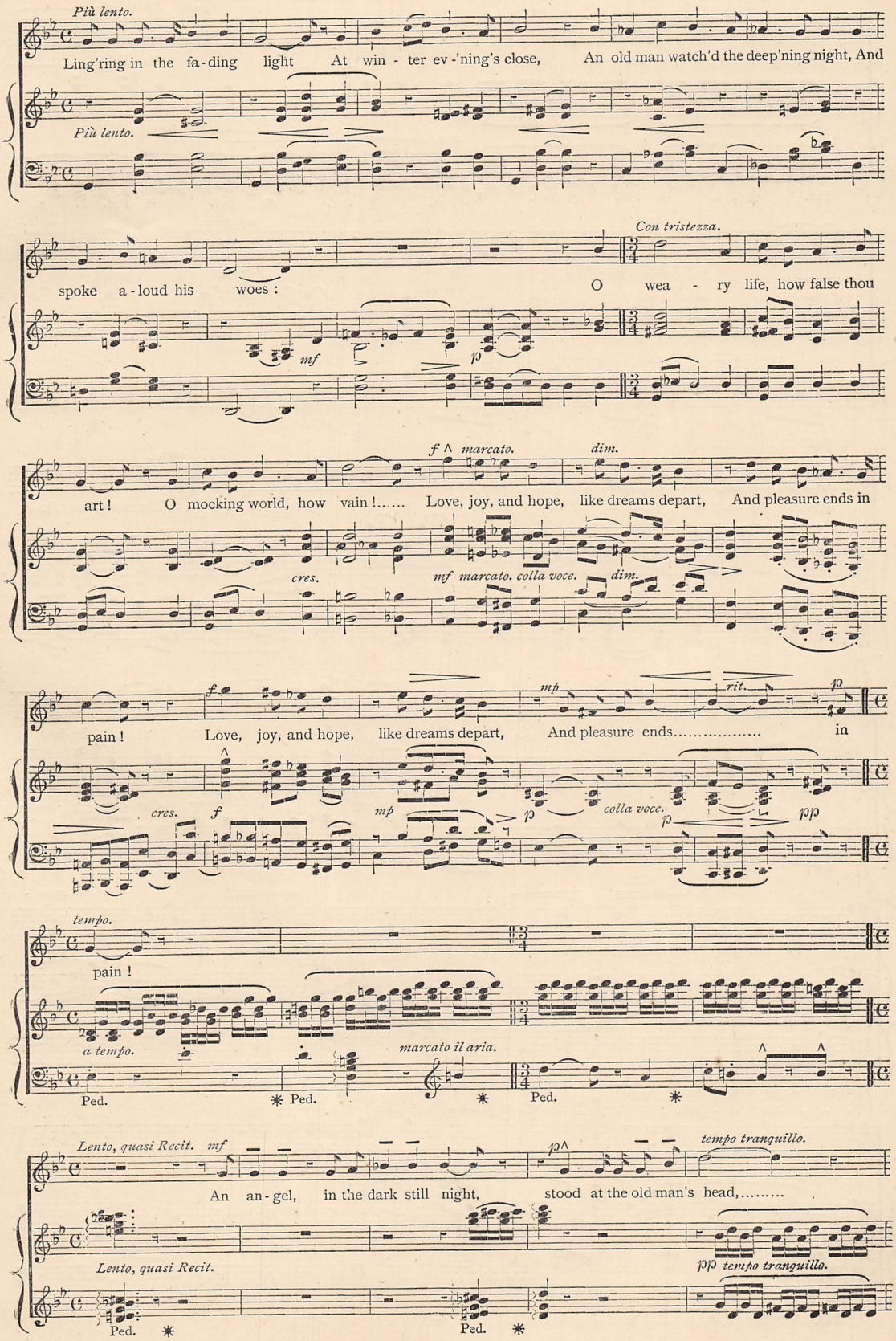
One of the oldest of this particular type of peripatetic diversions is that, casually mentioned before, of the man on stilts. He usually affects the attire of the circus clown, and can at least distance any youthful pursuers whose attentions may be too enthusiastic. In an unsophisticated country town he will create as great a sensation as an Egyptian battle or the fall of a ministry. Huge will be the juvenile delight, and the bewilderment of their elders, as with giant strides this singular portent swings from side to side of a country street, executes an impromptu dance, or doubles himself up like an exaggerated Z within some shop doorway. It is a toilsome occupation, for on the supports fitted to the top of each stilt is a huge weight, serving as the necessary ballast; and one can but suppose that the reward gathered from the wondering crowd is small. Yet it is in its way a life of rollicking freedom, and men are found to follow it. Surely the persistency with which the career of the professional stroller is sometimes followed is akin to infatuation. In other and higher employments the same energy and ability would give infinitely more satisfactory results. But Bohemia insists on claiming its sons.

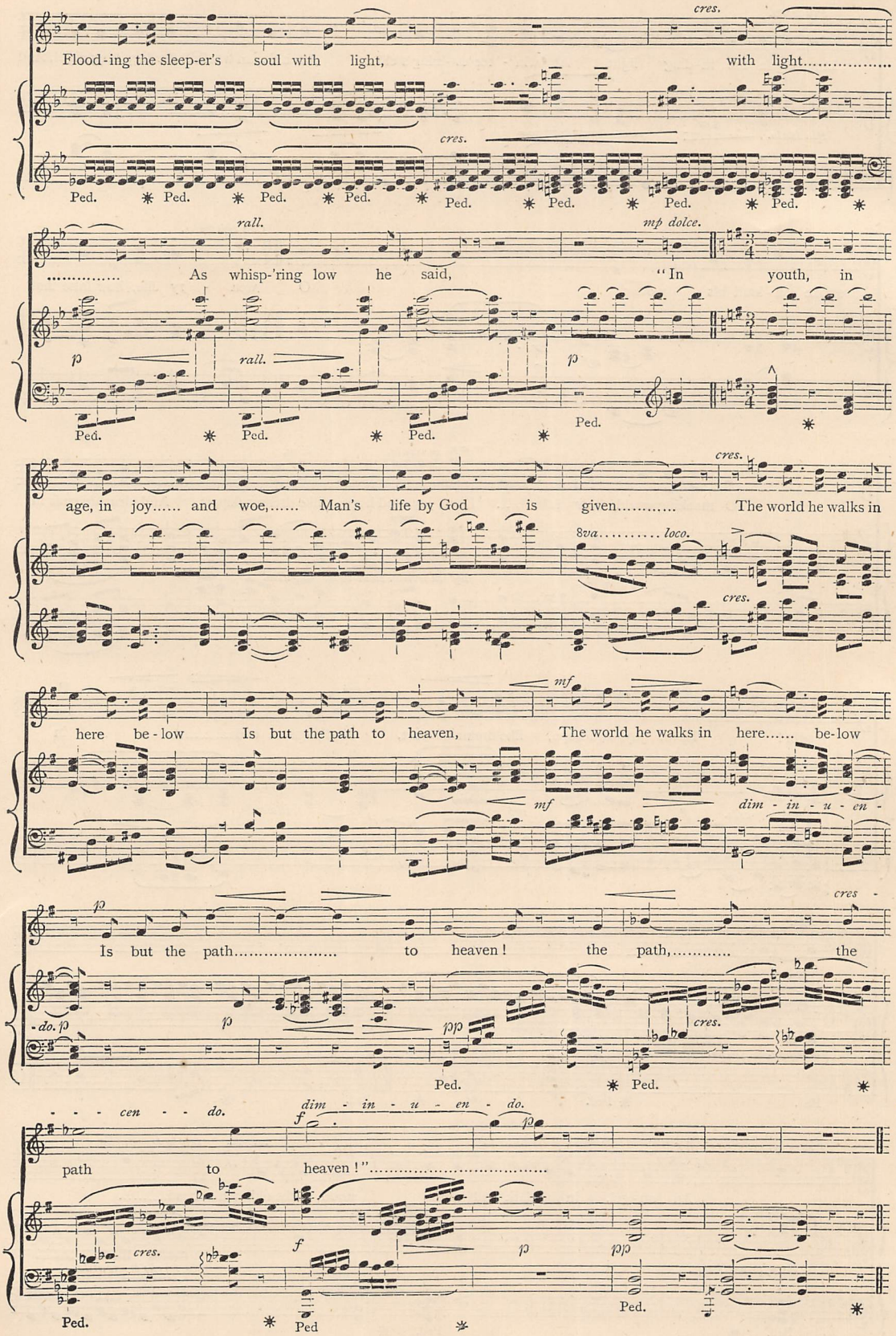
To the second group of these acquaintances of an hour we have no space to devote attention. But that which has been written of the lives of their brethren is in the main true of their own.

Life-Thoughts.

Words by JOHN FRANCIS WALLER. *Music by* MYLES B. FOSTER.




Più lento.
Ling'ring in the fa-ding light At win - ter ev -'ning's close, An old man watch'd the deep'ning night, And
Più lento.
Con tristezza.
spoke a-loud his woes : O wea - ry life, how false thou
mf
p
f ∧ marcato.
dim.
art ! O mocking world, how vain !..... Love, joy, and hope, like dreams depart, And pleasure ends in
cres.
mf marcato. colla voce.
dim.
f
mp
rit.
p
pain ! Love, joy, and hope, like dreams depart, And pleasure ends..... in
cres.
f
mp
p
colla voce.
p
pp
tempo.
pain !
a tempo.
marcato il aria.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Lento, quasi Recit.
mf
p∧
tempo tranquillo.
An an-gel, in the dark still night, stood at the old man's head,.....
Lento, quasi Recit.
pp tempo tranquillo.
Ped.
Ped.


cres.
Flood-ing the sleep-er's soul with light, with light.....
cres.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
rall.
mp dolce.
..... As whisp-'ring low he said, "In youth, in
p rall. p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
cres.
age, in joy..... and woe,..... Man's life by God is given..... The world he walks in
8va..... loco.
cres.
mf
here be-low Is but the path to heaven, The world he walks in here..... be-low
mf dim-in-u-en-
p cres-
Is but the path..... to heaven! the path,..... the
-do. p p ppp cres.
Ped. * Ped. *
-cen-do. dim-in-u-en-do.
f p
path to heaven!".....
cres. f p ppp
Ped. Ped Ped.

"ADVICE GRATIS."

(*A Sketch at the Emigration Bureau.*)

EMIGRATION "MADE EASY."

BY F. M. HOLMES.

AN APPLICANT.

"WELL, my friend, why do you want to emigrate?"

"'Cos I can't get nothin' to do here, sir; I've had no reg'lar work for eight months!"

"What is your work?"

"Tobacco-spinning. I have worked at that for many years at Bristol. I got twenty-five shillin' a week there."

"Why did you leave?"

"I left to better myself. Twenty-five shillin' a week ain't much to keep a wife and ten children on, and that's the size of my family now. During the last eight months I have walked no end after work, and not earned an average of four shillin' a week; as for regular work, can't get it. I walked to Liverpool and tried all the factories there; then I went to St. Helens, but could get nothing; then I walked to Manchester, and inquired at all the seven factories there; but no chance, so I got on to Chester, where there are three factories; but it was the same. When at Chester, I had a letter from my wife that one of the children was ill with typhoid fever. So I set off home."

The poor man struggled back from Chester to Shrewsbury, and thence to Kidderminster, and Gloucester, sleeping under hedges, or wherever he could find a resting-place, and getting what food he could—walked with black despair in his heart. To him the lovely English country had no beauty, and offered no home. Often, as night drew on, he would see the light shining cheerfully in cottage-homes; but none for him. He must struggle on, hopeless and weary, to where his family, poverty-stricken and sick with fever, were awaiting him—and he had nothing for them!

"When I got to Bristol," he continues, "I found two children ill with fever, and I applied to the parish; but they said they could not help me, as they had so many calls. But they gave me work at breaking stones, for which I got two shillin' a day—one shillin' in money, and the rest in food."

And then, into this home of misery another baby was born! The poor man got a next-door neighbour to look after his wife while he was breaking the stones. Other children sickened with the fever, one grew gradually better, and so the sad existence went on. He continued work at the stone-yard, until he broke down with rheumatism; then the doctor gave him a certificate, and the parish allowed him seven loaves and seven shillings for a fortnight, and the poor man resumed his struggles after work. He applied for telephone work, waggon work, and all kinds of warehouse work, while the family struggled along on parish out-door relief. Then came the thought of emigrating.

Now this is a true tale; and only one, we fear, of many, for this man further spoke of thousands being like himself, out of work, and hopeless of getting any. This terrible state of things gives more and more urgency to the proposals for the establishment and development of all kinds of peasant industries, to the necessity for technical education, and to the immense importance of wisely-directed emigration.

A great step in the latter direction has recently been taken in the establishment—under Government—of the Emigrants' Information Office, at 31, Broadway, Westminster.

The pressing need for such an office was speedily apparent, for no sooner was it opened than a steady stream of all sorts and conditions of men flowed into it, to seek hints from the energetic chief clerk, Mr. John Pulker, or to bear away a bundle of the circulars

and pamphlets issued there. To watch these people drifting in, to mark their faces and their dress, is to realise very fully the great and wide-spread depression of the labour-market. Now a navvy appears, in his rough kerseymere trousers and thick pilot coat: then a light-limbed messenger, with his blue baize bag for carrying small parcels; anon a shabby-genteel young man, like a clerk "out of a berth;" yet again, a regular London loafer, his clothes very patched and ragged, his hat battered and his face vague, aimless-looking, and lacking any sign of decision of character. All these and many others have streamed into the new office, hoping that at last a chance may have "turned up" for them. Some are respectable-looking old men, whose faces tell you clearly that they are bitterly disappointed with life and have broken down in the struggle for existence; others again are unfledged youths who have not yet, so to speak, found their wings, or in other words, finally decided on their business in the world; school-teachers, and dock-labourers, plumbers and painters, mechanics and warehousemen—in short, representatives of almost every section of the community, have found their way hither. Sometimes the office has been quite full, while outside has congregated quite a little mob discussing eagerly the momentous question of seeking their livelihood abroad.

Yet it is remarkable that few seem to be made of the right stuff for successful emigrants. Decision of character, energy, tenacity of purpose, are all needed in the new countries, as well as muscular strength; and these, it must be confessed, seem wanting in many of those persons making application at the new bureau.

The office does not offer pecuniary aid, as some persons erroneously supposed, nor is there a wide-spread demand in the colonies for labour—except that of farm and domestic servants. Yet it is almost pathetic to see the numbers who steadily come up, one after the other, in hopes, no doubt, of discovering a new path to competence, and a way out of their present difficulties.

DISCUSSING THE EMIGRATION QUESTION.
(*A Scene in a Country Post-Office.*)

But it is noticeable that many candidates for emigration cannot be called skilled workmen. One has been ship's stoker; he has a wife and eight children, the youngest four months old.

"Have you done anything else?"

"Oh, yes! I've worked in a builder's yard for near upon two years, and likewise in various shops. But I can't get any reg'lar work now. I thort if I could get to Western Australia we might have a chance. I am thirty-three years of age."

This man, it will be seen, could hardly be called a skilled artisan. He takes any "jobs" he can get.

Another boy, for he is little more—he gives his age at seventeen—speaks of himself as a warehouseman or labourer, and says he has been employed as labourer in a tin factory, and also as a horse-keeper. He would like to go to Queensland, though, poor fellow, what he is to do then, unless he can learn farm-work, it is difficult to see. Perhaps his experience as "horse-keeper" may help him.

The question, "Have you friends in the colonies?" is, we suppose, asked more often in the new Emigrant Office and in the offices of Emigration Societies than any other. And the answers given show that the knowledge of some would-be emigrants is very vague. Manitoba might be in Australia, and Queensland in Canada, for aught that some know, while the ideas of many as to what the colonies are like are of the dimmest.

Now the new office has been established to enlighten this ignorance, and to give information as to the state of the labour-market in the different colonies. The object is to collect under one roof, and indeed in one room, the most useful particulars and valuable hints for emigrants—the chances that men or women may have, at various times, of obtaining employment, and the wages they are likely to receive; the lowest cost of travelling, and whether free, assisted, or nominated passages can be obtained; the climate, and the best time for arriving at the different colonies: all this and many details as to the natural products of the different lands, the population, the regulations as to education, &c., obtaining in our various foreign possessions, are set forth with clearness and accuracy in the circulars issued at the office. It is already—and it is likely to become increasingly so—a centre from which the streams of emigration may be wisely directed, and may flow to fertilise the lands of our vast Colonial Empire. It will be, as it were, the heart of the great emigration movement.

The office diffuses its information in three ways—by strikingly-printed posters distributed to clubs and post-offices, by pamphlets given to applicants or sent through the post to any address, and thirdly, by the very full and complete handbooks at the charge of one penny each. Yet again, there are very courteous, well-informed officials to hold a conversation with any applicant who chooses to call. Could anything more in

the way of giving reliable information or advice be required?

Hitherto this information has been extremely difficult to obtain, and the want of it has no doubt been

"A KNOWLEDGE OF AGRICULTURE—WITH A LITTLE CAPITAL."

a barrier to emigration—because cautious folk do not like to take steps in the dark—and has caused a large amount of suffering and disappointment to persons who have emigrated at the wrong season.

At present farm labourers and female domestic servants are the persons who appear to be principally required. In most colonies, such as Natal, Western Australia, and the North-West of Canada, there are also openings for men with enough money to buy and stock land. But for clerks, mechanics, tradesmen, and professional men, there seems but little chance. The fact is, emigrants must either be prepared to labour on the land for farmers, or else be in a position to take up land grants on the terms offered, and settle thereon themselves. It is clearly of no use for persons to do this who have no money and no idea of agriculture.

It is also abundantly clear from the circulars that there is a preponderance of men over women in the colonies, and that capable, sensible women are in steady request in every colony. Perhaps one of the most important social movements in which practical philanthropists could now engage would be to organise or supervise the safe emigration of such young women to our colonies. Men have largely emigrated and women have not; there are greater numbers of the latter at home, while the former preponderate abroad. Miss Emily Faithfull, in a sensible and practical letter in one of the daily papers, recently pointed out that there are many English girls who would gladly emigrate if they had the means. "No loss of caste," writes Miss Faithfull, "attends them if they undertake the domestic duties in our colonies which we have learnt to regard as menial here. The Colonial Emigration Society," Miss Faithfull proceeds to say, "opened a loan fund some time since, and many who have now found happy homes across the sea were glad to borrow their passage money, and have returned it with interest."

The new office therefore has done immense good in thus bringing prominently before the public the need existing for women workers in the colonies. Girls need not starve on a shilling a day in London, for there is plenty of well-paid domestic work awaiting them abroad; and if only kindly-disposed ladies would take them in hand, see that they get a little preliminary drilling in domestic service, and send them to our colonies, a healthy, happy life awaits them there, if only they choose to do their duty. That such will be one of the results of the new Emigrants' Information Office we earnestly desire.

But indeed the whole question of selecting and assisting emigrants — both male and female — to the colonies is one of ever-increasing importance. We need not now discuss the grave question of State-aided emigration, but we can point to the successful effort of voluntary societies, and these, if helped by a philanthropic public, could largely extend their operations. Thus the Self-Help Emigration Society, Fleet Lane, E.C., which seeks to place emigrants in situations abroad, has done much good during its short term of existence. In 1885 it sent 64 emigrants to Canada; from the 1st of March to the end of October in 1886 it sent 214 emigrants to the same colony, and in addition about 100 to the Australasian and South African colonies. It has now made arrangements to place between 700 and 800 in Canada during the spring of 1887, should the necessary funds be forthcoming.

These results may seem small, but they have given happiness to many individuals; and several such societies, able to do their work thoroughly, seem likely

"CAN'T FIND NOTHING TO DO HERE."

to do more real good than one huge and unwieldy concern. At all events, it is clear that the new Emigration Office will do much to place this momentous question on a more satisfactory basis than heretofore.

THE WORTH OF FISH AS A FOOD.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

SOMEWHAT crude and confused notions prevail as to the value of fish as food, and as to its digestibility, and the place it should occupy in our dietary scale.

I have the audacity to believe that, if my present paper be read and carefully considered, some of these may be removed, and the householder enabled to see things in a clearer light. The eating or not eating of fish can hardly be termed a matter of taste; indeed, I do not remember ever hearing any one avowing a positive dislike to fish in general. Of butchers' meat we have but few changes—beef, mutton, and pork; and these include veal, lamb, and sucking-pig, and even kidney, liver, tripe, and sweet-breads. But of fish or fishes we have an infinite variety, so that if a person does not affect one sort he can turn and sound the praises of another.

Now, many different ways of dividing and treating my subject suggest themselves to me, and I think I shall best consult the interest of my readers if I consider it under several heads:—

I. *Fish: its Chemical Composition.*—Briefly speaking, it contains less nitrogenous matter than does flesh. It also contains more water by weight than meat. We might therefore say, without fear of serious contradiction, that fish has not the same sustaining and staying power that beef possesses, and that it is not so well calculated to build up bone and muscle. If this statement were true to the very core, should we not expect to find a very great difference between, say, a butcher's foreman and a fisherman, in both hardiness and physique? But is there? I think not. Both are strong, we admit. Both get plenty of fresh air, because both live and work a good deal out of doors—the butcher's man in his cart, the fisherman in his boat. The former is more full of blood, perhaps even of muscle, and he is florid; the latter is brown and hard; he may not weigh so much for his inches, but his tendons are more wiry, and often his flesh is harder. Moreover, he is less nervous, he is bolder, and can "stay" better. He is less liable, also, to colds and chest complaints, and will weather inflammations which soon lay the butcher's foreman under the sod. For it is well known that beef-fed, florid men, are subject to inflammatory complaints of the most acute order. They are like houses built of dry old wood—when they do catch fire they quickly go.

I incline to the opinion, therefore, that although fish, generally speaking, contains less nutrition, bulk for bulk, it possesses quite enough for the maintenance of a healthy, hardy state of body. As fish contains a larger quantity of water, more of it can, and may, be eaten with safety at times than of meat, and is less likely to be followed by feelings of dulness and drowsiness, which necessitate the use of stimulants or strong tea to banish.

Moreover, fish contains a considerable amount of phosphorus, and we all know—though we cannot quite explain the reason—that this is a nerve tonic. Is it wrong to say, therefore, that fish, on the whole, can hold its own against meat?

But it must not be supposed that I am advocating an exclusively fish diet. No; changes are beneficial, and nature often craves for meat; but at the same time the people of these islands eat too little of fish food, and far too much of meat, for the coolness of their blood and calmness of their nerves. And, on the other hand, I do not need to be told that while fish is the staple of people in seaside villages, butchers thrive well enough there also.

II. *Different Kinds of Fish and their Digestibility.*—A young man, or an old man either, if his gastric faculties be up to par, can eat almost any kind of fish without disagreeable after-effects. Those, however, who are at all subject to indigestion, or to bilious attacks, should be careful in the selection of fish for the table. They ought, as a rule, to eat but sparingly of, or give a wide berth altogether to, oleaginous fishes, including fresh herrings, mackerel, plaice, salmon, eels, &c.

There is a fish up in the Arctic regions called the "candle" fish, which is so fat that, if a wick is run through it, it may be burned as a light; yet it is eaten with relish by the Esquimaux. From this we simply gather the lesson that the oily fishes, such as those already named, may often be eaten in cold wintry weather with impunity by even the delicate. But your wholesome summer fishes are the cod, the whiting, the turbot, the sole, the haddock, and a variety of others: bearing in mind, however, that as a rule sea-fish are more nutritious and wholesome than those whose habitation is in streams and lakes—always excepting lake trout.

Shell-fish.—There are many nutritious and delicious varieties of these, including the oyster, the lobster, the cray-fish, the crab, the mussel, the cockle, the whelk, periwinkle, limpet, and shrimp or prawn. The oyster naturally, as it seems to us, heads the list. He is king of shell-fish, although a very quiet king, for having as a juvenile sown his wild oats, he settles down for life, and when caught and brought to table makes no apparent objection to being swallowed alive. Moreover, when thus partaken of, the oyster, like a morsel of dainty cheese, possesses the obliging faculty of aiding his own digestion.

Next in point of value comes the lobster. This shell-fish is all too delicious at times, and probably has to account for many a fit of indigestion, especially if served up in the form of Mayonnaise. Strange to say that for me and for many others the crab has even greater charms than the lobster. It has, if properly cooked, and served piquantly, a more decided flavour, and it is less liable to be followed by disagreeable results.

Whelks, limpets, periwinkles, &c., are generally

eaten as tit-bits, and they never fail to do good where they agree.

Mussels are now greatly used—more, perhaps, in France than in England, for in that volatile land cooking has really become a fine art. Mussels are blamed sometimes for being poisonous ; but it is a well-known fact that many shell-fish affect for a time the health of those who make too hearty a meal of them, and I do not think in this respect the mussel is a whit more guilty than the periwinkle.

One would think that the mussels which grew on the copper bottom of a ship might be unwholesome. It seems this is not the case, however. The bottom of an old flagship was being cleaned the other day ; boat-loads of mussels were taken away by shore-men, but no case of poisoning was reported. About fifty marines partook freely of them also, and out of this number one only was taken ill. Probably he was a man of curious idiosyncrasy. But should not mussels have "a close time," as well as oysters? I think any one is safe enough who eats mussels in the months that have no *r* in them—May, June, July, and August.

Shrimps and prawns are very delicious and appetising.

III. *Cured Fish.*—There are a great many different plans adopted for curing fish, and I cannot at the present moment call to mind any method that is unwholesome. Indeed, for the most part, the curing of fish renders it more appetising, palatable, and none the less easy of digestion.

Many a poor man who spends a shilling or two on a Saturday night upon stringy, unwholesome meat, might dine far better and more cheaply on the Sunday upon salt herring and mealy potatoes, boiled in their jackets. The herring is king of the sea, after all—not because he is said to choke the whale ; he is far better employed when suffering himself to be landed in the fisherman's net. Even a red herring is a treat at times ; and can salmon itself surpass in flavour a well-cured kipper?

We have kippered salmon, also, and kippered mackerel, and dog-fish, all good, all wholesome, though all somewhat salt. Being so, they make one thirsty afterwards. The best drink to counteract this is oatmeal and water, with a squeeze of lemon-juice.

Dried fish and the "spaldings" of Scotland are both excellent in their way.

Smoked sprats are delightful, and ought to be greater favourites than they are.

Finnan haddocks—the real Scotch—are beyond all praise. It is well to know, however, that many dried "yellow haddocks" are offered for sale in the markets, that are cured by a chemical process, being salted, dyed with turmeric, and rubbed over with some pyroligneous compound to give them a smoky flavour.

Some fish "tin" well, others do not. If I were reduced to a state of famine, and had nothing else within reach except tinned oysters, I *might* taste and swallow one or two ; but a tin of salmon, put up by a respectable company, who do not dye the fish and swamp it in olive oil, will make a dinner with potatoes and greens which no hungry man would despise.

Sardines are delicious and wholesome, when, mind you, they really are sardines, and not young pilchards or herring-tails.

Anchovies are also good, and far from indigestible.

IV. *The Cooking of Fish.*—Well, to begin with, the oyster requires no cooking at all, nor will it admit of any without destruction of its peptic properties. Whether in *pâté* or in pie, it should only be warmed.

The boiling of fish is a great art. It is one to which I cannot pretend to have attained, so I dare not attempt to teach it. It seems to me, however, that the faults to be found at table with boiled fish are usually two : first, it may be overdone ; and secondly, it may have been cooked in too much water, or in some way —the cook herself could tell you—so as to extract the most nutritious part of it, and thus mere juiceless fibres come before you.

Broiled fish is not so digestible, but it would be easy to mention a score of sorts that are very appetising and delicious when so served.

As to herrings, fry them when fresh, boil them when salt, toast a bloater, broil a kipper, and hang a red herring before the fire.

By the way, the roe of the cod is not much used in this country. Nicely broiled and eaten cold for breakfast it is a very excellent dish indeed.

V. *The Time to Eat Fish.*—I do not allude to the time of year—all fish, of course, are to be eaten when in season only—but the time of day. This is a matter of greater moment than may at first appear.

Well, then, provided you did not eat too heartily of supper the night before, for breakfast you may have almost any kind of dried fish, or even fresh fish broiled. If he has enjoyed a good night's rest, even a dyspeptic might enjoy kippered herrings or a salmon steak, with boiled eggs to follow, for breakfast. This would do him more good, and be more easily digested, than the much be-praised devilled kidney.

Finnan haddock is quite a breakfast dish. Fish for dinner comes in well before meat, but a fish dinner pure and simple is better still.

For supper I do not advise either boiled or fried fish, but oysters may be taken sparingly, or lobster or crab, if the evening still be young. Mussels or cockles might be taken as a forenoon snack.

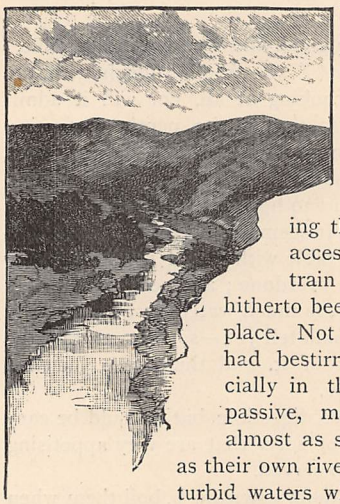
Shrimps and prawns ought, in my opinion, to be eaten before meals, say a quarter of an hour before. They thus act as a tonic, and aid to digestion.

I may be here allowed to say, parenthetically, that an inch or two of tasty cheese, eaten about five minutes before a meal, will do far more good than cheese and "green meat" after a meal.

VI. *What should one Drink with Fish?*—I put the question in a paragraph because I have been often asked it. Fish contains more water than meat ; and for this reason, and many others, I say that the less to drink one has with a fish dinner the better.

"SHE'S COMING!"

A NORTH-COUNTRY STORY. IN ONE CHAPTER.



IT was a great day for Dearholm when the opening of a new section of railway placed that venerable town on the main line, removing the inconvenience of access and inadequacy of train service which had hitherto been a reproach to the place. Not that Dearholm folks had bestirred themselves specially in the matter, being a passive, much-enduring race, almost as supine and sluggish as their own river Dear, whose dark, turbid waters wind languidly round the wooded base of cathedral and castle, under the low, quaint bridges, and at the rear of narrow, precipitous streets, more agreeable from a picturesque and antiquarian than from a sanitary point of view. Dearholm grumbled, indeed, at the railway and its management, as it habitually grumbled at everything and everybody; but it was a chronic growl, without the faintest tone of energy or resolution in it. Either it did not choose to bid for tourist favour, preferring, in old-fashioned exclusiveness, to stand aloof from the yearly northward rush; or else, with pardonable pride, it rated its beauties of nature and architecture so highly as to believe that visitors attracted by them would hardly be discouraged by the delays and impediments of the route.

The town was benefited, however, without effort of its own, when, after long procrastination, the Meta Valley branch, serving a populous district and shortening the through route between London and Scotland, was at length opened for traffic, an ample and handsome station at Dearholm being constructed simultaneously with the new line. If the site had been chosen with an idea of impressing strangers favourably, it could scarcely have been more successful, for being placed on an embankment of great height, a complete bird's-eye view of the city is obtained from it, and the grand outline of the cathedral, coming suddenly and unexpectedly into sight as the train sweeps out of a cutting, is striking and majestic in the extreme. But for safety and convenience in working, the station is by no means so suitably situated. From the south it is approached by a considerable gradient, leading down to a viaduct, which crosses the old Tynecastle road at a tremendous height, and close to the end of which the platforms begin; so that north trains are apt to run into the station with an awkward amount of way on them, while heavy ones going south generally have to be "kicked" away by an extra engine at the tail. In addition to this, as there is no siding accommodation at the south end, shunting and backing operations have to be carried on to a great extent on the bridge, subjecting that erection to quite unnecessary wear and tear and test of stability.

These arrangements, which to persons versed in railway matters seemed rather surprising, and which apparently might have been easily avoided by building the station a little farther north of the bridge, received scarcely any notice from the majority of travellers, whose attention was usually riveted on the magnificent outlook, and whose requirements were well attended to by a competent staff. Marlow, one of the elder porters, was well known to Dearholm people, for he had been employed at the shabby little terminus of the old branch line, and it was therefore natural that he should in some degree take a lead amongst the more recently engaged men at the new station. He had something of the brusque, independent North-country manner which strikes unaccustomed Southern folk as disagreeable or uncivil; but such roughness was on the surface only: in practice he was obliging and painstaking to the last degree, and those who had had experience of his careful, efficient ways, were accustomed, as soon as the train cleared the bridge, to look out for Marlow, and beckon him to their help.

He lived, with his wife and only child, in a pleasant little house at the top of Manorfield Street, which was generally shared by one lodger in his own class of life, and the household purse was considerably added to by Lucy, the daughter, a girl of two-and-twenty, as clever and capable as she was good and pretty, who went out to do millinery and dressmaking at private houses, as well as taking in work of that kind at home. Marlow adored her with the intense, doting affection as commonly shown by fathers for an only girl as by mothers for an only boy. In his eyes every look, word, or deed of hers was perfection, and his devotion and indulgence knew no bounds. Lucy, however—thanks to innate good sense and a judicious mother—was not spoilt, and repaid his love with interest, instead of with the selfish indifference and ingratitude which such blind infatuation sometimes begets. The two formed, in fact, a very complete and contented little Mutual Admiration Society; and Mrs. Marlow, a quiet, clear-sighted woman, used to smile a little to herself at their exaggerated opinion of each other's merits, which, nevertheless, she rejoiced over, and was careful never by word or look to disturb.

In course of time increasing traffic made an addition to the Dearholm staff necessary, and various new hands were taken on, amongst them a young man named Dick Eccles, who had been porter at a small neighbouring station, and was considered by the management to be deserving of a more responsible place. He was of partly Scotch descent, his mother

having originally come from the Highlands, and his Christian name, which most people took to be an abbreviation, had, in fact, been her thoroughly Scotch surname. With the name he had inherited numerous Highland characteristics: he was a slim, lithe-limbed, vigorous specimen of the dark Gaelic type, and possessed his full share of the hardy endurance and energy common to the race. He had, moreover, a good deal of the gentle, courteous Highland speech and manner, which contrasted sharply with the uncouth ways of the Dearholm men, and soon made him a favourite amongst passengers. It was not quite at first, however, that he gained unreserved liking from the men, who conceived him to be rather "fine" and "stand-off," and were a little disposed to resent his refusal to join in their occasional drinking bouts and rough sports. Marlow, who had taken him as a lodger, steadily spoke up for him, dwelling on his quiet, thrifty ways as an example worthy of imitation; and before long he had thoroughly made good his footing, and was the best of friends with his associates and greatly valued by his employers.

But as his popularity in the station increased, there came, by very gradual degrees, a falling-off in cordiality on the part of his first friend, Marlow. At first no one could tell what the feeling was or whence it arose; but at length it became apparent that Marlow, who had hitherto been foremost amongst the porters, and the only one specially sought after by passengers, could not bear with equanimity to see another in equal or even more request. Naturally many regular passengers remained faithful to Marlow; but Eccles, after all, was younger and more active, and it was no wonder that his quick intelligence and ready civility gained him numerous tips which in former days would have fallen, as a matter of course, to the older man. Unluckily for Marlow, too, during a time of extra pressure he had more than once allowed luggage of importance to get carried on; and the travellers to whom this occurred, deciding that he was growing slow and stupid, at once transferred their favours to Eccles. All this rankled in Marlow's mind; and though he knew well enough that Dick was quite blameless, he allowed a seed of hatred to grow and flourish in his heart, and when the great afternoon expresses came gliding down, one after another, to the platforms, and signs and beckonings which would once have been intended for himself were directed past him to Eccles, an expression came over his face which was not at all good or pleasant to see.

Being more or less ashamed of his ill-feeling, he succeeded for some time in hiding it from Eccles, who was the last man in the station to perceive it, and who was very sorry when some chance word at last brought it to his notice. It was, in truth, no fault of his—he had never tried to supersede Marlow or to push himself forward unduly, for he was by no means greedy after tips, and was always quite as ready to help poor and struggling third-class people as the luxurious "firsts"; and when he saw that he was rousing jealousy he did his utmost not to clash with his friend. Still, it was his nature to be alert and energetic; he could not hang back from running alongside the trains when they came in, or refuse response to the signals given him; and to show any slackening of energy and activity would be to disgrace himself with his employers, who had brought him forward on account of those qualities, and from whom he confidently hoped for a farther advance. He had always been hard-working, eager, and anxious to make his way in the world; but since he had lived in Dearholm, and made acquaintance with Lucy Marlow, a stronger motive than ever had arisen for wishing to get on.

It was impossible, therefore, for him to do very much towards mitigating Marlow's bitterness, which continued to rankle and increase, and was remarked at length by the women at home. Lucy observed it in silence for a time, hoping it was only some passing shadow of disagreement, but seeing that it continued, she determined to speak.

"I'm afraid, father, you don't seem so friendly-like with Eccles as you used to be?" she questioned, feeling rather doubtful whether she was doing good or harm.

"Nay, lass; what's put such nonsense as that i' thy heed?" he answered, ashamed for the moment that his girl had noticed what he knew to be an unworthy feeling.

"It's not nonsense, daddy; mother and I see the change quite plain, and we're thinking it's such a pity, because there seems no fault to find wi' the lad. Everybody likes Dick Eccles."

"Ay; he taks good care o' that," Marlow replied sullenly, for Lucy's last words had been unluckily chosen, and stirred up his smouldering wrath. "He'll none miss aught for want o' pushin' hissel' forrard, an' he'll shove folks oot o' the road that has better reet there nor him."

"Why, daddy, you don't mean it!" Lucy exclaimed, the true state of the case dawning on her at last. "You never think he takes too much on him up at the station?"

"A ken nowt about what he taks on hissel', but a can see he's gettin' set up for first an' foremost wi' everybody," Marlow explained, briefly and bitterly.

"Well, an' if he is, it's through deservin' of it," Lucy answered, with spirit. "You've just got hold of a foolish fancy, father, an' you're vexin' yoursel' an' makin' us all uncomfortable for nought. I'm positive Eccles wouldn't stand in nobody's light; he's ready for work that comes to his hand, that's all: and you know many's the time before he came you'd say there was more people wantin' of you than you could see after proper."

Marlow knew this was true, and had no reply ready.

"Now do think it ower an' be reasonable, daddy," Lucy urged, after a pause. "I'd feel shame, if I was you, to set mysel' again a young fellow that's only tryin' to work his best an' do his duty; and it's easy to see the poor chap's put about at you turnin' so contrairy."

"Well, my little lassie, mebbe a'm wrong; an' if thy mother an' thou fash thysel' a mun try to mend matters. But what's set thee to stand up for the chap?" he added, with a sudden suspicious glance at Lucy's pleased face. "Happen he's laid hissel' out to come

round thee too. A seed him potterin' aboot the Banks with thee o' Soonda" (Sunday).

"He's friendly-like wi' mother an' me, that's all. He's been pleasant that way sin' first he came, an' mother thinks he's the best lodger we ever had."

"'YOU AND ME MIGHT AS WELL BE FRIENDLY-LIKE, YOU KNOW'" (*p.* 154).

Lucy blushed a little as she spoke, but her clear eyes met her father's fully and frankly, and Marlow was satisfied. He made no doubt that his girl was right, as she always was; he was quite ready to be influenced by her words, and for awhile he tried, in earnest, to put aside the sullen, rather sneering, manner that had of late become habitual to him in his intercourse with Eccles, and go back to his former intimate, kindly friendship with his lodger. But sundry little incidents occurred at the station shortly after which revived his ill-feeling; it so happened that one day on the platform he overheard some of the townspeople telling Eccles that they expected visitors by a certain train, and desiring him to be on the look-out for them and their luggage; and the climax of his exasperation was reached when he found that an additional mail, which had recently been arranged, was given in charge of his rival to deliver into the train. Thus the amendment in his conduct was of short duration, and Lucy, for the first time in her life, was conscious of a feeling of rebellious annoyance with him. Marlow could no longer blind himself to the growing intimacy between his daughter and Eccles; if all had gone smoothly in his intercourse with the young man he would have rejoiced over it, wishing nothing better for Lucy's happiness than that she should marry a steady, hard-working man, who would be able to make her a com-

fortable home, and whose position would not entail any separation from himself; but now the jealousy which had taken possession of him completely warped and embittered his judgment, causing him to find fresh ground of complaint against Eccles for coming between him and his little lassie, and bringing a cause of disagreement into their hitherto untroubled affection and confidence in each other.

Brooding over these things in secret, Marlow worked himself into a state of displeasure and offence against his daughter, while a mixture of pride and shame forbade him to speak to her on the subject. One day, coming unexpectedly into his little garden, he surprised Eccles holding Lucy's hands, and at that sight his anger instantly found vent. "What's the meanin' o' this?" he demanded, in low tones of suppressed wrath.

"It means I'm fond o' Lucy, an' I've got her promise come the time I can earn enough to keep her i' comfort," Eccles answered quietly. "You an' me hasn't been quite so friendly these times, mayhap, as we used to be; but it isn't my fault anyhow, Marlow. I'll mak her a good husband, an' I'm in hopes ye'll hae nought to say again it."

"Ay, ye've getten her promise," Marlow broke out in fury. "Ye've done finely to set the lass again her feyther, an' put things i' her heed she kens he'd never give in to. But a've got a word to say; an' she may just choose between thou an' me, for if she taks tha, she'll niver darken my door no more."

"Oh, father! how can you be so angry? what makes you so hard upon us?" Lucy pleaded. "Dick's never done nought to vex you; he can't tell what it is sets you contrairy; an' if happen he's been a bit too ready up at the trains, why, it's for my sake, because he's been trying to get a bit of money put by. Say you'll be friends again, daddy, just to make me happy."

She put her arms about his neck as she spoke, and hid her face on his shoulder. Marlow raised her head, and gazed steadily into her eyes.

"Tell me one thing," he demanded: "do you care aught about this chap?"

"You *know* I do, daddy, I do indeed. We're very, very fond an' set on one another; you'll never be so cruel as part us?"

Marlow thrust her roughly from him. "A've had a deal to bear from yon chap," he declared, "but this is warst of all. It's not enough that he's taken the vara wark out o' my hands, but he mun come between me an' the bairn a've niver had a wrong word wi' sin' she war born——"

Eccles came quickly to Lucy's side, and put a protecting arm round her waist. "Don't take on so, now don't, Lucy, my honey," he urged. "We'll just be married as soon as we can: there's plenty to begin on so be we're careful; an' it's just a quirk your feyther's taken again me; mayhap when he sees you content an' happy wi' me, he'll come round."

"You'd better not count on that," Marlow said, in answer to Lucy's imploring glance. "Thou mun choose, Lucy, lass. It's good-bye to him or else to thy mother an' me."

Eccles caught Lucy's hands in an eager grasp, but love for her father and the old habit of obedience and regard for his wishes were too strong to be so quickly cast aside, and she disengaged herself, slowly and sorrowfully, from her lover's hold. "Come what may, I can't give up father. Happen, if we're patient, things may come right some day," she sobbed.

"Then there's an end on't. Ye see what ye've done: ye've made a good lass unhappy, an' brought ill words an' cryin' where there niver was aught but contentment an' comfort; an' now ye'll just find another lodgin', an' a wish a might niver see yer ill-faured face agen."

Some indignant words broke from Eccles, his quick Highland temper blazed up, and for a moment it seemed as if the altercation would end in blows. But a look of warning and entreaty from Lucy caused Eccles to recover self-control; his face grew white and set, and without another word he turned into the house to pack up his little belongings, and went away.

After this things were more than ever uncomfortable at the station. Eccles, feeling the position intolerable, had made an application to be removed to Tynecastle or some other large station, but he could not fully explain his reasons without bringing Marlow into trouble, and the authorities had refused his request. The two men avoided each other as much as possible, but the ill-feeling between them was as a blister to both. Marlow, especially, was thoroughly miserable, for Lucy's unhappy looks were a continual reproach to him; if it had been anything else in the world that she was so obviously fretting her heart out about, he would have moved heaven and earth to try to obtain it for her, but in his angry jealousy every sign of regret and disappointment she showed was taken as an offence and injury to himself, and made him more than ever resolute against reconciliation.

Thus things went on from bad to worse through the weeks and months of winter and early spring. One March day, when the approaching Easter holidays made unusually heavy traffic, a group of porters, awaiting the down express, were eagerly discussing an adventure which had happened to Eccles the previous day. There had been a great storm of wind and rain, during which a brake-van, with some trucks attached, which had been left for a few moments unattended on the bridge, was set in motion by a sudden gust, and started off down the main line. Eccles, with wonderful agility, contrived to spring on to the foot-board, and getting inside the runaway vehicle, he applied the brake, and brought it to a stand just in time to avoid a collision.

"The inspector thinks a deal o' what he did," remarked one of the men. "He's safe to get a lift through it."

"It's like his luck to get the chance," said Marlow grudgingly.

"Ay, some folks *has* luck, as my old 'ooman said when Smith's Eliza was run ower. The bairn had but a bit sore heed for a day, an' Mrs. Smith got a pound fra the carriage folk as done it," chimed in another.

"That's vara fine; but it was whether way for a penny Dick's luck didn't land him under the wheels.

He's no friend o' yourn, Marlow, but you'd none 'a' liked to 'a' seed him smashed for a' that."

A dark look came over Marlow's face, but any answer he might have made was checked by a shout of "She's coming!" The express was a heavier train than usual; she had thundered down the incline with a great deal of way on, and followed her signal so quickly that the porters were taken by surprise, and set off at racing speed up the platform to meet her. Eccles, who had been engaged in one of the offices, hastily joined the group, cutting in just before Marlow, who, moved by a sudden angry impulse, pushed him impatiently aside, using some violence in doing so. Eccles spun round towards the in side, but recovered his balance instantly, while Marlow staggered and slipped, and next moment was on the line in front of the advancing train.

There was a pause; not a second, scarcely a breathing space, only enough to realise that the fallen man, instead of rolling over at once into the six-foot space, was hurt in some way and unable to stir; there was one glimpse of a pale face turned up in agonised entreaty, and then Eccles was down on the rails. "She's coming!" was repeated, in a hoarse shout of warning, but Dick paid no heed. With all the force and speed he could muster, he flung Marlow towards the up line, where some one from the other side caught him and lifted him, with help, on to the platform. The whole thing passed like a flash of lightning, but swift though it was, before he could clear himself the train was upon him. Three deep hurried whistles sounded—in vain, for all available brake-power was already applied—and then Eccles was caught by the engine and hurled, helpless and insensible, across the line.

The train came to a stand amongst the horrified inquiries of the passengers and the dismay and distress of the railway men, who, one and all, had the heartiest liking for Eccles, and with as little delay as possible the two sufferers were carefully and anxiously conveyed to the infirmary. Marlow's hurt turned out to be a simple fracture of the leg, and after it was set he became quite composed and comfortable; but with Eccles the case was different, his foot was badly crushed, and there were serious internal injuries, so that when night came he was in a high fever, calling incessantly for Lucy in his delirious ravings, and dwelling on his disagreement with Marlow, which he mixed up in a confused and painful manner with the events of the day.

If Marlow deserved to suffer for his uncontrolled ill-feeling and jealousy, he assuredly paid the full penalty now. His punishment seemed greater than he could bear, for he knew that to all intents and purposes, if Eccles died, he was the murderer of this man whose life had been freely given to save his own. It was true that he had thrust Eccles aside without the slightest anticipation of such terrible results; still, the push had been given in anger and ill-feeling, and but for that the accident would never have occurred. He prayed unceasingly that at least Dick might not die without a word of forgiveness, and he relieved his mind in some degree by pouring out his misery and remorse to Lucy, who tried to feign a hope she did not feel as to her lover's condition. His agony was such that had it continued it must have affected his reason, but mercifully his bodily strength went down under the strain, and he sank into a sort of lethargic torpor, from which the doctors doubted if he would ever recover.

When he came to himself again he opened his eyes on a different world—Lucy was sitting at his side, her face radiant with content and thankfulness. And from a neighbouring bed came a voice, faint, but friendly. "It's a good thing you're comin' round, Marlow. *I'm* nicely, thank God; an' they tell me I'm to be inspector come the time I get about again. So I can make things comfortable for Lucy; and mayhap you'll have nought to say again that now. An' you an' me might as well be friendly-like, you know."

VALENTINE SEASON.

WHEN the brooks were running free
Through the sunny hours,
Came a Valentine to me,
Filled my life with flowers;
Wreathing snowdrops round her pressed,
Crocus-gold was at her breast.

Came my Valentine to me,
Trembling near my side—
Evermore my own to be,
Smiled my bonnie bride;
Oh, thrice blessèd was the shine
Of thy morn, Saint Valentine!

Buds were waking on the spray,
Kissed by dancing light;
Birds were chanting all the day,
Grasses glimmered bright;
Violets beneath our feet
Whispered benediction sweet.

Years have quickly, lightly fled
Since that morn of old;
Silver snows gleam out o'erhead
Where the curls were gold:
Now the birds with tuneful strain
Bring the Saint of Spring again.

Dearer thou than blushing bride,
Wife of changing years!
Sunbeam through the summer-tide,
Comforter through tears—
Queen of love, in shade, in shine!
Lay thy faithful hands in mine.

M. S. HAYCRAFT.

VALENTINE SEASON.

(*See page* 154.)

THE LAND OF ICE AND SNOW.

BY MRS. CLARK MURRAY.

PREPARING for the winter! What is it to the Canadian in his land of ice and snow? When the summer is over and the harvest is home, in town and country it is no idle word.

The farm-people see to the shelter and the fodder for their cattle, the well and the wood-pile for their kitchen. There is wool to spin, and weave, and knit; there are tubs of butter to pack; flocks of poultry to kill and pluck; and great sacks of grain to have in readiness for the market when the snow comes.

The town housewife puts on her double windows, plastering up every crack and crevice, and taxes her ingenuity in her endeavours to checkmate the plumber in his architectural attacks upon her water and gas pipes. Her cellar is packed to the ceiling with coal, hard anthracite, with little smoke for the pipes and flues of her stoves; whilst large wood sawn and split to kindle the coal, and smaller wood to light the larger, must find their way to their respective bins in the economy of her domicile. The wardrobe of her household is overhauled, repaired, and replenished. Furs are turned out, and an account with the ravages of moths is settled. Then the knitting! There are socks, over-stockings, sashes, mittens, clouds, tuques, hoods, and endless supplies of soft becoming wraps for fair forms in evening attire—part of the nimble nothings which fill up the spare moments of a woman's life. The *cloud*, is a scarf, knitted loosely of fine wool, and generally of bright warm colours, worn by women and children to protect the neck and ears in mild weather—say with the thermometer above zero—and gathered over cheeks and nose when the mercury falls below that point. The *tuque* is the typical French Canadian head-gear for men and boys, being neither more nor less than an old-fashioned night-cap decorated by a tassel. Among the *habitants*, however, it has long been supplanted by a more modern, though much less comfortable-looking cap of fur, and the rage for antiquity has now promoted it into one of the most fashionable necessities of winter costume.

But the preparations for the winter are not confined to the farm and the home. Shopkeepers and tradesmen have their own anxieties about their stores and their contracts; the street cars run on wheels by daily sufferance; railways have their snow-ploughs at hand; and the steam and sailing craft from river and lake have been safely docked. Freight sheds and parapet railings are removed from wharves, and the harbours of Quebec and Montreal are the scene of many a hurry-skurry among ocean ships, lest on some unwary night there should be a sudden "dip" in the thermometer, which would leave them in the ice fast bound for six months, with the ultimate result of crushing them to atoms.

An abundance of early snow is always welcomed as a softener of many of the winter's hardships. It forms a blanket to the earth, protecting the autumn seeds from the severe frost. With it the farmer covers over his root-house, and banks up the foundations of his cellars and barns. It converts newly-made and rough roads into smooth highways, enabling him to send to market on a sleigh a much heavier load than wheels can carry. It very often makes altogether new roads for him, and more direct, regardless of river and fence obstacles, and cutting off long and weary windings. It gives a start to the winter trade over the whole country, as the autumn importations do not begin to move until a brisk demand is created by well-supplied markets. Indeed, out or in doors, for business or for pleasure, there is no sort of comfort till there is plenty of snow.

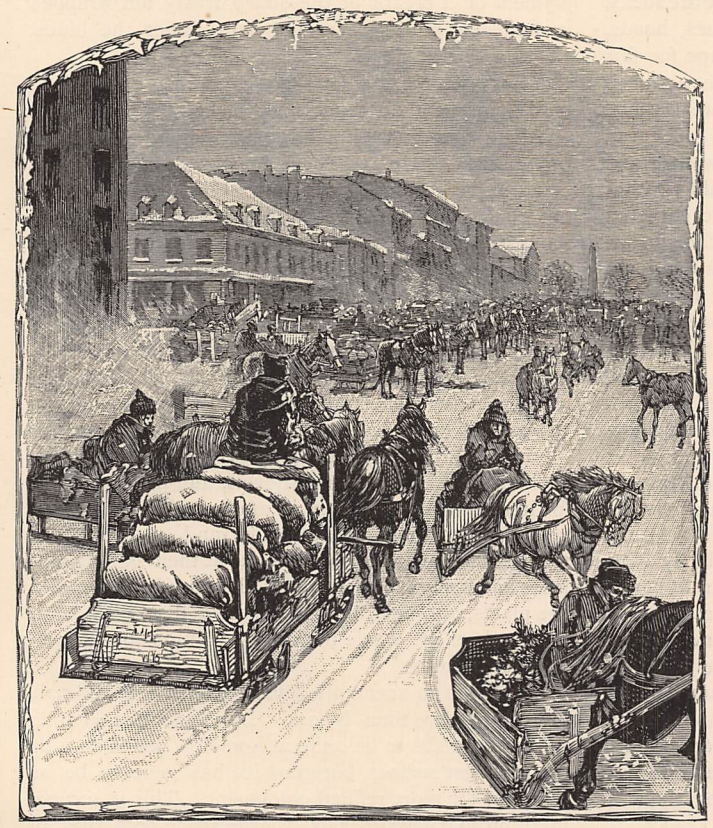
The tinkle of the first sleigh-bell sends a quick pulsation through all Canadian life. The children of the rich buy new sleds, and the children of the poor mend up their old ones. Boys get their snow-shoes, and girls their skates; young men their tabogans, and young women their costumes. Their fathers, in the russet time of life, look in at the curling rink to arrange their matches; and even grandmamma experiences a keener pleasure in anticipating the enjoyment of a breath of the sharp frosty air, wrapped in furs and gliding over the snow under the bluest and sunniest of skies.

A heavy storm is a wind-fall to an army of idlers, masters of no trade, though not Jacks of all, who start on their rounds with a large wooden shovel and a broom, passing up and down the streets, ringing door-bells, in search of a clearing. The children turn out clad in blanket-coats, bright-coloured sashes and tuques, and long over-stockings. They dig and sweep the lovely snow, or toss it up in the air; they build forts, with whole arsenals of white cannon-balls; or, on their little sleds, make a long and merry line down some sloping foot-path, steering themselves in a wonderful manner out and in among each other, and among the few pedestrians who are bold enough to risk themselves in such dangerous quarters. When the dinner-bell calls them, it is for a very temporary recess. Picking up their sleds and shovels, and making trysts for immediate return, they stamp their feet, brush their coats and stockings in the portico, and go dancing in to their mother, who, as she looks at their smiling rosy faces and listens to their merry chatter, fills and re-fills the plates, and, with mingled joy and dismay, beholds the result of her whole morning's work disappear in a very few minutes.

Skating is an accomplishment acquired in Canada more by nature than by art. Long practice enables the street Arabs to be quite at home on skates even on the roughest surface, but good ice has come to be an essential for more refined enjoyment. This is secured in all ordinary weather, by a large space on a river or lake kept quite clear of snow; and on a bright after-

noon thousands of people take advantage of the exhilarating exercise procurable in this way. For the more fastidious, however, especially in large towns where the investment may be profitable, rinks have become permanent institutions.

But skating does not monopolise the Canadian's relaxation. *Snow-shoeing* comes in for a large share of it. Almost every young man is a member of a Snow-shoe Club, whose principal entertainment is derived from wandering in the stillness of the evening away out of town and up over the hills, heedless of fence or other obstacle, and resting at some wayside inn for supper. The *shoe* is a light frame of wood about three feet in length and twelve inches in width at the centre, rounded and curling upwards a little in front, and tapering to a point at the back. This frame is filled in by a network of gut, leaving a space vacant for the free use of the toes when the heel is lifted. When not in use the shoes are slung across the back. In walking they are fastened to the feet—or, rather, the feet are lashed to the shoes—by narrow bands of buckskin, which, while making the connection quite sure, leave perfect freedom of action. Some practice is necessary to enable one to get along on such foot-gear, even on firm, level ground; and when the difficulties are increased by soft, undulating drifts of snow, ludicrous failures are excusable in first lessons.



A CANADIAN WINTER—IN TOWN.

The dress for this sport consists of knee-breeches, and double-breasted coat of white blanket stuff, the coat having a hood or capuchin, which is drawn over the head in cold or stormy tramps. Bands of tasteful colour run round the coat, sleeve, and capuchin, and a sash similarly decorated is worn round the waist. Long stockings and tuque to match, with warm mittens and a soft shoe of buckskin called a *moccasin*, complete what is, generally speaking, a becoming costume, but which is a questionable acquisition to a figure to whom Nature has dealt with niggardly hand, or, rather, on whom ignorance and art have done their best to thwart Nature in her development of full and graceful proportion.

Each club has its own colours for decoration, and the most punctilious etiquette is observed in wearing them.

During Carnival week in Montreal, these snow-shoers form a prominent feature in every scene. At the storming of the ice palace, all the clubs—French and English—are present in full force. Squads are told off for the attack, and others are quartered inside for the defence. Attack and defence are conducted by fireworks, and when the palace is at length surrendered, the entire army strap on their snow-shoes, light their torches, and start, Indian file, for a tramp through the city and over the snow-clad mountains beyond, returning down the gulleys with their torches blazing among the trees, and icicles hanging from their beards. On the occasion of the arrival in Canada of H.R.H. the Princess Louise, one of Montreal's decorations was an arch of evergreen thrown across the street and literally *manned* by snow-shoers—several hundreds of them being adroitly perched upon it from abutment to keystone. Athletic sports of all sorts are indulged in, and the winter drill of the volunteer force of the Dominion is incomplete without practice in the expert use of the snow-shoe.

Canadian ladies are fond of this exercise, and seldom allow themselves to be beaten in the strapping of a shoe, or the climbing of a snow-drift. In order to gratify their taste, snow-shoe parties are fashionable. A moonlight evening is chosen; invitations are sent out by a chaperon, and the party starts from her house. The ladies wear deep coats, sashes, capuchins, tuques, and moccasins, all of the same material as the gentlemen's, but more fancifully coloured. The deeper the snow, the more enjoyable the walk. On and on, amidst chatter and laughter, over drifts and pitfalls, stumbling and scrambling, the qualities of the

shoes are tested until a halt is called. Seats are made on a bank of the dry snow, and the rest is welcome to all. The moon lights up the scene, and casts shadows from the distant town over the sparkling snow; and the stillness is broken only by the merry voices of the party, whose footprints are the sole signs of life around. The bare, brown trees are softened and clothed with snow, which, like glistening moss, has lighted and clung, and nestled and piled itself on every twig and nook and cranny. But the cold is a persistent reminder that the rest, however enchanting, must be short, and sharpened appetites suggest a return and a thought of the supper which is waiting on the hospitable tables of the hostess.

In the Old Land most of us have seen a stream of schoolboys "keep the mill turning" when frost and a little snow permitted them to slide down a sloping hill or street, each boy seated on a short piece of board or a vagrant barrel-stave. The Canadians have refined and elaborated the barrel-stave into the *tabogan*, and when Nature gives them no hill they make one. A steeply-sloping and very strong erection is put up, with a broad landing at the top. This is called the *chute* (fall), and the slide is continued from the foot of this along a gentler descent, gradually slackening off into the level fields beyond. A course of this sort is somewhat costly, being artificially made of snow every winter, and requiring daily sweeping and repair. The expense is usually met by a club with annual subscriptions, and as taboganning is the most popular (perhaps because the most dangerous) of all the Canadian sports, an energetic club with a well-kept slide may enlist over a thousand members at £1 apiece. The clubs are courteous to each other, and exchange hospitalities in the shape of invitations for an evening's sliding, when every taboganner wears on his breast the membership badge of his own club; and as each member is privileged to take with him as many ladies as his tabogan can seat, and as the dress both for ladies and gentlemen is the same as the snow-shoer's, these evenings are often sparkling with gaiety and fashion.

The tabogan is made of very strong, light wood, cut in thin, narrow strips running lengthwise, which are securely fastened by nails to bars running crosswise, these cross-bars being on the upper side in order to leave an uninterruptedly smooth surface below. The front is turned up and rounded backwards; a strong rod for the hands runs from end to end on each side of the flat strips; and the whole thing is comfortably cushioned. The manufacture of tabogans and snow-shoes forms the principal occupation of the Canadian Indian tribes.

Day after day, night after night, for about four months, these slides are alive with people. Young gentlemen, young ladies, and children, whole families, father and mother sometimes included, may be seen dressed in full costume, dragging tabogans behind them along the streets and up those chutes. It is the duty of the steersman to seat his guests as wisely as possible, with compactness and security, reserving the heaviest weight for the centre; and at the word "Ready," he springs on at the rear, and by a swinging motion of one foot guides the descent. The more passengers the greater the momentum, and a steep chute not only gives a terrific force to the start, but prolongs the pleasure away over the fields. Sometimes a *leap* is put into the course, which throws the tabogan off the snow into the air for a few seconds, but such frightful accidents have resulted from this that sliders are gaining wisdom to dispense with it.

A CANADIAN WINTER—IN THE COUNTRY.

Though physically the Canadian winter is one of almost uninterrupted sunshine, metaphorically the picture has its shadows. In family life the discomforts, hardships, and dangers of the intense and long-continued cold present many perplexities to the housekeeper, and increase to a very serious extent the cost of living; whilst, in trade, the cessation of all river and canal traffic, with the idle capital involved, the duplicate vehicles of every description required, the occasional blocking up of railways by snow, are obstacles to the more rapid development of the country. Nevertheless, the cold is healthful enough to a sound constitution with an occupation permitting regular exercise and earning an abundance of good food, fuel, and clothing. Though even to such the out-door sports are not merely an amusement—they are a necessity.

PHASES OF A WOMAN'S LIFE—WIFEHOOD AND MOTHERHOOD.

THERE is a grandmother in one of the best stories of a French writer, who declares that romance is the one thing that redeems ordinary life from sordidness, that if a girl can regard her own wooing and wedding, and her position as wife and mother, through the halo of romance, she will never sink into apathy or boredom, and never need be one whit the less practical in daily life. There is a considerable amount of truth in the old lady's opinion, and it is one applicable not only to wives but to husbands, for if a woman is to look on her spouse after marriage as her knight-errant, it will greatly aid the illusion if he continues to regard her as his "ladye-love."

There is no more lovely and touching sight than that of a young wife who has trusted herself, and all she is and has, to the keeping of a man she truly loves, and who loves her as a husband should. Love-matches, properly so called, in which the warmest and strongest of human passions are equal on both sides, are very rare, but when they do exist are almost too full of bliss for this nether world. Such happiness is frequently short-lived, death steps in all too early and severs the bond; or such trials and troubles fall to the lot of the pair so truly united as would be utterly unbearable but for the tender love, loyalty, and sympathy that gives to each the "strength of ten." The Scotch boy who discovered that "love" is the perfect participle of the verb "to live" was a shrewd fellow, and had, perhaps, struck on a truth deeper than he knew. Poor, indeed, are the lives that have never been glorified by love, the real, unmistakable transfiguring power, yet unspeakably few are the men and women who marry what are called their "first loves."

Be this as it may, there is a vast amount of happiness for the ordinary young couple who marry with sincere respect and affection on both sides, honestly determined to do their duty by one another, and to make home mutually pleasant. This kind of love grows by what it feeds on, especially upon the woman's side. Her kingdom is home, and it is a charming sight to see her adding touches of beauty and grace to it, presiding over her husband's breakfast, pinning a flower on her breast when she expects him home to dinner, or dressing to go out with him into the society where she is proud to appear as his wife, while he is equally proud of having triumphantly carried off a prize which others, he is sure, feel inclined to envy him.

The young wife enjoys the feeling of being mistress in her own sphere, whether large or small, enjoys the sense of dependence on an arm stronger than her own, and rejoices also in realising that her husband trusts her as his faithful steward in all household matters, and sometimes in his business if it be of a nature that a woman can share and understand.

There is another phase of wifehood seldom seen in England, but not at all uncommon in France, where the young man takes his bride home to his father and mother's house. They thoroughly approve of her, because they have had a hand in choosing her, and they accept her as a daughter doubly beloved for her husband's sake as well as her own. The mother does not give up the reins of housekeeping, nor does her new daughter expect it; she is content to be consulted and catered for till she has acquired experience; and in course of time, as the old people become infirm, she is gradually installed as the manager and the central pivot on which the whole circle revolves. This is a happy and a peculiarly unselfish form of family life.

The young wife, however happily married, early discovers that she must keep "two tame bears," bear and forbear, and if her husband does the same, family jars will be conspicuous by their absence. Every human being is different from every other specimen of the race, and in this variety is much of the charm of life. Still, in the close contact of marriage, each will sometimes grate on the other, or be of a different opinion. To bear the little unpleasantness without being ruffled, and to forbear speaking while under the influence of it, saves many a heartache. Harsh and hasty words leave terribly sore places behind them, and how often are they mourned over and regretted when it is too late!

It is related of a good and clever woman, who was among Dr. Johnson's small circle of intimate friends, that, after forty years of married life, during which her husband had heaped upon her every possible indignity with occasional intervals of remorse, she heard him say to her brother, with almost his dying breath, "John, I have injured an angel, an angel who never reproached me!" Those words took all the sting out of her past trials, and though she survived him for twenty years, she never once alluded to his sins or shortcomings, either in her own family or among her friends.

Childless wives are frequently most tenderly devoted to their husbands, and *vice versâ*, but a woman's crown of blessedness is motherhood. The best women are those who love children the most, who delight in their sweet caresses, reverently watch their opening minds, and who find their being drawn out and perfected in that of the little creature who appeals to them by the

strongest ties of nature as well as by its innocence and helplessness.

A well-known writer has said that the most delightful occupation a woman's hands ever have is that first, strange, delicious fairy-work for the tiny creature as yet unknown and unseen; but, probably, she takes quite as much pleasure in the succeeding garments, for the child grows dearer as its intelligence develops, and the pride taken in making it look nice within reasonable limits is a very pure and natural feeling.

"The 'Störge' is beautiful in a mere hen," said Kingsley, and how much more beautiful is it in a woman who feels that her babe is all her own, and that for its sake the father is dearer to her than he ever was before, and who recognises that a human soul is committed to her charge with all its possibilities of weal or woe!

A young mother frequently feels that she never fully appreciated her own mother till she herself had made experience of maternity, and began to understand the thousand and one cares that even one baby brings with it, to say nothing of a young family, whose members are of all ages from the infant in arms to the sons and daughters impatient to leave school and begin life on their own account. Only the mother who has such a flock around her knows how much has to be thought of for them. Each requires different handling, and each has his or her distinct need of sympathy, employment, training, and—though last not least—of clothes.

A modern American writer makes his prosperous hero in the hey-day of life go back upon the reminiscences of his childhood. He regards his mother as a saint, not because he remembers her particularly at her prayers, though he has no doubt she was as diligent in them as in all other duties, but because he can never forget how at bed-time she used to undress him and his five small brothers, and wash their "poor dirty little feet" with her kind hands before tucking them up between the sheets. And yet, he adds, she had all the cooking and cleaning, and washing and ironing to do for her husband and children, and two or three hired men, and "I guess it was no more 'n my father expected of her."

It is a terrible mistake when mothers do too much for their children, yet it is very difficult to draw the line between that and proper consideration for their wants and comforts. It is so natural to be anticipating for them, and mingled with the feeling there is, perhaps, a little selfishness, for the mother cannot help wishing that if she should be taken from her little ones, they may be able to look back on the time when she cared for them as one of unmixed comfort and happiness.

A mother whose heart remains young is an incalculable blessing to her children; she can enter into their games and be a child with them, she is the playfellow of her girls, and, as they grow older, is almost like their elder sister; and if she have sons, there is a *camaraderie* between her and them which makes home the most delightful place in the world, and "mother" the most charming of companions. It was thus with Goethe, the German poet, his mother's first-born son, who came to be her plaything and pleasure long before she was out of her teens. She was a genial, social, and withal a clever woman, and always maintained that the bond between herself and her boy owed its strength to the fact that "my Wolfgang and I were young together."

A mother's authority ought to be marked by a sweet reasonableness. The children, when old enough to comprehend more than the bare duty of implicit obedience, should be convinced that all her rules and regulations are based on sound principles, and have their welfare for their aim and end. Thus, a young girl of fifteen, invited to form one of a large party in a country house, where every one was older than herself, adhered to her mother's rule that she was always to go to bed at nine o'clock. No matter what fun was going on, what temptation was held out to induce her to stay ten minutes longer, she was gently inflexible, and would say, smiling, "Mother told me never to stay up after nine; it wouldn't be good for me."

Many remarkable men have had remarkable mothers. The first Napoleon never forgot his allegiance to his mother, Lucrezia Bonaparte, who has been called the Cornelia of her day. She was a woman who practised "plain living and high thinking," and, though her son's words bore two meanings, his tribute to her worth was heartfelt when he reiterated, with the deepest conviction, "France wants mothers!"

John Wesley, who was the twelfth of nineteen children, loved his mother so dearly that when he was a young man at Oxford, he used to pray that he might never survive her. And many years afterwards, when word was brought him, at Bristol, that she was dying, he ordered his horse to be brought to the door of the chapel where he was preaching in Broadmead, and rode on all night, never drawing rein till he reached Moorfields. Some one made a remark to him about his haste and anxiety, and he answered, "Ah, I can never have another mother."

There is another aspect of motherhood, and it is where a woman accepts the responsibility of caring for the children of her husband's first wife. It is often said to be a thankless office, but where the new wife tries to put herself in the place of that other woman who was called away when life was at its fullest, she often reaps a rich reward. She may not have displaced her predecessor in her husband's heart, and, if a thoroughly good and unselfish woman, she will not wish to do so, any more than she will desire that the children should forget their own mother. She fulfils a sacred trust, rejoices in the bright young faces round her, and if the family party is ever enlarged by little ones of her own, all the best feelings of her step-children are called forth, and in loving the new-comers they best repay her for the love she has freely given them. As they all get older the mutual affection has a touch of friendship in it that is very sweet, and the gratitude of the husband and father who has married such a second wife adds so much tenderness to his love that she is doubly blessed.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

(When matters were at their darkest, and when his ideas were held up to derision, Columbus bravely set about earning a livelihood by drawing maps and copying manuscripts.)

BOLD, resolute, and strong—a man, forsooth,
Of infinite resource to carry out
Whate'er his hand and brain had set about—
He lived among men ignorant, uncouth,
Yet kept the golden vision of his youth,
And toiled for bread, when skies were overcast,
Map-making, copying writings, till at last,
His master-purpose ripe, he proved its truth.

Then the astonished world, in strange amaze,
Heard whispers of the vast new continent,
Yet grudged the finder his due meed of praise!
Not so with us: we thank with glad intent
The bold discoverer who paved the way
For *two* great English-speaking lands to-day!

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

A STEP IN THE DARK.

By KATE EYRE.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

CONTAINS A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION OF CLIVE'S CONDUCT.

MR. ASPINELL'S singing always affects me strangely. To-night, as I sit listening to him, I can hardly control my emotion. All the bitterness, which I felt this morning when he told me of my rival's existence, has melted away, a great sadness having taken its place. I have bidden him leave me, and be true to that other woman. My relinquishment of my lover is, I know, due to impulse; still I doubt not that I am doing right. I am not sure that impulse is not, after all, one of the best guides we have. On the impulse of the moment we may act foolishly, but we seldom do mean, degrading things. It is well sometimes to be up and doing ere self-interest has had time to have its little say.

I listen to Clive's singing, drinking in every note. A mist seems to hang about the room, leaving him the only distinguishable figure in it. His voice, as it rises and falls, is, I think, the sweetest music I have ever heard—and the saddest. I treasure up every sound that reaches me, knowing that ere long my hungry soul will have nought but memory to feed on. Madly I envy that other woman, for will not *his* presence be always a reality to her? Does she, I vaguely wonder, love him as I love him, blindly, against her conscience and her better reason? Will she ever discover that he does not love her? Will it not rather, after a time, cease to be a fact that he does not love her; for shall not I become a shadowy dream of the past, and she—the living breathing woman ever by his side—the idol of his heart? I know that I ought to wish that this may be so, but I cannot—not yet.

I am still lost in conjectures, when the music ceases.

I rise to leave the room, feeling half dazed. I have some hazy idea of making my escape whilst the others are expressing their thanks. I can hear the words "musical treat," "fine composition," &c. &c., resounding from all sides, but they convey no intelligible meaning to my mind. I am too much in dreamland to think the simplest thing out clearly, therefore I am not surprised when I find Clive holding the door open for me. As I pass through, he hands me a letter. I take it in silence.

"Good night, dear lady of my heart," he whispers softly.

I have an impression that the words are an echo of the song he has just been singing. Mechanically I reply, "Good night," and then I find myself on the staircase.

An hour after I am sitting in my room, with an open letter in my lap. I am gazing into the fire, while the tears run down my cheeks. They are tears of joy, however, not sorrow. A great load has been removed from my heart. I can hardly realise what has really happened, so confused do I still feel, only I know that I can now be Clive's darling with an easy conscience. Easy, that is, as regards the other woman. In the overwhelming grief caused by the knowledge of that other woman's existence, I have ceased to remember the stings of conscience I used to endure on account of my clandestine meetings with Clive. He has asked me to meet him again to-morrow morning, and I am looking forward all too impatiently to seeing him, so that I may tender him my humblest apologies, and meekly beg to be forgiven.

For he has not really been double-faced in his dealings. He did not ask me to be his wife whilst he was professing love for another.

There has never been any question of love between Clive—my dear Clive—and Miss Spencer, the match being merely one of convenience arranged by Clive's father and Mr. Spencer. Even had Clive and I not met, the marriage would never have taken place. For Miss Spencer has become deeply attached to a gentleman whose poverty is his only crime. No sooner did she discover that her heart was no longer in her own keeping, than she informed Clive she could never be his wife; beseeching him, however, to keep her secret for a time, and to allow outsiders to believe their engagement to be still binding.

I read Clive's tender, manly letter again and again. Oh, how could I ever have suspected the writer of treachery! I can hardly realise my happiness. No shadow of mistrust disturbs me now, even though Clive still wishes our engagement kept secret for some little time longer. I feel that I was so ready to misjudge him on one occasion, that I ought to prove my contrition by placing unquestioning confidence in him for the future. Had he been desirous of insuring my complete submission, he could not have done so more effectually than by making me accuse myself of injustice towards him.

The next fortnight passes all too quickly. Each fine morning Clive and I meet, to wander about together and "be happy while we may." I have not the courage to look forward to the time when Clive shall have left Albany House, for he still intends to spend Christmas at Bradenham Hall. I am quite resigned to keeping our engagement a secret for the present, since Clive urges it. I suffered so intensely during those few hours when I thought honour compelled me to relinquish my lover, and the joyful re-

action so overpowered me, that I seem to have lost the energy to resist.

The dreaded 23rd of December has come at last. Clive and I sit next to each other at luncheon—the last meal he will partake of in Albany House for some time—as we have sat so often before. The other boarders are talking and eating just as if nothing were about to happen. I am foolish enough to wonder how they can. Lady Vane tells Clive how much she shall miss him at dinner-time, and urges him to keep his promise of returning to Brighton early in January.

"Adrianne will be quite down in the dumps when you are gone," her ladyship continues. "That's the worst of you gay young sparks; you never pause to think of the mischief you are doing."

"Your ladyship's remark cuts two ways. I am deeply conscious of the honour you do me in presuming it possible Miss Temple may deign to notice my absence; while, on the other hand, I am grieved that you should imagine I could be indifferent to so gratifying a compliment."

"Oh, go along with your gallant speeches; Miss Temple and I were not born yesterday."

"Nor in the same year, I should say," remarked an elderly lady, who is not particularly partial to Lady Vane.

"No, madam, nor in the same year; you are perfectly right. I have no doubt you and I remember a good many events which happened before Miss Temple's time."

I could wish that Clive were not such an adept at dissembling. He mentions my name so lightly that, although I know he does so to hide his deeper feelings, I am foolish enough to feel his manner jar upon me. We women, when we really love, are so exacting.

After luncheon, Lady Vane retires to her bedroom to prepare for her afternoon ride, while I repair to the drawing-room. If I go up to dress half an hour hence, I shall be ready in time to accompany her ladyship.

As is usual immediately after luncheon, the drawing-room is much patronised. By-and-by the boarders will probably go out, and the room will be deserted until the evening. Clive intends leaving this afternoon, and I am anxiously hoping that he and I may be alone when we say good-bye. I am doomed to disappointment, however, for when he enters, with a travelling rug thrown over his arm, three maiden ladies are present. He shakes hands with them, replying very graciously to the various suggestions they make for his comfort whilst travelling. Then he turns to me.

"Good-bye, Miss Temple. I trust I may have the pleasure of finding you still here when I return in January. Kindly convey my adieus to Lady Vane."

Thus we part—he and I. My hand trembles as I place it for a moment in his, and I can hardly control my voice sufficiently to make a commonplace reply. He, on the contrary, is perfectly composed. The keenest observer would be puzzled to detect the slightest embarrassment in his manner. And yet he is parting, not from his lady-love, but from one whom he has already urged to become his wife with the least possible delay.

It was only yesterday morning that Clive did his best to induce me to consent to a clandestine marriage, although I can hardly believe so short a time has elapsed since I refused to listen to his earnest pleading. How, loving him so dearly, I had strength to withhold my consent, I am at a loss to understand. Perhaps it was partly because, in the old days, when I only dreamt of love, I used so often to think out all that a woman's wedding-day ought to mean to her. It was a subject on which I had been wont to let my fancy dwell. I had pictured the quaint, ivy-covered church, I had heard distinctly each word that fell from the lips of the grey-haired clergyman, as he read that wondrously beautiful marriage service; I had seen the bride arrayed in spotless muslin, her one ornament a bunch of white flowers, gathered for her by her lover; I had imagined her as surrounded by only those dear ones whose sympathy was precious to her at the most solemn moment of her life; and I had, moreover, tried to enter into her feelings, as she knelt there, and to understand something of the fervency with which she would pray that she might grow each day more worthy of her husband's love. Thus, having always felt the ceremony of marriage to be a sacrament of the deepest solemnity, I shrank from becoming Clive's wife unless Lady Vane were aware of the step I was taking, feeling that to *act* a lie on my wedding-day would indeed be to make a bad beginning. Moreover, Clive's reasons for desiring so hasty a union did not seem to me to be very forcible. He said that were the irrevocable step once taken, his father would, in all probability, bow to the inevitable with a fairly good grace; but that were he to inform him of our engagement only, Mr. Aspinell senior would move heaven and earth to part us, in order to secure Miss Spencer as a daughter-in-law. He also argued that a long course of resistance to his father's authority would be more likely to anger the old gentleman than one sudden act of open disobedience.

I bid defiance to the three maiden ladies by going to the window to see the last of my lover. With an aching heart, I watch his retreating figure. He does not once look up. Then the story of Lancelot and Elaine occurs to me; yet Clive has no one to bid him show me some discourtesy. I feel half angry with him that he does not raise his eyes to where I stand; and then wholly angry with myself for having entertained for one moment a doubt of him. After all he is not going away for long, that I need make such a fuss; only a fortnight, and then he will return to claim me as his future wife before all the world. What a commotion there will be, to be sure, in Albany House! Lady Vane will, I fear, be terribly angry. I need not dread inheriting her money now. That impecunious half-nephew of her ladyship's is all the more likely to receive a share of his aunt's wealth. Lady Vane has not been troubled with any more affectionate letters from him since she aimed her stick at his head. Poor young man, I wonder if he has returned to Australia!

"THUS WE PART—HE AND I" (*p.* 162).

I am thinking of Clive again the next moment. He has promised to write to me; and looking forward to hearing from him will, I hope, make the time of his absence pass more quickly. He is going to address his letters to the Hove Post-office, instead of sending them to Albany House. The first one is to reach me on Christmas morning, that is the day after to-morrow.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

HOPE DEFERRED.

CHRISTMAS DAY at Albany House always makes me thoughtful, even sad. There is Christmas fare—turkey, and a plum-pudding, with a piece of holly stuck in it, besides many other delicacies—and all the boarders are very careful to wish each other the compliments of the season. Miss Sparrow, too, makes a point of dressing herself prettily for the occasion, and is always in the very highest possible spirits, that is, if one may judge by the frequency with which her laugh is heard. All those boarders who have relatives or friends living in the neighbourhood, dine out, so that the long dining-table looks deserted. Those who remain, however, are very merry indeed, cracking endless little jokes, and enjoying themselves immensely. But to my mind their laughter sounds forced, and their attempts at gaiety are hollow and unreal. To me there is something inexpressibly sad in seeing people who are utterly indifferent to each other gathered together at such a season, and making believe to keep the grand old festival.

This year, however, I am not so forcibly struck by the incongruity of Christmas Day in a boarding-house as I have been on previous occasions. My mind is so occupied with other matters that I almost forget we are endeavouring to keep one of the greatest feast days.

This morning I rose very early, experiencing, as I dressed, a feeling of glad expectancy. I started out about half-past seven, reaching the Hove Post-office before eight o'clock. It was not opened. so there was nothing but to wander about for some time longer. I hardly noticed how cold and dark it was, so impatient was I to get my letter.

At last the post-office was opened. I curbed my impatience, however, and waited five more minutes, as I did not wish to attract attention by being the first to enter. Then I ventured in.

"Is there a letter for Miss Temple?" I asked, rather nervously. I fancied that the clerk must know I had never yet received through the post a letter from

my lover, and I felt my colour rise as I put the question.

The clerk looked over some twenty or thirty letters.

"No; I haven't one," he said, at length, in a most matter-of-fact tone.

"Are you quite sure?" I ventured to ask. He had gone through the letters so quickly, surely he must have overlooked mine.

"Quite sure? Why, yes, I've just been looking."

"But don't you think you may have passed it over by mistake?" I asked, feeling a terrible sinking at my heart.

The youth looked at me in surprise, as if he thought I had taken leave of my senses.

"There's no letter for you, miss, here," he replied very decidedly; and then he turned away and began writing.

I left the office, sick with disappointment. As I walked away, I tried hard to find a satisfactory explanation of why Clive had not written to me as he promised. His father was very angry, and he was waiting, hoping to have better news to send me in a day or two. His letter had been delayed a post, and would reach me the following morning. Or, perhaps, he had forgotten having arranged to send it to Hove, and it was now awaiting me at the Brighton head office. Yes, that must be it. I jumped into a cab, and told the man to drive me to Ship Street. How wretchedly slowly that ramshackle old conveyance jogged along!

On arriving at my destination I dismissed the cab, thinking I should prefer walking back when I had the contents of Clive's letter to think over.

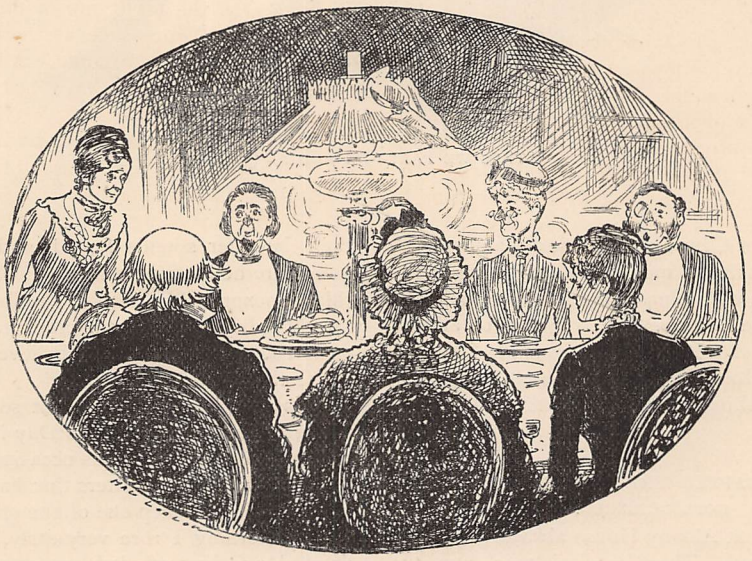
I entered the "General," and stepped briskly up to the counter. No hesitation marked my manner on this occasion as I inquired if there was a letter for Miss Temple. I was too eager now to know my fate, to blush as I put the question.

This time the clerk disappeared and was gone two or three minutes. I waited breathlessly until I saw him coming round the corner. I knew my doom before he opened his lips, for he returned with his hands empty.

There was nothing to be done now but to return to Albany House, and endeavour to hide my disappointment as best I could from prying eyes.

I hastened back, but still I was late for breakfast. Not that it mattered much now there was no Mr. Aspinell with whom I could be suspected of having loitered. My late appearance called forth a little raillery respecting my partiality for early walks. I laughed it off, and was very cheerful indeed, quite unusually so.

Now that we are sitting at dinner, too, my high spirits have not deserted me. Not for one moment will I allow myself to feel depressed because I have not heard from Clive. Of course I shall get a letter from him to-morrow morning, or, if I do not, he will write shortly, furnishing me with a full and satisfactory explanation of the delay.



"'NOW YOU MUST ALL WISH,' SAYS MISS SPARROW" (*p.* 164).

"Now, you must all wish," says Miss Sparrow, as she sends round slices of Christmas pudding. "Mind, you must wish just as you taste the first mouthful, otherwise your wishes will not come true."

"Dear me, this is a very solemn moment," I remark, as I raise my spoon to my mouth. "I suppose, Miss Sparrow, it is immaterial whether one's desire be great or small, as long as the stipulations are carefully carried out?"

"Oh, yes, I believe so. Do you intend being very ambitious?"

"I had some thought of wishing that the franchise might be extended to women before this time next year."

"Very suitable indeed; unfortunately, however, secrecy is a necessary stipulation. So we poor women shall have to go without representation for the present, while you, Miss Temple, had better wish for something else."

"Oh, I'll try again," I say, and forthwith I wish that I may find Clive's letter awaiting me in the morning.

My wish, however, does not come to pass. In the morning I present myself at the Hove and Brighton offices, and inquire eagerly at either place if there is a letter for me. Again I am doomed to disappointment. Still I try to put a bold face on the matter by firmly refusing to allow myself to entertain any doubts as to Clive's intentions.

At length, after a week of suppressed anxiety, New Year's Day arrives. Still I have heard nothing of my lover's movements. I find it difficult now to hide my distress from others. Each day I have made inquiries at the two offices until the clerks must, I am sure, be sick of the very sight of me; but all to no purpose.

Clive promised faithfully to come back to claim me on the sixth of January; and so I try to coax myself into believing he is about to return on the appointed day, without writing to announce his intention.

It is but a desire on my part to catch at a last straw, however, and when the sixth passes, and no Clive Aspinell appears upon the scene, I am terribly distressed, but not surprised.

I hardly know what to think. Has he met with an accident—is he dead? I ask myself over and over again. Then there is the other alternative. I shrink from putting it in words, although the dread of its being the true explanation of my lover's silence haunts me day by day: has he deserted me?

At last I decide to write to him, addressing my letter to Bradenham Hall. No anguish can be worse than the suspense I am now suffering.

I compose my letter cautiously, lest it should fall into strange hands. I date it from Albany House, and begin "My dear Clive;" then I go on to say that I had expected to hear from him, and had, in fact, called at the Hove and Brighton post-offices each day hoping to find a letter from him awaiting me. I urge him to write to me under any circumstances, and give him an assurance of my patience should matters seem unlikely to adjust themselves in accordance with our wishes. I hesitate a little as to how to conclude my letter, but I ultimately put "Ever yours, Adrianne." On the whole I think it better not to quote my surname.

The excitement of writing buoys me up afresh. At all events I shall probably get an answer of some sort to my letter, and if anything dreadful has happened to Clive, I shall know the worst.

Again I worry the post-office clerks, calling day after day at Brighton and Hove. Thus another week passes, but still I receive no answer to my letter. At length I begin to despair of doing so at all. My former doubts of Clive return with renewed force. I have been weaker, I tell myself, notwithstanding the twenty years I have lived, than any bread-and-butter miss of sixteen, and now I am being justly punished for my wickedness. If only I could be certain of my lover's utter worthlessness, I think I should have strength so to tear him out of my heart, that life would still be possible to me, only it would henceforth be a mere state of existence apart from all hope of happiness. But I cannot believe that he has really deserted me. That it is possible for a man to be so vain and wicked that he will take infinite pains to win a woman's heart for mere amusement, I can credit; but I cannot understand any man going so far as to urge a woman to marry him immediately if he be not in earnest.

It never occurs to me that Clive might address his reply to Albany House. Therefore, as I return on the eighth morning following the despatch of my letter, having again been making useless inquiries at the post-offices, I pass by the hall table, where the boarders' letters are invariably placed, without even looking to see if there is one for me.

Presently, I come down-stairs to breakfast with Lady Vane. Her ladyship has just entered the dining-room leaving me to follow, when I hear two ladies, who are turning the letters over, mention my name. As I advance to the table, one of them hands me a buff-coloured envelope—such as those used for telegrams—addressed to "Adrianne," Albany House, Albany Square, Brighton. I have just time to notice the words "On Her Majesty's Service," printed in large type along the top, when I hear Lady Vane calling me.

"Whatever are you doing out there, Adrianne? Do, for gracious sake, come in to breakfast!"

Hastily thrusting the mysterious communication into my pocket, I take my seat at the table. I am a prey to the most agonising suspense during breakfast, feeling certain something has happened to Clive, and that a lawyer, or some one, who has heard of me by my Christian name only, has written to tell me of my lover's sad fate. I can hardly control my agitation sufficiently for it not to be noticeable. It is with difficulty I can swallow a mouthful. The breakfast seems as if it never would come to an end. Lady Vane is unusually talkative, and drags me into the conversation, asking me questions, the purport of which I am too bewildered to understand.

At last, however, breakfast is over, and I am able to escape to my bed-room.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

I LEARN MY DOOM.

At last my doubts are about to be set at rest. I tear the envelope open with trembling fingers. Then I draw out—*my own letter*. It appears to have seen many a weary journey, for the envelope is scribbled all over with "Not known; try so-and-so; and so-and-so," &c. The seal, too, has been broken; probably, that was done at the Returned Letter Office.

I give a startled cry; then, letting the letter fall to the ground, I stand wringing my hands. I thought I was prepared for the worst, but now I know how strong was hope within me. My window is open, and the wind is causing the curtains to flap to and fro. The noise attracts my attention; mechanically I kneel down, resting my arms on the sill. The fresh air revives me a little. Gradually the dazed feeling that came over me when first I discovered my own letter had been returned to me, wears off; and I try to realise my position. My window overlooks some back gardens. In one of them a woman, wearing a light cotton dress, is feeding fowls. In spite of my misery I watch her, and wonder if she feels cold. In another, a bent old man is sweeping up dead leaves. They stick to the wet grass, and he has to go over the same spot two or three times before he succeeds in removing them. I feel sorry for him, thinking vaguely that he is too old and infirm for his work.

All the while my heart is aching. I am painfully aware that, although I am but twenty, I have, by one false step, cast a shadow over my whole life. I have no hope now. It is useless to attempt to deceive myself any longer: from the very first, Clive Aspinell must have been simply amusing himself at my expense. The exact object he had in view in going so far as to urge me to consent to a clandestine marriage I am at a loss to imagine. Whatever may have been his motive, however, there is, I think, no doubt that he systematically set to work to deceive me. The thought maddens me, turning my love into a sentiment near akin to hatred. I bite my lips with suppressed rage as I picture him laughing in his sleeve at the ease with which he duped me. My face burns with shame, and the very tips of my fingers tingle, as I remember with what rapture I acknowledged the height, depth, and breadth of my love for him. Fool—fool that I was! Why did I not listen to the voice of my conscience, when it struggled so hard to tell me that the handsome man, who gratified my vanity by being ever ready to loiter at my side, was made of but the very poorest clay?

One source of consolation remains to me—no one knows of my humiliation. To take the world into my confidence as to my wrongs by attempting to get redress for them, is a course the advisableness of which does not once commend itself to me. I have been weak, yielding where I should have shown strength, and now I am paying bitterly for my transgressions. I have made my bed — happily for themselves, few women exhibit less wisdom in the preparation thereof than I have done—and my one idea now is so to lie on it that others shall never know of my sufferings. At least I shall escape the sympathy of well-meaning friends. From the bottom of my heart I have always felt sorry for those women who, having been ill-treated by the opposite sex, have had to endure the humiliation of being pitied by their own.

My meditations are suddenly interrupted by hearing her ladyship tapping at my door, with no hesitating touch.

"May I inquire, Miss Temple, if you intend spending the whole of the morning in your own room? Of course, being a young lady at large, you are perfectly at liberty to do as you please; only I thought that, perhaps, if I made a point of asking, you would kindly inform me as to your movements."

"I am coming at once, Lady Vane," I exclaim, rising from my knees, and quickly forcing my hideous skeleton into the cupboard. "I am so sorry I have kept you waiting," I continue, as I unlock my door, and follow her ladyship into her private sitting-room; "but I was looking out of window, and lost count of the time."

"Oh, pray don't trouble to apologise: it's of no consequence. I should have thought, however, that a young woman of your resources might have found some more congenial recreation than that of gazing into back gardens."

Lady Vane is evidently very much ruffled. All the morning she finds fault with me on every possible occasion, until my patience is nearly exhausted. Perhaps it is just as well, as her irritability keeps my thoughts to some extent from wandering into other channels.

At dinner, Mr. Aspinell's name comes up for discussion. I try hard to keep my colour from rising, but am only partially successful. Miss Sparrow, who is naturally very observant, notices my distress, I fancy, and does her best to let the subject drop. Clive's tall figure and handsome face were, however, too striking in a boarding-house for his presence not to have caused some degree of excitement. The boarders are, therefore, very ready to talk him over, and so he forms the topic of conversation for a quarter of an hour or more.

"I thought I understood him to say he intended returning quite early in January," remarks one lady. "Do you know at all when he is coming, Miss Sparrow?"

"No; he never said anything about returning, to me. Did the military band play in Palmeira Gardens this afternoon?"

A gentleman sitting next to Miss Sparrow undertakes to answer her query respecting the military band; while the ladies continue to discuss Mr. Aspinell.

"What are they all talking about, Adrianne?" asks Lady Vane.

"They are wondering why Mr. Aspinell does not return," I reply, with as much composure as I can muster.

"Oh, ah, yes; Mr. Asphodel did promise to take pity on us again in January, didn't he? I had forgotten about that. By-the-by, does his absence account for your taking such an interest in back gardens, Adrianne?" As usual, Lady Vane speaks loudly enough for the whole table to hear.

"What's that her ladyship is saying?" inquires a jocular old gentleman, who sits opposite to us. "Has Miss Temple been going in for gardening lately?"

"Nothing half so useful," replies Lady Vane. "She has merely evinced a tendency to gaze out of a window

overlooking the backs of the houses in Brunswick Square, until she becomes oblivious of the flight of time."

"Being anxious to sift this matter to the bottom, Lady Vane, may I inquire why you attribute Miss Temple's interest in the neighbouring gardens to the absence of Mr. Aspinell?" The jocular gentleman winks at me in a knowing way, doubtless thinking that I, too, am enjoying the joke.

"Bless the man!" replies her ladyship; "why, the explanation lies in a nutshell. Miss Temple is doubtless watching for the return of her truant knight, whom she hopes to recognise scaling the garden-walls, and ultimately climbing up to her chamber-window by the aid of a ladder, which he has brought with him in his waistcoat-pocket for the purpose; ha! ha! ha!"

Lady Vane's eccentric remarks draw the attention of the whole table towards me. Her ladyship is never very tender of the feelings of others; but I doubt if she would have said what she did had she known all. I try to make the best of a bad matter by joining in the general laugh; but I am painfully conscious of my deepening colour, and I greatly fear that the distress I am feeling shows itself in my face. Again Miss Sparrow comes to the rescue, this time effectually.

"By-the-by," she says, "I am expecting two more gentlemen to-morrow."

The boarders are always interested in hearing of fresh arrivals. I am, therefore, left in peace to regain my composure as best I may.

How glad I shall be when our visit to Brighton is over! The whole atmosphere of the place continually reminds me of the terrible mistake I have made.

When once we are back again in Kensington, I shall, I trust, be able to some extent to throw off my secret trouble. After a time, I doubt not that my visit to Brighton, with all the exciting events appertaining thereto, will seem only like a troubled dream. I have gone through a terrible experience; but still I do not mean to be crushed by it without first making an effort to live it down. Surely the events which have been crammed into three short months ought not to blight the whole of my existence.

My hasty courtship, and the cruel desertion to which I have been subjected, followed each other so closely, and have, as far as my outward position goes, left me so exactly where I was before, that I cannot but believe I shall ultimately regain some of my old cheerfulness.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

I TAKE A SOLEMN VOW.

We are at home again now. The last fortnight at Brighton was uneventful. After having received back my own letter, I ceased to pay morning visits to the post-offices. I did, however, call the day before we left, but I no longer felt disappointed when my usual question was answered in the negative.

Lady Vane is going to spend the day with her niece, Mrs. Melgrove, and that affectionate widow has just come to fetch "dear Aunt Martha" away.

I go to the window to watch the carriage containing the aunt and niece drive off. Then I remain looking out, long after Lady Vane's "chestnuts" have disappeared. It is such a relief to be alone; to feel that the forced smile with which I always meet her ladyship, may be allowed to fade from my face. I was about to say that my thoughts are *reverting* to Clive, but that would hardly be true, seeing he is so seldom, if ever, absent from my mind; rather should I explain that I am letting my fancy dwell on the past unchecked.

I had resolved to tear the memory of Clive Aspinell from my heart; had firmly made up my mind I would try to forget my short-lived happiness and subsequent

"I HAVE JUST TIME TO NOTICE THE WORDS 'ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE'" (*p.* 165).

overwhelming disappointment. But I find the carrying out of my resolution no easy matter. There are times when I see Clive's face so clearly that I cannot get away from it; when his passionate words of love for me ring in my ears; when I long—oh, how I long!—to wake up and find his cruelty all a hideous dream; when I even put aside the remembrance of his desertion, and endeavour to cheat myself into believing that I am only waiting for the day when he shall come to claim me.

To-day Clive is as dear to me as he was on the morning when, in the Pavilion Gardens, he first told me of his love. For once I am letting my imagination have full play. I sink into a chair and, closing my eyes, give myself up to a delicious reverie. I am living the sixth of January over again, only differently. Clive has already written me a long, loving letter, telling me that his father is quite ready to receive me as his daughter. And now I am awaiting my lover's return. Ah, he has come at last! He is holding me in his arms, vowing that we are to part nevermore—nevermore. Softly I am whispering how long the time has seemed without him, while he assures me it shall never seem long again.

A tap at the door brings me back to every-day life once more. I jump up in some confusion, as if I feared the parlour-maid would read my thoughts.

"A gentleman wishes to see you, miss," and ere I have time to collect myself, the gentleman has entered the room, and the parlour-maid has left us standing facing each other.

"Clive!"

"Adrianne!"

In another instant he has opened wide his arms to receive me, and I am sobbing out my grief, joy, surprise, gladness, I know not what to call it, on his breast.

At length we are sitting side by side on the sofa, entering into mutual explanations, while every now and again I steal a shy look at my handsome lover, as he draws me closer to him.

He has come to me begging for forgiveness. In my joy at seeing him once more, I cannot utter one word of reproach, I cannot even dwell on the sorrow his silence caused me.

He is soon telling me his story. As he anticipated, Mr. Aspinell senior refused his consent to our engagement; but, whilst refusing it, he evinced so much affection for his son, that Clive could hardly believe but that his ears were deceiving him.

"Wait one month without writing to her; and then, if you are still in the same mind, we will see what can be done. Surely, if you are so deeply attached to each other, she will trust you for so short a time. Remember, my boy, you are the only one I have to care for now; and it is not much I am asking of you."

This, or words to the same effect, Mr. Aspinell would say each evening with unfailing regularity, as he and Clive sat together after dinner; till at length Clive promised to comply with his father's request.

"But, Clive dear, how about my letter?" I interrupt.

"Your letter, Adrianne! What do you mean?" asks Clive almost sharply.

"The letter I wrote to you, and that I got back again."

"If you got it back again, dearest, you can hardly expect me to know anything about it," replies Clive, with a rather provoking smile.

It does just occur to me that an ardent lover should not look amused when his *fiancée* tells him that her letter has miscarried, even if she should happen to express herself rather awkwardly.

Perhaps Clive sees that he has vexed me. Anyhow, he lets his hand rest gently on my hair, as he says softly—

"Tell me all about it, little one. I am getting quite jealous of the Post Office authorities. Fancy their having dared to open *my* Adrianne's letter!"

"But Clive, I cannot think how it didn't reach you; I am sure I addressed it correctly."

"How did you address it, then?"

"Bradenham Hall, Buckinghamshire."

"My dear little girl, no wonder it never reached me! My father lives at Hadenham Hall, Berkshire."

"Oh, Clive, how could I have made such a mistake? I was so positive about it, too; I never hesitated for a moment. Well, I must be more careful next time."

"The next time will be long in coming, Adrianne."

"Long in coming, Clive! Why?"

"Because I have left Hadenham Hall for ever."

"Oh, Clive, whatever has happened?"

"I have not told you the end of my story yet. Sorely against my will, I complied with my father's request, although I feel now as if I could never forgive myself for my treachery to you. At the end of the month, I informed my father that my feelings had undergone no change, and then I waited for him to keep his promise of seeing what could be done. For answer he turned me out of house and home."

"Clive, Clive! and it is I who have worked you all this evil."

For answer, Clive catches me in his arms, and showers kisses on my brow and lips. Gently I extricate myself from his embrace.

"Clive, dear, dear Clive! think no more of me. Go back to your father and tell him it is all over between us. Indeed, and indeed, it will be better so! How could I bear to know I had ruined your life?"

For the second time, impulse has bidden me relinquish my lover.

"Adrianne, you cannot love me as I love you, or you would never tell me to leave you." Clive speaks in a constrained, hurt voice which cuts me to the quick.

"Clive, no false modesty shall make me hide that which is in my heart. I will speak out plainly and fearlessly. Anthony Trollope has said, somewhere, that no woman loves a man sufficiently to marry him unless his every little trick of manner is dear to her, and even the very parings of his nails are precious to her. That is just how I love you. Paradoxical as it may sound, I loved you so well, that when I thought you had been false to me, I almost hated you for a

time, and then when the reaction set in, I seemed to love you even better than before."

"And yet loving me so dearly you would bid me leave you."

"Say rather, I would send you from me *because* I love you so. Oh, Clive, accept my sacrifice before I have lost the strength to make it!"

"I do not recognise the need for such a sacrifice, my darling."

"But, Clive, just think of all you would have to give up for my sake."

"I have thought of little else, since my father's decision; and the more I think of it, the less inclined do I feel to accede to my father's wishes. Dearest, I *could not* give you back your freedom now. Life itself would be valueless to me without the hope of winning you."

"Forgive me, forgive me, my darling; I had no right to say such a thing to you."

"Indeed, you had not."

"I am almost beside myself to think that you should see things in the same light as my father does."

"But, Clive, I don't."

"Well, you seem to think our engagement should be broken off."

"Only for your sake, Clive. I dare not pause to consider what it would cost me to give you up."

"My darling, put the thought away from you once and for all."

"HE IS SOON TELLING ME HIS STORY" (*p.* 168).

I nestle a little closer to my lover; his words sound so strangely sweet in my ears. And yet I am so anxious to do him all the good I can, and I know so well that the greatest kindness I could do him would be to send him from me.

"But, Clive, if your father keeps his word and disinherits you, whatever will you do?"

"Oh, I shall get along somehow. Of course, I shall be a poor man all the days of my life." Then, with a sudden change in his voice, "Perhaps, Adrianne, you are thinking of that?"

I spring to my feet.

"Oh, Clive, how can you be so cruel!"

"But, Clive, what do you purpose doing?"

"Returning to New Zealand."

"Really? Oh, Clive, must I drive you from home and country?"

"It is not you who are driving me away; it is my father's injustice which is forcing me to become an exile."

"But your father's injustice would not have been brought into play had you and I never met. It seems so hard that I, who would so gladly make any sacrifice for your sake, should be destined to be the cause of all this trouble."

"And you would gladly make any sacrifice for my sake, Adrianne? You do really mean what you say?"

"Have I not offered to give you up, if you would but accept my sacrifice? What further proof of my devotion could I give you?"

"Adrianne, Adrianne! You could give me a far better proof than that."

"What do you mean?"

"You could become my wife, now, at once."

"Oh, Clive! how could I?"

"Why not? There need be only a delay of a few days. Say, dearest, shall it not be so?"

"But, Clive, I do not understand."

"If, when thousands of miles lie between us, I knew I was working for *my wife*, I feel I could better bear the separation. Think of the happiness of knowing that, come what may, you and I are bound to each other, and that no power on earth can part us."

Clive brings argument upon argument to bear favourably on his appeal. Then he grows angry, declaring that my refusal augurs want of confidence in him. Still I cannot be prevailed upon to accede to his wishes.

"Clive, I will solemnly promise to hold myself in readiness to become your wife whenever you return to claim me. Why is not that promise sufficient?"

"If you really love me, why should you hesitate to become my wife without further delay, since I wish it?"

"Clive, I cannot."

"Why not? I confess I cannot understand on what grounds you base your objection."

"I have always held clandestine marriages to be wrong. I could not reconcile my conscience to going through the ceremony, knowing that I must part from my husband at the church-door; to me it would be a hollow mockery. It has always seemed to me that when a man and woman have been joined together as husband and wife, and have asked God's blessing on their union, they should part nevermore."

"All that is mere sentimentalism."

"It may be so to you; to me it is part of my religion."

"There is only one inference to be drawn from your refusal, Adrianne, and that is that you hesitate to bind yourself to me, whose prospects are so uncertain as mine unfortunately are."

"Clive, you are treating me unfairly. I do not hesitate to bind myself to you. I will take a solemn vow to consider myself to all intents and purposes your wife. Until you yourself set me free, or until I hear of your death, I will hold myself as indissolubly bound to you as if we were legally married."

"But why refuse to become my lawful wife?"

"Because my conscience forces me to refuse."

"Adrianne, you can form no idea of what my life may be like in the far-distant country to which I am going. I cannot tell what awaits me there. I may not even be able to write to you. Would you keep your vow if you did not hear from me for years?"

"Have I not already said that I will hold myself indissolubly bound to you, unless you shall yourself set me free, or until I hear of your death?" I am strangely excited now, that spirit of self-sacrifice, which always enters so largely into a woman's love, is strong upon me, and it forces me to add: "I would rather you did not write to me; I will bind myself, and leave you free; you need never come to claim me unless your heart still bids you do so; but whether you come or not, I shall ever be waiting to receive you."

Taking a gold locket from his pocket, Clive says—

"I have brought you this; see, it locks, and I am going to keep the key. Stop, I want you to write something to put in it first."

Then, at Clive's dictation, I write in duplicate with trembling fingers as follows:—

"I solemnly vow that I will consent to be Clive Aspinell's wife, whenever he shall come to claim me; and that, moreover, I will hold myself in readiness for his coming as long as we both shall live, unless he should see fit to release me from my promise.

"ADRIANNE TEMPLE."

One copy Clive encloses in the locket, and putting the chain around my neck, he *locks* the locket with its enclosure on to the chain, so that I cannot remove the curious love-token without breaking it. He then wraps the key in the second copy of my vow, and carefully places it in his pocket-book.

"My darling, promise me that you will wear the locket until I come back to you."

"Yes, Clive, I will—I will. But why do you seek to bind me so? My heart would keep me true to you without all this."

"Dearest, sweetest, the fear that in the years to come something may stand between us haunts me day and night."

Half an hour after, Clive has left me, and I am sitting alone, thinking of all that has happened. Already a vague presentiment of evil is torturing me. Clive and I talked together for some little time after I had promised to wear the locket until his return. He seemed to feel very doubtful as to his chances of getting on well in New Zealand; and when I, thinking to comfort him, said something about his having told me that he gave up a good appointment when he was there before in order to obey his father's summons to England, he took me up quite sharply, saying that decent berths couldn't be thrown up one day, and applied for again the next. Of course I knew that; but then I thought any one who had once been able to gain a good position for himself, ought not to feel so cast down about having to make the attempt a second time. Still Clive must know best what to expect, and I am very, very sorry for him, poor fellow.

Just as he was wishing me the final good-bye, too, he asked me to remember him to Lady Vane, and to say that he was excessively sorry he had not found her ladyship at home. And then he cautioned me not to let the true purport of his visit transpire. I was so overwhelmed at the dismal prospect of not seeing him for years, that I foolishly felt a little hurt to think he should be collected enough to mention so trivial a matter at such a moment.

Still I ought not to let trifles such as these disturb my peace of mind. How much cause have I not for thankfulness? A few hours ago, I thought I should never see Clive again; and now I am his, and he is mine, just as much as if I were in very truth his wife.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

IN this paper I am going to mention one or two side-walks which branch off from the main road, so to speak, of the medical profession, and for which it seems quite within the range of possibility that women could equip themselves with the necessary knowledge and thus claim a right of way.

The object my pen has in view is to act merely as pen-pioneer, to point out to women these new paths, and at the same time the obstacles which beset them; to mention the tolls which will have to be paid in the form of fees; to tell of the training which has to be passed through, and to speak of the length of road along which probationers travel before they can reach their goal, which to them is represented by the point when they begin to earn money.

Dental Surgery comes forward for our first consideration. I may mention, in passing, that a great many women, I am told, are employed in making artificial teeth, but it is not an industry that is well paid, because they do only the inferior parts of the work; but, as my informant remarks, "there is no reason at all why women should not be employed on the more delicate parts of dentistry."

There are many dental schools and colleges in various towns in the United Kingdom. A short statement about a few of them will serve to give an idea of fees required from, and training given to students.

In London there is a dental school attached to the hospital in Leicester Square. The fee for the two years' hospital practice required is fifteen guineas; the fee for lectures as well as practice is thirty guineas.

At the Dental College in Great Portland Street, the fee for hospital practice is twelve guineas, and the combined fee is twenty-five guineas.

The Victoria Dental Hospital, Manchester, fixes its fees at twelve and twenty guineas.

At the Dental Hospital in Liverpool the fee for the two years' hospital practice is eight guineas.

The teaching-staff at the Dental School in Dublin do not intend to undertake any further responsibilities after the close of the session now ending, because the attendance of students has been so small, it is not therefore needful to mention the fees or regulations of this school.

At the Dental School of Edinburgh the fee for hospital practice is fifteen guineas, and the cost for the course of study, which extends over four years, amounts to about eighty guineas.

I shall append a few particulars respecting this school, in order to give an idea of the training to be gone through. The rules are that each student is to be registered, and that a preliminary examination has to be passed previous to registration. The subjects for this examination are in brief as follows:—

English Language, Grammar and Composition. Latin, Ovid or Cicero. Elements of Mathematics. Elementary Mechanics, of solids and fluids; and one of the following optional subjects—Greek, German, French, Italian, Botany, Zoology, or Elementary Chemistry.

After registration students are required to pass forty-five months in professional study before they can gain a diploma. I will mention broadly the subjects set before the students and the course of procedure they are recommended to pursue. The first year is devoted entirely to the acquirement of Mechanical Dentistry. The second year to Chemistry and Anatomy as well as the practice of Dental Mechanics. The third year, Physiology, Anatomy, and Materia Medica. The fourth year is occupied with Dental and Clinical surgery, Dental Anatomy and Mechanics, and all the special and particular subjects closely connected with the profession of dentistry, as well as the practice requisite to insure skill and dexterity. Students must be twenty-one years of age before they can go up for their final examination and receive a diploma.

As a matter of course the doors of all these schools are open to admit male students, but only at one or two are women likely to find admission: let us run through the list.

At neither of the schools in London are women students admitted.

In that at Manchester, women are not admitted. I learn that the question of their admission was carefully considered about a year ago, by the leading members of the teaching staff, and the conclusion of their deliberation was, that women are physically incapable of becoming good dentists; the occupation is so arduous and fatiguing that they would break down under the strain and exertion. This opinion was also held strongly by others who had seen the daily hospital requirements, as well as by those whose part it was to give instruction.

At the Liverpool Dental School there are no rules for or against the admission of women as students, and it is thought that if applications were received the authorities would view them in a favourable light.

As yet no women students have passed through the portals of the Edinburgh Dental School, but I have reason to believe that a welcome would be given to any who might desire to enter. The dean of the school at any rate would vote for their admission, and the support of this member of the school staff is usually of great weight. This school is in close proximity to the University, to the Royal Infirmary, and to the other medical and surgical schools of Edinburgh, and therefore offers special advantages to its students. The length of training and the thoroughness of its examinations make its diploma a valuable test of proficiency.

Professional men who sympathise with these en-

deavours on the part of women to gain diplomas and so fit themselves for the battle of life in this particular field, advise them to pursue the following course. When they are qualified to practise they should seek to gain an appointment in some hospital that is set apart for the use of women or children, or they should become an assistant to a dentist of repute.

Another side-walk is that of chiropody. A chiropodist is not required to produce a diploma; at the same time an intelligent knowledge of all that appertains to the art, and real skill in the carrying out of this knowledge, are essential. Now it need hardly be said that chiropody does not rank as high as dentistry, but viewing it merely as a means of making a livelihood, it is much more likely that a woman would be able to gain an independence as a chiropodist than as a dentist. The very fact of the one not being so aspiring will tell in her favour.

I am looking upon the matter through the eyes of the general public, and it is that large body which really gives success or occasions the non-success of those in whom it places confidence or the reverse.

This being so, there seems to be every reason why this particular employment might be more largely taken up by women than it has been hitherto. To look at the matter from a practical point of view, the number of people whose feet are maimed and pained by corns, by bunions, by defective and refractory nails, and other additions or imperfections, is very considerable, and very many of this number would gladly seek for the relief which an experienced chiropodist can give. I myself know people who journey long distances to chiropodists, and also I know that the latter are often requested to go to patients many miles away, whose purses allow them the luxury of paying the extra expense of summoning the operator to their own dwelling.

Fees of five shillings, and seven-and-sixpence, and ten shillings are given to a chiropodist: some arrange to attend a patient for three guineas a year. A diligent study under the supervision of a skilful operator is the best means of becoming a proficient.

The first step is to watch closely and carefully each minute action on his part, and to be told by him the reason for each act as well as how it is to be done. I must give a word of warning and caution—it would be highly dangerous for any one to attempt to practise as a chiropodist who was not fully qualified to do so—it is to be hoped that no one will be so rash as to try to do this; for instead of giving relief to others there would be the certainty of causing them an irreparable injury.

A. S. P.

GARDENING IN THE WATERY MONTH.

ONCE again we find ourselves creeping out of winter quarters into the spring, with the return of which we shall have to redouble our energies in the garden. And before going into detail, let us recollect generally that spring is a trying time for man and beast, and—what is more to our purpose—trying to the vegetable kingdom as well. Last month we spoke a little about lawn-making, or at all events of its renewal where any settlement of the sub-soil had made its appearance. What we should do now is to prepare it for the first mowing of the season by either dragging over it a goodly-sized branch of a bush, or giving it a good sweeping with some new birch brooms: this will have the effect of destroying the endless little worm-hills, and in open weather we finish up with the heavy roller. In a few weeks' time we begin again with the scythe previous to the weekly use of the mowing machine. Enough then as to the lawn.

In the flower garden we shall have a well-spent morning in protecting our spring show of flowers from the frost. Ranunculuses, for example, that we planted in the autumn, ought to be covered with litter: this will keep off the worst of the enemy. Similarly, our tulips and Dutch bulbs will in a severe season want some protection. Yet, in a sheltered situation it is astonishing what some of the hardier bulbs will sometimes stand. Only last season the writer of this paper was mourning, during a bitter frost and snow that followed a mild winter, over a hyacinth bed, which seemed destined to destruction. The green spikes were well through the ground, and some of them appeared, after the ordeal they had gone through, to be turning black or yellow; yet in six weeks' time there was a brilliant hyacinth show: perhaps there were *some* failures; but in fairness it ought to be added that the situation was one wholly sheltered from the north and partly from the east.

Tulips, however, are more readily affected by the frost, and some good authorities attribute every split petal, every notch, and even every discolourment to the action of the frost. Before leaving our flower subject, let us take a turn to the kitchen garden, where perhaps—as we have often recommended—we have been preserving, in some now discarded cucumber

RE-POTTING.

frame that was on its last legs, a few of the hardiest of our geraniums and calceolarias.

On a genial morning we shall find, perhaps, if we have taken care to protect our frames in the worst of the frost that has passed, that the plants are shooting out, or getting a little more drawn up than we like, with here and there a disposition to send out a sickly flower: all these little shoots and flower-heads we pinch off; this will throw the strength into the plants themselves, make them more bushy, and add a vigour to their flowering qualities by-and-by.

But it is in our green-house, when perhaps a pelting rain in this "February fill-dyke" is driving, that we find plenty to do. First of all we, perhaps, take fright at the apparently crowded and over-stocked appearance of our solitary glass-room. Well, the fact is, everything is making a start, and this first green push adds a good deal, apparently, to the size of all our stock inside; give then plenty of air, fumigate occasionally, to keep down the green-fly, and pinch off any heads that are going ahead too much.

Re-potting, however, is the subject to which we alluded when we spoke of green-house work this month. We are not now speaking of our cuttings, which, let us hope, are all flourishing in their boxes and pans or large pots — the pinching process is probably all they will require; but any larger plants, and those for general exhibition, will

want looking over; any plant that is what is called "pot-bound," that is to say, the roots of which are all clinging in a welded mass to the sides of the pot, must be taken out and shifted into a larger-sized pot. In some cases where your plant is a strong and vigorous grower, it should be put into a pot two sizes larger. And next about the soil for green-house potting. Here is a good compost that will answer nearly every purpose in the green-house. Equal proportions of the following:—loam with the turf decayed in it, leaf-mould, decayed cow-dung, peat-earth chopped quite small, and some ordinary road-side sand. One remark only we may add here: in the case of growing heaths, use three times the quantity of peat-earth, so that for all plants of the heath order we have these three parts of peat, and one of the before-named soils. And in shifting a plant from one pot to another, take care that it is not sunk deeper into the new pot than it was into the old one, and see also that the new compost goes uniformly all round the old ball of earth that encompassed the roots of your plant just lifted from the old pot. A little water will settle the soil well round the roots.

Heavy work again will shortly be entailed upon us in the kitchen garden, but in the two months just gone by we have probably prepared our soil for early seed reception in favourable weather, by a good and thorough trenching and manuring. March is of course our general seed-sowing month, but about the middle of February in an open season a beginning may certainly be made. At all events our successional pea-sowing may take place. Some round-leaf spinach also may be sown, and this should be got in like the peas, successionally. In mild weather it will grow rapidly, and where it comes up very thickly it may be thinned out; yet even this thinning should only be sparingly done, because when each little plant of it has four good round leaves, it may be drawn bodily, and in that way thin the rest, and enable what remains to attain a better size. In all seed-sowing this month and the next—and especially in the kitchen garden—take care to have the soil well over your seed, though avoid the other extreme of sowing too deeply. For at the end of a long winter the birds are very busy forage-hunting when their berry supply has become exhausted, and will soon find out a weak point in the kitchen garden sowing. A few exposed seeds will tell the feathered tribe that more are to be had by a little perseverance in scratching up, hen-fashion. Hence we now see the importance of early trenching, and afterwards reducing the soil to a thoroughly pulverised and friable state, in which state only can we properly manipulate it when sowing-time comes.

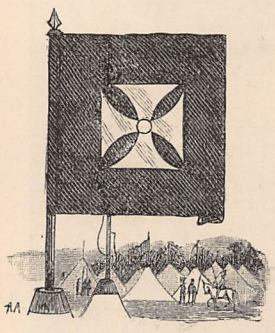
And then about our fruit garden. Pruning, if not finished by this time, should be instantly done. It is a month in which it is almost out of place to hint at the operation, but we merely do so, as it is simply imperative to complete it forthwith. But the gooseberries and currants should be gone over, and all the weakly wood cut out; this will let in air and sun. If these trees be allowed to get into a tangle of wood they will fail. Similar observations likewise apply to the planting of new fruit-trees; do it at once if it is to be done at all.

Preparations also may be made for grafting by procuring shoots and cuttings of anything new or very desirable; but when you have got them, bury them nearly in the ground until they are wanted for their purpose.

FAMOUS FLAGS OF FIELD AND FLEET.

BY "NAUTICUS."

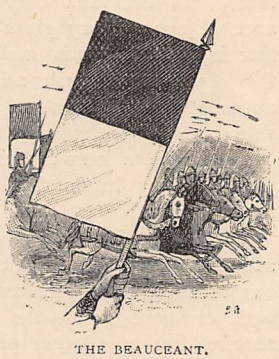
I.



BANNER OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

WE propose to notice briefly some of the less-known flags which in past years have played a far from unimportant place in the making of history, and will then give some account of the origin of a few of the more important modern flags. Anything like a complete treatment of the subject would lead into the mysteries and technical language of heraldry, a matter not lightly to be undertaken by simple lay folk, and would moreover require far more space than can be here allotted to it. However, it is hoped that this sketch of a subject not much studied will prove instructive and interesting.

The Banner of the Knights of St. John.—In the middle of the eleventh century some merchants of Amalfi obtained permission from the Caliph of Egypt to build a hospital at Jerusalem, which they dedicated to St. John, and in which they received and sheltered the poor pilgrims who visited the Holy City. They were expelled from Jerusalem in 1191, and established themselves successively at Acre, Cyprus, and Rhodes. At the last-named place they maintained their headquarters for two centuries, but in 1522 they were driven out by the Turks. The order then retired to Candia, Sicily, and finally to Malta.

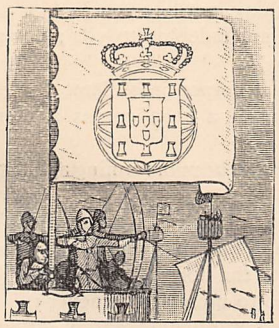


THE BEAUCEANT.

Their banner con-

sisted of a white cross of eight points on a black ground. These points were typical of the eight virtues the members were supposed to possess :—(1) Spiritual contentment ; (2) A life free from malice ; (3) Repentance for sins ; (4) Meekness under suffering ; (5) A love of justice ; (6) A merciful disposition ; (7) Sincerity ; (8) Capability of enduring persecution.

The Beauceant.—The Order of the Knights Templar originated in the piety of nine French knights, who in 1118 followed Godfrey de Bouillon to the Holy Land. Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, granted them a dwelling within the precincts of the Temple—whence their name. At first the members of the order led a simple and regular life ; their charity and devotion obtained for these "poor soldiers of Jesus Christ" the sympathy of the Kings of Jerusalem and the Eastern Christians. The knights were bound by their vows to shed their blood in defence of the Christian religion, to accept every combat, however outnumbered they might be, to ask no quarter, and to give no ransom. They carried at their head their famous standard called the "Beauceant." This bore the motto "*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam*" (Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give the glory). The upper half was black, the lower white. It was made usually of woollen or silk material, and was six feet in height by five feet in width. The picture of the flag given here is taken from its representation in the Temple Church in London.

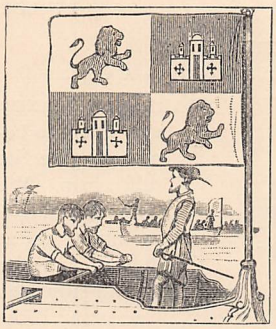


OLD EAST INDIA FLAG OF PORTUGAL.

The standard carried by individual Knights Templar was a red cross of eight points on a white ground, and resembled that of the Knights of St. John.

The Old East India Flag of Portugal.—In 1139 Count Alfonso of Portugal, with an army including a band of English and French knights, departed from Portugal to take part in the second Crusade. On their way they defeated a confederacy of five Moorish kings, and by this victory Portugal attained the dignity of a kingdom. In commemoration of this event Alfonso substituted for his paternal arms (a blue cross on a white ground) the famous standard of Portugal here represented.

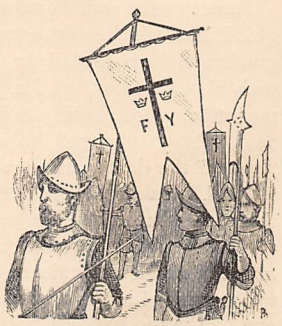
We notice that five shields are disposed cross-wise on a white shield—these are to commemorate the five kings slain at the battle near the camp D'Ourique. This formed the flag of the old Portuguese voyagers—the flag that slowly made its way down the coast of Africa, past Madeira and Cape Verde Islands, that led the way round the Cape of Good Hope to the Spice Islands in the far East. With it, Vasco de Gama also carried the armillary sphere given to him specially by Don Manuel the king. This flag was for long the sign of Portuguese supremacy in the East Indies. The present flag of Portugal was adopted in 1815, and is an unmeaning modification of the ancient and glorious flag of Prince Henry the Navigator.



STANDARD OF SPAIN, 1492.

Spanish Flags at the Conquest of America.—There can be no doubt that the first European banner displayed on the shores of the New World was the royal standard of Spain, emblazoned with the arms of Castile and Leon. This, as the national flag, was shown by the ships of Columbus. The arms, castles and lions, seem—as was far from uncommon in those days—to be a kind of pun on the names Castile and Leon. The standard here depicted must ever be memorable as the first to cross the Atlantic Ocean ; and it was this flag—modified by the accession of Charles V. to the throne—that Magellan carried through the straits discovered by him, and across the Pacific to the Spice Islands.

We give a sketch also of the personal banner of Columbus carried in his expedition. We are told how "Columbus, dressed in scarlet, first stepped on shore from the little boat which bore him from his vessels, carrying the royal standard of Spain in his own hand, followed by the Pinzons in their own boats, each bearing the banner of the expedition, viz. a white flag with a green cross, having on each side the letters F and Y, surmounted by golden crowns." The letters are, of course, the initials of the Spanish sovereigns.



EXPEDITIONARY BANNER OF COLUMBUS.

The personal banner of Cortez is still preserved in the city of Mexico, and that of Pizarro is supposed to be in Caraccas in Venezuela. But it is more probable that the original was carried off when the palace at Lima was sacked in 1865, and it has never been recovered.

(To be continued.)

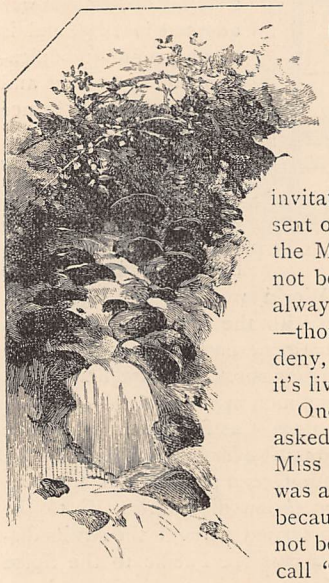
DOCTOR JOLIFFE'S QUEER PATIENT.

(FROM THE CHRONICLES OF CARDEWE MANOR.)

BY LUCY FARMER.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE DOCTOR IS IN GREAT REQUEST.—A CALL.



CARDEWE MANOR was likely to become quite its old self again. We were to have a Christmas company up at the house, and the invitations had already been sent out. I must say I like the Manor full of company, not because Charley and I always have a few pickings—though even that, I don't deny, is one reason—but—it's lively.

One of the young ladies asked to the Manor was Miss Katie Canton. This was an astonishment to me, because Mr. Canton had not been on what you may call "terms" with the Cardewes. Nevertheless, he had lately made a good thing of his business. He had been selected as the next member in the Liberal interest, and had a very good chance of being elected. So Mr. Canton was an important person, and he, his wife, and Miss Canton were included amongst the first guests at the Manor House in November.

Some people said ill-natured things about "stuck-up girls" and "broken engagements," with side and marginal references to Gideon Grasper, who was "hoisted with his own peter," as Dr. Joliffe said. I suppose he meant saltpetre: at any rate, he said it; and Charley said, "Yes," though I'm sure he didn't know what "peter" the doctor meant any more than I did.

Well, speaking of the doctor reminds me that about the party time a patient, recommended to Mr. Joliffe, came to stay in the village, and there was a mystery about him. I was quite sure, from the moment I set eyes on Mr. Littler, that there was more than met the eye. It is too bad of Charley to laugh—you know his laugh by this time—and he aggravated me to that extent that I made up my mind I *would* find out all about Mr. Littler. So I *watched* him.

He was a young man—not that it would have made any difference to me if he had been sixty—but he looked young, had a shrewd and pleasant face: he also wore an eye-glass and a little moustache: no whiskers or beard: and he dressed well. Why should he have come to stay with Doctor Joliffe as a patient? That's the question.

He was a curious man, this Mr. Adolphus Littler. I first suspected him of underhand goings-on when Charley said he passed him in the shrubbery one evening when my gentleman was talking to a strange man whose appearance was not of the best. Then this consumptive patient would go away occasionally, and as no one knew where he went, people began to talk. It was said he went to London.

One day when Mr. Littler was away, a gentleman passing our cottage inquired the way to Dr. Joliffe's house. I had my bonnet and cloak on, and as I was going towards the town, I offered to show him the house.

"Thank you," he said politely; "is it far?"

"No, sir: a mile or less to the street-corner."

"Has the doctor any gentleman staying with him at present?"

"Yes, a young gentleman, rather pale and delicate-looking."

"Like me, I suppose?" said the gentleman.

"Oh, no," I replied, laughing; "you are the picture of health, sir. He's a poor thing, not like you."

"Thank you, madam, I am indebted to you; down there, you say? Good day."

Hardly had I turned the corner into Dane Street ten minutes later, when out of a shop comes a man blundering against me.

"Dear me," I said, "who *is* the man running against, I should like to know!"

"Surely, ma'am, *you* can tell your own name. I can't as I have not the pleasure of knowing you. I beg your pardon. I am hastening to the doctor. Good-bye."

"To the doctor!" I said to myself; "it never rains but it pours." So I settled my bonnet and went on, without thinking any more about the matter.

When I got home to dinner I told Charley all about the men and their ways. He laughed at the man's reply to me. When we had finished our meal, who should call but Mr. Littler. He had returned, then.

"Good day, Mrs. Farmer," he said. "Can you tell me if Doctor Joliffe has passed? You *know everything*."

I didn't answer at first—I didn't like his manner, but I replied stiffly, after awhile, "No, I can't, sir. There's many wanting him to-day!"

He started, nodded, and went out.

When he had gone, Charley looked at me again. "Why did you answer him like that, Lucy? you quite snubbed him. He paid you a compliment, too."

"Compliment indeed! He meant it for no compliment! He's a deep one, Charley. But I'll find him out!"

"I believe you'd find a mare's nest in an empty stable," laughed Charley. "How about those Martyn-Henrys?"

"Yes; but how about the picture, Charley? I was right there; and you'll see."

"I dare say," replied Charley. "But you are, I am afraid, mistaken. One piece of advice I may give you:

"'JUST LET ME PUT THE CASE FRANKLY, LOOK HERE——' HE BEGAN TO PLEAD HIS CAUSE" (*p.* 179).

don't see *too much*; and don't pry too far into other people's business."

This was the unkindest thing Charley had ever said, and he must have been out of temper. I was just going to tell him I never pryed into any one's business, when a loud knocking at our door made me jump.

Whatever was the matter? Really it seemed as if there was to be no peace all day; and we hadn't done anything wicked, either of us.

Charley got up and opened the door. A man in a long great-coat was standing on the step.

"Can I speak to Mrs. Farmer, please?"

"Certainly; come in," said Charley. "Here's another of your visitors, Lucy."

"Beg your pardon, ma'am," said the man in the long coat, "but may I inquire who it was that was speaking to you at the corner of Dane Street to-day?"

"I'm sure *I* can't tell," I answered. "He was a stranger to me. He wanted to know the way to Doctor Joliffe's."

"Is that all?" asked the man. "Excuse me, ma'am, but you had some other conversation besides. I was told you were chatting for awhile."

"Well, what business is it of yours, anyway?" inquired Charley angrily. "Can't my wife talk to a friend in the street without having a fuss made about it? Who *are* you?"

"Here's my card," replied the man; "and—you'll excuse me again, mister—if this fellow was a friend of Mrs. Farmer here, how is it that she doesn't know who he is? If he is not a friend, why did she stop and speak to him so long?"

"You don't understand," I began. "He came suddenly, and——"

"No, I do not understand *yet*," replied the man, while Charley kept staring at me and the pasteboard by turns. "But did these two men go to Doctor Joliffe's?"

"I suppose so," I replied. "They inquired the way, and that would look like going, wouldn't it?"

"It would certainly look like it," replied the man; "but appearances are deceitful. Do you think you would recognise Mr. Littler now?"

"Of course!" I replied disdainfully. "What a question! Does the man think me a fool?"

"Of course you would, ma'am, and I beg your pardon. Well, then, can you tell me what kind of men they were who met you to-day?"

I caught Charley's eye, and there was a something in its expression that made me hold my tongue. He still held the card in his hand, and glanced at it, and then at me.

"What is all this?" he said at last. "I can't understand the game."

"No more can I, Charley. What does it matter to you?" I exclaimed, turning to the man in the long coat, "whether I sent one or ten patients to Doctor Joliffe's?"

"Don't get excited, Lucy," remarked my husband. "Come here."

I crossed the room and took the card he handed me. I read it, and almost screamed. The name I read was—

BENJAMIN BOWLER,
Detective Department,
Scotland Yard.

I caught hold of Charley nervously. Ever since that unfortunate diamond robbery it seemed as if the police came to us to search for criminals. Why couldn't they let us alone? I sat down at last, put my apron over my head, and began to cry.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE CONVERSAZIONE.

"WHAT are you snivelling about?" inquired Charley angrily. "Upon my word, I never knew anything like you. Mr. Bowler, what's all this about? Has my wife anything to do with your appearance here?"

"Not direct, she hasn't; I only want you and her to say whether you've ever seen any one like these here photographs?"

He took three cartes-de-visite from his pocket-book, and put them in Charley's hand.

"No, I have never seen any of the men before," replied my husband. "Have you, Lucy?"

I looked at the pictures, and in a moment recognised two of them. I said so, and added—

"These are likenesses of two of the men who spoke to me to-day in the town, and I really believe I have seen the other somewhere. But those two I can swear to."

"So you shall when the time comes," said the detective. "Thank you," he added, putting the likenesses in his pocket-book again, and bringing out another. "See this?"

It was a photograph of a youngish man, with a beard, seated on a sofa, his legs crossed, one arm leaning easily on the back of the couch, the other—the left—extended, with the fingers half outstretched in a peculiarly cramped way. He was in morning dress, and his eyes seemed weak or half-shut.

I replied that I knew no one like that, with a beard and grand clothes, nor did Charley. The detective said no more, but packed up his cartes and bade us good night.

"If you see any fellows like these, mind you tell me, and you will receive ten pounds reward, and more on conviction," said he.

We promised we would inform him, and he then told us that the person he wanted had committed many daring hotel robberies, and plundered individuals by forgery and other more direct means. He was a married man, by name Davison; but Mrs. Davison never appeared in the transactions for which her husband was "wanted" by the police, who were after him now, on suspicion of a robbery only lately committed.

"It's my opinion," said Charley, when the detective had gone—"it's my opinion that this quiet and secluded spot will soon become too hot for us. Every one with a cloud upon him comes here——"

"To have it blown away, perhaps," I said. "Now, Charley, I'm going to bed, and when I meet Doctor

Joliffe again I'll tackle him. The detective is quite wrong on one point, at any rate. Why did he go to Doctor Joliffe's at all?"

"Because he and the vicar are the men most likely to see strangers about," replied Charley. "He came to us, you see, too—being also people of importance!"

Tossing my head at Charley's ironies, as he calls these chaffing speeches, I went to my room, and didn't even dream of the man: I was so tired. Next day the people began to arrive at the Manor, so we went over in the evening to help, and to get our suppers.

"There's to be a 'Conversation' here next Friday," remarked the housekeeper. "Mrs. Farmer, you will be wanted, my dear. The whole neighbourhood is asked, and all kinds of curiosities is to be put in cases for people to converse about."

"I should think young parties could find something to say to each other, without curiosities," remarked the gardener.

"Ladies and gentlemen requires subjicks to introduce themselves," remarked the butler. "Doctor Joliffe and his lodger are comin', I hear, with a sackful of odds and ends from all over the world. Skelingtons, and precious things like that, death's heads, and toads which has been in rocks for ages!"

"Get out with you!" I said. "I've heard of sermons in stones, and books being found in rivers, but toads in rocks?—no, Mr. Burton, we can't swallow *them!*"

"'Deed, and you needn't, Mrs. Farmer, but it's true; live toads in rocks millions of years of age. You'll see."

"I'll wait till then," I replied. "So good night, and a pleasant 'Conversation' to you, with your toads, and death's heads, and skeletons—nice subjects for talk, indeed!"

The day of the "Conversation" came. We had not found out anything for the police—we were too busy. The party was a fine one, and we were permitted during supper-time to walk through the rooms, which were like an exhibition. Doctor Joliffe and Mr. Littler were there, and we couldn't help remarking to each other that Mr. Littler paid a great deal of attention to Miss Katie, who accepted it all kindly, as usual, but made no sign. We put it down as a match, and it seemed a good one. The doctor spoke well of his patient, and of his means and prospects, which he had fathomed—as doctors will do.

They were a handsome couple in the house; and when all the company had gone down to supper we walked through the "sweet" of rooms—and very sweet they looked. There were lovely jewels, old coins, precious rings from India, and vases and plates, with many other things lent by ladies and gentlemen.

"Hum!" said Mr. Bowler, who suddenly came behind me. "I'd give five pounds to know how that ring came here."

I turned round suddenly. I knew his voice.

"It's lovely, isn't it?" I said. "What they call antique, or something of that kind. I dare say I can find out who lent it, Mr. Bowler."

"If you can," he said, "I'll give you a five-pound note. There are some other good things here, but this is more in my line."

The mystery was rather puzzling. Something was wrong. I am good at finding mysteries, I think.

The other servants had passed on, and I followed alone. The detective had gone down-stairs, but what brought him I did not know. I was alone, and was passing the curtains which shaded the boudoir, when I heard voices.

"This is curious," I thought. "People are all at supper—who can be muttering here?"

I listened a minute, and heard Miss Katie's voice:—

"No, Mr. Littler, I think you are mistaken in me. I am not the angel you fancy."

"All the better," he replied, in an affectionate tone. "You are mortal too; we shall be all the happier together."

"I cannot continue the conversation, Mr. Littler," she said.

I peeped in, and just then he replied—

"Now, look here, Miss Canton; just let me put the case frankly. Look here——"

He began to plead his cause; and for the life of me I didn't like his tone and manner, so I watched him. There was something under all his polish which seemed to show through it, as damp comes through paper. He was not *true*.

He was in evening dress, his eye-glass in his eye, his small moustache curled up, and he looked cruel rather. He put his arm on the sofa-back, crossed his legs, and extended his left hand. Miss Canton spread her fan before her, and looked at him in some astonishment.

So did I! The attitude, the extension of the fingers, the whole air of the man was that of the bearded person in the policeman's photograph!

I stood transfixed—not for long. Miss Katie rose with dignity; he attempted to detain her; she screamed slightly, and ran away, passing me. I *was* angry, I can tell you, and my blood boiled.

"How *dare* you insult that young lady!" I said. "Mr. Littler, you had better not speak to her again, or——"

He made a reply which I won't repeat, but it so upset me that I was like fainting for a moment.

"Very well," I muttered; "I'll see."

He went down-stairs and into the supper-room. I went to the servants' hall, and found Mr. Bowler and Charley. I told them all, and Mr. Bowler in particular, about the young fellow's attitude and his insults.

Mr. Bowler said nothing. He merely took out his pocket-book, and, after a search in it, found a crumpled piece of paper, which he handed to me.

"What's this?" I asked, staring at him. Then I opened it: as it crackled I soon saw it was a Bank of England note for ten pounds.

"What is this for?" I cried. "Ten pounds!"

"For finding my man," he replied, nodding at Charley and looking round. "That's him. I thought I knew that ring. It was sold, I hear, to Mr. Cardewe by Mr. Littler for two hundred. Its value is priceless

to the Duke of N——'s family. It was stolen a year ago, and my man never fancied it would be found here."

"Do you mean that Mr. Littler stole it?" asked Charley, in amazement.

"Yes; Mr. Littler, the doctor's patient. His name is Davison. You were taken in, missus," continued the detective, turning to me. "It was him as walked down with you to the doctor's——"

"What!" I exclaimed; "*that* man Littler! I told him he wasn't like himself, then. It can't be!"

"It can, and is. You recognised the photographs yourself. These were taken in London in some of his many disguises. He has a fine wardrobe, and is too owdacious. It's sheer 'cheek'—that's what it is. He's robbed many a hotel and dwelling-house: his 'pals' are about here now, and no doubt they would have had a try here at the Manor if you hadn't noticed his attitude in the room up-stairs. Now business, please. Where is he?"

"In the supper-room," I said.

"Very well. Here, one of you men, lend me your dress-coat and waistcoat. He's my man, and do you come and assist. I call on you in the Queen's name!"

"Don't go, Charley," I said; "he may be armed. Don't go."

"I must, Lucy; let go, dear. Come along, men; we'll not give him a chance to fire."

They went, four of them, up-stairs, and I watched Mr. Bowler, who was quite cool, walk quietly in, in his evening dress, like a waiter, and stand behind Mr. Littler's chair. The ladies had nearly all gone up-stairs; then I peeped through the other door off the back staircase.

Charley went up behind Mr. Cardewe, and whispered to him. He jumped up, and at that minute the detective put his hand on the man's shoulder and said—

"It's all up, Davison. You'd better come quiet."

Mr. Littler, or Davison, wrenched himself free, and putting his hand in a pocket at the hip of his trousers, pulled out a tiny pistol.

"Not this time!" exclaimed Bowler.

Then two other men and some gentlemen helped. Mr. Littler was disarmed and taken away.

There were so many cases against him that we were not called as witnesses. His old and favourite attitude had betrayed him: which only shows that, clever as a man may be in wrong-doing, his nature and his habits will find him out at last.

As we went home I told Charley that he needn't laugh at me any more, for I never believed in Mr. Littler, and I was right about him.

"Lucy," said Charley, "you're the Eighth Wonder of the World."

MUSICAL HISTORY AS A POPULAR STUDY.

WITHIN the last ten years a great change has taken place in the popular view of music in England. Music is no longer looked upon as a mere pastime, or as a fine lady's accomplishment. Low music-hall ditties or wishy-washy Christy Minstrel strains are now very rarely heard in the streets of London. Even the piano organs, with their lumping and mechanical chords and shrill scalar "runs," are an improvement, as regards *répertoire*, upon the wretched little "hurdy-gurdies" of our own childhood's days: excerpts from modern opera, the last new "waltz," and the inevitable "Lost Chord," have taken the place of nigger melodies and "I wish I was with Nancy;" and it may not be unreasonable to expect a further and much-needed improvement of the popular taste in the near future.

The truth is that the new generation has been better educated than its predecessors; the study of musical theory has been popularised, and musical history has become a recognised subject of instruction. Not many years ago, almost the only known English works on musical history were the cumbrous volumes of Hawkins and Burney, whose contents are a mere chaos of ill-assorted and undigested facts, useful only to the experienced musician, and utterly unsuitable for young students. Mr. Hullah's "Lectures on the History of Modern Music" were among the earliest attempts within living recollection to make the subject intelligible, interesting, and educational. Professor

AN ORCHESTRA OF THE MIDDLE AGES—ELEVENTH CENTURY.

(*A Copy of a Bas-relief. From Naumann's "History of Music," by permission.*)

Ritter's "History of Music" is well known, and widely read both in the United States and Great Britain. Like Mr. Hullah's, it is really a series of lectures or essays. The same may be said of the great majority of so-called "histories": they are collected essays or lectures, largely biographical and anecdotal, not without a certain value, but at the same time hardly suitable as a means of systematic study.

The first effort in "text-book" production appeared about ten years ago, under the auspices of an eminent firm of Cambridge and London publishers (Messrs. Deighton and Bell). But this "concise text-book"—into the merits or demerits of which it is not our business to enter—is chiefly adapted to the needs of young students, and leaves ample room for a similarly systematic history of the art for the instruction of the general reader. Of Mr. Rowbotham's "History of Music" (Trübner), two volumes have been issued; a third is, we believe, in preparation. The first two volumes now before us have fairly exhausted the subject of ancient music, down to the music of the Greeks; so that the author may be said to have merely set his foot, though firmly, on the threshold of his subject. But these two volumes abound in new material, and in corresponding interest, and we must confess that we look forward to Mr. Rowbotham's third volume with something like eager impatience. We trust it will not share the fate of Mr. William Chappell's valuable work, which seems destined never to be completed.

MASTER HEINRICH FRAUENLOH.
(*After a Parisian MS. From Naumann's "History of Music," by permission.*)

We wish it were possible to accord as unqualified praise to Mr. Rockstro's "History of Music" (Sampson Low). This again belongs to the essay class, and therefore does not fulfil our idea of a history. Mr. Rockstro's borrowed notion of the "Seven Lamps" is a piece of affectation. He assigns all seven to the eighteenth century, whereas Beethoven, in his full maturity, belongs rather to the nineteenth. The seven lesser lights are placed in the present century, but Wagner is not among them; he is allowed a place by himself, as belonging rather to the "future." Mr. Rockstro is happier when occupied with his own personal recollections of music and musicians. He is a pleasant and facile writer, but lacks scientific method in dealing with a vast and varied subject. More serious, more thorough, and at the same time more attractive, is Dr. Hubert Parry's recent work, "Studies of Great Composers" (Routledge). These studies are purely biographical and art records of about a dozen of our greatest composers, beginning with Palestrina, and ending with Wagner. This collection is in no proper sense of the word a "History of Music," though essentially historical in subject and treatment. It is a book for an occasional quiet hour: a work from which the ordinary reader will derive much useful instruction, and no little intellectual enjoyment.

Of far greater importance and interest, however, to the general reader, is the work which next claims our notice. While it cannot supersede, and in fact does not touch, an essentially antiquarian work like that of Mr. Rowbotham, there is no book that we know of which better supplies a public want than Emil Naumann's "History of Music" (Cassell & Company). Accuracy of information, a readable style, and a thorough grasp of the subject, combine to produce a work which cannot fail to possess a permanent and growing value.

Herr Naumann, who holds the Court appointment of Director of Music at the Chapel Royal, Dresden, undertook this work some years ago at the invitation of a firm of German publishers; but his labours have been sorely hindered by frequent illness, and the book, now forming two goodly volumes, was but lately completed. The English translation now before us is by Mr. F. Praeger, an accomplished linguist, and well known in the musical world as a writer and

speaker on subjects connected with the theory of the art. The whole has been edited for English readers by the Oxford Professor of Music, Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, whose life-long labours in the cause of music, and especially of Church music, received an inadequate acknowledgment in his recent appointment to a canonry at Hereford.

The plan of the work is simple. First it deals with "the development of music in the classical and pre-classical eras," under the latter denomination dealing with the music of the ancient Oriental nations. Book II. treats of the rise and progress of music in the Middle Ages, closing with an instructive chapter on early English music. The third Book brings down the record to modern times. Not only the occasional annotations, but several chapters on English music and musicians, are due to the experienced and graceful pen of the editor. Sir Frederick Ouseley's closing chapter, which summarises the progress of English art in recent times, is exceedingly interesting and impartial. The reader will feel some regret that the English editor's space was so limited, as another dozen pages would have enabled him to do greater justice to a subject on which he is so high an authority. Considering the tremendous difficulties with which author, translator, editor, and publishers had to contend in the long and unavoidable delays attending the production of the work, it is surprising that the result is so eminently satisfactory.

The musical examples and other illustrations (some specimens of which we give here, by permission of the publishers) add much to the value and attractiveness of these volumes. Fac-similes of manuscript music by great composers, and other documents of historic interest, evidently reproduced with photographic accuracy, enhance the typographical beauty of a work which should be in extensive request as a suitable prize for musical students, and an acceptable gift-book for all music-loving persons. It is without doubt the finest work on the subject which has been issued in our own generation, and cannot be without its effect in greatly increasing the popularity of an entrancing study.

SEASONABLE SNACKS.

PERHAPS the present time of the year is *the* period when housekeepers are most taxed to furnish their tables with food that shall embody the requirements of variety and economy; and when party-giving and hospitality are the order of the day, a little extra anxiety to produce something new and suitable may well be pardoned, even by those who believe that nothing can ever supplant the time-honoured roast beef, turkey, and plum pudding of Yule-tide renown.

Probably—be the meal what it may—nothing lends itself more readily to culinary treatment than that pearl of the kitchen, the *oyster* (not that we despise it *au naturel*), and the recipes here given can be easily carried out. It is not necessary to use native oysters for any of them, indeed it is waste to serve those dainties except in the raw state.

Fried Oysters.—Beard and drain them (they should be a good size), then dip them into beaten egg and bread-crumbs, which have been seasoned with pepper, chopped parsley, and a pinch of grated nutmeg. Fry brown and crisp in hot fat, and garnish with fried parsley.

Oyster Fritters.—Make a batter of four ounces of flour, two eggs, a little salt, and a quarter-pint each of milk and *strained* oyster liquor. Cut small a dozen oysters, and mix all together, then drop from a tablespoon into the frying-pan with enough very hot fat to cover the bottom; they should be cooked to a golden-brown, and sent to table instantly—very hot.

Curried Oysters are a delicacy if the sauce is first made, and the oysters put in just to get hot, not allowed to become hard, as they will do if the sauce boils afterwards.

A bowl of *Mulligatawny Soup*, made as undermentioned, will be welcome after a few hours' skating or a brisk walk. Melt an ounce of dripping, let it get quite hot, then add a chopped onion and an apple, both of medium size, a bunch of sweet herbs, and a few outer sticks of celery; let them brown well, then stir in a table-spoonful of good curry paste and the same of flour; cook these, stirring all the time, for ten minutes, and add by degrees one quart of stock made from bones, and simmer until the vegetables are tender; rub through a sieve, add salt to taste, and a little lemon-juice. Serve with boiled rice, every grain of which should be distinct and separate.

A *Vegetable Soup* well made is not to be despised. Few would suspect, on tasting this, that it was minus any meat. Soak all night four ounces of haricot beans; in the morning drain them, and add a quart of cold water; cover, and cook gently for two hours, then put in celery and onions cut small, enough of the two to fill a half-pint measure. Cook until all can be passed through a sieve, then return to the fire with a bit of chopped parsley, thyme, salt, pepper, and a table-spoonful of fine sago that has been soaking for an hour in cold water. In twenty minutes, after frequent stirring, serve in a hot tureen. Serve sippets of fried bread with this. It is well to bear in mind that salt should not be put with haricot beans until they are tender, as it hardens them; neither should an iron spoon be used to stir them, or they will shrivel; a wooden one is the best.

A delicious pudding—especially suitable for cold weather—can be made by putting into a well-greased pie-dish three and a half ounces of the coarsest oatmeal with half a tea-spoonful of salt and a quart of milk. After an hour's soaking, two or three hours' baking in a *very slow oven* (here is the secret) will result in a rich creamy mass, delicious with honey or sugar and cream, while treacle is no bad substitute for either. A hominy pudding made in exactly the same way is a treat.

May we say a word about *Suet Puddings?* They have just occurred to us in connection with wintry weather, because, when well made and cooked, they are so nutritious; if under-done, or badly made, so very much the reverse.

Don't chop your suet into lumps, some large, some small, and mix it carelessly with your flour into a wet sticky mass that won't leave the board, and refuses to be rolled. Try this plan:—Dredge the board, shred the suet into the thinnest of slices, then chop it very little and rub it into the flour until well mixed, just as you would rub in any other fat. Make this into a stiff paste, and if convenient add, to each pound of flour, two ounces of bread-crumbs; they impart great lightness to the pudding, and, to use the words of the medical man who recommended it to the writer, "suet pudding, so made, can be eaten and digested by those who could not eat the ordinary kind without a good deal of suffering." Beef suet makes the richer, and mutton suet the lighter pudding.

Beef-steak and Oyster Pudding.—Line a basin with suet crust, then fill it with tender steak and oysters in layers, a score of the latter to two pounds of the former. The meat should be in strips, with a bit of fat rolled up in each strip of lean; the seasoning, salt and pepper with a pinch of grated nutmeg, and for gravy use the oyster liquor thickened with browned flour, half filling the basin with it. Cook three hours or more, according to size, and have ready some extra gravy to serve with the pudding.

It is quite worth while to make in the best possible manner any pudding into which suet enters; it is so beneficial in cold weather, and a great stay.

A very nourishing and delicious *Gingerbread Loaf*, yet simple enough for children, is made as under:—Put a pound of whole wheat meal (finely ground) into a bowl with half a pound of fine oatmeal; add half a pint of treacle and half a pound of brown sugar, an ounce each of ground ginger and caraway seeds, four ounces of candied peel thinly shred, and six ounces of butter rubbed in finely. Mix together half a pint of milk, one egg, and a tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda, thoroughly blend the whole, and bake in a well-buttered tin, in a slow oven, until a skewer comes out of the centre quite clean.

Raspberry Buns will please the children, and are easily prepared. Mix six ounces each of ground rice and flour, rub in a quarter of a pound of lard, the same of white sugar, and a tea-spoonful of baking powder. Make into a stiff paste with the yolk of an egg and a little milk. Divide into small balls, hollow each, and insert a little raspberry jam; close up neatly and dip into white of egg; flatten a little, and bake on a tin in a sharp oven. They will crack during the baking, and show the jam through.

New Year Cakes will be more easily digested by many than mince pies, as they contain no suet, and they are excellent for juvenile gatherings. Take equal weights of chopped apples and raisins, brown sugar, minced candied peel, and currants. To a pound of the mixture put the juice and grated rind of a lemon, and half a tea-spoonful of mixed spice. Make into small cakes with flaky pastry, either square or triangular in shape, and previous to baking brush them over with white of egg, then sprinkle castor sugar over them.

Any one who is catering for a children's party cannot do better than make a *Blancmange of Hominy;* it is far more nutritious than the corn-flour shapes usually prepared, and has the merit of cheapness. Put three ounces of hominy to soak in cold water, just enough to cover it, then, in a few hours, add a pint and a half of milk, and cook gently for two hours, when it may be sweetened and flavoured to taste, and poured into moulds. It sets in a very short time.

Another dish equally wholesome is a *Rice Sandwich.* To prepare it, take equal weights of ground rice, flour, sugar, butter, and eggs in their shells; and a tea-spoonful of milk to each egg used. Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs and beat well, then stir in the milk; lastly, put the flour, rice, and powder in gently. Bake at once on greased plates, spread with jam while warm, put two together, and dredge the tops with sugar, some of which can be coloured pink.

Apple Snow is liked by nearly every one. A pint of custard should be made with the yolks of three eggs in the usual way; the whites must be beaten to a stiff froth, and mixed with the pulp of four or five baked apples well sweetened and flavoured with lemon-rind. This, if lightly piled on the custard, has a very pretty effect. It should be kept in a very cool place until wanted for use.

The dishes that may be made from an apple foundation are almost inexhaustible, and there is the satisfaction of knowing that they are, for the most part, thoroughly wholesome.

Stewed Apples, if prepared according to the following directions, become quite a high-class dish. Strain the juice of two lemons, add the rind cut into thin strips, and half a pound of castor sugar. Bring as slowly as possible to the boil, let it simmer until thick, then add seven or eight apples peeled and cored, and as uniform in size as possible. Turn them in the syrup a few times during the stewing, which must be gradual, or they will break. Put them in a glass dish, and pour the syrup round them. The exact quantity of sugar must be determined by taste, and the apples should be rather small. Unless the lemons are very juicy, it may be necessary to add a little water.

The appearance will be improved if the tops are decorated with a little blackberry jam, damson cheese, or any kind of candied fruit cut small.

As a really effective and cheap garnish for sweets of many kinds, we may instance grated cocoa-nut, and if a fresh nut is not available the desiccated will do.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

FROM OUR PARIS AND LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

IN CONFIDENCE.

I.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

FRENCHWOMEN used to set the fashions of civilised Europe, and it is only within recent years that any purely English modes have found favour in Paris. Now Parisian dames have adopted tailor-made English gowns with avidity, and it is more the fashion just now to wear combinations of cloth and plush than any of the more costly brocades. Plush petticoats peep from beneath cloth tunics and bodices. Plush is a fabric which has the great beauty of displaying light and shade, or *reflets*, to the utmost perfection, especially in rich red-browns, copper tones, blues, heliotrope, and brilliant reds. The best plushes all have a rich bloom on their surface. The cloth gowns are much trimmed with fur round the hem, and many have skirts entirely composed of fur. Astrakan and otter are used a great deal, a band of the same being carried up the side panels. The collars of the gowns are all very high, and when there are fur trimmings high fur collars are used; they are becoming to the face, especially when the wearer is no longer in her first youth. Fur boas have become too common in their ordinary guise, so now they are made as high fur collars with boa ends; they set up well and comfortably about the throat. If you can afford blue fox by all means have it; but abjure the dyed Paris fox. I have only once seen it to advantage, fashionable as it is, and then it formed the trimming to a steel-grey French poplin. Chinchilla is once more worn, and looks well on black and sapphire-blue. But it is in what we call "tea-gowns" that Frenchwomen allow their taste for fur to closely approach the bizarre and fantastic; in these, fur is applied as robings, with quaint fastenings, often of old silver. For example, a rich petunia plush, the front falling in a continuous line without defining the waist, made in soft cream silk, with curious old silver clasps at the throat, has beaver carried down each side; this is only one among many varieties. How an original idea changes its object in time! When tea-gowns were first brought out they were loose gowns worn between the afternoon drive and dressing for dinner. Now, the most elaborate dress in the wardrobe is this *négligé* garment.

Among the newest stuffs just now are the shot velvets which rival the plush in their play of light. Many dinner-gowns have been made of this novelty in light tones. I have just seen a beautiful pink dress which merits description. It was made in soft brocaded crêpe de Chine, the velvet pattern standing boldly up on the crêpe ground; it had panels of shot velvet bordered with rich gold and silver embroidery; the bodice was of the stay form, edged with the same embroidery, and quite low, but filled in at the neck with pink crape, vandyked at the edge with gold. It seems to me that this is a capital way of making a low bodice high; the crape just crosses back and front, is full, and is tucked into the bodice all round.

Peach-coloured crêpon is a good deal worn for expensive gowns, richly embroidered. When simpler toilettes are desired, it makes up into admirable little dresses, which drape well and last well. It has more substance and wear than crape, but wraps quite as gracefully.

The long Louis XIV. waistcoat, in flowered silks, is being introduced into dark cloth dresses, and I cannot tell you what an improvement it is, especially when imported into England, where fogs and dark days do not altogether make sombre dressing desirable. So by all means, if you have a plain cloth gown which admits of the addition of a waistcoat, invest in one of these. The silk should be somewhat corded, and covered with tiny floral sprays, following as closely as may be on the style of Court

waistcoats worn at English Lévees before the new regulations.

It is in spring that we have often the coldest days, so maybe it will not be out of place to tell you that sable just now is cheap, and it ought to be, seeing how lavishly it is used. I noted a beautiful woman, well known in the best Parisian society, stepping into her carriage with a petticoat of sable—entirely made of the fur—and over this a cloth polonaise, bordered with the same. It was very handsome-looking.

A new elastic silk has been brought out for under-linen, which washes well, and has the merit of softness. It is trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and often entirely replaces cotton and linen. Crêpe de Santé has improved in appearance, and some really pretty petticoats in light pink, blues, and creams, have been brought out with satin stripes and a deep flounce of lace. A novel idea in the way of under-linen is a coloured muslin night-gown, gathered at the waist, and made altogether much like a morning-gown.

Bell-sleeves are now introduced into dressing-gowns with benefit, as they allow more play to the arms; indeed, there is a disposition to have a good deal of variety in sleeves. A few gowns are made with Bishop sleeves gathered into a band at the wrist; some have puffs on the outside of the arm, while others are of two materials: velvet coming to the elbow, and silk to the wrist.

Bodices differing from the skirts are greatly in vogue for evening and day wear—a convenient fashion, seeing that it is cheaper to pay for a bodice than for a whole gown at a good dressmaker's, and skirts are much more easily bought of presentable appearance. But do not disregard the importance of a perfect fit. A Frenchwoman has fewer clothes than an Englishwoman, and, as a rule, is far better dressed, because she brings her mind to bear on her clothes, thinks of them, prearranges them, and will not allow defects. Her toilette—not her gown, remember, but her whole outfit—boots, stockings, gloves, mantle, bonnet—is a matter of grave concern; it is tried on, rehearsed, and must be quite perfect before it is worn.

A new trimming for mantles is the chinchilla feather, something between fur and plumage, and very pretty too; it is applied to the new sealskin plush, which has much the appearance of the fur, at half the cost. I imagine it hails from England, but Frenchwomen adopt it: another instance of Britannic importation. The Parisian mantles are usually a glitter of exquisitely-cut jet and gold embroidery; in cold weather large and voluminous ones are worn, but on ordinary occasions the mantelette obtains.

Evening and dinner dresses are extremely elegant in Paris at the present time, as will be gathered from our illustrations. The youthful matron, of whom we get a side view in our first illustration, wears a Rembrandt red velvet skirt, with a pointed panel of gold embroidery or net, and a tulle over-dress checked with gold. The round yoke, high collar, cuffs, and narrow-pointed plastron match the skirt; the full fronts to the bodice are continued as paniers on the skirt; a soft silk sash encircles the waist, and is tied at the left side. The younger lady, with arm resting on the mantelpiece, wears a white silk dress covered with embroidered tulle. The deep basque to the bodice is thickly pleated, and is continued down the right side of the skirt *en cascade*. The ribbons used for trimming should suit the taste of the wearer. The fashionable colours for the purpose are lavender, salmon, faded rose, pale blue, and pistache-green.

II.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

February is often as cold as any month in England, though the darkest days have left us, and the gowns which have gone through a severe course of London smoke, fog, and coal, look dingy in the brighter light. Wise people have kept their best winter gowns rather

"WHO SENT THIS ONE?"

in the background, and now they wear them to advantage. The fashionable dresses of the moment are either plain-coloured velvets with or without fur, for those who can afford them, or woollens trimmed with plush or velvet. If, however, you make your dresses at home, let me tell you that a yard of plush goes a great way. A strip as a panel makes a good effect, and a small plastron on the bodice, which now seems to be most fashionable showing no fastening at all, so that troublesome buttonholes are not a necessity. There are revers on either side of the piece that forms the waistcoat, and which is fastened beneath one of them. The question of revers, however, is one that has to be studied carefully, for sometimes they are double, two on each side; sometimes they reach to the waist, sometimes to the bust only, and some of the winter gowns show only one, of fur, placed so as to well cover the chest. I note as a good arrangement that the short cloth jackets are trimmed thus, for the warmth comes well over the lungs, which require often to be protected.

Smoke-colour is more worn in England than any other, and the thicker make of canvas in stripes of many dark tones is another favourite which women who lead fashion have approved of. Any one can have this, for it is cheap, and wears well, only remember to arrange the drapery so that the stripes fall both horizontally and perpendicularly. In London, with many of the dark dresses, red hats and bonnets are being worn. I think the reason is that hostesses now have their drawing-rooms so dark, that only such bright bits of colour assert themselves at the afternoon parties, where pink-shaded lights are *de rigueur*. And in the country nothing assimilates so well with the brown-grey tinge of the landscape. There was a time when we possessed ourselves of the necessary brightness in the way of petticoats, and a scarlet petticoat, with the gown well drawn up over it, was quite the livery of the ladies in country houses. Now, however brilliant the petticoats, we hide them. The best I have seen, however, have horizontal lines in yellow, red, or blue, alone or blended, on black backgrounds; they wear well, but they vary little from year to year. Englishwomen will not give up the Newmarket coat, so their dresses, as well as petticoats, are mostly hidden. They are full at the back, and I notice many women, who are not quite satisfied with the flow of those they have by them, have the back pleats rearranged—either gathered below the waist or mounted in very small pleats; this allows of all the fulness that can be managed. This year's coats have often fur collars and robings down one side of the front.

I remark that certainly during the cold weather there is a decline in the favour hitherto so generally shown to Suède gloves, and in preference much chevrette and French kid in brown tones are worn. If you wish to be in the fashion abjure silk gloves, I do not mean in the day-time—because they have long since been abandoned entirely—but at night. They are essentially in bad style, especially as you often see them drawn well up over the elbow, where they are kept up by elastic or ribbon, leaving a visible indenture in the arm, and making a mark red and unsightly.

White and coloured linen collars and cuffs are again frequently worn, and for evening wear sensible morocco shoes, dyed the exact tone of the dress, are once more to be seen. They are to be had at fashionable shops, and are made with low heels, so that you may move about in comfort without disfiguring the feet effectually.

There are many pretty modes for young girls, calculated too to suit their purses, while conducing to the perfection of their toilettes. The fans made for them principally are of two kinds, either of cocks' feathers dyed to any colour, with a ribbon aigrette on the outside, or made of Esprit net with long ribs hidden by narrow ribbon, a large band of the same on the outside. They are smart-looking and durable. Esprit net lasts well—it is the kind covered with small pea-point spots, and very much worn for evening gowns. For these there are many crêpes, gauzes, soft silks, and soft woollens. Only at very smart gatherings are tulles now considered necessary; at sociable parties the more lasting fabrics are generally worn.

The Bulgarian headdress is a new one, for leaving heated buildings, and evening wear. It has a broad, upstanding band of velvet on the head, to which is attached a sort of Russian headdress of either lace or soft wool. Made in Spanish lace and black velvet, it recalls the Spanish mantilla; but I have seen it in the Turkish embroideries, and in red velvet and nun's-cloth and crêpe de Chine. It keeps the ears and throat really warm.

A new muff has been brought out, which is long in front, and looks far more important than the varieties we have been using lately. A pocket is placed outside, and fringe and drops fall some inches below the waist, as the muff is held in the hands.

If any of you are going to be bridesmaids, do not carry bouquets, which are often too much in the way, but have light gossamer muffs covered with natural flowers; there is no trouble about holding them, and they are very pretty. The latest idea is to cover the muff with grey tree-moss, and on this to fasten the flowers; it is a lovely background.

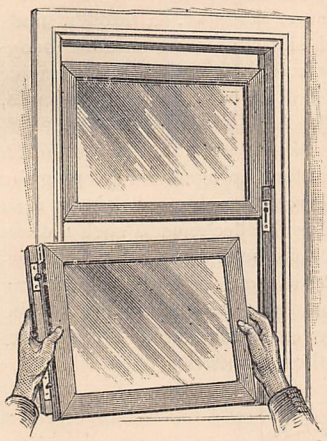
Fashionable women are, happily, beginning to give up wearing their veils tightly fastened over the face, to the detriment of eyesight and eyebrows.

One style of revers alluded to above will be seen on the seated figure in our second engraving. The material of the dress is smoke-coloured woollen, enlivened with checked plush, in which lines of red play a prominent part. This plush forms the revers, deep cuffs, and pointed waistband; it borders the small panier on the right side of the skirt, and by means of horizontal and perpendicular rows of it an effective panel is produced. These shot and checked plushes are most useful and economical for enlivening a somewhat dull-looking costume. The young girl who is standing wears a myrtle-green vigogne dress speckled with red. The skirt is trimmed in front with three perpendicular lines of dark green velvet. The jacket bodice is outlined with velvet, and is laced across a Suède surah waistcoat. The green felt hat has red and green feathers.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

A Removable Sash.



The woodcut shows a window-sash which can be removed for cleaning or re-glazing without taking out the frame. This property is intended to save the trouble and risk of servants getting outside the window to clean the sash. The sashes fit into hanging pieces which are fixed to the sash-cord, and they are kept in position by a small spring bolt at the upper part.

An Artificial Island.

It has been proposed to form an artificial island in Hobson's Bay, on a portion of the St. Kilda Bank, Melbourne. Such an island would, it is believed, give shelter to small boats and yachts, while providing the city with a new and easily-accessible recreation ground, and it would also be a good site for a fort.

Gauze Welding.

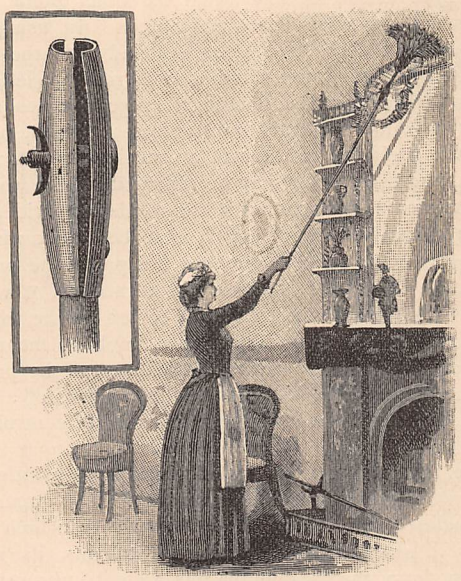
In order to overcome the difficulty of spreading borax and other fluxes over heated surfaces to be welded, a French engineer, M. Lafitte, has introduced a sheet of wire gauze containing the vitrified flux between the surfaces. This gauze is welded into the metal itself, and the operation can be performed at lower temperatures than formerly. Steel can be securely welded to iron by this method. We may also mention that electricity is now employed in welding wires, knife-blades, and other articles. The heat developed by a strong electric current, traversing the welding joint, is sufficient to fuse the metal and unite the surfaces.

A New Cartridge.

The Lorenz cartridge, which has been adopted in the German army, is about to be manufactured in England, at Millwall. This new ammunition has already met with much favour, the penetrative power of the ball being much superior to the older forms, and the cartridge having several important new properties. For example, it can be kept in stock for any length of time, without deterioration and without danger. It is protected by a steel case, and the cap to fire it need only be added immediately before use. The bullet, which has also been adopted in the French army, is a combination of steel and lead, which is said not to foul the rifling of the firearm. The charge of powder is fired by means of a smaller charge of condensed powder, which in turn ignites the larger charge. The new ammunition is applicable to small arms as well as cannon. While upon this subject we may mention that experiments have been made recently with the new Russian explosive, "silotvaar," invented by M. Rucktchell, an engineer. This substance gives out no report or smoke when it is fired. The experiments in question were made at the Krasnoe Selo camp of the Russian army, and are said to be of a successful character.

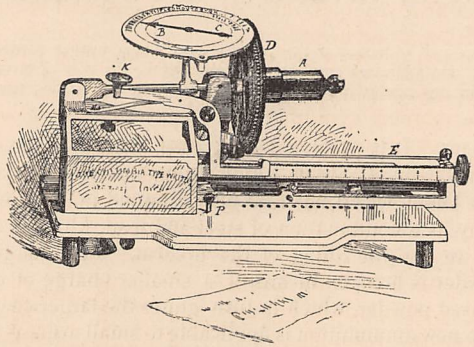
An Extending Handle for Brooms.

This is a useful little apparatus that should commend itself to housekeepers. Its object is to enable them to adapt their brooms and dusting brushes to the sweeping of ceilings and lofty walls. This is effected by means of an extension handle provided at one end with



a pair of clamping jaws in the form of two portions of a cylinder, one of which is secured by means of screws to the handle, and so fixed that rather more than half the jaw projects beyond the handle. The other jaw is loose and is connected with the fixed one by means of a bolt, secured by a square-ended shank in the fixed jaw, and by a nut bearing on the outside

of the loose jaw so as to cause the two jaws to grip the top of the broom-handle firmly when the nut is turned.



A Handy Type-Writer.

A type-writing machine which prints both capitals and small letters, and is yet easily portable, has recently been brought out, and is here illustrated. The form of the "Columbia" machine, as it is called, will readily be understood by a glance at our illustration. On turning the handle, A, the indicator, B C, is revolved on the dial-plate, across the top of which the letters and figures are arranged in the order found most convenient in practice. The letters are given only once—to avoid the multiplicity of signs caused by doubling the alphabet on the dial-plate—but the indicator is so arranged that when the point, B, of the indicator is directed to a letter, a capital is printed by the type wheel, D; and when the other point, C, is presented, a small letter is printed. In using the apparatus the required letter is found with the indicator by turning the handle, A, to right or left, and then depressing the handle, a process which automatically inks the letter and impresses it on the paper. Left to itself the handle will at once recover its position, and the process may be repeated till the word is completed. The spacing of the words is provided for by the spacing key, K, which is to be struck when a word is completed, and moves the paper the proper space. The paper is carried in a carriage, E, which moves automatically from right to left as the writing proceeds, and is provided with a knob by means of which the paper is moved vertically, and the proper space between the lines insured. By means of a little pin, P, the width of the line of writing is controlled; and, in order to secure a straight margin at each edge, an attachment is added which rings a little bell when the end of the line is reached. The apparatus is enclosed in a convenient polished case, which renders it available for travellers. In this, its more recent form, the "Columbia" is a great improvement on its predecessor, the double type wheel and other parts of which were too complicated for ordinary use.

Gilded Chrysalides.

Mr. E. B. Poulton has made some interesting experiments, which go to show that the colour of caterpillars can be modified in one generation by altering their surroundings. Mr. Poulton took some caterpillars of the peacock and the common tortoise-shell butterfly, and allowed them to turn to chrysalides on black and white screens, and the colour was found to vary with the screen. Those on the white were often of a bright golden colour, and gilded specimens were sometimes found.

Reindeer Life-Belts.

A Norwegian engineer, Herr W. C. Möller, finds that reindeer-hair and skin has a remarkable buoyancy. For instance, a reindeer-skin, weighing under two kilograms, and rolled up with the hair outwards, will support, for ten days, the same weight as an ordinary cork life-belt. When used in the form of a life-belt, it has the additional property of keeping the body warm. A suit of reindeer-skin will keep a man from drowning, and Herr Möller expects such a dress to supersede oilskin. Life-belts filled with reindeer-hair are substitutes for life-belts of cork. Collapsing boats and sledges may also be constructed of the hide. The life-saving establishment at Gothenburg has procured some of these reindeer articles.

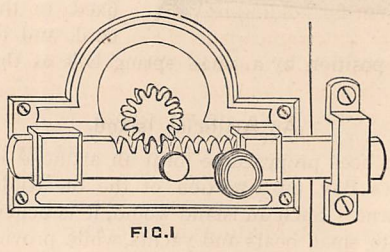


FIG. 1

An Indicating Door-Bolt.

The figures illustrate a door-bolt which, on being pushed home, shows the notice "Engaged," outside the door, as in Fig. 2. When the bolt is withdrawn, a metal-plated shield takes the place of this word. Fig. 1 shows the bolt on the inner side of the door, and the ratchet and wheel, by which the movement of the bolt works the indicator. The device will be useful to some people for securing themselves against interruption.

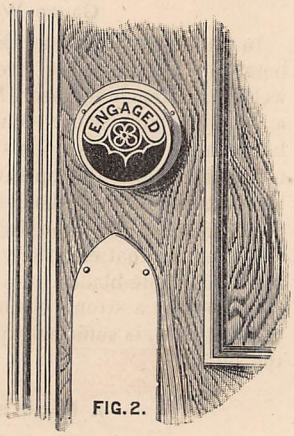


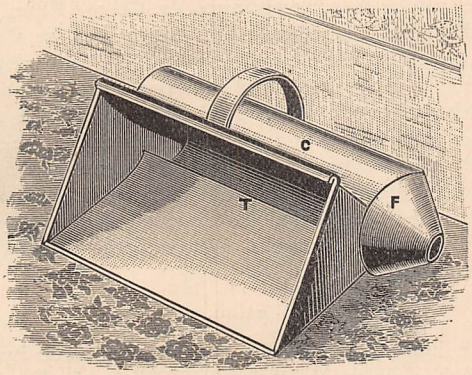
FIG. 2.

A Tiny Battery.

A chloride of silver battery can now be had so small that a cell ready for use weighs only $\frac{3}{16}$ ounce. Yet this cell will, it is stated, cause an ordinary electric bell to ring. Such cells are useful for physiological purposes.

An Improved Dust-Pan.

Two Pennsylvanian ladies are responsible for the invention of a dust-pan which has much to recommend its adoption in place of the time-honoured tray in



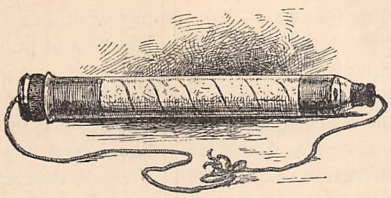
general use. Our illustration shows the principle of the new appliance. Along the back of the tray runs a large cylinder, C, into which the edge, T, of the scoop projects. The handle is fixed in a position found most convenient for holding the pan securely with the left hand while the right wields the brush. The dust and litter swept by the brush into the scoop pass into the cylinder behind it, and are prevented by the projecting edge, T, of the scoop, from being easily blown out again. A funnel, marked, F, in our illustration, allows the dust and other sweepings to be emptied.

A Mixture for Screws.

It has recently been discovered that by dipping screws in a mixture of oil and graphite (black-lead) before using them, they are effectually prevented from becoming too rigidly fixed, and, moreover, that they are protected for years against rust. This mixture is an excellent lubricant, facilitates tightening up, and largely reduces the friction of a screw in its nut.

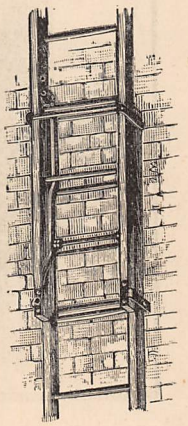
A New Inhaler.

In order to facilitate the use of menthol in cases of headache or cold in the head, throat and lung ailments, hay fever, and other kindred complaints where it has



been found useful, the little inhaler illustrated in our engraving has been devised. As will be seen from our illustration, it consists of a small glass tube narrowed at one end, and provided at each extremity with a closely-fitting cork. The centre of the tube is filled with loose crystals of menthol secured by a perforated cork at each end. In use both stoppers are removed from the apparatus, and in cases of cold in the head, or other head troubles, the narrow end is placed in either nostril and the breathing confined for the time to that nostril only. The result is that the mentholised air is quickly carried to every part of the head, and relief is thus afforded. In other cases, where the trouble is in the throat or lungs, relief may speedily be obtained by placing the broad end of the apparatus between the lips and drawing the breath full and long through the inhaler.

An Extension Ladder.



A ladder which can be extended to nearly twice its length is shown in the accompanying figure. It will be seen that an iron hook prevents the upper part from slipping down. It promises to be useful in cleaning windows, or as a fire-escape, as well as for other purposes.

A Glass Cliff.

Another wonder of the Yellow Stone Park, recently described by Professor Iddings, is a cliff of obsidian or natural glass. It runs for half a mile, and varies in height from 150 to 200 feet. The quality of the glass is said to be as good as any artificially manufactured. It appears to be a relic of an ancient flow of obsidian from the eastward. At its southern end there are prismatic columns of shining black obsidian of the diameters of several feet. The cliff, as a rule, is of black glass, but it is mottled at places with red, yellow, purple, and olive-green glass. In some spots it shows a fine satin lustre, while in others it has a golden sheen. The rock is reported to form a beautiful object, with its varied tints and forms.

Kola Chocolate.

A new use of the kola nut is in the form of kola chocolate, in which the nut is made up into cakes like ordinary cocoa chocolate, and is used in the same way. In this form it is said to be very beneficial as an article of food for invalids and children, and for those needing a tonic.

Long Distance Photography.

M. Lacombe, a Frenchman, has succeeded in taking long distance photographs by simply fixing a telescope in front of the objective of the camera. It is kept in position by means of a screw-cap, A, in Fig. 1, which screws into the mounting of the objective at B. A diaphragm

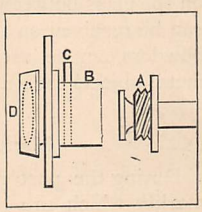


FIG 1.

with a large aperture, placed at C, keeps it from abutting on the objective lens at D. With this device M. Lacombe has taken photographs of houses about a mile off, and also distant views of scenery. The apparatus appears likely to be useful to travellers

FIG. 2.

and tourists. A very small camera has been brought out in Paris. It weighs only about 700 grammes. As illustrated in Figs. 2 and 3, it resembles a flat round box. It is simply held in the hand and manipulated —the likeness being taken instantaneously. Several plates may be impressed before replenishing the camera. We may also mention here the curious impressions of objects obtained by M. Boudet, of Paris, with the aid of the electric spark. He takes a plate of glass and lays it on a sheet of tinfoil. On the glass he lays a coin, having its under face coated with plumbago. The coin is then connected to one pole of an electric machine, and the tinfoil to the other. After the machine has been worked, the coin is connected direct to the tinfoil and a spark passes between them. On lifting off the coin its impression will be found on the glass in detail. If a sheet of white paper is laid on the glass between the coin and glass, the impression can be received on that in place of the glass. Other powders can be used instead of plumbago, and other metal objects than a coin—for example, a medal.

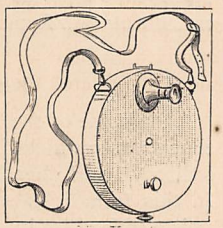


FIG. 3.

Manufactured Rubies.

During the past summer rubies have been in the market which are believed to be of artificial origin, though purporting to come from a new locality. The "syndicate of diamonds and precious stones" of Paris has caused a microscopic investigation of some of these stones to be made. It has been found that they contain certain small spherical bubbles which are similar to those present in glass or other fused mixtures. They can be seen, according to Mr. George Kunz, by a pocket-lens. In natural rubies the cavities are always angular or crystalline, and usually filled with a liquid. Genuine rubies have also a silky texture sometimes which is in fact called "silk" by jewellers, due to a series of cuneiform or acicular crystals, as may be seen by the microscope; but the new rubies do not appear to show this structure. It has been concluded that these stones are artificial, and probably manufactured by the Fremy and Feil process, formerly described in the GATHERER.

Fluor.

An important discovery was recently made by the French chemist, M. Moissan. This is the preparation of fluor by the electrical decomposition of fluorhydric acid. At the positive pole appears a gaseous body, believed to be fluor, and at the negative pole hydrogen. The properties of fluor are of a very virulent character. For instance, it decomposes cold water, producing ozonised oxygen. Sulphur and iodine burn in it. Cold crystalline silicium burns in it with a bright flame, and forms fluoride of silicium. Iron slightly heated burns in it; and organic bodies are strongly attacked and charred; while alcohol, ether, turpentine, benzine, and petroleum burn on coming into contact with it.

Steel Water-Pipes.

The Dundee Water Commission recently instituted experiments on the use of mild steel pipes for conveying water, and they were found to withstand great pressure. They are recommended for railway bridges, where the traffic sets up great oscillation, and for crossing mosses where cast iron would require to be laid on a bed of stone or timber. According to experiments, they will stand the flow of soft water almost as well as iron.

Colouring Phosphorescence.

According to M. Verneuil, a French *savant*, the most beautifully phosphorescent material known is prepared as follows:—Take twenty grammes of lime of the *Hypopus vulgaris* shell, calcined and pulverised; mix it with six grammes of sulphur, and two grammes of starch. To the mixture add, drop by drop, a solution containing half a gramme of subnitrate of bismuth, 100 cubic centimetres of absolute alcohol, and some drops of chlorhydric acid. When most of the alcohol is evaporated by exposure to the air for half an hour, the mixture is to be heated in a covered crucible for twenty minutes, to a clear cherry heat, by means of wood charcoal or a Perrot gas furnace. After pulverising the mass calcine it again at the same temperature for a quarter of an hour. It should not be too strongly heated. And the colour of its phos-

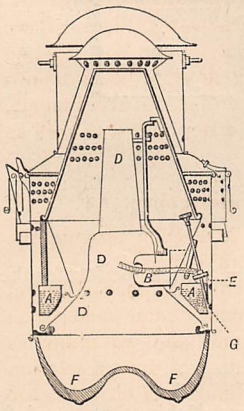
phorescence can be changed by the addition of other chemicals. Manganese, for example, produces an orange tinge. Sulphides of antimony, cadmium, mercury, tin, copper, platinum, zinc, and molybdenum produce colours varying from yellow-green to blue-green. The material is rendered phosphorescent by exposure to light.

Tunnelling the Rocky Mountains.

The "Great Divide," familiar to English travellers, is a celebrated watershed in the Rocky Mountains, sometimes spoken of as the Crown of the Continent. Rivers which flow into the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans take their rise here. Owing to the scarcity of suitable passes through the Rocky Mountains, the railways crossing them have been obliged to swerve for hundreds of miles out of the direct route, in order to cross them; but engineers now propose, and have indeed begun, to tunnel through the Great Divide under Gray's Peak, so as to open up direct communication between the Atlantic and Pacific slopes. This will lessen the railway journey to San Francisco by nearly 300 miles; and it is expected to cut through silver veins. We may also add that a new railway in Kentucky will pass through a natural tunnel bored in the rocks by the waters of Stock Creek, an arm of the Clinch River. The tunnel is 275 metres long, and the rock is of a compact nature. The utilisation of the passage will, it is estimated, save the company about £100,000.

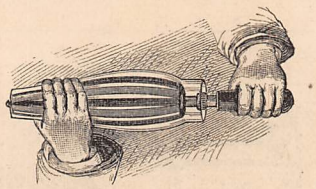
A Carriage Roof-Lamp.

A carriage roof-lamp of a new kind which burns mineral oil has been introduced with success on the Great Northern, Midland, and other railways. The lamps are lighted at six a.m. and burn till one the next morning without attention; the light being from ten to twelve candle-power. In the accompanying figure, which represents a section through the lamp, the oil reservoir, A, is annular, and is entirely below the wick, B, which projects horizontally as shown, into a combustion chamber, D D, terminating in a funnel. The wick issues from a metal dome or cap, B, as in ordinary oil lamps. The combustion chamber is lined with white enamel, to reflect the light down through the bottom of the lantern, F, F. No oil can get into the lantern F, and so obscure the light. Air to feed the flame passes through perforations in the case of the lamp, some of which are shown in the figure. It circulates round the combustion chamber, by which it is warmed before it enters the dome to feed the flame. A device for operating the wick is seen at E G. Heavy mineral oil is burned at a great saving of cost over the rape-oil, formerly used by the railway companies mentioned. A roof-lamp requires twenty gallons of oil per annum, and the new lamp is said to effect an economy of twenty per cent. per year, while giving three times the illumination. An oil having a flashing point of 250°, which is practically as safe as colza, is recommended for the lamp.



A Lamp-Chimney Cleaner.

That lamp-chimneys require frequent cleaning if they are to be of any service, is a fact of which all users of lamps are painfully aware. A device has recently been patented by a Canadian inventor, which renders this



necessary operation a safe and easy one. Running on a square steel rod of about the length of an ordinary chimney are a couple of sliding collars, not unlike the collars of an umbrella frame. A series of steel strips connects these two collars, and is attached to them by means of an annular flange on each of the collars. A glance at our illustration will show the construction of the apparatus. In use it is covered with the cleaning cloth and inserted into the chimney. One of the collars is then pressed towards the other, the result being an outward springing of the steel slips, which presses the cloth against the inner surface of the glass in such a way that the chimney may be readily cleaned by twisting the apparatus about.

A Gas Hammer.

A forging hammer worked by gas instead of steam has recently been introduced. The hammer is operated by a piston which is forced downwards by an explosion of mixed gas and air in the cylinder. The force of the blow is regulated by varying the volume of explosive. A second piston in the cylinder effects the charging. The firing is accomplished by a jet of flame which explodes the gas between the two pistons. For smiths, coach-builders, and others who require a powerful hammer, without having recourse to steam, the machine is likely to be useful, especially as it can be always ready.

Cocaine in Horse-Firing.

The operation of firing horses is well known to be a very painful one; and it is satisfactory to know that Dr. Clarke has succeeded in rendering it painless by means of a hypodermic injection of cocaine. A ten per cent. solution of cocaine was used, and although the horse winced slightly under the injection needle, it bore the subsequent firing without signs of pain. Owing to recent advances in the manufacture of the alkaloid in England from the *Erythroxylon coca*,

we are informed that the price of the quantity required for the operation in question would not be more than two shillings at an ordinary chemist's.

The Golden Orfe.

An attempt has been made to acclimatise the golden "orfe," or chub, of Bavaria, in ponds near Liverpool; and, so far, the attempt has been successful. The fish is almost as beautiful as the well-known gold-fish, but is far more hardy. It attains a length of about a foot, and a weight of six pounds. The orfe breeds freely in England, and the offspring retains the colour of the parent. It rises to the fly in enclosed waters, and it is also suitable for aquaria.

An Ironing Machine.

The figure illustrates a machine which has been devised for ironing cloth. It consists of a table as shown, with an "iron" above it; means being provided for working the appliance by foot and hand. Gas can be utilised in keeping the iron hot, and the pressure on the cloth can be properly regulated.

Pianoforte Silencing.

A useful device for enabling a beginner at the pianoforte to practise freely, without disturbing the neighbours, has been introduced by Mr. Dimoline. The stop operates to a greater degree than the "soft pedal," and reduces the sound of the instrument to a minimum. Moreover, it can be fixed to any piano for a small sum.

An Electric Gong.

A large electric gong has been erected on one of the lantern towers at the Holloway Sanatorium, Virginia Water. It is beaten by the electric power, the operator simply working a key like an electric bell press-button. The boom of the gong can be heard for about half a mile.

The Electric Light and Lilies.

A gentleman of Davenport, Iowa, U.S., whose garden runs within 100 feet of an electric light tower, has remarked that some of his lilies, which usually close their petals before sunset, now unfold them a few minutes after the electric lights begin to blaze. It has also been observed that the foliage of trees in the streets of Detroit, Michigan, were, during the past summer, more luxuriant where the electric light fell upon them.

The Brachionigraph.

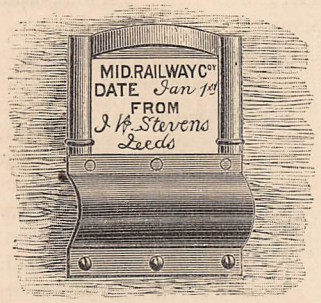
This instrument is intended to enable persons to write who have lost the use of their hand, or indeed the hand itself. It is, therefore, adapted for sufferers from writers' cramp. Simple in construction, it consists of a light metal strip, curved so as to fit the side of the forearm, and supported by a kind of gauntlet which is attached round the arm. The splint carries a pen at its extremity on a universal joint; and the person can move the pen in writing by the muscles of his arm and shoulder alone.

A Use for Sodium.

The metal sodium has recently been used to find the height of water in borings. The sodium, which, as is well known, kindles and flames on touching water, was lowered in shallow pans containing naphtha, a substance in which sodium can be kept, and which protects it from the dampness of the air. When the pans reached the water the naphtha floated away, and the sodium blazed up in a manner visible at the top of the bore-hole.

A Label Clip.

An iron clip for holding address labels, which can be readily attached to waggons, and so on, is illustrated in our figure. The clip is fastened by screws to the woodwork underneath, and the label is firmly held in place by studs on the under side of the clip, which perforate the card.



"Life's Fitful Fever."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Since the first two instalments of this story have left his hands, the Editor has learned, and with much regret, that the title is identical with that of a story which has been appearing for nine months past in the columns of a provincial newspaper called *The Southport Visiter*. The title thus inadvertently reproduced has, therefore, been changed for one in which the name of the heroine of the story is a prominent feature, viz., "Vere Thornleigh's Inheritance."

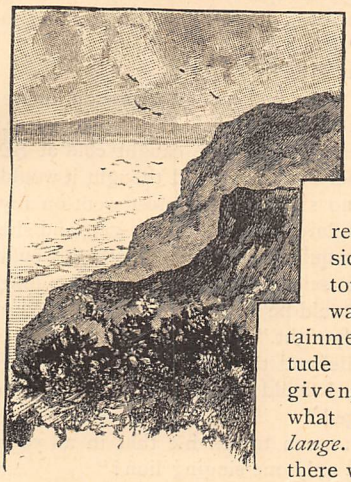
VERE THORNLEIGH'S INHERITANCE;

OR, "LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER."

By ARABELLA M. HOPKINSON, Author of "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," "Pardoned," &c.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

MABEL'S ENTERTAINMENT.



IT was the night of the dinner and evening party at Rutland Gate. The first part of the programme was a common occurrence since the Tresidders had been in town, but the latter was the first entertainment of any magnitude that Mabel had given, and was to be what she called a *mélange*. That is to say, there was to be a little of everything: a little singing—this was for Piangini; a little playing—this for a pet violinist, and the German lady who had met with reverses; a little recitation—this for the French count; and last, but not least, a little thought-reading, wherein Cosby Savile was to display his talents.

Paul's possible appearance was quite submerged in the interest of these events, and in Hugh's actual arrival from Oxford the previous day. In fact, Mabel, after giving orders that a bed-room should be prepared for her half-brother, forgot all about him in the excitement of last preparations for her guests.

But now everything was ready, and the two girls had only to attire themselves and to look as pretty as they could. Vere's first act, on reaching her bed-room, was to sit down and survey the white dress laid out on her bed. She had had quite a battle with Mabel over that dress. It was so much much too smart for her, she had said, and Mab had only laughed, and told her she could not expect to wear dark serge for the rest of her natural days. After awhile she rose, and approaching the bed, timidly stroked a little bit of the soft sheeny material.

"It is quite beautiful," she murmured, her eyes growing brighter and brighter; "fit for a princess, but not for me."

Nevertheless, in the course of time she managed to don it, in spite of the awe with which it inspired her, and stood amazed at her own appearance in the glass. Could this be her, Vere Thornleigh? Impossible!

It really did seem impossible that it should be her, this gorgeous-looking apparition, dressed more like a young queen than like Aunt Barbara's niece, who up to nine months ago had never known anything better than home-spun, never dreamt of the existence of white satin. And then she smiled with pleasure at her own loveliness, touching timidly one after another the diamonds in her hair, the pearls that encircled her rounded throat, every detail of her dress, to make sure that it was all real. As she stood, amazed at her own beauty, the door opened, and Mabel came in.

"Vere, how lovely, how very lovely you look! My dear, *I am* proud of you. Now don't compliment me in return, for I have no time to listen; the people will be here directly. Pick up your gloves and fallals, and come down. Cosby takes you in to dinner, and you sit, remember, with your back to the window, and Hugh the other side of you;" and before she could answer, Mabel was halfway down-stairs, leaving her to follow. As they entered the drawing-room, they heard the door-bell ring, and it reminded them of Paul's possible advent.

"My dear Vere," said Mabel, "what an unnatural sister I am! I had utterly forgotten Paul. I wonder if pater remembered him. I must see."

But she had no time to see. Already there was a rustle of silk, the sound of footsteps on the staircase, and the next minute she was welcoming her guests, and introducing Vere to those she did not know already. Cosby was the last to arrive, agreeable, good-humoured as usual. He had only time to give Vere his arm, and take her at once down-stairs to the dining-room behind Hugh, to whom was consigned a rather uninteresting specimen of "the pater's pets," as Mabel called the more aristocratic section of their acquaintance.

"Has the savage arrived?" was Mr. Savile's first question, as he took up his position at the dinner-table.

"No sign of him," answered Vere; "not even a letter or telegram. Poor savage! Somehow I am so sorry for him; I suppose it is because I have a fellow-feeling for him."

"Not in the very becoming dress you have on this evening. May I be allowed to congratulate you on your toilette? It suits you perfectly."

Vere blushed. It was a trick she was much addicted to.

"Mab chose and arranged it. It is a great deal too smart for me, I think."

"Not a bit. It is just what you ought to wear, and I recognise the aunt's diamonds. They look rather brighter than when you showed them to me at Torworthy, don't they?"

"Mabel told me I ought to have them re-set, so I did. That is what makes them look so different."

"Ah! I thought so. Now, I am going to ask you a question. Have you looked at yourself in a long glass this evening?"

"Yes," blushing again.

"Well, and what did you think?"

"Why, that I had on much too fine a dress."

"And what of the wearer?"

"She is such an old friend that there was nothing to be said about her."

"Miss Vere, this Babylon of ours is sharpening your wits a great deal too fast! We shall have to send you back to Thornleigh."

"But suppose I won't go?"

"I am sure you could not say, 'I won't.'"

"I could if it were necessary. I have even said it to Mab since I have been here."

Cosby looked at her. He could quite believe in her having a pretty strong will of her own, in spite of her gentleness, and her hitherto almost childlike docility. No doubt she was beginning to apprehend her own worth, and what would she then consider of Mr. Tresidder's scheme for her settlement in life? Would she drop a curtsey and say, "Thank you, sir," when that fair-haired boy at her right hand came to her and proposed to make her his wife? Mr. Savile smiled over his dinner. He had long ago seen through his uncle's plan for the joining of the Torworthy and Thornleigh estates, and shrugged his shoulders over it, as his manner was.

Beginning now with Hugh, who was devoting himself more to the *menu* than to the young lady assigned to him, he took a survey of the table. The people gathered round it were rather good specimens than otherwise of English men and women, but Vere stood out amongst them all by her pre-eminent beauty. She was far handsomer than any one present, not excepting Mabel. Mr. Savile was reluctantly obliged to acknowledge this, as his eye rested on his hostess. Yet Miss Tresidder was looking her very best to-night, as, with a pretty expression of deference on her countenance, she talked with her usual animation to the old man who had taken her in to dinner. Cosby looked at her for two long minutes. Had he been any other than he was, you would have said that there was something wistful, something sentimental in that look, but had ever any one connected Cosby Savile and sentiment together? She did not even glance his way. She was absorbed in her conversation with her grey-haired neighbour. With a half-smile he turned from her contemplation, and devoted himself to Vere for the rest of the evening. She had never found him so pleasant before. Laying aside his half-patronising, half-bantering manner, he talked to her as she had occasionally heard him talk to Mabel, sensibly and cleverly, letting drop here and there words which exhibited him in a different light from any she had hitherto conceived of him. She began to understand what Mabel had meant once, when she had said, "Cosby is very superior to what he will let any one think him to be. He is intensely reserved." To-night, for the first time, she began to perceive a glimmering of truth in these words, that is to say, in the first half of them. Not in the second. Mr. Savile reserved! No, that was incredible.

Dinner was over only too quickly, and she felt quite sorry when Mabel gave the signal for the ladies to leave the dining-room. Somehow this evening she found out the secret of conversation—practice, she had supposed. Mr. Savile, always quick in his movements, had got up to open the door, whilst Hugh was still thinking about it. As she passed out, Mabel stopped and whispered to him.

"Come up in good time, will you? I have something to consult you about."

Accordingly he made his way to the drawing-room early in the evening. People were already beginning to arrive, and Mabel was standing on the landing to receive them.

"Well, Mab, what is it?"

"Oh! Cosby, I have had such a disappointment I had a note from poor Piangini at luncheon-time. He is so ill that he is in bed. He caught cold at St. James' Hall the other night. Well, I thought it would never do to have no singing. I almost went on my knees to Vere to implore her to fill up the gap, and she would not. She was quite inexorable. Nothing would induce her to, she said. She had not learnt long enough, and she should be frightened to death, &c."

"She was perfectly right."

"I was at my wits' end to find some one at a few hours' notice, that I could really rely on, and who would not be engaged."

"Why, you don't mean to tell me that in all your *ménagerie* you have only one singing lion?"

"You don't understand. Dear old Piangini offered at once to sing the whole evening for me, the moment he heard that I contemplated this party, but——"

"Oh, ah, yes; I comprehend. It was to be amateur talent, solely represented by professionals."

"Oh, Cosby, how tiresome you are! You know I would not make use of people for the world, and I really know very few first-rate amateurs. At last, in my dilemma, I remembered that I had met Mrs. Meredyth the other day—you know whom I mean?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, it is no matter, for I must make haste. I was talking music to her, and by chance she mentioned that her companion, Mrs. Bradshaw, once had the most exquisite voice, and although she has lost it in a great measure, she still sings beautifully. Happening fortunately to recollect this, off I went to Eaton Place, and luckily found Mrs. Meredyth at home. She was kindness itself, full of sympathy for my disappointment, and, to cut a long story short, such was my eloquence, that I succeeded in making her promise to come this evening, and to bring her companion with her. You will appreciate my triumph the more when I tell you that they have neither of them been to an evening party for fifteen years. The consequence is that they arrived before any one else, and know no one. I have introduced Vere to them, and I think she is talking to them now, instead of standing here with me, as she ought to be doing. Now I want you to be very kind this evening and look after them, especially after Mrs. Bradshaw, take her to the piano when she sings—for she is going to sing—and so on. You understand, don't you?"

"Perfectly."

"Pater is just a little bit fussy to-night, besides which he knows nothing of Piangini having failed,

and Mrs. Bradshaw taking his place, and Hugh would not do half as well as you. You always know what to say to people, and how to put them at their ease."

"I am deeply flattered. Will you introduce me to the lady?"

"I really have not time. There are some people arriving now. I can't see her either just at this minute. You will quite fall in love with her. She has snow-white hair, black eyes and eyebrows, and is the saddest-looking woman I ever saw. She and Mrs. Meredyth are both in black. I trust to your wits to find them out, and look after them."

"All right; I undertake the charge," and without another word Mr. Savile re-entered the drawing-room, and began looking about for the ladies in question. He had not far to seek. In the furthest corner wherein they could secrete themselves, two women were sitting together, both in black, the one old, the other, comparatively speaking, young. It was the younger one who first attracted his attention, for she answered perfectly to Mabel's description, "the saddest-looking woman I ever saw."

For a minute he stood still and gazed at her. What a beautiful face it was, and how intensely sad! She might have sat for the original of the "Mater Dolorosa," with that patient sorrow written in her beautiful eyes, on every feature of her face. "A woman with a story," he said to himself, as he made his way to where she was sitting; "Mab has added yet one more to her *misérables*: that child has a perfect genius for sorrow and suffering. Now for the introduction." That could easily be accomplished, for standing up talking to the two ladies, was Vere, her face animated, a bright spot of colour on her usually pale cheek, her eyes bright with pleasure. Just now she was speaking to Mrs. Bradshaw.

"So you are the lady who goes to see Mademoiselle de Vilaine at the hospital," she was saying as Cosby came up to the group. "She has often told me about you. Do you know her brother? He is teaching me French, and he is to recite this evening."

"Teaching you French?" said Mrs. Meredyth, with a puzzled expression of countenance, whilst Mrs. Bradshaw responded—

"That must be the Achille of whose talents she is always speaking; I am so glad I shall hear him to-night.

"But here Mr. Savile interrupted them, urged on by a peremptory signal from Mabel.

"Mab has handed over these two ladies to my charge," he murmured in a low voice to Vere, "and, from a mysterious sign she has just made me, I understand that she wants Mrs. Bradshaw to sing at once. Will you introduce me?"

Vere assented, and in a few minutes Mrs. Bradshaw was threading her way on Cosby's arm to the piano, leaving Mrs. Meredyth still talking to Miss Thornleigh.

They had only time, however, to exchange a few commonplaces, when there broke a sound over the room that made the most inveterate gossips silent. Vere made a step forward; then, forgetting shyness and every other consideration, never stopped until she had reached the opening between the two drawing-rooms, from whence she could see the face of the performer. It was one of the beautiful old hackneyed songs she was singing—Mozart's "Dove sono i bei momenti."

The sweet notes rang out over the room, and people turned and asked one another who was this unknown woman, who could move them so powerfully? Vere was not the only one who was thrilled through and through by that extraordinarily pathetic voice, handled with an ease and finish that suggested professional training. Even Mabel looked grave as she went up to Mrs. Bradshaw when it was over, and thanked her for the great treat she had given them.

"Every one is perfectly enraptured," she said, "and asking to be introduced to you."

"Please—please, no," was the shrinking answer. "I do not go into society. I only came this evening because Mrs. Meredyth had promised for me. Please do not introduce me to any one."

There was such genuine entreaty in the words and voice that Mabel said no more, only—

"Then will you be very, very kind, and give us another song?" she asked, in her most winning manner.

Mrs. Bradshaw blushed like a girl; then she sat down to the piano again, and as she did so, she caught sight of Vere standing immediately opposite, her great brown eyes fixed greedily on her. Then she began.

She had no notes; she was singing everything from memory—and what memories were not being evoked in that sad heart!

This time it was Schubert's "Addio." Vere thought of Piangini as the lump rose in her throat and the tears to her eyes, and she looked round hastily, after furtively wiping them, lest any one should have seen her. She had thought Hugh was by her side. He had been there a minute before, but now he had disappeared, and his place had been taken by a tall, big man, with a short tawny beard, and a pair of frank blue eyes, that met hers as she turned them that way.

Meanwhile, Mr. Tresidder, distributing sibilant "Hushes!" impartially about the room, was feeling much exercised in his own mind by the re-arrangement of affairs that had taken place without his knowledge. What did it mean? Where was old Piangini? and who on earth was this very good-looking woman, who had produced such an electrical effect on her audience, and not without reason? He must find out without delay.

Vere, standing in rapt attention, forgetful of everything and every one except Mrs. Bradshaw, was suddenly disturbed by a whisper at her side.

"Who is it singing?" asked her guardian in her ear; "and where is Piangini?"

Alas! that she must answer, must lose a note of that entrancing song!

"It is Mrs. Meredyth's friend singing. The signor has caught cold and cannot come."

"Dear me, how unfortunate!" Raising his voice a

little louder—"My dear child"—the big stranger opened his eyes wide—"I wish you would not stand just in the opening between the two rooms; it makes circulation so difficult, and——"

To Vere's relief, he stopped, suddenly attracted by the rather large proportions of her neighbour. Looking up to see who it was, he encountered a face he did not remember even to have seen before—but then he did not know half the people collected at his house that night.

"I ought to remove myself," remarked the object of his attention in a whisper, "for I am not small."

"Oh! thank you, yes. You see, our rooms are not large, and——"

A storm of applause made the rest of his words inaudible, and by the time it had subsided he was at the other end of the room, questioning his daughter about her new arrangements.

Conversation, checked for a time, had burst out with renewed vigour on the cessation of the music; and Vere, with her head and heart still full of the song she had just been listening to, found herself drawn into it, and compelled to collect her absent thoughts. How she envied Mr. Savile as she saw him approaching with Mrs. Bradshaw on his arm, on her way back to her corner, whither she was beating a hasty retreat from the enthusiasm of her audience. As she brushed past Vere, the girl seized her hand impulsively. "Thank you, thank you!" was, however, all she could bring out, but she was rewarded by a smile so sweet, and such a warm clasp of the hand, that it sent the blood dancing up into her cheeks and the light into her eyes.

She was recalled to herself by a touch on the arm. It was Mabel.

"Vere, I am sure you are enjoying yourself; I can see it in your face, so I need not ask you the question. Is not Mrs. Bradshaw a grand success, and her singing quite exquisite? Do you know, her voice reminds me of yours; there is a compliment for you. And, Vere"—coming back again—"who is the big man who was standing next to you between the two rooms? Pater was talking to him, but he does not know who he is, no more do I."

"I have not an idea," said Vere. "Hush! here he comes."

The stranger was indeed quite close to them, looking at Mabel, with a curious kind of smile on his lips, and from her to Vere. Then he passed them, and went up to Mrs. Meredyth.

"Look," said Mabel, "he is speaking to Mrs. Meredyth. I am so relieved. I began to fear he might be some one who had come without an invitation, though it seemed highly improbable at a small affair like this, and he looks every bit a gentleman. But if he knows Mrs. Meredyth he must be all right. I shall go and ask her soon who he is."

But she had no opportunity of so doing. M. de Vilaine was beginning to recite; then followed the violinist and the German lady. Mabel had to be in half a dozen directions at once, and when at last she could look round the rooms, her guests were beginning to melt away; and Mrs. Meredyth, Mrs. Bradshaw, and the unknown stranger were all gone. It was vexatious. But, at any rate, it had been a most successful evening, and all her satellites and *protégés* had behaved admirably—Cosby especially. He had been really charming, and she would reward him by letting him take her down-stairs for some refreshment, now that the company, reduced to the intimates and *habitués* of the house, had adjourned to the dining-room.

"This is the nicest part of the evening, is it not," she said, as they quitted the drawing-room, "when everything has been a success, as it was to-night? Cosby, you did your part most admirably; but I know you will not mind my saying that I consider Vere and Mrs. Bradshaw as *the* features of the entertainment. Vere looked simply beautiful; all the men were wild to be introduced to her; and as for Mrs. Bradshaw, I have never heard such a pathetic voice."

Cosby looked at her and smiled. There was a strangely soft look in his keen eyes, as he answered—

"Nor I; but now tell me, who is this Mrs. Bradshaw?"

"Mrs. Meredyth's companion; or friend, as she calls her. I told you so before."

"But I don't even know who Mrs. Meredyth is, much less her companion or friend."

"But you must know. She is a cousin of the pater's first wife."

"Then she ought to be a relative of mine."

"But she is not though. Let me see, how is it? I get so puzzled with all these relationships. Pater's first wife was a Burgoyne, was she not?"

"Yes."

"And her half-brother was a Mr. Savile—and your father. Is not that right?"

"Perfectly. Ah! I see. Mrs. Meredyth belongs to the Burgoynes."

"She was a Miss Burgoyne. Mr. Meredyth, her husband, was a very rich man latterly, and always a very disagreeable one, I believe."

"She is a widow, then?"

"Yes, she has been a widow for years. She had an only son, but he went to the bad, and died not very long ago; but I don't know much about it. She spends her whole life in doing good, and she is such a dear, kind woman. It was a happy thought that sent me to her in my trouble about Piangini. I fancy, though, that she had much ado in persuading Mrs. Bradshaw to come."

"Ah! now we have come back to Mrs. Bradshaw. She is the one that interests me."

"And me, too. Is she not beautiful? And so sad!"

"Sad enough to be put at the top of the class of all your *misérables*. I should like to know her story. What is it? and where did Mrs. Meredyth run against her?"

"I really do not know. You see, I have never seen Mrs. Meredyth until the other day—since I was quite a small child, when she used to give me the loveliest dolls and toys."

"Was Mrs. Bradshaw with her in those days?"

"I can't remember. I think she was; but she used to be away a great deal. Since then we have wandered so much, and so have they, that we have not met each other again, until last week. That is all I know about Mrs. Bradshaw, except that she is in very bad health—she could not sing more than two songs to-night—and that she spends her whole life amongst the poor. Little children are her particular craze, and she can do anything with them. She and Mrs. Meredyth have been I don't know where, studying hospitals and institutions together—particularly those for children. Now that I have told you so much, you must give me some information in return. Who was the big, good-looking man with the tawny beard?"

"Have not a notion. Some friend of yours, I supposed."

"No, I don't know him; no more does the pater. However, he was talking to Mrs. Meredyth, so I shall find out from her who he was. Dear me!" as three or four young men came up to her to make their adieus, "how every one is departing!"

In truth, there was no one left but Cosby; and it was plain enough, from certain fidgety indications on the part of his host, that he too had better be going. Suddenly Mr. Tresidder bethought himself of Paul.

"SHE HAD THOUGHT HUGH WAS BY HER SIDE" (*p.* 195).

"By the way, Sharpe," he said to the butler, "have you seen or heard anything of Mr. Tresidder?"

"Yes, sir; he arrived whilst you were at dinner. I told him that you and Miss Tresidder were entertaining company; and he asked me to show him his room, and said he would not disturb you to-night."

"Sensible fellow. Well, then, we shall see him to-morrow. Now then, Cosby, I am going to send you away, and these girls up-stairs."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

PAUL.

"AND so you are Paul! What a trick you played us last night! Who could ever have guessed that it was you? You are not a bit like what we expected—is he, Vere?"

Mabel Tresidder, with her hand in that of the tall man with the tawny beard, was standing in the dining-room at Rutland Gate, the morning after the party, realising with some difficulty that the stranger of last night and her brother Paul were one and the same person. Vere, sitting a little apart, remembered the impression those honest, thoughtful eyes had made on her, and was very glad that they belonged to Paul.

"And what did you expect me to be like, eh?" he asked, still holding Mab's little hand in his large palm, drawing her to him, and looking into her face.

"Oh! I don't know. Not like what you are, at any rate."

"A suit of fustian, a strong smell of 'baccy,' a nasal twang, a revolver, a cutlass, and a bowie-knife—confess, now, that is what you expected."

"I—I—you shan't ask me questions, Paul, but I will tell you, we did not think you would have dress clothes, or I should have found you out yesterday. I am certain I should."

Paul laughed a good hearty laugh, which so infected Mabel and Vere that they all three set off in concert, and in the midst of their merriment Mr. Tresidder came in.

He stopped when he saw the stranger, then, guessing the riddle at once, and, with one bound, mightily relieved, "Why, Paul," he said, "for it must be Paul, by his muscles—how delighted I am to see you, my dear boy! So you played us a trick last night—ha, ha! very good, very good, only I wish you had let me know. You have rigged yourself out uncommonly quickly," as he glanced at the well-made clothes, which had an undoubted air of Bond Street about them. "Why, how long have you been in England?"

"I arrived yesterday," said Paul, with an amused smile on his countenance. "Strangely enough, I had some English-made clothes by me, and as I have been lately to Otago and Government House, I was obliged to have some dress clothes, otherwise I ——" He caught Mabel's eye, and began to laugh.

"Pater, we have been all wrong. Paul is no end of a swell; he has never done a day's hard work in his life, and he habitually walks about in a high hat and frock coat."

"Ah! well, I do not understand all these jokes, but, at any rate, I see that you and Mabel have made friends, which is quite right. And now, my boy, sit down to breakfast."

"My dear father, thank you for your kind welcome. I ought to apologise for meeting you with a joke, but the fact is, I could not resist it. I never can," ruefully, "and I see Mabel is as bad. As to the breakfast, I had that two hours ago, but if Mabel will give me a cup of coffee I shall be obliged."

"And have you been introduced to our friend Miss Thornleigh? Mabel, my dear——"

"All done ages ago, pater. They have been introduced with all honours. Paul, I hope you liked my party last night?"

"Beyond everything. But what delighted me most was that lady's singing. How strange that she should be Mrs. Meredyth's companion."

"Ah! that reminds me of what I wanted to ask you. How in the world do you know Mrs. Meredyth?"

"Why, she is my cousin, is not she? Moreover, I am going to her house to-day."

"But, my dear stupid brother, how could you recognise or know any one, cousin or otherwise, that you had not seen since you were six years old?"

"Because I saw her and stayed with her when I came to England, eight years ago. It was just after I visited my father at Biarritz."

"Mabel," sighed Mr. Tresidder, "will you permit me to speak? Oh! my dear Paul, you have no conception of your sister's powers of chattering."

"Talking, please, pater, not chattering. Indeed you must not speak of me like that. I am thankful to say I am of a cheerful disposition, and I perceive Paul is the same, so don't take away my character. Vere, are you tired, dear? You are very silent."

Vere smiled, then laughed, as Mr. Tresidder remarked that it would be a brave person who entered into competition with Mabel at the moment that she had found a new brother, after which he had the field to himself, and spent the rest of breakfast-time in asking Paul a series of questions, and learning, by the answers, that his son was as civilised as himself and as well up, if not better, in European affairs.

After breakfast there was a general break-up of the party. Mr. Tresidder carried off Paul for a private confabulation, and the two girls went about their business. Hugh had not yet put in an appearance.

Vere betook herself, as usual, to the piano. She generally had the instrument to herself for the first part of the morning, whilst Mabel was intent on household or other cares. She had been singing and playing for more than an hour, when the door opened, and Paul came in.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I thought it was Mabel."

"Mabel is in the morning-room," she answered, "at least, she usually is there at this hour."

He came a few steps nearer.

"My father has been telling me, Miss Thornleigh," he said, "of his introduction to you, and how it was you became his ward."

"Mr. Tresidder has been most kind," she answered.

"I never can be grateful enough to him. As for Mabel, you can't guess how wonderfully good she has been to me."

"It seems such a nice arrangement for both sides," sitting down as though prepared for a talk, whilst his keen eyes took in every detail in the room. "I am sure it must be a great thing for Mabel to have you as a companion. I little thought, when I was standing by you last night, that you were one of the members of my family that I was trying to disentangle from amongst the other people. I must confess I was much puzzled when I heard my father address you as 'my dear child.' But now, won't you go on singing? I did not mean to interrupt you."

"Oh! no, no. I do not sing yet. I was only practising for my master. Ah! was not Mrs. Bradshaw's voice last night beautiful? That was worth hearing."

"Some day you will sing as well," he answered. "I was listening to you on the landing, thinking it was Mabel, before I came in, and most strangely it struck me that your voice was like Mrs. Bradshaw's."

Vere blushed with pleasure.

"If I thought I could ever sing like that!" she responded, as she idly played the notes of the "Addio."

"Sing it," said Paul; "you can, you know."

Without a word she obeyed him. She knew the "Addio," and she loved it. She sang it with a pathos, a force, a passionateness, that surprised Paul. It was Mrs. Bradshaw over again, only younger, fresher, and less trained.

"Why were you not one of the performers last night," he cried, "when you can sing like that?"

"Oh!" she said, "do you not see the difference. I am weak, uneven, indistinct. I cannot yet manage my voice, nor make it do all I want. Besides," she added, "I should have been so dreadfully frightened."

"To one fresh from the backwoods like myself," he answered, "there does not seem any cause for nervousness, although I can quite understand the feeling. I do not pretend to be musical, but I know that all the time I am here I shall come every day and ask you to sing to me. Will you?"

"Yes, of course, if you like it."

"Like it!" he answered. "I would walk twenty miles to hear you."

She looked at him as he said this; their eyes met, but in Vere's there was only a kind of childlike wondering.

"How do you like this life in London?" he asked, somewhat abruptly, after a moment's pause. "Is it not very different from your home at Thornleigh?"

"Yes," she answered; "it is so different that sometimes I feel as though it must be a dream, and that I shall wake up one morning and find myself at home again. It is like being in another world—another country."

"It must, indeed. London in the season, and Thornleigh! What a contrast!" Then, with a smile—"Here am I talking about Thornleigh as though I knew it, whereas I am only judging by what my father has told me."

"You are quite right, though; it is a contrast. Nothing could be more monotonous than the life there; and here I seem always in a rush. I had plenty to do at home, too," musingly.

"And do you like this new life?" he asked. "Does it not strike you as unreal, artificial, after the simplicity of your former existence?"

"I do not think," she answered, after a minute's silence, "that it has struck me in that light. Everything about Mab is so true and straightforward, that one cannot fancy anything she has to do with, unreal or artificial. Besides, I am not a judge. I have not been educated as she was," with a little flush that might be pride or humility. "At home I helped to do the work of the house and farm. I never spoke to any one but my aunt and the people about the place. We had no books—I mean new books—only the weekly paper; no piano, no anything. Had it not been for Mabel and Mr. Tresidder I should never have known anything better. They have taken, especially Mabel, such wonderful pains with me; but I am still very ignorant, and I really do not understand the ins and outs of half the things they talk about. It seems to me quite wonderful how it is they know all about everybody, whom they married, where they live, and so on. All I have to think about are my masters and mistresses, and preparing for them—my education," with a smile. "I have French this morning, and this afternoon I am going to a lecture."

"I see," he said; "and you must have been execrating me all this time for interrupting you. But I won't do so any more," getting up slowly from his chair. "I must find Mabel, for I am off to see Mrs. Meredyth, and she may have a message for her. I shall come to-morrow morning for a song."

"Do you think you will see Mrs. Bradshaw, and hear her sing?" eagerly.

"No; she will probably be out. My visit is to my cousin. I knew a—a—relative of hers in Canada."

"If Mrs. Bradshaw is at home, will you give her my love?" impulsively. "Tell her I shall never, never forget her beautiful singing, and that I shall come and see her soon. That is not presuming, is it? Mrs. Meredyth asked me to come. I do get puzzled about these things, for I often hear Mab say she must call first on people, or they on her, and I cannot think what it signifies."

He laughed. "Etiquette is a hard task-mistress," he answered. "Personally, you and I, I fancy, are not intimately acquainted with her, but I know enough of her to tell you that your message to Mrs. Bradshaw is not in the least presuming. Had you never known her before last night? It will take me a month to make everything out."

"No, I never knew her before yesterday, and yet the moment I saw her beautiful, sad face, it seemed to me as though I had met it before somewhere. Of course I had not, for I had never been away from Thornleigh in my life."

"I will tell her what an impression she made on you, and——"

The door opened, and Mabel came in.

"So you are here, Paul; I have been looking for you. Pater tells me that you are going to Eaton Place. Will you give Mrs. Meredyth my best love, and tell her I cannot allow you to leave this room till you tell me what reason you have for flying off to see Mrs. Meredyth, the very moment you set foot in England. You see, Paul, I treat you quite as an old brother; I feel

"'I PUT BOTH MY ARMS ROUND HER NECK AND KISSED HER FACE'" (*p.* 201).

and Mrs. Bradshaw how extremely grateful we are to them for their assistance last night. You may add too that Vere and I have utterly lost our hearts to Mrs. Bradshaw, and that we intend to make her spare us, at the very least, two hours a week from her hospitals, *crèches*, and districts, to sing to us."

"All right. I am to say that exactly?"

"No, not exactly, for we hardly know her. But convey to her our profound admiration of her vocal powers, and our earnest desire to hear her again. But as though I had known you all my life, and so I ask you just the same questions as I should Hughie."

"With all my heart," answered Paul. "I am going to lunch with Mrs. Meredyth to-day, because I made the appointment with her last night."

"Ah! But why did you make the appointment?"

"Because we wished to see each other. Good-bye, Mabel, my child. I shall not put in an appearance before dinner-time," and Paul had escaped before she could detain him.

Mabel turned to Vere with a smile.

"He is charming, Vere, isn't he?" she said. "I have been talking to pater about him. He is immensely relieved, after all his dismal prognostications, to find him as good an English gentleman as though he had spent all his youth at Eton. I must confess that I, too, am agreeably surprised. Of course we do not know as yet what he is really like; but, if one can judge from externals, his looks are all in his favour. I like his face—it is one you can trust—and I like his square, obstinate chin; I like his size, too, now that I find he is not clumsy, as pater's description of him would have led me to expect; on the contrary, he is a very well-made man, and as I said last night, when I had not a notion who he was, he looks every bit a gentleman. I am sure we need not be ashamed of our specimen of the backwoods."

Vere smiled thoughtfully; then she said, naïvely, "I like him very much better than the London specimens. I suppose it is because I am a savage myself."

"Don't lay that flattering unction to your soul, my dear Vere. There was not much of the savage about you last night, in your white satin dress, and Miss Barbara's diamonds. Every one was asking who you were, and when you stood so still, listening to Mrs. Bradshaw singing, and thinking of nothing in the world but the music, you looked like a beautiful Roman empress with fair hair."

Vere smiled. "You talk nonsense, dear," she said softly.

"Indeed, I do not. Ask pater, ask Hugh, ask any one."

"You are so kind, that is it," said Vere, as she drew Mabel to her, and kissed her. "Every one is so wonderfully kind to me. What do you think, Mab? Last night, when Mrs. Meredyth and Mrs. Bradshaw were going away, your brother—I did not know of course who he was—took Mrs. Meredyth down-stairs, and I followed behind with Mrs. Bradshaw. I felt I must see the last of her, so I went into the cloak-room with them. When they were ready Mr. Paul gave his arm to Mrs. Meredyth; but, before she went after them, Mrs. Bradshaw turned round to me, and she took my hand and kissed it. 'Good night, *carina*,' she said; 'will you come and see me?' And, Mabel, what do you think I did? I put both my arms round her neck, and kissed her face; and when I took my lips away, there were tears in her beautiful eyes. Was it very rude, very forward of me?"

"No, dear, not at all. She kissed your hand, which is rather an Italian proceeding—I am sure she is partly Italian—and you kissed her face, which is an English one. Do you remember kissing my hand when I first came to see you at Thornleigh?"

"Yes; I cannot think what made me do it, except that you seemed to me like an angel."

"There is a ring at the bell, Vere," putting the music straight; "it must be the count for your French. How dreadfully you and I have been wasting our time! Paul's arrival and the party have between them quite demoralised us. I do wish I knew what Paul wanted with Mrs. Meredyth; it quite worries me."

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

COINCIDENCES.

MRS. MEREDYTH sat writing at a large knee-hole table in her library, on the ground floor of her house in Eaton Place, the day after the party at Rutland Gate. Any one who knew her intimately would have perceived that she was not quite her usual calm self this morning. Whether it were the sudden heat that had set in, or the dissipation of the previous evening, her face was unwontedly flushed, and her hands quivered as she grasped the pen. Evidently her thoughts were not with her occupation; her eyes kept roving towards the door, as though she expected some one. Twice she had to begin a letter over again, and three times were the fragments of misdirected envelopes consigned to the waste-paper basket. At last she gave it up.

"It is of no use," she murmured to herself; "I shall only have to do it all over again. I hoped I had more self-control. I wonder if Amy has come in!"

She took up some knitting that lay ready to her hand, and at the same moment the door opened softly and Mrs. Bradshaw came in.

"He is not come?" she asked.

Mrs. Meredyth turned round quickly, and shook her head. "Not yet," she answered. "He said he should not be here until one. Amy, how ill you look! Do you know, if you go on like this, I shall have you completely laid up; you must not give me that anxiety."

"Not for the world," responded Mrs. Bradshaw. "I suppose it was the heat and the excitement last night after our usual quiet life, but I slept badly and dreamt a great deal."

"Ah! but it is not only that. For some weeks I have been noticing how worn and tired you get. You talk about a quiet life. Is yours a quiet life, occupied as it is from morning to night? You know I would be the last person to prevent you spending yourself for others, if I did not think it necessary. I am getting an old woman, Amy, and I have recognised the fact, and given up much of my own work; and you must do the same, dear, for my sake, and because you have nothing like the strength I had at your age. Now I will not say another word, but let you digest my homily. What success with Mademoiselle de Vilaine?"

"Every success. She is almost beside herself with joy, and sends you all thanks and blessings for having her here. She was so delighted that I should have heard her brother recite last night. The tears quite came into her eyes when I told her how very much I liked him. I told her all about last night, and spoke to her of Miss Tresidder and Miss Thornleigh. You should have seen her face light up. 'Oh! but they are good,' she said; 'they are real angels, and the tall one'—of course that is Miss Thornleigh—'has the voice of an angel, too.'"

"It is quite true. She has an extraordinarily sweet voice. The strange thing about it is, that it reminds me of yours."

Mrs. Bradshaw looked at her with wide-open strained eyes. "Tell me all about this Miss Thornleigh," she said, in a hoarse, unnatural voice.

Mrs. Meredyth laid her hand on her shoulder.

"My dear," she said, as she drew her towards her, "calm yourself. The resemblance I mentioned is pure accident. Miss Thornleigh has lived near Torworthy all her life, and her father and mother are both dead. Mabel told me so when I met her at Mrs. Dacres. Do not tremble so, my dear, my poor dear."

"I cannot help it. You know I never speak of it now, but I dreamt of my darling all last night, and I cannot tell you how that sweet girl's kiss upset me. She put her two beautiful arms round my neck and—— But of course I know it was only the excitement of going out—my foolish, excitable Italian nature—that made me see things in a distorted light. How selfish I am to mention my trouble to you, when Mr. Tresidder will be here directly. Oh! my dear, I feel sure he will bring you comfort. He has such a good face."

"I know he will give me all the consolation he can. I feel great confidence in Paul Tresidder, although I know very little of him. And now, Amy, will you go and lie down until luncheon-time? Remember you are going out all this afternoon."

Mrs. Bradshaw acquiesced at once, gave Mrs. Meredyth one long kiss, and left the library.

Left to herself, Mrs. Meredyth began to pace restlessly up and down the room. "How my heart beats," she murmured to herself. "I am as bad as poor Amy. I shall be thankful when Paul comes. He said one o'clock; he looks like a man who would keep his word."

The sentence had hardly escaped her lips, when there was a ring at the door-bell, and in another minute Mr. Tresidder was ushered into the room. He came in, tall, stalwart, strong; and Mrs. Meredyth, looking into his face, said to herself, "Yes, he will give me comfort if he possibly can."

"Welcome, dear Paul," she exclaimed aloud; "I have been quite idle this morning, looking for your coming."

"I am punctual, though, am I not?" he asked, as he took the two hands held out to him, and kissed her warmly. "Pardon my backwood manners," he said; "but you are so like my dear aunt, who was more than a mother to me, that I could not help myself."

"Why ask pardon?" she said. "Are we not cousins, and was not your aunt like a sister to me? I am charmed with backwood manners. I wish we had more of them in England. Oh! how fond I was of both your mother and your aunt. I have never known two sweeter, brighter girls than they were. And what a dear, naughty little boy you used to be! You must tell me all about yourself, Paul."

"But first you would like to hear all I can tell you about—about Fred, would not you?"

He had sat down by her side, and was looking straight in front of him, but his hand sought hers, touching it gently, as a woman might have done.

"Please," was the short answer, but he knew that she had no more words at her command.

Then Paul Tresidder told the poor desolate mother what he had written to her two years ago; how her son, her only child, the idol of her youth, the misery of her maturer age, had come to work on Colonel Duff's estate in Canada, as a common labourer, under the name of Lee; how he had at once attracted his attention by the faint traces of a personal beauty that had once made him conspicuous wherever he went, and how the rugged Canadian winter had put an end to a life already sapped and undermined by vice. "It was not, however, until he was literally dying that he sent for me," he continued, "and revealed to me that he was your son. I had been away for some weeks, and on my return my uncle told me that Lee was desperately ill—dying, in fact—and that he was most anxious to see me. I went to him at once, and it was not one moment too soon. The first glance at him told me that he had not many hours to live."

There was a pause. Mrs. Meredyth did not speak, and Paul durst not look at her. "Go on," she said at last.

"Everything that could be done had been done for him, as I wrote and told you," he continued; "but for some reason he would not unburden himself to any one but me, not even to my uncle and aunt, who saw him constantly, and who felt sure that there was some mystery about him. As soon as he saw me, how his face lighted up, poor fellow! He sent every one out of the room, and began as well as he was able, for he was fearfully weak, to reveal to me his real name, and the history of his life since he left you. As you know, I took it down in writing, and sent it to you."

"Yes. I have it here now," and she touched a drawer in her writing-table.

"There was, however, one event in it which, at his special request, I omitted in the deposition I sent you. I cannot tell you why, except that the circumstances connected with it weighed very heavily on his mind, but he begged most earnestly that you should never hear of it except from my own lips—I mean his marriage."

"His marriage! My son, my boy married! Oh! Paul, who was his wife?"

"A woman old enough to be his mother, a lady—for she was undoubtedly a lady—of past sixty. She was rich, and she was weak. He ran against her at one of the numerous crises of his life, when he did not know where to turn for a farthing. He was then living under a false name; he was introduced to her under that name, and found her an easy prey. His beauty, his ready wit, completely captivated her, and before he had known her six months she became his wife."

Mrs. Meredyth was drawing her breath in long, hard gasps. "Do not stop," she cried; "let me know the worst. I can bear all; only, only tell me the truth."

"I will. I will keep nothing from you; but before I proceed, let me relieve your mind. He was a good husband, that is to say, he was not an unkind one."

"Thank God. Oh! Paul, my boy had sunk so low that I fear any fresh revelations. Go on though, now, and tell me what circumstances connected with his marriage weighed on his mind."

"When he made the acquaintance of his future wife,

she had living with her a young half-Italian girl, whom she had adopted, beautiful and fascinating to the last degree, and whom it was generally supposed she meant to make her heiress. Fred's first idea—for he thought that he had but to come, see, and conquer—was to marry this girl, and that accomplished, that they should both live with the old woman, and keep a tight hold on her money. But here he met with an obstacle. The young lady would have nothing to say to him. From the very first she seems to have taken an aversion to him, and to have repulsed all his advances with scorn. Then Fred swore revenge. He turned his attention from the adopted daughter to the mother, roused her to frantic jealousy, and poisoned her ear with stories of the girl, whom he finally succeeded in getting sent out of the house. The girl, hurt, indignant, and proud, went, refusing to take with her a farthing of her former benefactress's money, or to tell where she meant to go; and from that day to the one on which he died, Fred did not know what had become of her, beyond the one fact that she wrote a brief note from England to say that she was well and cared for. Left master of the situation, he revealed his own name to the old lady.'

"Her name, Paul, her name?" Mrs. Meredyth had laid her hand on his arm, and was looking into his face. She was evidently labouring under strong excitement, her breath came and went, her eyes were wide open, her lips quivering.

"This is too much for you," he said. "I ought not to have brought it all out so suddenly. Do let me ring for something for you."

"No, no," she cried. "You mistake me. I am not ill. I am only intensely interested for another, as well as for myself. I will explain all afterwards; only tell me the old lady's name."

"Miss Grant."

"I thought so. Oh! Paul, this is indeed wonderful, most wonderful. It is too long a story to tell you now. You shall hear it later, when you have finished all you have to tell me of my boy. Now go on; I will not interrupt you again."

"It was the fate of this girl that so weighed on Fred's mind. I believe from the little he let drop, or rather from what he did not say, that she was the one woman he ever wished to make his wife. She was the daughter of an Italian singer, who had got mixed up with secret societies, and had been stabbed on the staircase of a house in Perugia, where Miss Grant happened to be lodging at the time. The result was that the old lady adopted her, gave her a first-rate education, and insisted that she should take the name of Grant. She was, so Fred said, extraordinarily pretty, and quite young, and although so many years had elapsed since she had been turned out of her home, it became a perfect nightmare to him on his death-bed, as to what had become of her."

"I could have told him. Oh, my boy, if you had only confided in your mother!"

"You could have told him?"

"Yes. But I promised not to interrupt you again. Go on to the end. Later I will explain all."

"Well, Fred married Miss Grant, and found that he had got his match. The old lady was jealous to the last degree, but as long as he could throw dust in her eyes, she never tried to find out what kind of a man she had married. At the end of six years she died, leaving him all her money. When he appeared on our estate, he had run through every farthing of it. I wrote to you all about his end. I was with him to the last. Dear Mrs. Meredyth, you must indeed take comfort from that. With all my heart, I believe him to have been deeply penitent. His last thoughts and words were of you, and he died with your name on his lips."

"If he had only written to me, told me all, everything!" she wailed. "There was nothing I would not have pardoned him—nothing."

"He said he dared not write to you, that——"

"What?" almost sharply. "Tell me every syllable he said."

"That you had cast him off. I felt sure there was some mistake, some misunderstanding; but he said no, that in this one thing he had been in the right."

"Ah! Could he not trust his mother? Did he not know what her love was? My boy, my beautiful boy! Look, Paul," taking the photograph from the table, "was there any trace of this left in his dear face?"

Paul shook his head. The photograph he held in his hand represented a youth beautiful as a young Apollo; the man, by whose death-bed he had sat, had been coarse, bloated, degraded.

Mrs. Meredyth put it down gently. When she spoke again it was with a visible effort, as though she were making up her mind to something.

"Paul," she said, "what I am going to tell you now, I have revealed to no one in the world before. It has been one of the sad secrets of my life. You spoke just now of mistakes and misunderstandings. You were right. There have been both. I never cast off my son: nothing that he could do, no sin, no crime that he could commit, would have induced me to take such a step for a single hour; but *he was led to believe I had done so.*" She paused, as though overcome by the weight of her memories, and covered her face with her hands, whilst Paul rose softly, and walked to the window. What had not this poor woman gone through in her lifetime?

When she spoke again, after the lapse of a few minutes, her voice was calm, but her face seemed to have aged years since he had talked to her the previous night.

"I must be alone for a few minutes," she said. "You will find the day's papers here, and luncheon will be ready soon. Afterwards you shall hear my sequel to a part of your story. Meanwhile, observe my friend Mrs. Bradshaw at luncheon-time."

She opened the door, passed out, and Paul was left alone. A quarter of an hour later he was summoned to the dining-room, where he found Mrs. Meredyth and Mrs. Bradshaw seated; the former quite herself again, calm and quiet as usual; the latter looking dark and sallow, and showing, far more plainly than

last night, the signs of foreign extraction. She and he sustained the brunt of the conversation during the meal, both of them anxious to save Mrs. Meredyth the trouble of talking, chatting away on various ordinary topics, chiefly of the entertainment the previous night, and the trick he had played his family.

"I wonder Mabel did not find you out," interposed Mrs. Meredyth. "She is so wonderfully sharp. She is a dear little thing, Paul, so good-hearted and unselfish, as well as clever."

"I have found that out already," he answered; "she is first-rate, and talks to me as though we had known one another all our lives."

"Yes, she is not shy. What a capital hostess she made last night! But, really, I know very little of her as yet; I hope to improve my acquaintance with her, for I have taken to her very much. And what do you think of the addition to your father's family?"

"Miss Thornleigh? I think my father a very wise and a very fortunate man."

"Is she not very attractive?" It was Mrs. Bradshaw who was speaking.

"Very, I think. She has lost her heart to you, Mrs. Bradshaw. She sent you her love, and asked me to tell you that she should never forget your beautiful singing."

"Mabel tells me that Miss Thornleigh herself has a lovely voice," said Mrs. Meredyth.

"Yes," he answered, "I was listening to her this morning, and really I could have fancied that it was Mrs. Bradshaw, the voices are so similar, if you will not think me impertinent for saying so."

"Have you both finished?" asked Mrs. Meredyth, quite abruptly. "If so we will adjourn," and before Paul had time to remark the sudden pallor that had overspread Mrs. Bradshaw's countenance, his hostess had risen, and was leading the way to the library, whither he alone followed her.

"I have obeyed your behests," he said, as soon as the door was closed behind them, "and I have arrived at this conclusion. Mrs. Bradshaw and the Italian girl adopted by Miss Grant are one and the same person. Am I right?"

Mrs. Meredyth turned round quite excitedly for her.

"Quite right," she answered. "Is it not most wonderful, most strange that I should have befriended unconsciously the very woman my poor Fred had injured? I have never yet told any one how I ran against my dear Amy. It might prejudice people against her, or make them think slightingly of her. But it seems that to-day I am fated to reveal to you secrets that I have locked up in my heart for many years past. I suppose Grace's 'boy'—she always wrote of you as 'my boy'—has thawed my reserve."

"I cannot tell you how honoured I feel. But blood is thicker than water, and we are cousins. Besides I knew Fred."

"Yes, that is it. You knew him, and were good to him. But now I must begin. I am growing garrulous in my old age. It was eighteen years ago, then, last December, that I was driving down Regent Street one bitterly cold day, when the streets were full of ice and snow. I shall never forget that day. It was a dense fog, and so slippery that we had to go at a foot's pace all the time, and presently we came altogether to a standstill. On my inquiring the cause, the footman told me that there was an accident; a poor woman had slipped, and been knocked down by an omnibus. That woman was Mrs. Bradshaw. I immediately offered my carriage to convey her to a hospital, and drove her off to the nearest good one, which fortunately was one I was in the habit of visiting. There she remained for quite three months; her arm and collar bone were both broken, and for two months she was more or less delirious with brain fever, in addition to these injuries. During this time I went to see her frequently, and became intensely interested in her. Convinced that, in spite of her very poor clothes and other indications, she was a lady, I invited her to spend a few weeks with me when she left the hospital, in order to get up her strength. She came for a month or two, and she stayed years. I earnestly hope that as long as she or I live we may never be parted. I could ill afford to do without her, for I love her as my own daughter, my poor Amy!"

"She must have been, she is still beautiful."

"She was strikingly good-looking, but her accident and illness and her troubles have altered her very much, and left her in very delicate health. And yet that fragile woman does wonders. She spends her whole life among the poor, the sick, the suffering, and wherever she goes she brings light. The most irreclaimable, the most wretched, the saddest, it does not matter who it is, they all fall under her spell; and as for children and babies, she is quite magical with them, poor dear! Latterly it has struck me that her strength is failing very much, and I am determined she shall have advice."

"She has some sad story, has she not? You can see it in her face."

"She is like me, she mourns a lost child."

The door was thrown open. "Mr. Tresidder," announced the butler.

END OF CHAPTER THE NINTH.

MIND MAGIC.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHAT IS THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE?"

THE most superficial observer of natural phenomena cannot fail to have been impressed at times by the subtle influence which the human mind is capable of exercising.

Call it by whatever name we may, credit it with whatever attribute our imagination may dictate—there are few, if any, prepared to deny the fact that there exists in many persons—highly developed in some, in others hardly appreciable—a mysterious power, which renders them capable of exerting an apparently magical influence over those with whom they come in contact.

Those who possess this qualification to any great extent are able without any effort on their own part—or with a very slight exercise of the will—to attract and control the minds of those with whom they come into contact; to mould their wills and actions in conformity with the dictates of their own.

Very often without the slightest prevision, in many instances in spite even of their own inclination, men are attracted towards and fascinated by those with whom they are brought into contact: whereas in other instances this power manifests itself in a negative form, and feelings of the strongest aversion and repugnance are entertained towards those whom perhaps they have never before met, and with whom, notwithstanding, this dislike at first sight proves so dominant an idea that they are totally unable to counteract its effects, although unable to analyse its cause.

It is this power of fascination, this spell which one person by the apparent influence of his mind holds over a weaker nature, which, although capable of being degraded to an evil purpose, yet lies at the root of the success of all those who are brought into active personal contact with the public. The preacher, the barrister, the orator, if devoid of this power, signally fails in his career; but by means of this mind domination he is able to hold his audience in thrall, to subjugate them to his influence, so that they become like an instrument upon which he can play whatever tune his fancy may dictate, at one moment kindling their spirits by his fiery enthusiasm, and the next melting them to tears by the passion of his pathos.

To a greater or less degree the truth of this assertion can be proved by every one; for there are few who have not at some time or other of their existence either exercised or become influenced by this power.

But remarkable as this peculiarity appears to be when it occurs in the ordinary routine of every-day life, it is still more mysterious when exercised under conditions which still further develop and intensify its power.

By the researches of those interested in the subject of "Thought Transference" (an article on which has already appeared in these pages—September, 1884, page 621) it has been demonstrated most clearly that persons of certain organisations, and possessing great strength of mind and will, are capable of exerting an influence upon the minds of others, the effects of which are most mysterious, and calculated to impress those who have never before witnessed such experiments, with amazement and even dismay.

By the exercise of this will-power to the greatest extent, the minds of those under the influence of the operator or willer are rendered entirely subservient to its control and obedient to its wishes and commands. So strong a sympathy is capable of being established that the will of the one becomes merged in that of the other, and at times, and under varying conditions, the slightest unspoken wish of the operator is reproduced in the mind of the subject.

The truth of this statement—incredible as it appears—may be verified by any one possessing to any extent this power of mind and concentrativeness of will, who will comply with the simple preliminaries the experiments need; and of phenomena of this description there is a very plentiful crop.

Nor is this magical power of the mind limited even within these extended bounds; for, in cases which, although certainly of more exceptional occurrence, are yet continually recurring amongst persons possessing this sympathetic ability to a larger degree, the influence and domination of one mind over another is of so marked a character that time and space are entirely annihilated by it, and the same mystic influence is exerted as in the case when the persons affected are in each other's immediate presence.

That this is no mere creation of the fancy, no extravagant myth of a disordered and deluded imagination, which is unable to withstand the piercing light of investigation and reason, has been constantly demonstrated by men of the highest standing and most unimpeachable veracity who, in the pages of our most intelligent reviews, have borne testimony to many remarkable cases of this wonderful "volitional power."

Nor is this faculty confined to man; but it exists in as remarkable a manner in the lower branches of the animal world. The fascination which the lion, leopard, and tiger exert, not only over smaller animals, but also over man himself; the weasel's charm over the rabbit, and the rattlesnake's power of fascinating its victims, influencing them at an incredible distance, riveting them to the spot and entirely depriving them of their will, till they fall an easy prey to its mysterious charm;

* The writer of this paper is alone responsible for the statements and views therein expressed.—ED.

the power of the fox, and other animals, that will crouch at the foot of a tree and gaze upon their intended victim, until it falls senseless at their feet, are but examples of this remarkable power, all tending to prove the existence of some mystic faculty by which the weaker will becomes subject to the more powerful will of another.

What this occult power really is, has long puzzled the minds of scientists. This is the power on which the spiritualists have founded their remarkable theories, and which has latterly received the attention of many anxious to investigate the mysteries of the invisible and dabble with the secret lore of psychical mysteries.

And yet, although in a subject of this magnitude no greater error can be committed than to jump to an immature conclusion, there is undoubtedly an *à priori* probability, which further investigations seem only to increase, that these phenomena of the mind, this mystic manner by which a community of thought and action is established between two minds, so that the volitional power of the agent is transferred to the subject, are mainly due to the existence of a magnetic fluid impregnating all organic bodies, which, although not analogous in every respect to electricity, yet resembles it in many particulars.

This hypothesis, received at first with discredit and derision, was virtually corroborated by Reichenbach, who announced the discovery of a subtle force to which he gave the name of Od, and which he stated permeated all nature, and manifested itself in a luminous emanation at the poles of magnets and crystals, and wherever chemical action is going on.

The human body, according to his statement, was surrounded by this subtle force, which was visible to certain persons called "sensitives," and manifested itself more particularly at the tips of the fingers in a kind of luminous vapour, and possessed positive and negative poles as in magnetism, being negative on the right side and positive on the left.

It was, however, Dr. Mayo who, by his marvellous corroboration of Reichenbach's theory, virtually demonstrated the *modus operandi* of this newly revealed force, and established an objective proof of its existence which had hitherto only lived in the brains of its progenitors.

The experiments which he conducted with Herr Caspari are of so mysterious and at the same time so interesting and conclusive a character, that it is remarkable they are not more universally known.

Taking a gold ring in his hand, he attached to it a piece of silk by which he held the ring suspended over a piece of silver at a distance of about half an inch, when, after a few uncertain movements, the ring began to oscillate to and from the operator.

Removing the silver, he then suspended the ring over the finger of his left hand, when it assumed another motion ; and, again, having held the ring over the thumb of the same hand, he discovered that this rotary motion was reversed.

Astonished at these eccentricities, they made them the subject of crucial experiments, and after awhile with the following result :—

A ring, a fragment of shell-lac, or any other substance suspended by a thread or piece of silk, the other end of which was wound round the first joint of the fore-finger, they termed an Odometer. The materials on which they experimented with the odometer they termed the Od-subjects, and consisted of gold, silver, lead, zinc, copper, coals, bone, charcoal, sealing-wax, &c.; but the material which proved most efficacious as an odometer consisted of a piece of shell-lac about an inch long, and by this means the following results, selected from a great number of experiments, were adduced :—

Odometer suspended from the fore-finger held over heap of sovereigns. Result—longitudinal oscillations

Experimenter, continuing above experiment, takes with his unengaged hand the hand of a person of the opposite sex. Result—transverse oscillations of the odometer.

Then, the experiment being continued, let a person of the sex of the experimenter take and hold the unengaged hand of the second party. Result—longitudinal oscillations of the odometer.

The first experiment being repeated, and the longitudinal oscillations established, touch the fore-finger which is engaged in the odometer with the fore-finger of your other hand. Result—the oscillations become transverse.

Hold the odometer over the tip of the fore-finger of your disengaged hand. Result—rotary motion in the direction of the hands of a watch.

Hold the odometer over the thumb of your disengaged hand. Result—rotary motion against that of the hands of a watch. Hold up the forefinger and thumb of the disengaged hand, their points being at two and a half inches apart. Hold the odometer in the centre of a line which would join the points of the finger and thumb. Result—oscillations transverse to the line indicated.

These experiments are of so simple a character that they are capable of being verified by the youngest reader of this Magazine, and as Dr. Mayo in his admirable work on "The Truths Contained in Popular Superstition" (which work it is remarkable has not obtained a more general acceptance than appears to be the case) remarks :—"The interest of these experiments is unquestionably very considerable. They open a new vein of research, and establish a new bond of connection between physical and physiological science which cannot fail to promote the advancement of both. They constitute a mass of objective and physical evidence to give support and substantiality to the subjective results of Von Reichenbach's experiments. They tend to prove the existence of some universal force, such as that to which he has given theoretical shape and form under the designation of Od.

Neither do these experiments (which may be amplified in a hundred ways at the will of the experimenter) at all exhaust the phenomena revealed by the odometer.

Incredible as it may appear, but as will be immediately verified on investigation, the substitution of a woman's hair in place of the silk medium produces an

entire reversal of the oscillations, and a transverse motion will ensue, as if the operator had grasped with his disengaged hand the hand of a person of the opposite sex. Precisely the same change is produced if a woman take the odometer in her right hand, using a man's hair as the suspending cord.

This remarkable property of Od is not merely confined to man, but if the hair of a horse or a mare be substituted for the suspending medium, the same marked peculiarity will be found to exist. Indeed, from careful experiments which I have conducted in the presence of several witnesses, I have found that the same contrast exists in most animals even where its existence would have been least expected.

Indeed, so incredible are the results which an hour's experiments reveal, that were it not for the fact that their verification is so simple as to be capable of being tested by the veriest dabbler in psychical studies, we might well hesitate before claiming the existence of a force which has hitherto remained undreamt of by the majority of people.

It has often been stated that all things and beings, even to the atoms of which they are composed, have stamped upon them the influence they have been under in periods long past, and that clairvoyants are able by personal contact with an ancient ring, a lock of hair, a mastodon's tooth, or other object, to establish a *rapport* between themselves and their objects, although perhaps by a very large percentage of readers this statement would be treated with almost pardonable ridicule. Yet carefully-weighed experiments that I have personally conducted have gone far to convince both myself and several onlookers in whose presence the investigations took place that the same irradicable property may be revealed.

Taking as Od-subjects a fragment of the vertebræ of a saurian with a piece of silk as a medium, I have found it take up precisely a contrary motion to that exhibited by a portion of an ammonite extracted from the same coprolite beds.

In fact, taking all these objective proofs into consideration, which a thoughtful mind will readily demonstrate on experiment to be no mere exhibition of charlatanism or legerdemain, or even the result of an unconscious muscular action, it will be seen that, after all, the existence of a species of spiritual effluvium, incredible as it appears on the first blush, is no mere dream of the imagination, but a fact which is capable of being verified by a series of the most severe and crucial tests.

Once grant that this power exists, and we begin to arrive at the solution of many of those problems which have hitherto been considered inexplicable.

The mystery of the divining rod, the believers in which claimed the occult power of detecting the proximity of veins of metal and of underground currents of water by means of a forked hazel twig—so long regarded as a remnant of the Dark Ages, and subjected to endless ridicule by a host of writers from Sir Walter Scott in "The Antiquary" downwards—now appears in a more plausible guise.

The eccentricities of table-turning, and exhibitions of so-called spirit manifestations, now receive the garb of scientific dress.

The ancient belief in fascination, charms, and the evil eye or *mal occhio* (which belief is still largely cherished in the south of Europe) is immediately accounted for.

In fact, as a writer on the subject remarked: "May we not discern in this a clearing up of some of those mysteries which have so long baffled thoughtful inquirers? May we not see in this an explanation of those unaccountable predilections which at times seize us? of that 'love at first sight' so long derided and yet so true? Plato sought to explain this mystery by the notion that souls were united in a pre-existent state and that love is the yearning of the spirit to reunite with the spirit with which it formerly made one, and which it discovers on earth."

Whatever views we take of the subject it is a large one, and will amply repay our thought and labour.

The public mind is so accustomed to regard its present knowledge of natural laws as perfect, that any apparent infringement of the laws of nature is immediately regarded as beyond the realms of credibility and common-sense. It should, however, be borne in mind that we are after all but on the threshold of any thorough knowledge of any of these natural forces, and if such a power as magnetism—the very existence of which for so long remained unknown—can assert itself without the possibility of any doubts as to its existence being now raised, why should we be bigoted enough to deny that other recondite influences may exist of which at present we are unaware?

GEORGE D. DAY.

A NOCTURNE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF REINICK.

EARTH in heavenly rest is sleeping,
Moon and stars their watch are keeping
Where a garden, bright with flowers,
Slumbers through the midnight hours.
Good night!

There, with moonbeams shining o'er it,
Stands a cottage, and before it,
On a leafy linden spray,
Sings a bird its tender lay.—
Good night! Good night!

In her bower the maid lies dreaming
Of the flowers around her gleaming,
Heaven's own peace within her breast,
Angels, watching, guard her rest!
Good night! Good night!

A. L. MACKECHNIE.

LOFTY LONDON.

THE OLD QUEEN'S BENCH PRISON, SOUTHWARK.

ATTENTION is continually being drawn from time to time to the ever-growing size of London. The "vast area covered with bricks and mortar," as it is often termed, is a familiar enough phrase, and this idea of constant extension of boundaries is clearly recognised. There is another aspect, however, of the great increase of London, which is not generally so much noticed. This is the increased density of population of certain localities, owing to the gradual change of comparatively small individual houses for great block dwellings five and six floors high. To the ordinary passenger along the main thoroughfares this change in building arrangements is not conspicuous.

These block dwellings, being mostly for people of very limited incomes, are usually placed up side streets, and behind good business frontages. Still they exist, and are increasing, in almost every London district, north, south, east, and west. Many residents of the districts even do not know of their block neighbours just round the corner. The inhabitants of the Grand Hotel, Charing Cross, know little of the inhabitants of the Bedfordbury blocks, almost within stone-throw. Perhaps even the majority of the permanent householders and residents in Russell Square and Brunswick Square are not aware of the large group of blocks situated between these two places, and but little visible from the main streets. Yet there they are, filled with human beings, and built on what once was back gardens. And it is the same in many other districts: Aldersgate, Strand, Westminster, Lambeth, Southwark, Bermondsey, &c. &c.

This change from small houses of two or perhaps three floors to great blocks of buildings five or six floors high, so arranged as to "house" the largest possible number of persons in the smallest possible space, is an important factor in the changed conditions of London life. The increase of London not only means a great extension of area covered with houses, but it also means a greater compression of people into certain small areas by means of higher buildings. It is the same in the City for offices as in other places for residences—huge blocks of many rooms, placing a much larger number of people in the same area, till London is becoming like a collection of monstrous bee-hives, full of combs, with two or three bees in every cell.

Of course the new blocks are in many respects better than the old. They are built with the intention of packing people like sardines in a box. There is order and arrangement in the business. Provision is made for a large number, while the old houses were not intended for half the number of their final tenants. Still, with all this method in our madness, the fact remains that if a large number of people in a small area is bad, the new state of things is about three times worse than the old, as the new blocks contain in varying proportions a much larger number of people per square acre than the old houses. Here they live and breathe, and cook and clean. Where before there was one kitchen chimney, there are now six, for every two or three small rooms is a separate household, with all the domestic manufactures in full operation.

When Queen's Bench Prison was pulled down a few years ago, an effort was made to have the site cleared, and turned into a public garden for what was then

described as the "densely populated district of Southwark." This effort failed. Where the Queen's Bench Prison stood there is now a large group of block dwellings, containing above three thousand separate rooms. These are let out in suites of two or three rooms. Thus every five rooms represent two distinct households. If this district was "densely populated" while this spot was a prison, surely it will better merit such description when all these rooms are occupied by tenants. And this is not all, for part of the "Mint improvements" means the pulling down of many old houses, and building great blocks in their place, all of which is in the aforesaid "densely populated district." Some of the old houses are only *one* or *two* floors, all the new ones are five or six. If this goes on, where shall we end, unless better precautions are taken to secure pure air, light, and cleanliness? When these buildings have grown old and dirty, what then?

Tall houses in themselves are not bad. Every one admits the dignity of lofty castle-towers and imposing public buildings, although they may demur to the severe simplicity of Peabody Blocks. But many of the newer blocks have really handsome front elevation. Their chief want is air-space. The natural complement to tall houses is a correspondingly large open space all round. This is usually deficient in London. With the increase of block dwellings, the citizens and the local authority should insist on increased open spaces between the blocks. In these open spaces a few trees might be planted. One or two groups of the block dwellings already have this boon.

Then there is the question of smoke. With two households for every five rooms, three thousand rooms give twelve hundred distinct households, with, of course, twelve hundred kitchen fires and chimneys, without counting occasional other room fires. The number may be more than this, as several blocks are two-room dwellings only, four rooms making two households. It is not at all likely that Queen's Bench Prison had twelve hundred separate fires burning; consequently, the smoke nuisance will be much worse under the new arrangement. Of course, comparison with a prison is not quite so appropriate as comparison with the same area of small houses. But the argument is the same. The inhabitants of these blocks are supposed to dry their washing on the flat roof. The drying process is usually accompanied by a dyeing process from the rows of chimneys.

It is possible to imagine that some time in the future electricity may be "laid on" to our houses, to supply light and heat without smoke. But this is not likely to take place in reference to block dwellings of the poorer classes within a few years. Meantime, certain districts of London are being re-built on the block system, and the smoke nuisance increases. It becomes a question whether it would not be possible to tax chimney-pots, and allow exemption to all hotels, large buildings, and block dwellings whose flues were conducted into a central "smoke chamber" to purify the smoke before being discharged into the atmosphere. This has been successfully done in the case of particularly black and noxious smoke from a factory, and some compulsion might be used to extend the purification of all smoke.

QUEEN'S BUILDINGS, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD.
(On the Site of the Old Queen's Bench Prison.)

The block system of dwellings makes this comparatively easy. When you have one hundred and forty households in one house under one roof, and that roof flat from end to end, a central smoke chamber and spray purifier is not difficult. It would require to be paid for, as every improvement must be. But it is better to pay a little directly for cleanliness and health than a great deal more indirectly for dirt and disease. We have got beyond the time when people were allowed to throw household slops and refuse into the streets out of their windows. It is worth considering whether people should not be prevented from throwing refuse out of their chimneys into the atmosphere and the lungs of their neighbours. A tax on smoky chimneys, that is, every chimney that simply takes the smoke out of the house and discharges it into the air without purification, might gradually help to make our towns more healthy and habitable.

A BUNCH OF DAFFODILS.

THE wind to-day is keen of edge—
It rakes the wrinkling river ;
It sweeps the swinging, rattling sedge,
It makes the pollards shiver.
The lambs send forth a quavering bleat
From sheltering stacks and fences ;
The young buds feel the sun a cheat
That lured with false pretences.

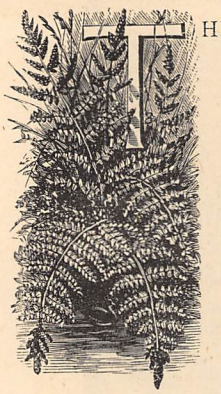
A day—as English springs begin—
More fell than all Decembers
To nip the blood and rip the skin,
And drive us round the embers.

Yet daybreak heard you lilt a tune
Through fields and beechen closes ;
You passed and made us think of June,
And almost look for roses.

I saw you seek the blazing beds
Where, braving wind and weather,
A thousand sprightly golden heads
Were tossing all together.
You placed a bouquet in your breast—
The faint blush grew so deep, dear,
I almost guessed its glow confessed
A secret—which I'll keep, dear.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

OUR BREAKFAST BEVERAGES.



THE old saying that the world is compassed to provide a washerwoman's breakfast, applies more to the drinkables than to the eatables.

On the principle that it is of things with which we are most familiar that we know the least, I am going to begin by talking about tea. We have been drinking it in England for the last two centuries and more; the Chinese for the last ten. The Dutch have the credit of introducing it to Europe; they exchanged it with John Chinaman for sago, and their physicians praised it so greatly that it would appear, according to their showing, to be a panacea for every ailment and every woe.

When we first had it here, it cost ten guineas a pound. Catherine of Braganza, Charles II.'s Portuguese wife, made it popular in England, and since that time the history of tea is closely associated with the story of our social life. Pepys speaks of it as a China drink, and describes his wife making it at home. It was then bought principally of Thomas Garway, a tobacconist who had a coffee-house in Change Alley, Cornhill, which later on became the chief resort of people of quality, with business in the City, and was only closed some twenty years ago. But the tobacconist and tea-dealer knew how to puff his wares. If we may believe his handbill, tea not only "maketh the body active and busy," but is a preventive against most of the bodily ailments, which he very particularly describes.

This valuable commodity he offered at from sixteen to fifty shillings a pound, showing a great abatement in cost. Dr. Johnson would have endorsed pretty well all Garway alleged in its favour. The great lexicographer drank tea nearly all day, by himself and in company—in truth he was the very king of tea-drinkers. To Hazlitt it was meat and drink ; De Quincey, Lord Palmerston, and men of all shades of politics and every kind of pursuit, have been known as patrons of the cup that cheers without inebriating. It clears the mind, soothes the nerves, and has a most stimulating effect on the faded mental powers, but like all good things it may be abused. Too much of it produces nervousness, and

A BUNCH OF DAFFODILS

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has an ill effect on the digestive organs. A great deal depends on the making; it should neither be drunk too hot nor too strong.

Leigh Hunt, Soyer, and hundreds of clever people, have written their opinions as to the best way of making tea. Three things are essential: good tea, a good tea-pot, and boiling soft water.

We will discuss the goodness of the tea later; the best tea-pot is a silver one of good thickness; earthenware cools more rapidly; but whatever the kind, see that it is dry and scrupulously clean—not a vestige of an old leaf inside. Make it thoroughly warm before you begin. And preserving the aroma of the tea is another of the great points. If you cannot get soft water, do not despise an infinitesimal portion of soda. Be sure the water boils, really boils so that the steam comes well out of the kettle, and never boil it up twice. Measure the tea into a cup; a spoonful for each person and one for the pot is an old-fashioned but sensible reckoning. Open the lid quickly and slip the tea in, pour on sufficient water to well cover it, and close the lid; by this means the tea-pot does not cool as it would if you measured each spoonful separately into it. Let it stand four minutes, add enough water for the cups required, and in five minutes more pour out a little in each cup all round till all are filled and equally strong, then add more water for a second cup. If allowed to infuse too long, it is well-nigh poisonous; if it cannot be drunk at once, it should be drained off from the leaves into another tea-pot.

Tea plantations are a beautiful sight when the shrub is in flower. The plant takes five years to reach perfection, and yields a crop in about three. The leaves are gathered, dried, and packed. Pekoe is the finest black tea, then Souchong, Congou, and Bohee; and they come mostly from Fokien. There are four crops in a year, the first the best. The more quickly it is prepared the more wholesome is the tea; unfortunately the leaves often lie about a long time before they are dried, and are more or less decomposed ere their preparation begins. More than 100,000,000 lbs. are imported annually into England, a third of the consumption of the whole world, and several pounds per head. Its enemies affirm that before it was so generally used, neuralgia was an unknown evil among us.

Coffee, largely as it is drunk all over the world, has only a third of the consumption of tea. It came to Arabia from Persia as early as the fifteenth century, and in 1554 was brought to Constantinople, where coffee-houses were at once established, for the social element has always been a part and parcel of its existence among civilised nations.

All kinds of stories have been told as to its first discovery. A superior of a Dervish community, seeing that goats became livelier when they had eaten coffee berries, or, as it was then called, Cahui or Kauhi, prescribed it for the brotherhood, to keep them awake.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree? On the one hand we are told that coffee is good for mirth and digestion, stimulates the brain and banishes somnolency, that taken after dinner it will digest fat, and all oily aliments, and that it is a powerful antidote to opium, which is why the Turks drink it so freely; while, on the other, if taken too strong and too freely, it is said to produce nervous disorders, and to weaken the stomach.

Men of letters have always largely patronised it, and both Voltaire and Buffon stand out as famous examples. Brillat de Savarin urges of all things moderation in its use. A man drinking two bottles of wine a day, he says, would be none the worse, but an equal quantity of coffee would render him imbecile or give him consumption.

The great point is to learn how to make it. It has great heat-imparting properties; a cup of well-made hot coffee imparts more caloric than as much alcohol.

Every year a number of new contrivances are brought out for making coffee, most of them possessing merits, which, however, I have no space to decide or discuss. I am only going to give a few broad principles. If you possibly can, buy your coffee unroasted, and roast it daily, quite an easy matter if you are provided with a roasting machine, which is hung before the fire, wound up, and continues to revolve until the berry is of the uniform tint, not too dark and not burnt; even an ordinary frying-pan will answer. Then grind it and keep it from the air; like tea, half the merit is lost with the aroma; moreover, coffee, like milk, is always ready to take up foreign flavours. The Arabians never grind the coffee, they pulverise it in a mortar, in order to secure a better, purer taste, but we have not in Europe adopted this plan. However it is made, a liberal hand is needed in the using. A good cup requires plenty of coffee. Mocha is considered by the world in general the best coffee, the truth being that not half the quantity advertised as such in England even is grown. Ceylon, Madras, Central America, and Jamaica contribute their quota. It is wonderfully pretty to see it growing, a mass of white flowers, in some countries eight or ten feet high, in others from fifteen to twenty.

It is raised from seed and transplanted when six months old, and has a dark, smooth, evergreen foliage. It takes three years to come into bearing, and will last twenty, and blossoms all the year round. In France they patronise a mixture of Mocha, Martinique, and Bourbon.

A true coffee-lover eschews chicory, and the "housemother" should be careful to get good, genuine coffee. A little study soon teaches the different kinds. The Mocha or Arabian is small and of a dark yellow colour; that from Java and the East Indies is of a paler yellow; and the West Indies and Brazil send berries of a bluish-grey tint.

The adulteration of coffee is of all kinds—roasted acorns the least deleterious. By-the-by, asparagus is said to be a substitute for coffee, but its preparation is a secret. Grinding the coffee at home makes the chances of adulteration considerably less. The American plan of making coffee is worth consideration, viz., mixing an egg, shell and all, with the ground coffee, adding cold water enough to moisten the whole, then on this boiling water is poured and allowed to boil for ten minutes or more, till it is settled. Anyway,

most coffee-makers who allow the admixture of milk at all, say that it should be put first in the cup, and that cream is an improvement. A French plan is to add a second supply of hot water to the grounds, pour it off, and store it in a bottle to use instead of water for making coffee. Perhaps the perfection of Viennese coffee is due to the hot milk and whipped cream served with it. In Turkey each cup is made separately, and is thick and muddy—indeed, half grounds, all swallowed in the draught.

Three points must be remembered: to use positive boiling water; not to over-boil the coffee; and, lastly, that the perfect flavour depends on the volatile essential oil, which is brought out by the roasting, but is lost if kept long after roasting, or a day after grinding.

The fashionable doctors who now and then set their faces against tea and coffee are wont to prescribe chocolate and cocoa. Now chocolate was the first discovery Fernandez Cortez made in Mexico, before he found gold.

It is made from the seed of the cocoa plant, prepared with sugar and cinnamon, and its nutritious element is due to the oil or butter it contains. The choice of form is large: if you decide on cocoa nibs, the seeds are merely roughly crushed; if the seed is pressed between rollers, you have flake cocoa; the common kind has been reduced to a paste and pressed into cakes. There is no economy in buying the cheap kinds, for they are adulterated with red lead, lard, and sago, and much besides. Both in Mexico and Peru it is the fashionable drink of womankind, and thence it made its way to Spain. The Spanish monks introduced it to France, and Anne of Austria, when she married Louis XIII., made it fashionable.

Napoleon used to take a mixture called choca, viz., coffee, milk, and chocolate combined, but it has never been largely adopted. Linnæus called chocolate "Theobroma" ("food for the gods"), but it is not at all digestible when flavoured with vanilla. A simple way of making chocolate is as follows:—Break it in small pieces into the chocolate-pot, with cold milk, place it on the fire, stirring it all the time till it becomes thick, then serve with boiling milk, or better still, whipped cream.

Cocoa nibs require cold water poured over them, and to be simmered for three or four hours, removing the fatty scum that rises to the surface. A cocoa paste is sold which saves trouble, merely requiring to be mixed in a cup with hot water, but in this form adulteration is difficult to detect. The cocoa-tree has been imported from Mexico to most parts of Central America, Brazil, Peru, Venezuela, Surinam, and the West Indian Isles. The seed-pods are gathered when ripe, and the seeds having been removed are "sweated," as it is called—that is, laid on shelves and shut up for forty-eight hours, till all the pulp disappears and they are properly dried. The husks are removed; they are then roasted, and subsequently ground or reduced to paste according to their special use.

ARDERN HOLT.

THE HERMIT OF DUNDOYNE.

"THAT tumbledown place a castle? I never should have thought it. It looks like the ruin of a mediæval pig-sty."

"Nevertheless, it was once the residence of a very great swell, and a very eccentric one."

"That must have been in dark ages?"

"Not at all; only in the beginning of the present century."

The speakers were a young English gentleman "touring it" in Ireland, and an Irish friend who was acting as a volunteer *cicerone*. The object which was the subject of their conversation was a very ugly ruin, standing on the banks of the Boyne, near Drogheda.

"And it is called Dundoyne Castle?"

"Yes, that's its name; and the last owner was called a hermit—the Hermit of Dundoyne—and he was to all intents and purposes a hermit. He shut himself up for several years in his 'Castle,' and was never seen by any one all the time. But he gave all his money to the poor—or most of it—and was therefore immensely popular. It was said of him that he was as bountiful as Providence, and as invisible."

"But you don't mean to say that he was for years unseen—a voluntary prisoner?"

"Yes, he was just that. There was a woman in the case——"

"Naturally—there generally is."

"Quite so. He was, they say, crossed in love—a complaint that affects people differently. There was the pilgrim of love—you know the song—who went wandering around 'quite promiscuous like,' absurdly asseverating that for him there was no rest but the grave—his was a very bad type of the disorder. Then in the olden time, we all know, the popular refuge of the love-lorn male was a monastery. Nowadays disappointments in the market matrimonial have not such serious consequences; they drive more people—in Ireland, at all events—to drink than to the cloister. The great majority they don't hurt at all. This particular lover, however, was really and truly a very interesting person, and the fame of his good deeds still endures in these parts."

"You raise my curiosity—do you know his story?"

"Well, yes, and I wouldn't mind telling it, only it's rather long, and exciting—that is, it excites me, for I know it is true."

"That makes it doubly interesting. Do, pray, let me hear it."

"Very well: you shall. First fill your pipe, and we'll sit down on the bank over there—for it's well in shadow and looks comfortable.

"To begin at the beginning: the hero of my tale, one Squire Dopping, at the commencement of the present century, succeeded to a very considerable

'Mynheer Von Dunk,
Who never got drunk,
But sipped brandy and water gaily.'

Only, for 'brandy and water' read 'claret and whisky.' Dip into Sir Jonah Barrington's Memoirs, and other recorders of the Ireland of a hundred years ago, and this will not seem so improbable to you. But to resume: Charles Dopping came into his inheritance

"'THAT TUMBLEDOWN PLACE A CASTLE?'" (*p.* 212).

property that lay all around here. He was only just of age when his father died. The old gentleman was one of those riotous roysterers who in the last century constituted the bulk of the landed gentry. He died suddenly of apoplexy, after a hard drinking bout, that lasted for several weeks——"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the listener, "but you surely don't mean to say that the man drank for weeks without ceasing?"

"I do indeed," replied the narrator. "It was the custom of these fine old Irish gentlemen to drink just sufficiently deep and continuously to keep them in a state of semi-inebriety for weeks together. They drank, indeed, like the Dutchman immortalised in song—

when he was just turned twenty-one. He was rather proud and reserved in manner, but withal brave, generous, and kindly in disposition—in a word, a thorough gentleman. He was, moreover, handsome of face, and lithe and graceful of figure; but despite these advantages, he was not a favourite in the circle in which his father moved. Indeed, his habits were those rather of a student than a country gentleman, so that he had little in common with the intimates of his parent.

"Soon after Dopping *père* was gathered to his fathers, Charles set out, with his tutor, the Abbé Dupont—an *emigré* of vast erudition, and, needless to add, quite a man of the world—on that 'grand tour' which was in those times held to be

indispensable for the completion of a gentleman's education.

"Of the wanderings and ponderings of the young squire and his mentor in many lands the records are but scanty. They journeyed far, however, and with manifest advantage to the younger man, for travel was very efficacious in—so to speak—rounding off the angularities of his character and disposition, acquired by long residence in the comparative seclusion of his country home, varied only by a short residence in Dublin while keeping his terms in Old Trinity. He became, in truth, quite a polished and courtly gentleman. After visiting and residing in every capital city of note in Europe, the travellers arrived in Paris, on their homeward journey, shortly after the occupation of the French capital by the allied armies after Waterloo.

"Charles had the good fortune to meet here a friend who had been his chum in college, and to whom he was much attached. John—commonly called Jack—Beauford was the son of a wealthy English merchant, who had invested some of his capital in Ireland, and for that reason wished his son to finish his college course in the sister country. He was the exact antithesis of young Dopping—save in personal appearance, in which the contrast was not remarkable, for both were tall, handsome, and *blond*. But while the Irishman had none of the special characteristics of the Celtic temperament, the Englishman seemed to be a Celt 'to the manner born.' The former was as grave, reserved, and quiet-mannered as if he were a typical Saxon of the present period; the latter, on the contrary, was as vivacious, impulsive, and rather boisterous, as if he, and not his friend, were of purely Celtic parentage and descent. Nevertheless, they were sincerely attached to each other. Beauford, after leaving Trinity, had obtained a commission in a cavalry regiment, and had served all through the campaign in the Low Countries under Wellington with much credit. He was overjoyed to meet Charles, and the two friends while in the French capital were inseparable.

"The distractions of Paris at this time were multifarious, and irresistibly attractive; there was the best society—and the worst—to be had, so that all tastes could be gratified. While the young Irishman took more the part of a spectator than that of a pleased participator in the many entertainments to which he and his friend were bidden, the latter joined in them *con amore*, and became, for that reason, much courted and sought after. The friendship of the young men, however, lost nothing of its warmth by the different manner in which each deported himself in society; but after some time symptoms of estrangement began to manifest themselves in their intercourse, for the cause of which it was scarcely necessary to seek.

"The woman in this case was a very charming one. The Comtesse de la Vega-Toulotte emphatically led the fashion—fashion, indeed, lay in wait for her, pursued her, worshipped her, and at all times was submissively at her beck and call. She was young, lovely, clever, enormously wealthy, and—crowning grace!—a widow. Her married life lasted only just long enough to entitle her to the reversion of the large fortune of her husband, who died suddenly within the first year of their wedded existence. Her popularity was prodigious, and her *salons* were thronged with all that was noble, brave, wise—and otherwise—in the gay capital. But withal she was a true woman, gentle and kind of heart, and had that unaffected grace of manner and unassuming naturalness which charm so irresistibly by contrast with the affected unreserve which one finds, as a rule, amongst the fashionable in all countries. And although she was acknowledged leader of the best society, and had, therefore, hosts of male admirers, who would gladly have captured her heart and fortune, she remained heart-whole and contentedly single.

"Especial favourites of this charming lady were the two young friends. Her vivacious and keen insight detected the well-spring of the subtle sympathy which united men of such different temperaments in the bonds of the most sincere friendship, and it gave her much pleasure to undermine the reserve of the one and restrain the exuberant impulse of the other. The success of her endeavour was far more than commensurate with her desire, for both fell incontinently over head and ears in love with her. The unrestrainable Jack made hardly any secret of his attachment; but his less demonstrative friend gave no outward indication that he, too, had lost his heart to the fair widow. Curiously enough neither suspected that the other was at all badly hit, and they both continued their attentions to the lady, without at all suspecting that they were in fact rivals.

"At last, however, it began to dawn on Beauford that Dopping was much in the same plight as he was himself, and he was greatly disconcerted at the thought that there was possible rivalry between himself and his friend. Acting, as was his wont when in the least perplexity, on his first impulse, he sought an explanation, or—to speak more accurately—he made a full and explicit revelation of his own feeling for the Comtesse to Charles, in the assured expectation that he would be induced to reciprocate the confidence. In that, however, he was mistaken, for although visibly distressed and much agitated, Dopping made no remark except to ask Beauford whether he had made any formal declaration of his love to the lady herself; and he received a reply in the negative—Jack asseverating furthermore, with much emphasis, his unalterable resolve to do so without delay; and that, in fact and truth, should his suit fail, life for him would be no longer endurable.

"Seriously troubled and greatly pained was poor Dopping at his friend's revelation; and the thought that he had his much-esteemed companion for a competitor in paying court to the widow, and, he could not conceal from himself, a rival who would probably be successful, caused him great perturbation of spirit. The dilemma was exceedingly awkward. He loved the lady—he had not a doubt of that—but he had not the faintest conception of her feelings: whether she regarded him merely as a friend or a lover; on the

other hand, he suspected that she was not altogether unaware of the true signification of Beauford's attention, and he could see that she did not give him any discouragement. But, of course, on these points he could not form any confident opinion—for all he knew to the contrary with any certainty, he might be the favoured individual himself. Then, again, was it at all possible that she would accept either of them—she who had notoriously rejected many more eligible offers? And supposing that she returned his affection, would it be honourable on his part to forestall his friend? The exact state of the case, however, was that the Comtesse merely felt interested in the two young men as favourable types of male humanity, and, as a student of character, found much in their foibles and contrasts to amuse and interest her; moreover, she was not troubled by any apprehension that the tender passion would interfere to interrupt her study.

"Now, Charles was the very soul of honour, and his most earnest desire was to so act that his friend should have fair field to urge his suit without interference on his part, or the exercise of any influence whatever that would be prejudicial to his success. He was, indeed, sorely distressed by conflicting doubts and fears, and in his perplexity he had recourse to the Abbé Dupont. He succinctly 'stated a case' for the consideration and counsel of that eminent ecclesiastic, leaving, however, the identity of the lover undefined.

"As I have said, the Abbé was a man of the world, and had secured great influence over the young squire by artfully deferring to his wishes and opinions in all things, so as to make it appear that it was *his* control and counsel that prevailed. He was quite aware of all that had passed; but as it would be not at all for his own interest that his patron should marry, he resolved that nothing [illegible] should say or do should be wanting to prevent so undesirable a consummation. So after apparently giving serious thought to the matter, and well weighing the facts of the case, he delivered himself of his conclusions in this wise:—

"'The Comtesse de la Vega-Toulotte is, I know, a very estimable lady—charitable, religious, and rich. No doubt your friend would find in her a most excellent wife. But he does not know whether she loves him or his rival. Plainly, his only course is to ask her——'

"'But,' interrupted Charles, 'would that be quite honourable and fair to the friend who has confided to him the secret of his attachment?'

"The Abbé saw how the land lay—he had his cue, and continued:—

"'As you suggest, it would perhaps be better that he should disclose his love for the lady to his rival—unless, indeed, his surmise that the Comtesse loves that person be well-founded, and in that case it would be worth his consideration whether he had better not keep his secret rather than risk the humiliation of rejection, and loss, not only of his mistress, but a good friend as well. It seems to me also that there must be incompatibility of disposition between your friend and the lady, that would render marriage a risky matter, fraught with danger of much unhappiness for both. She is fond of society—lives, indeed, but for its enjoyment; he, from what you say, would seem to prefer at least occasional periods of comparative solitude; so that it might come to pass that either one or both would grow discontented.'

"'Perhaps you are right,' again Charles broke in. 'I'll think it over, and see my friend again.'

"And strengthened by the Abbé's accurate interpretation of his desires and opinions, which did duty for advice, he sought out Beauford and 'made a clean breast of it;' told him of his great love for the Comtesse, and his firm resolve to renounce what pretensions he had to her hand in his favour, and leave Paris at once. Such magnanimity could not fail to touch the heart of the generous Englishman. He felt that he could not conquer his love, while at the same time he could not contemplate without pain the great sacrifice which Charles was prepared to make in his favour. To be outdone in generosity excited his pride, and was almost more than he could bear. Yet, what was he to do? Acting, as usual, on the impulse of the moment, he suddenly seized the hand of Charles, held it in his firmest grip, and with tears in his eyes—and in his voice—vowed that he was the very noblest, best, and most unselfish of men; but that he would not hear of the self-sacrifice he proposed to make. He insisted that Charles should first formally propose to the Comtesse, and that in the event—which the powers forbid!—of rejection, then, and not till then, would he, Jack Beauford, tempt a similar fate.

"Charles, however, was firm and quite unmoved; the only concession he would make was to defer his departure for a few days, but he protested that he would not see the lady again until he could take leave of her for ever.

"Beauford hesitated no longer; availing himself of [illegible] of having a first opportunity that presented itself of [illegible] *tête-à-tête* with the lady, and with his natural impetuosity kept well within bounds, he told his love with an eloquence that spoke for its truth, and had its effect on his fair listener. She was much moved, and for a time remained silent. But at last she spoke. In tones sweet and tender, that thrilled through him with exquisite pleasure, and filled his heart with blissful anticipations, she dwelt much upon her sense of the inestimable value of the love of so brave and true a gentleman, and of the honour he proposed to confer upon her; but—oh, misery unparalleled!—she felt constrained reluctantly to declare it: she had made a vow, which was unalterable and irrevocable as destiny, never, never to marry again.

"Words could not convey even an approach to a conception of the depth of despair into which this unexpected result plunged poor Jack. For him the sun had left the heavens, and he was adrift in the deepest gloom. For him, as for the hero of the ballad—

> 'Heaven smiled on earth a little while,
> And then no more.'

"The utmost efforts of his friend Charles, to whom he hastened after the momentous interview, were in-

adequate to console him. Indeed, his distress seemed to be rather aggravated by the well-meant efforts of his fellow-sufferer to assuage his grief. In very truth, the poor fellow quite lost his head over his disappointment, and he even permitted himself to doubt the good faith of his friend. He had the unaccountable imbecility to suspect that Charles had been base enough to steal a march upon him, and had secretly sought and won the love of the Comtesse. This unworthy suspicion rankled in his mind until it became a certainty, and at a subsequent meeting he charged Charles plainly with the supposed betrayal of his confidence. This was more than the young Irishman could bear. His self-control was usually perfect, but it was not proof against such monstrous injustice as this; and he hotly resented the scandalous imputation on his honour and truth which it conveyed. The other persisted, and refused to retract a word that he had said, and the friends parted in anger—anger so madly unreasonable that it resulted in a challenge from Beauford to his friend!"

At this point the narrator became excited, and spoke with great vehemence:—"Oh, the shame and the pity of it! That such fine and noble natures should come in conflict through the obstinate wrongheadedness of one of them, was enough surely to make angels weep! What idea possessed them that, in the sweet freshness of the early summer morning in the Bois de Boulogne, they should confront each other, armed with deadly weapons? And—crowning horror!—that in a moment he who invited the encounter should lie to all appearance dead upon the dew-damp sward, and the other, in an agony of grief, lie prostrate on the ground, clasping the inanimate form of the friend he had slain in his encircling arms!

"The duel caused a great sensation—as might be expected—and it did duty, as usual, as a nine days' wonder. Then no more was heard of it. The friends of Charles ~~Dopping~~ hurried him on the fatal morning across the frontier into Belgium, to a quiet country village, where he lay for many weeks sick unto death of brain fever—lingering literally on the confines of eternity in a struggle for life. His fine constitution stood him in good stead, and finally rescued him from the very jaws of death. But he was a changed man. The memory of his great sorrow clung to him, and would not be shaken off. The great crime of which he felt that he was guilty lay, indeed, heavy on his conscience. But as he journeyed homeward the thrice-blissful intelligence reached him that the good God, in His infinite mercy, had been graciously pleased to spare the life that he had been the means of placing in such imminent peril. He learned—and his heart went out in a transport of devout thankfulness to a merciful Providence—that Beauford had very nearly recovered from his serious wound, and was waiting his arrival in Paris. He counted the moments until he once again stood in the presence of his friend.

"The meeting of the long-sundered friends was very affecting. Both were intensely moved, but the pervading feeling with both was of pleasure; and their conference had not continued long before they thoroughly understood each other, and were completely reconciled. Beauford, it appeared, not only had the tender care of his own parents and sisters, but the Comtesse had paid him frequent visits, and he had passed many pleasant hours in her society. He did not conceal from Dopping that his passion for her was as absorbing and enduring as ever; neither could he deny that he cherished the hope of some day inducing her to withdraw her refusal to become his wife. This revelation was not quite a surprise to Charles, but it determined him to adopt a course that he had already been seriously considering as some of the reparation he meant to make for the part he took in the so nearly fatal duel. This was that he should himself plead Jack's cause with the Comtesse; and he had more than one interview with that lady before he opened his mind to her freely.

"It was with difficulty that he brought himself to speak of his own love; but he touched on it lightly, and with a consummate tact that greatly impressed the listener. On the other hand, he was most eloquently persuasive in painting the good qualities of his friend, and the intensity of his affection for her. In short, he played his part so well that the Comtesse admitted she could not withstand the many influences that combined to overcome her resolution not to again marry. And, in truth, Jack was not at all indifferent to her. He was handsome, generous, brave; he had risked his life through love of her; she would therefore have been more than human could she remain insensible and unresponsive to his love. So at last it turned out that she surrendered at discretion to the irresistible pleading of Jack's good friend and very earnest and persevering ambassador, Charley Dopping.

"Jack rapidly regained health when he was assured of the certain fruition of his fondest hope, and soon he became quite convalescent. Then his marriage was celebrated with great *éclat*, and ~~Beauford made~~ happy for life.

"But poor Dopping? He who had not only made sacrifice of his love for the only woman who ever touched his heart, in favour of his friend, but was the means of securing her hand for him. What of him? He turned his steps homeward, a lonely but not altogether unhappy man. His comparatively brief experience of the great world had revealed to him how ill-fitted he was to battle with it. He was quite without ambition for distinction in it of any description, and he had tasted of its pleasures sufficiently to become convinced that he had no real zest for them. The one thing that would make life in the outward world endurable to him was what he could not have: namely, the love of that one good woman. That inestimable blessing was not fated to fall to his lot. He had hoped for it, but was disappointed.

"That, and that only, he felt could wean him from the love of an easy life of seclusion which was gradually growing strong within him. And yet he was young, healthy in mind and body, talented, and sure to make his mark did he seek pre-eminence socially or politically; but such pursuits were uncongenial, not to say absolutely abhorrent, to him. In truth, his frame of mind was such as that which has moved many men—

and women as well—to choose the life of the cloister to any other. But that was not his intention. He would live like a recluse in so far only as the seclusion such a life imposed, but he would acquit himself of the responsibilities of his station to the fullest extent duty demanded. Instead of joining a religious order, and endowing it with the bulk of his wealth, he determined to live amongst his own people, and apply his surplus funds to improving their condition and promoting their prosperity. He would be rigidly exclusive, but he would be happy—happy in the knowledge that he was contributing to the happiness of others.

"This resolve he inflexibly carried out. Arrived home at last, after years of absence, he installed the Abbé Dupont as his representative in all matters connected with the business of his estate and of his household, and almoner of his bounty to the poor and distressed as well. For himself, he lived only in the companionship of his books, and, save the Abbé, he saw no one from year's end to year's end. But the good works performed in his name were incalculable: he was truly, as they said, as bountiful as Providence, and as invisible. For years there was no break in the monotony of his solitary existence, but yet he was happy. His thoughts were always occupied in devising means for assisting the necessitous and increasing the well-doing of the prosperous people on his estate and in its vicinity, and in this way the tedium of his lonely life was relieved of most of its oppressiveness. As might be expected, his tenantry all but adored him.

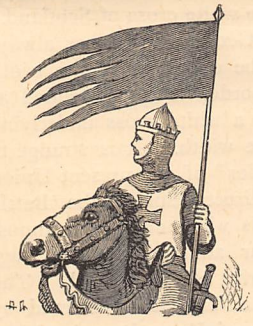
"The fame of his goodness and his life of solitude extended all over the country; and his death, after a long and undoubtedly well-spent life, was regarded as a calamity, and mourned as almost a national loss. He made no will, but it was found that he had devoted nearly the whole of his large income during life to charitable purposes, and to improving the material condition of his tenantry. Very many claimants for the succession to his estate turned up, and at last it got into Chancery, and, as a natural consequence, gradually lapsed into the ruin and decay which is its present condition.

"That's the story, but badly told. At all events, it is true. My father, when a boy, saw the squire on one occasion—the only one on which he made his appearance in public for several years. It was in honour of the visit of his friend Beauford and his charming wife. A great *fête* was given to the country people, and the hermit appeared for a few moments in sight of his guests while he received his friends. My father describes him as a marvellously handsome man, deadly pale, but with an ineffably sweet and kindly expression. This was many, many years before his death, and he was never afterwards seen in public."

FAMOUS FLAGS OF FIELD AND FLEET.

BY "NAUTICUS."

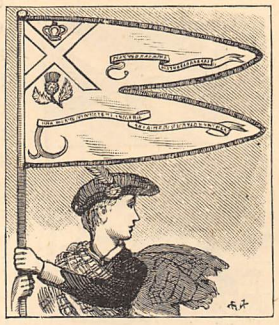
II.



THE ORIFLAMME.

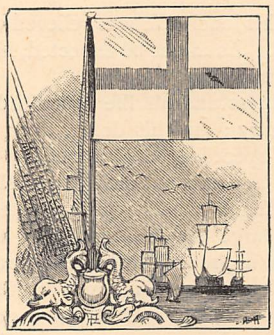
THE Oriflamme. — For many generations it was customary to choose for a military standard the colours of any saint whose intercession was considered to be especially valuable. The ancient Kings of France for nearly six centuries carried as their standard the blue hood or cape of St. Martin of Tours, or as some assert a memento of it. St. Martin's standard was succeeded in popular estimation by the renowned Auriflamme or Oriflamme of St. Denis. This sacred banner of Clovis was originally the banner of the Abbey of St. Denis. It was made of red silk, with flames of gold, worked in gold thread upon the silk, and was fixed on a golden spear. Its end was cut into five points, and it was fringed with green silk. The red indicated suffering, and the green denoted hope. All banners of churches dedicated to martyrs were red.

The Counts of Vexin were the standard-bearers to the abbey, and when the County of Vexin was annexed to the crown by Philip I. the oriflamme was entrusted by the community of St. Denis to the Kings of France, who, as Counts of Vixen, were considered as vassals of the abbey. Any noble whom the king desired to honour was selected as the standard-bearer. He, when selected, had to make a solemn vow to defend it faithfully with his life. The war being finished, the oriflamme was carried back to the abbey church by the king in person. It was first taken to battle by Louis le Gros in 1124; and it appeared for the last time at the Battle of Agincourt in 1415. It was borne against the Flemings, and was present at the Battle of Rosbecq in 1382, when Philip Van Artevelde was slain.



THE BLUE BLANKET.

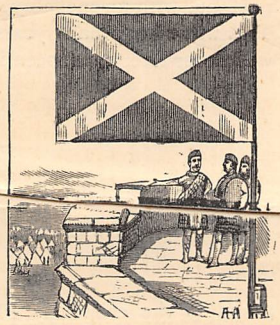
This banner was said to have been destroyed when the tombs of the Kings of France were despoiled in the Revolution; but within recent years it has been confidently affirmed that "it is still suspended from an eminence at the eastern extremity of the



ST. GEORGE'S CROSS.

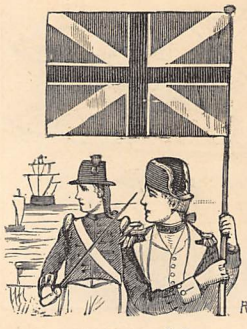
venerable Abbey Church of St. Denis." The monks were in the habit of assuring the people that this banner was brought to the abbey by an angel when Clovis was converted to Christianity, and tradition certainly assigns an age of many centuries to this silken remnant of monastic superstition and imposition.

The Blue Blanket.—This ancient standard, the banner of the Edinburgh craftsmen, is still carefully preserved, and held in great honour and reverence by the burghers of the northern capital. It was presented to the guilds of Edinburgh in 1483 by James III., King of Scotland, "as a perpetual remembrance of their loyalty, and having power to display the same in defence of their king, country, and their own rights." It was borne by the craftsmen at the Battle of Flodden in 1513; it was displayed for the purpose of assembling the incorporated trades to protect Mary, Queen of Scots, after her surrender at Carberry Hill; and it was also brought out when King James VI. was rescued from the rabble in the Old Tolbooth.



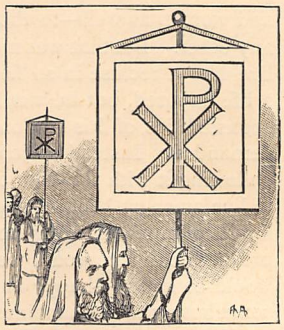
ST. ANDREW'S CROSS.

The Flag of St. George.—It is impossible to determine when the white flag with the red cross—St. George's flag—came to be accepted as the distinctive flag of England on the seas. The cross, as a military emblem, has been referred to the Crusades, but it is really much older. To say nothing of Constantine's famous standard, the emblem is depicted on flags and pennons in the Bayeux Tapestry. Much later than the Crusades, a red cross was considered as peculiarly English, and a white cross as specially French. By the middle of the fourteenth century, St. George's Cross was recognised as the ensign of an English ship. Certainly, from the date of the expulsion of the English from France in the infancy of Henry VI. until 1606, this was pre-eminently the English flag. Under it the great seamen of Elizabeth's reign sailed, and traded, and explored, and fought. It was amid many scenes of renown that the reign of this simple but glorious flag (*per se*) came to an end. In April, 1606, it passed into the first Union Jack, as ordered by James I.



UNION OF 1606.

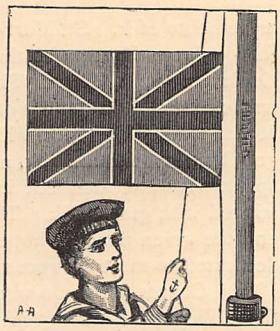
The Union Jack.—The red cross of St. George was the national flag of England until the accession of James I. The combination of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew produced the *first* Union Jack in 1606. It symbolised the union of England and Scotland. The *second* Union Jack, the "Meteor flag of old England," was established by Royal proclamation on the 1st of January, 1801, when Ireland became an integral part of the United Kingdom, her union with England and Scotland being symbolised by the insertion of St. Patrick's Cross in the existing flag. Properly speaking, St. Patrick's "Cross" is an incorrect statement. The Irish Cross seems derived from Constantine's famous standard, the Labarum—an emblem which the early Irish Christians seem to have known and esteemed. The FitzGeralds bore a red diagonal cross on a white ground from early times, and as early as 1719 this was spoken of as the flag of Ireland. It was sufficiently national to be regarded as such in 1801, and was combined, as we have said, with the saltire or white diagonal cross of St. Andrew already in the Union. These two are countercharged; the white, as representing the senior member, is uppermost in the first quarter; the red is edged with white as a fimbriation.* This explains why the red cross of Ireland is narrower than the white cross of Scotland.



LABARUM OF CONSTANTINE.

The white border of St. George's Cross has always been officially ordered to be one-third of the width of the cross itself; this border is not intended as a fimbriation; it is really a white cross underlying a red cross one-fifth of the width. It is strange to think that this "white border" of our present Union Jack is most probably a direct result of the Battle of Agincourt in 1415. This white cross was almost certainly the French colour adopted into the English flag during the minority of Henry VI. The term "Jack," applied to the flag, is considered by some to be an abbreviation of King James's signature, "Jac." But a more probable derivation is that the surcoat worn over a trooper's armour was called a "jacque," and this in the Middle Ages was usually emblazoned before and behind with the red cross of St. George.

(To be continued.)



UNION JACK, 1801.

* *i.e.*, a narrow border used in heraldry to prevent the unpleasing effect of colour on colour.

ON THE DECORATION OF A BOUDOIR.

PRIVILEGED friends who are welcomed into a lady's boudoir have a right to expect that therein they shall find a clue to some of the features of her mind and character. An observant visitor will be quick to catch suggestions also as to her tastes and habits. The open piano, with its music on the stand, will betray at once whether merely pretty modern ballads or grand old symphonies are the delight of the occupant of the room; the pictures on the walls will readily divulge the secret as to the style of art appreciated by her; the books scattered about will reveal the bent of her mind, and prove whether in her studies she finds her friends amongst the great immortals or their shallow, pigmy successors of passing fame; the decorations will unfailingly demonstrate whether she possesses that invaluable gift, an eye for colour; the very knick-knacks about the place will furnish a hint as to her love of the useful and ornamental combined, in contradistinction to the superficially beautiful, because utterly useless; whilst the general appearance of the whole will declare whether her habits may be classed under the head of orderliness or untidiness, of industry or indolence.

A boudoir successfully treated will be an expression of the owner's individuality—no mere transcript of another's ideas, but original in scheme and characteristic. That women hold much more pronounced opinions on all matters now than in the old time there can be little doubt; even in regard to decorating and furnishing their houses some of them have strong leanings to one or other of the prevailing fashions, though they may not actually mark out a line of their own. But to a certain extent there is necessarily a similarity of needs; we must have chairs and tables and floor coverings, and usually curtains are considered indispensable; so a short notice of the fashionable modes of decorating and furnishing a boudoir may be useful.

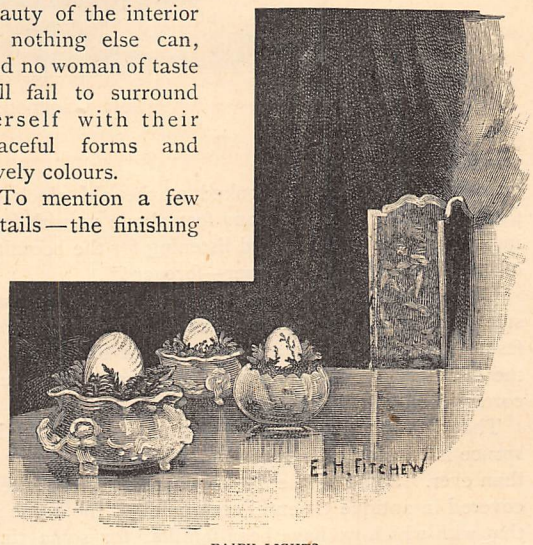
For the benefit of our readers who desire to create a really attractive interior, and for whom that foe, economy, has no terror, we offer a slight general plan of operation, leaving it to their judgment to carry it out artistically.

First, then, let there be no paper on walls or ceiling. Panel the room with wood up to the height of three feet; above this, let the wall-space be covered to within a foot of the ceiling with self-coloured satin or silk; a soft blue tint is likely to be much approved, but terra-cotta is equally effective, and so too is old gold. Presuming that the former is chosen, each of the panels may be decorated in the centre with a copy of a Bartolozzi print done in light red on a white ground; around these medallions a simple appropriate border should be painted on the blue satin, but it must be kept subordinate to the design. A somewhat more elaborate border, but akin to the other in theme, will edge the panels, which are set in frames of wood. The remaining wall-space is ornamented with a frieze, the ground colour being a delicate primrose-yellow; upon this is painted a design arranged after Bartolozzi, and executed in red.

It should be remembered that highly-finished work and elaboration of detail is quite out of place on a frieze; not only is it labour wasted to work up paintings destined to be placed close to the ceiling, but the needful strong effect is lost. With such a wall decoration the ceiling can only be painted; to paper or to whitewash it would be a barbarism from which any one with a grain of artistic feeling would recoil. A creamy-white panelled ceiling, each division framing a subject in keeping with those introduced on panels and frieze, would be charming.

The furniture, *par excellence*, for a boudoir decorated in this style is real old Chippendale, or Sheraton, upholstered in brocaded silk. It is preferable that the coverings of the chairs should not match; the ground colours may be varied and the patterns also, but the latter should agree in respect to size: that is to say, one pattern should not be composed of flowers in miniature if another displays full-sized blossoms. A luxuriously soft couch will be placed in a cosy corner, a lounge chair near the fire-place, behind that a screen, and a dainty Chippendale writing-table will stand in front of the oriel window, which is furnished with a window-seat. The curtains of brocaded silk will hang from a brass rod, and be caught back with a band of rich embroidery. Silk scarves of terra-cotta colour will secure the Madras curtains, which are arranged on a rod fixed to the window-sash where it opens. A number of growing plants in flourishing condition and posies of freshly-culled flowers will enhance the beauty of the interior as nothing else can, and no woman of taste will fail to surround herself with their graceful forms and lovely colours.

To mention a few details—the finishing



FAIRY LIGHTS.

touches to rooms, as the high lights are to pictures: in the small grandfathers' clocks which are so well suited to a boudoir, the most exquisite workmanship is now to be found. Those made of mahogany, or rosewood, and inlaid with delicate festoons of foliage, are samples of modern work which will bear comparison with that of olden days. The shape takes us insensibly back to the houses of our grandfathers and past on handsome Oriental anti-macassars. It is arranged in such a manner that little, if any, of the plain muslin ground appears, and we see only the exquisitely blended colours, with shimmerings of interwoven tinsels, and the result is rich and pleasing. The same work is applied to photo-frames and photo-screens.

Three-fold screens are made now of large dimensions; they hold two rows of cabinet portraits, one

HOW A BOUDOIR SHOULD BE ARRANGED.

grandmothers, where we looked at the old clock on the stairs that towered many feet above us with feelings akin to awe, and waited listening for the booming of its "forever—never! never—forever!"

Cases of the same form, but executed in embossed steel and brass, are very beautiful, but it must be confessed that they are not as suggestive of old times as the dark wooden casings, and consequently do not accord as well with the design.

That all the articles on the writing-table should be spruce is considered, if possible, of more importance than ever. Some of the latest novelties are blotters covered in antique Oriental embroidery: the same as that with which we have been familiar for some time above the other. Women who are clever with their fingers could easily make them, but they must be neatly done, and especial care would have to be taken in finishing off the fabric round the space left for the photo. A worn leather screen could enter on a second term of existence if so treated, and no one would guess but that it was the last new "thing."

Draping curtains is an art not to be learnt in a day. Some there are who seem intuitively to know just how the material should go that it may hang in graceful folds, and with a few seemingly careless touches the desired effect is gained; but all are not thus gifted. Artists spend hours, nay, even days, over the cast of the drapery for their figures; and we cannot think that

time spent on draping curtains well is time wasted, for it is attention to such minor particulars that goes far to secure the perfection of the whole interior.

Nothing is easier to manage than some of the artistic silks, which are so soft that they can be looped up, caught back, and festooned across without the slightest difficulty : indeed, an arrangement can hardly fail to be satisfactory when they are used. Another fabric which affords the heavier folds that are sometimes required is the printed velveteen, suitable for portières. Lovely bits of colouring may be introduced by its aid; warmth or depth of tone can be imparted to a cold or over-bright corner near which a door or window is situated, for to drape across either of these a length of reddish-tinted or peacock-green-hued velveteen is to gain harmony and repose.

Dhama muslin, Mysore silk, and fancy gauze will each lend themselves well to the ornamentation in various ways of an elegant boudoir, but they would be incongruous unless their surroundings were handsome and in keeping.

The flowers that are most used for boudoirs are small and delicate kinds, such as lilies of the valley, violets, clematis, jasmine, and forget-me-nots. Of the receptacles for these there is no end; we should advise chiefly the coloured glass bowls that are greatly in vogue. Gilded baskets, cornucopias, and lyres, the latter fitted with a basket in front to hold flowers, are all pretty and fashionable.

There are many little white china ornaments of fanciful form that look well on occasional tables, and tiny ferns last a long time in them, sending up vigorous fronds if kept sufficiently watered. Shells are again used for growing ferns ; holes being bored in the sides, three chains are passed through by which the shell is suspended in front of a window ; the larger sorts are best for this purpose, as the fern can then have plenty of mould, and it flourishes well.

We saw a lovely Japanese fern lately that would live in a warm room. The roots were apparently trained to form, as it were, a hanging basket with the mould enclosed ; above, the most delicate fronds spread out in rich luxuriance. But we were cautioned that this fern would not live in an atmosphere impregnated with gas. There are, however, few ladies we should imagine who would care to use gas in their boudoirs ; the light is not the most becoming that could be found, neither is it advisable to employ it where the decorations are expensive, for it soon soils the top of the walls and the ceiling.

Now that the choice in lamps is large, and the majority of them are extremely pretty, gas is at a discount for small apartments. Lamp-shades, too, are made in such a variety of ways, silk, lace, and ribbon all being brought into requisition to turn out some smart affair whereby the unbecoming glare of the light may be subdued, that it is but natural that ladies should have recourse to them, for they add to the picturesqueness of the rooms.

One of the prettiest fancies for illuminating boudoirs are the "fairy lights." Enclosed in luminous tinted or shaded glass, they produce a subdued light that is truly agreeable, and the accessories are so charming. They are fitted into a deep glass bowl, shaded from the palest pink up to glowing ruby; in this are set growing ferns, and out of the midst of the wreath of green rises an egg-shaped glass of the same tint. A silver bowl lined with gold replaces the glass one where the desire is to have all appointments of a costly description, but this, we consider, is best adapted to a dinner-table.

Much depends on the lighting up of an interior, and we recommend ladies to see to it that the power of the light is not in excess of what is needful, that it is well distributed over the room, and that the shades diffuse a becoming hue, and thus they will score one point of vast importance, as it influences to a great extent all their arrangements for making their boudoirs sights worth seeing.

THE OLDEST SONG.

I'LL sing you a song, 'tis the oldest on earth ;
It came down from heaven, the place of its birth ;
The birds through the air, as they bore it along,
First warbled the notes of that rapturous song.

Then its music was caught on the wings of the breeze
That whispered it low through the leaves of the trees,
Till they trembled and sighed as the strange song they hear
With the rustling of joy and the tremor of fear.

And all that had life on the earth, in the sea,
Re-echoed the notes of that sweet melody ;
With flower and fruit the glad world grew bright,
And the murmuring ocean laughed out in delight.

At last, in its holiest, heavenliest power,
It pierced the seclusion of Eden's fair bower,
And filled with a new, troublous joy from above
Two souls in that bower, and they called that song—
LOVE.

And still from that day, through all ages and climes,
That song which is old and yet new ever chimes ;
And so 'twill be sung until time shall be o'er,
When 'twill soar back to heaven to be sung evermore.

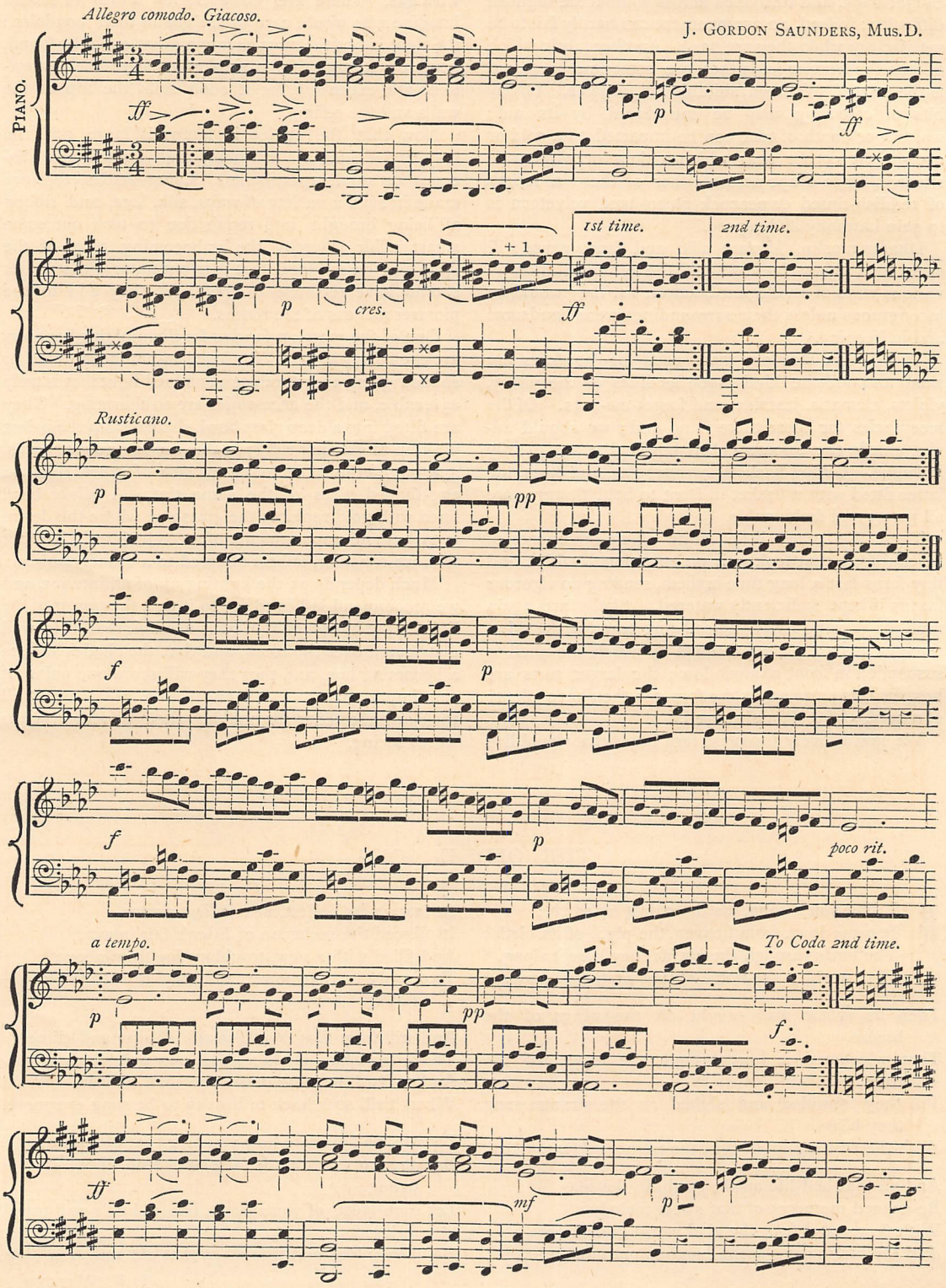
Beware, oh ! beware how you sing that old song ;
Breathe no note that is false, strike no chord that is wrong ;
Let each pulse of your heart, like a lute's well-tuned string,
Be harmonious and true when that old song you sing.

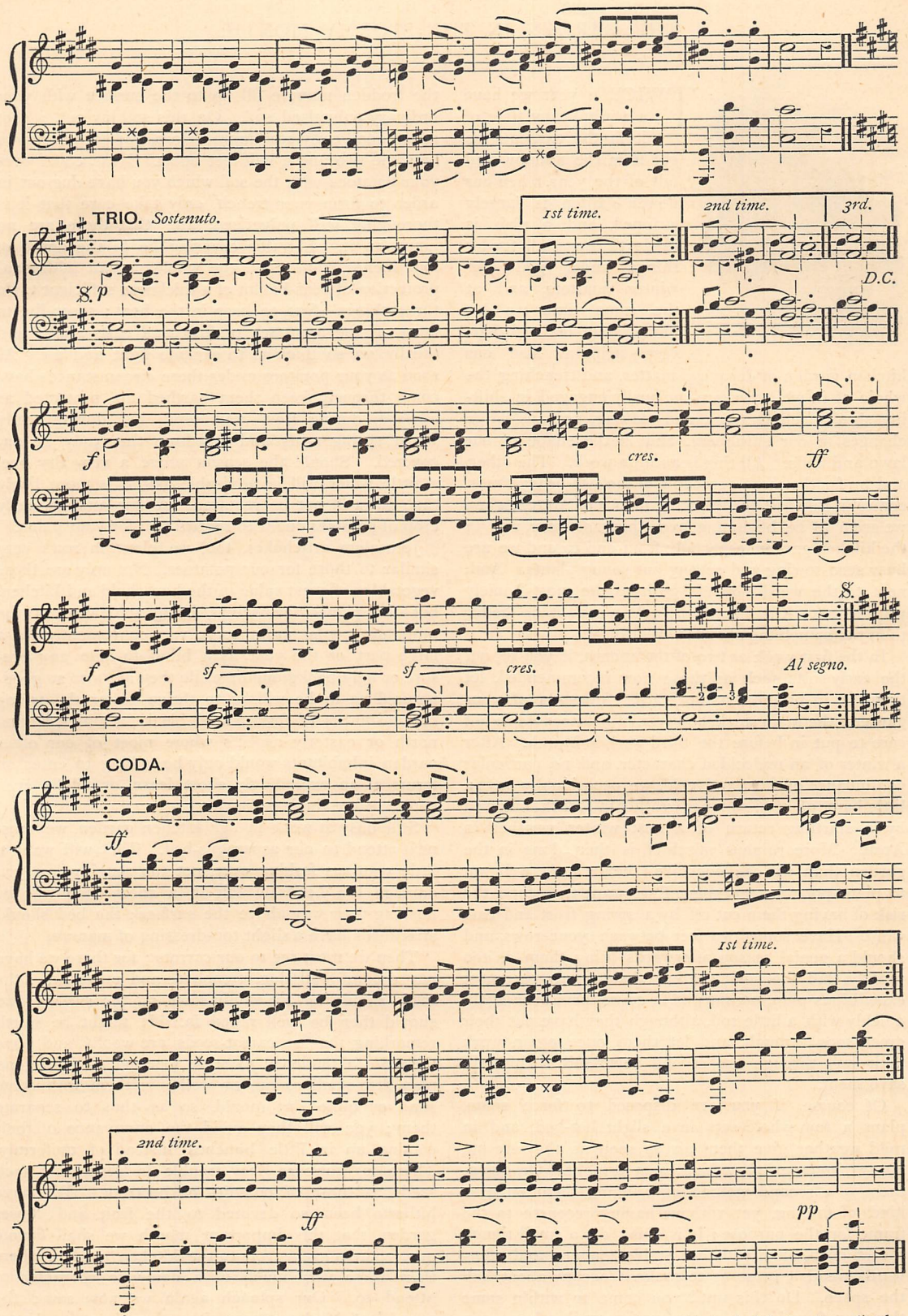
J. F. WALLER.

On the Village Green.

A RUSTIC SKETCH FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

J. GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus.D.





NOTE.—After the second part of Trio repeat the first part, playing the bar marked "3rd time" instead of the bar immediately preceding it.

THE GARDEN IN THE STORMY MONTH.

TWICE a year we have a really heavy time of it in the garden; we get it in the autumn and fall of the year, when our flower garden is largely stripped, and a rush is made to house all tender things under glass for winter quarters, and at the same time we are having our orchard harvest, stripping also our kitchen garden of decaying matter, and trenching the whole of it, while we are as busily engaged in shifting shrubs, felling trees, and making, perhaps, large changes in our shrubbery, and in the shape of our lawn and beds. All this is autumn work. The other, and by far the more agreeable of the two heavy times, comes in this first really spring month of March, when we seem to be beginning everything *de novo*, and in the kitchen garden especially from end to end we are busy seed-sowing and setting out young plants. And, next to the word "bread," perhaps the most homely word akin to it is "potatoes." We cannot do better than say something about them at once.

In the first week or two of the month, if you set out the early sorts such as those now recommended, let them be in proportionately warmer quarters of your garden: the main stock, however, of potatoes we do not care to put in before the third week in March. After a winter of an undecided character, and no particular continuance of frost and cold, we occasionally have a little burst of semi-summer weather in March, followed by a startling return of almost winter weather in April. More ruinous mischief is then done in the garden than we can conceive; hence it is well not to plant potatoes too soon, if we want to escape the risk of having them cut off by a spring frost and east wind. Have some two feet between your rows, and should a genial season afterwards bring them on too rapidly, and the cold weather then return, the most expeditious plan, perhaps, is to cover them over again quickly with a little soil, although they have put their green tops through, and let them once again work their way through the second super-soil. This will save them.

Of course, if you are disposed to force some, plant a few whole sets in a slight hot-bed, and in mild weather give them air as soon as they are up, always, however, protecting them at night. Or, again, there is a second method of bringing them on by a kind of forcing, yet without having recourse to the frame for the purpose; it is this: dig a small trench a foot deep, fill it with hot stable manure, and afterwards tread it in so as to make it occupy about half the space. Do this until you come to within some three or four inches of the surface soil, when upon the trodden manure fill up to the surface with your ordinary pulverised soil. On this soil lay out, a foot apart, good early seedling potatoes, and let your rows be some two and a half feet apart. Next, cover over your potatoes with the soil which you have dug out in order to form your trench, only take care that it is thoroughly well pulverised, and that there are no lumps in it. Let this covering be to the depth of four inches, while upon the whole put an additional protection of peas-haulm of a thickness sufficient to do three things—first, to keep in the heat; secondly, to keep off the approach of frost and east wind; and thirdly, *not* so thick as to exclude light and air. As soon as your potatoes under these circumstances have come through, keep them earthed up, protected as advised, during frost and wind, but during really warm spring rains and sunshine they may be uncovered. Should the season prove a very dry one, a little water will be advisable, but it is more likely that this will not be required. A fair and an early crop of potatoes ought to reward you for your pains.

Jerusalem artichokes, too, we plant in rows very similar to those for our potatoes. Not only are these vegetables of great value in the household and kitchen, but the plants themselves, being somewhat of the miniature poplar order, serve very conveniently, for a large part of the year, as a blind to hide any eyesore or ugly background; while they are also so good-natured as to be willing to thrive under the trying circumstances of forlorn and bleak localities, having north or easterly aspects where most of our other garden inhabitants would only be willing to enter on terms of an exceedingly short lease, or might even expire before the lease itself.

Still busy at work in our kitchen garden, we must next attend to our asparagus-bed. This will want a little cautious forking over, not too roughly, lest you damage the heads, which in a short time will be pushing their way above the surface; the bed should afterwards have a slight top-dressing of manure.

Then we must see to our carrots; for these we have our ground well dug, trenched, and pulverised: the seeds should be but thinly sown on the surface, and should then be well raked in. It might be worth remarking that as carrot-seeds are woolly, and have therefore a tendency to stick together, it is a good plan first of all to rub or well mix them with some sand or quite dry mould, so as thus to separate them; you will then avoid the annoyance of their coming up in little bunches instead of uniformly. There is, however, less trouble in separating such seeds as those of parsnip or beetroot. We have hitherto been so devoted to the fruit and flower garden, that this important month we shall devote our remarks exclusively to the kitchen garden, where there is so very much of a domestic character to attend to. Our spinach again we now sow; the round-leaf kind we sow either broadcast or, better

perhaps, in drills; these drills should be a foot apart, nor should we sow thickly in the drills. So much seed is often wasted by this unnecessary habit of cramming, and half choking our drills with seed. Each spinach plant must eventually be some six inches from its neighbour, but it is a good plan to draw the spinach when quite young, as soon as it is at all fit to pull whole for kitchen use; indeed, the smaller they are the more delicate they are to eat. Our old crop of winter spinach is, perhaps, this month still furnishing a supply. Keep it clear of weeds, and pick only the larger leaves for use.

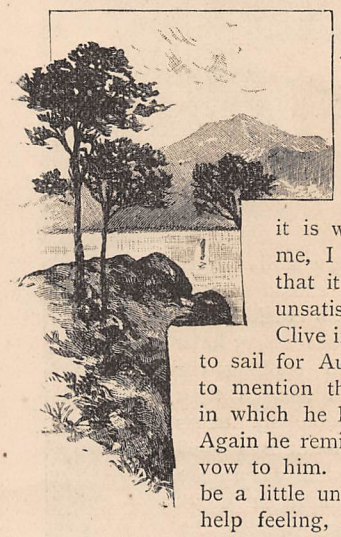
All the early kinds of broccoli may be sown now, and if in a warm situation, you may sow also some celery seed; but if you have a cold frame, a declining hot-bed, or a hand-glass, the celery will do better in that.

A STEP IN THE DARK.

By KATE EYRE.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

IN WHICH LADY VANE TRIES TO ENFORCE HER AUTHORITY.



A FEW days after Clive's unexpected visit, I receive my first letter from him. It is dated from Southampton, and although even the very paper on which it is written is precious to me, I am forced to admit that it is a short and rather unsatisfactory epistle. In it Clive informs me he is about to sail for Auckland, but he omits to mention the name of the vessel in which he has taken his passage. Again he reminds me of my solemn vow to him. This seems to me to be a little unnecessary; nor can I help feeling, now I am alone and can think matters over calmly, that the whole arrangement is rather one-sided. I have bound myself for ever to a man whom I may possibly never see or hear of again, leaving him altogether free. But the next moment I am reproaching myself for my unworthy thoughts of one whom I still love dearly. I say still, because now that the first outburst of joy at seeing Clive so unexpectedly has worn off, I do not feel as if that last interview has deepened my love for him. From the first his presence exercised a strange fascination over me; I am, therefore, not in the least surprised I gave myself away so unreservedly; nevertheless I am already waking up to the folly of that unconditional surrender. After all, would it not have been better to have acceded to Clive's earnest request by becoming his wife? Should I not then have felt that he too was bound, and that therefore our reunion at some future date was assured?

But again I try to put all such thoughts away from me; for do they not augur want of confidence in the man to whom I have so willingly resigned myself? Ah, that is just it! Ever since Clive and I first met, I have at times had such terrible misgivings about him, misgivings which nothing but the spell his presence always throws over me could dissipate. Now, however, that I can no longer look forward to the delight of having him at hand to set my fears at rest, I must try my hardest to put them aside. Come what may, I will never break my vow, even although I may have bound myself for life to one who will never come to claim the fulfilment of my promise. And should this be the case, all hope of happiness need not be quite over for me. True, I can never form any other tie. Still in the by-gone days, when I was content to dream of an ideal husband, I was fully prepared to live unmated because I thought it so improbable I should ever meet my hero in the flesh. Why therefore should the fact that I may now be forced to celibacy because of my fetters, be to me the cause of greater unhappiness than the prospect of living a single life from choice?

* * * * * *

Four years pass; and Clive Aspinell gives no sign. True, I bade him not write to me, preferring to pledge myself and leave him free; still I hardly expected him to take me at my word.

His silence has to a certain extent taught me forgetfulness. I do not think I expect ever to see him again; I am not certain I even wish to do so. I still wear, underneath my dress, the locket with the register of my vow enclosed in it. No eyes but mine have ever rested on Clive's gift to me since the day when he fastened it round my neck. Nor have I ever entrusted my secret to any one. I still hold myself bound to keep my promise should its fulfilment ever be required of me; but I have grown to think of my connection with Clive Aspinell as a foolish episode in my life, that I would fain ignore, if I could.

I feel I am lingering too long over this part of my story—that, having so much more to tell, it behoves me to be hurrying on. And yet it is necessary to dwell for a time on the gradual change my mind has undergone in reference to the false step that is destined to overshadow so many of what should be my brightest years: how, from feeling I have hopelessly ruined the whole of my career, I grow to think of my past folly as over and done with—as an act of weakness, which I must ever deplore, but which has no particular connection with my present life.

I have never again been to Brighton, a little persuasion on my part having induced Lady Vane to spend each Christmas in Eastbourne, so that I have been spared the pain of an annual visit to Albany House.

Thus the remembrance of the past is rapidly fading from my mind, and once more my life bids fair to become peaceful if not altogether happy, when an event occurs which proves that I am not destined to escape from the evil effects of my folly.

What I am now about to tell, came to pass much more gradually than I have time to describe. It was two years after that fatal visit to Brighton that I first met Robert—otherwise Dr.—Birt. His father, James Birt, had also been a doctor, and was at one time engaged to Patty Floyd, the present Lady Vane. Their engagement was only one of the many instances on record in which the course of true love did not run smooth. They parted. James Birt remained a bachelor for years; Patty Floyd married William Vane within a few months. Eventually James Birt also married, and had one son—Robert. His marriage, however, took place long after Lady Vane had

"LADY VANE GETS UP FROM HER SEAT, AND CLUTCHING HOLD OF HER STICK, BEGINS WALKING UP AND DOWN THE ROOM" (*p.* 228).

lost sight of him. It would be difficult to imagine a woman, whose outward bearing gave less promise of sentiment than did Lady Vane's. Nevertheless, through an unusually long life, many years of which were spent in wedlock, her ladyship never forgot the lover of her youth. Not that I wish it to be understood, for a moment, she was a faithless wife. On the contrary, I believe William Vane never had cause to regret the day he married Martha Floyd; nor would he probably have ever been so successful had his wife been less shrewd and ready to help him at every turn.

But when Sir William had long slept the sleep of the just, Lady Vane's thoughts reverted to the days of her youth: and she would describe James Birt to me, telling me over and over again, with almost a pathetic ring in her gruff old voice, of the misunderstanding that parted them. Woman-like, I loved to listen to the romantic story, and I conjured up quite a hero answering to the name of James Birt, M.D.

Therefore when Lady Vane met Dr. Robert Birt at a friend's house one evening, and discovered he was the only son of her old flame, she was delighted beyond measure; while I was thoroughly prepared to like James Birt's son.

Not but what Robert Birt quite deserved to be liked on his own merits, as I soon discovered.

He was a man of about eight-and-thirty, and if, as Lady Vane declared, he was the exact image of his father, all I can say is, his father must have been a very *nice-looking* man. Handsome the son could not possibly be called. He was rather above the middle height, and very broad-shouldered; was inclined to be fair, his hair being light brown. Already it was getting thin, and was noticeably streaked with grey. His features were regular, but his face was much lined, especially round the mouth, so that his expression was almost stern, his keen grey eyes seeming to read one's innermost thoughts. When he spoke, however, his features relaxed, and one felt irresistibly drawn towards him. In his habits, he was a thorough old bachelor, neat and methodical to a degree, and devoted to his dog Turk—who, by-the-by, was much maligned by his name.

In his profession, Dr. Birt was tolerably successful. He had a large practice, and one that would probably have proved lucrative, had he cared to have made it so. He was, however, very charitable in an unostentatious way, and worked too much amongst the poor for his income to be in proportion to his practice. As he was a man of simple tastes, and one who cared but little for money for its own sake, this did not probably trouble him much.

His house was within half an hour's walk of Lady Vane's, and her ladyship was in consequence able to see a good deal of her favourite. He would drop in of a morning while going his rounds, and brighten us up for a quarter of an hour. He could seldom stay longer. By degrees he came to speak of his patients

—although he was, as a rule, rather reticent about his profession—mentioning in a casual way cases of distress which had come under his notice. On these occasions Lady Vane had generally something bitter to say about people never coming to want unless they richly deserved their fate. It was no uncommon occurrence, however, for her ladyship to send me to ascertain how much truth there was in those stories of misfortune, which she professed so entirely to disbelieve; and it was seldom, indeed, she let me go empty-handed.

In this way I heard a great deal about Dr. Birt, the poor people never seeming to tire of ringing his praises. Not only did he do his best to restore their bodies to health, but in many cases he gave them sound advice and even more substantial help in their daily lives.

I was careful to repeat all I heard about him to Lady Vane; and although she always made a point of declaring he was a fool for his pains, and that he might have become a celebrated physician had he but made a proper use of his talents, I believe in her heart the erratic old lady liked him all the better for his goodness. I am quite sure her humble companion did.

Dr. Birt from the first appeared to thoroughly understand Lady Vane. He was a man of great discernment, and not for one moment was he deceived by her ladyship's brusque manner into believing she was as cynical and hard-hearted as she professed to be. He evidently liked her, and in his singleness of purpose, he did not hesitate to show his partiality for the rich old woman. I really do not believe it ever occurred to him that others might question his disinterestedness.

Thus matters have gone on for two years. Then a most unlooked-for event happens.

I have been out shopping, and on my return I show Lady Vane my purchases. To my surprise, her ladyship does not insist I have been most shamefully taken in with her usual energy.

"There, that will do, Adrianne. Run and take your bonnet off quickly. I want to speak to you.

"Who do you think has been here this afternoon?" asks her ladyship as soon as I return.

A vague, uncomfortable feeling now takes possession of me.

"Why, Dr. Birt, to be sure," says Lady Vane in answer to her own question, as if the doctor's coming were a most unlooked-for event. "Now, can you guess what he came about, Adrianne?"

"No," I reply, and I am aware how unnatural my voice sounds.

"Why, he came about you, child; he wants you to be his wife."

Lady Vane's announcement simply terrifies me. The possibility of Dr. Birt wishing to make me his wife is a danger that has never occurred to me. On the one hand, the knowledge of my own fettered condition has entirely excluded all thoughts of matrimony from my mind, while on the other, I have always viewed the doctor in the light of a confirmed bachelor. I have, therefore, allowed myself to thoroughly enjoy his companionship, without giving a thought to the consequences.

Now Dr. Birt's offer—announced by Lady Vane with such confidence that I cannot doubt her ladyship both wishes and expects me to receive it graciously—quite takes my breath away. There is but one course open to me—prompt refusal. I am hesitating how to word that refusal, when Lady Vane exclaims—

"Well, to be sure, Adrianne, have you nothing to say to Dr. Birt's offer? One might suppose you were in the habit of receiving eligible offers of marriage every day in the week to judge by your manner."

"On the contrary, Lady Vane, I am deeply impressed with a sense of the honour Dr. Birt has conferred on me."

"And with reason. It isn't every girl in your position has an opportunity of marrying a man like Robert Birt. Why, he might have made a name for himself by this time if he had only looked after his own interests a little more, and those of others a little less."

"Any woman, be her position what it may, has reason to congratulate herself if she marries an honest, God-fearing man," I reply, with some dignity.

"Well, I am glad you have sense enough to acknowledge that. Now, what am I to tell the doctor? Am I to bid him to plead his own cause?"

"Oh, no, no, Lady Vane; not that!"

"Eh, what? I don't understand you."

"Tell Dr. Birt I am deeply grateful to him for the honour he has done me. Tell him I like and respect him more than any man I have ever met; but that I can never, under any circumstances, be his wife."

"Are you going out of your mind, Adrianne Temple? Do you actually mean to tell me you can for one moment contemplate being such a fool as to refuse Robert Birt?"

"Dear Lady Vane, think me foolish—mad—what you will; but for pity's sake take my answer as final, and let the subject be not so much as named between us in future."

Lady Vane gets up from her seat, and, clutching hold of her stick, begins walking up and down the room. Presently she stops in front of me.

"Now, Adrianne, tell me plainly why you are showing all this obstinacy. Is it because you think Robert Birt should have come to you first instead of to me?"

"No, indeed, Lady Vane, it is not that."

"Because," continues her ladyship, without taking any notice of my reply, "if you think that, you are making a great mistake. A man, who means to act honourably by a woman, is always anxious that her relatives—or those who stand to her in the place of relatives—should know he is desirous of making her his wife before he ventures to address her on the subject. To my mind, Romeo would better have deserved his reputation as a hero of romance if he had had the pluck to go straight to Juliet's father, instead of cutting capers under the young woman's window at

an hour when all decent people should have been in bed and asleep. It seems to me as if girls, now-a-days, hadn't the sense to distinguish between good-for-nothing young scamps, who pay them pretty, worthless compliments, and honest men, who are anxious to watch over them for the remainder of their lives, unless it be to prefer the former."

Lady Vane's remarks come home to me with terrible force. For one moment I hesitate, feeling half inclined to tell her ladyship how one who in my heart I fear was a good-for-nothing scamp did pay me pretty, worthless compliments, and afterwards left me stranded. But I have kept my secret for so long I have not the courage to divulge it now.

"'IT IS NO FAULT OF YOURS, DR. BIRT'" (*p.* 231).

"It would have made no difference if Dr. Birt had come direct to me, Lady Vane; my answer must have been the same either way."

Lady Vane is silent for a few minutes. When she does speak, her manner is, for her, so gentle, that I know she must be making stupendous efforts to exercise self-control.

"You have been with me seven years now, Adrianne. During that time I have had no fault to find with you; you have borne patiently with an old woman's whims and fancies, and the old woman is not ungrateful to you."

Her ladyship pauses for a moment, as if she were doubtful how to go on. I feel my eyes are filling with tears.

"Oh, Lady Vane, the debt of gratitude is all on my side! You have always been good to me, and have repaid me over and over again for the little I have ever been able to do for you."

"Tush! tush! child. I don't want to have my epitaph composed before I'm dead. You've sent what I was going to say clean out of my head."

"Dear Lady Vane, say no more now. Indeed, I cannot please you in this one particular."

"And why not? I suppose even you are not mad enough to refuse such an offer without rhyme or reason."

"I do not love Dr. Birt as a woman should love the man she marries," I reply, in a low tone.

"Stuff and nonsense! I'd give you one month of married life with Dr. Birt, and you would be ready to scratch any one's eyes out who denied he was the best husband in England."

"I am not denying his goodness, Lady Vane."

"I suppose you've been reading some of those stupid, sensational novels, all love and thunder. No one wants to hurry you, Adrianne. I don't expect Dr. Birt means to have the banns published next Sunday. You just think it all quietly over, and you'll soon get reconciled to the idea, and believe yourself the luckiest girl in England into the bargain. And there's another little matter I should like to mention. You and Robert Birt are the only two persons I care a straw for in the wide world. The day must come when I shall have to go a long journey and leave my luggage behind me. Now you can make what you like of those last two remarks. Only promise me you will think Robert Birt's offer over, and if you arrive at a sensible decision, you shall never have cause to regret having done so."

I would fain fall in with the suggestion to take a little time to think the matter over, only I know that to do so would only be to put off the evil day.

"Dear Lady Vane, I would do anything in the

world but this one thing to please you. It is no use for me to take time for consideration, when I am quite certain no amount of consideration could possibly alter my decision. It grieves me more than I can tell to be compelled to oppose your wishes in this matter; but still I can but do as my conscience bids me, be the consequences what they may."

"If you are not enough to try the patience of a saint! But I am not going to get out of temper with you. This day week you shall tell me whether or not it is possible for you to become Robert Birt's wife. Until then I will not listen to anything you may have to say about the matter. I may as well tell you, however, that after this day week you remain with me as Dr. Birt's promised wife, and joint heir with him to my property, or else you leave me, never to return. I will brook no opposition from a dependent."

Then Lady Vane leaves the room.

My position is certainly an unenviable one. To accede to her ladyship's wishes is utterly impossible. To explain to her my position is a course from which I shrink with aversion. Nor does my conscience tell me there is any necessity for such an explanation. That Lady Vane should endeavour to force me to marry a man, however good, when I have distinctly stated my disinclination to do so, seems to me most arbitrary. True, she holds out great inducements, and is, without doubt, anxious to promote my welfare. Still, in the matter of marriage, a young woman should, according to my way of thinking, be allowed to decide for herself. I have decided against Dr. Birt, and there, I think, the affair should end. I tell myself my decision would have been the same had I been unfettered. That I like, esteem—nay, almost reverence—Dr. Birt; that there is no one in the world whose daily life is nearer my ideal of what human existence should be than is his; but that under no circumstances should I ever have loved him as a woman ought to love the man she marries. It is difficult, however, to know how far our feelings would remain the same were our circumstances changed.

During the ensuing week Lady Vane is unusually kind, forcing various little presents on me, which I would fain refuse, knowing what is expected from me in return.

As the day on which her ladyship intends again asking me for my decision draws near, I wonder whether she will keep her threat of dismissing me in the event of my so-called obstinacy remaining. Judging by what seven years' close companionship has taught me respecting her character, I am inclined to think she will. I shall then be homeless and friendless again, a dreary prospect, from which one who has been kindly treated for so long may well shrink. Then I turn my thoughts to my future in the event of Lady Vane keeping her word, and try to arrive at a decision as to what I shall do, hoping all the time her ladyship will think better of her threat.

I feel that to meet Dr. Birt under existing circumstances would be very embarrassing. Each day the dread of seeing him haunts me. He does not call, however; and I am careful not to go where I am likely to meet him.

Thus the week Lady Vane insisted upon giving me for quiet thought, is far from a happy one. So unsettled have I felt, that it is with almost a feeling of relief I descend to breakfast on the day when her ladyship will again ask me for my decision.

All breakfast-time not a word bearing on the all-important subject is said. Then we retire, as usual, to the study. Taking up the *Times*, I am about to start on the leading articles, when her ladyship interrupts me.

"Put the paper down, Adrianne; there is something I wish to discuss that is of far deeper interest to me than political squabbles. You know what day it is?"

"Yes, Lady Vane."

"Well?"

I remain silent a moment, trying to put my refusal into suitable words.

"Have you nothing to tell me, Adrianne?"

"Nothing that your ladyship will care to hear."

"Your decision is final?"

"Quite."

In accordance with her usual practice when irritated, Lady Vane commences pacing the room. After a few minutes she addresses me.

"Adrianne Temple, I have loved you as I never thought to again love a fellow-creature; nevertheless, I will send you from me, and forget you as if I had never seen your false face. You can stay here, in this house, for one calendar month, dating from to-day, but do not dare to come into my presence during that time. When you leave me, I will cause your salary to be paid to you up to date, with a further sum of ten pounds. Should you require a reference from me, I will give you one. In all things I will be just. Now leave me."

"You have an undoubted right to dismiss me, Lady Vane, if you think fit. I, therefore, accept my dismissal, with regret certainly, but acknowledging at the same time that I have no just cause of complaint. My month's notice, my salary up to date, and a reference from your ladyship, I will take as my due; but I would rather die of starvation than accept that further sum of ten pounds, which you seem to think you are at liberty to offer to one in so humble a position as myself."

Then I leave the room, indignation getting the better of every other feeling.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

I HAVE AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. BIRT.

ON gaining my room I sit down to think over my position. I cannot help feeling I have been treated with gross injustice. Of course Lady Vane has a right to dismiss her companion; but that she should dismiss her companion because that companion will not marry in accordance with her ladyship's wishes, seems to me to be simply tyrannical. And then to forbid me her presence, and to offer me ten pounds! My cheeks burn with anger as I think of it all. Surely

I must have brought it on myself in some way; my manner from the beginning must have been servile, or else her ladyship would not have dared to heap such indignities on me. In replying to Lady Vane, I said I would accept that which I considered my due; nevertheless, I will dispense with the month's notice and the reference if I can possibly manage to do so.

I am turning my prospects over in my mind when I hear a tap at my door. On opening it the parlour-maid hands me in one of Dr. Birt's cards, with a few words pencilled on the back: "Will you come down and speak to me? I do not like leaving without having seen you." I hesitate. An interview with the doctor is, at the present moment, the last thing I should have desired; nevertheless, I am aware he is in no way to blame for the discomfort I am now suffering, and when a gentleman has so far honoured a lady as to ask her to be his wife, I think the lady should consent to see the gentleman if he requests her presence.

Having arrived at this decision, I descend to the drawing-room, where the doctor is awaiting me.

"How do you do, Dr. Birt?" I advance towards him, holding out my hand, having tried to speak in my usual tone of voice.

"Thank you, Adrianne, for coming to me; not but what I fully expected you would do so."

The doctor does not attempt to shake hands, nor does he make any reply to my salutation. He is evidently agitated.

"I am distressed beyond measure by what Lady Vane tells me, Adrianne."

"It is no fault of yours, Dr. Birt."

"No, I do not think it is. But that is neither here nor there. Is it true that you really intend leaving here?"

"It is quite true that Lady Vane intends me to leave."

"Is not a reconciliation possible?"

"I fear not. At all events, after what her ladyship said to me this morning, I shall not ask her to reconsider her decision."

"She is very old, Adrianne; and, in spite of anything she may have said to you, I think there is no doubt she loves you."

"I believe she does. All the same, she has no right to speak to me as she did because—because—"

"Because you cannot bring yourself to think of me as your future husband. No, Adrianne, her ladyship is certainly not justified in trying to force you into a marriage which would be distasteful to you. Then you really are about to leave?"

"Yes."

"You will return, should her ladyship wish it?"

"Yes, if Lady Vane ever asks me to return, I will do so. I think I owe her as much as that in consideration of the kindness she has, up till now, always shown me."

"Do you purpose seeking another engagement as companion?"

"No, I think not."

"May I inquire what you think of doing then? I need hardly tell you the matter is one of great moment to me."

"I shall offer myself to Mrs. Ridley. She is, I know, in want of an assistant, and I think I could meet her requirements."

This Mrs. Ridley is a lady in reduced circumstances, who has for some years been keeping herself tolerably comfortably by doing a peculiar kind of fancy-work for West-End houses. I first became acquainted with her through Dr. Birt.

"Yes; Mrs. Ridley would doubtless be pleased to have you; while you would, I think, be happy with her. I cannot believe, however, her ladyship will allow you to remain away from her for very long."

"Lady Vane has a very strong will."

"Yes, indeed. And now, Adrianne, may I speak of myself?"

"I cannot refuse to listen to anything you may have to say to me, Dr. Birt."

"First of all, then, let me assure you that when I asked Lady Vane's permission to address you, I did not anticipate her ladyship would be so anxious for you to accept my offer. Had I known as much then as I do now, I should have ventured to address you personally, in preference to broaching the subject to Lady Vane."

"I quite understand that, Dr. Birt."

"And now, Adrianne, you must let me explain my feelings towards you. I want you to understand how inexpressibly dear you are to me. Although I am forty years old, you are the first woman I have ever asked to be my wife, the only woman I have ever loved. I will not say life will not be worth living if I have to relinquish all hope of winning you; but I do say most earnestly that it will henceforth seem incomplete and very desolate without you. Is there no hope that I may some day win a slight return for the great love I bear you?"

"None—none. For your sake and for mine, put aside once and for ever all thought of making me your wife."

"I cannot promise to do that. To the last day of my life I shall yearn for you."

"I have valued your friendship so much, Dr. Birt, that I long to retain it, even while I tell you my love can never be yours."

"Shall I be less your friend, child, because I am, and always must be, your lover?"

"How can I treat you as a friend, when I know you want from me something more than I can give?"

"My outward bearing shall be that of a friend only, since you wish it. No further word of my love for you shall escape me, unless you yourself give me permission to speak."

"That I can never do."

"If I am never to be blessed by your love, I must try to live my disappointment down as best I may. But I cannot help hoping the day may come when you may be glad to remember that, rich or poor, young or old, you must always be the one dear woman in all the world to me."

Dr. Birt holds both my hands for a moment as he

utters these last words. Then, with a hurried "Good-bye, dear," he drops them suddenly, and I am left alone. As I listen to his retreating footsteps, do I feel any regret that I must say him nay? I can hardly tell, only I know that my hot tears are falling, and I am very wretched.

After having been treated more as a daughter than a dependent for so long, I find it impossible to leave without many a pang. I also feel really anxious on Lady Vane's account; for I have received too many proofs of her kindliness towards me in the past, to believe her capable of dismissing me without regret.

"MRS. RIDLEY AND I TAKE IT IN TURNS TO GO OUT TO MATCH SATINS" (*p.* 233).

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

LADY VANE VISITS HOPE COTTAGE.

As I anticipated, Mrs. Ridley is willing to receive me. Two days suffice to make the necessary arrangements, and the third day after my stormy interview with Lady Vane I begin my new life.

Although Lady Vane has forbidden me her presence, I so far conquer my pride as to send in a message to her ladyship, informing her of my intended departure, and asking if she desires to see me before I leave. For reply, Lady Vane sends back word that my movements are nothing to her; and I, therefore, come away without seeing her ladyship.

Mrs. Ridley is a dear little woman. She receives me very warmly, conducting me to the tiny bedroom which has been prepared for me, and removing my wraps with her own hands. She is one of those intelligent women able to get inside the minds of others. She knows full well I am feeling depressed, so she sets herself the task of brightening me up.

"Now I will leave you for a few minutes, dear, while I run down and make the tea. We shall have to get to work soon, for I am dreadfully busy; but we will have a chat over our muffins first."

"I am afraid I am hindering you, Mrs. Ridley.

You must not let me do that, or else I shall prove but a poor assistant."

"I am not a bit afraid of that, dear; I am only too glad to have you with me. I might have searched London over, and I should not have found any one so likely to suit me as you are. I assure you, my dear, it's quite astonishing what wretched taste and bungling fingers half the women have."

Mrs. Ridley's work consists principally in making valentines for the West-End houses. Not those paper atrocities which figure so conspicuously in the stationers' shops during the month of February, but tasteful love-tokens supposed to come straight from Paris, and worth from one to ten guineas each. Only those behind the scenes can have any idea of the magnitude of the undertaking. The whole year is taken up in preparing for St. Valentine's Day, with the exception of a few weeks devoted to the manufacture of silk music-rolls, bank-note cases, sachets, scent-bags, &c. Each valentine is made on a cardboard foundation, covered over with delicately tinted satin; choice powdered perfume being embedded in wadding between the satin and cardboard. Then it is trimmed with lace, and fine silk cord, the corners being ornamented with hand-painted figures; a skilfully mounted bunch of the most exquisite artificial flowers is then placed in the centre to hide an elastic band, fastened underneath for the purpose of secreting a fan, scent-bottle, card-case, or other suitable present.

I seem to have come into a new world as I sip my tea within sight of rows of tins containing powdered perfumes; large rolls of satin and wadding; boxes of unmounted flowers, just received from Paris; bundles of silk cord, and quantities of lace-edged paper leaves. These last are to be neatly gummed at the backs of the valentines. I half sigh as I imagine the many fond, foolish love-messages which will be written on those leaves, and the various emotions with which such superb love-offerings will probably be received. Perhaps, after all, it will not fall to the share of any one of them to give as much delight as may some simple little paper valentine, selected by an impecunious lover, and valuable only by reason of the sentiments it conveys.

My present life differs entirely from that to which I have hitherto been accustomed. Everything is on such a small scale—with the exception of the work—Hope Cottage being a tiny house, and Susan the smallest and neatest of general servants. We work very hard indeed, beginning at eight o'clock in the morning, and seldom leaving off before ten o'clock at night. Mrs. Ridley and I take it in turns to go out to match satins, &c., and to take the completed work back to the West-End houses, Susan being always in attendance to carry parcels. This makes a little break, otherwise the confinement would probably affect my health.

On the whole, I think I am as happy as I have ever been in my life, with the exception of the time when first Clive Aspinell crossed my path. Mrs. Ridley is such a thoroughly "livable-with" person, so bright, energetic, and sweet-tempered. She is a talkative little woman, her tongue going almost as fast as her needle; but still she never bores me. She tells me of her only child, a boy of twelve, who is now at boarding school; but instead of dwelling at great length on his virtues, she gives me amusing accounts of his boyish pranks, and relates funny stories connected with his school life. Her annual visit to Paris, which she undertakes at the expense of a West-End house, in order to bring back fresh designs for each year's valentines, furnishes her with an inexhaustible source of conversation. Here again she manages to tell me just what I like to hear about, omitting all prosy details.

Then, busy as we are, we occasionally enjoy a little recreation. In the first place, there is Sunday. I have never before realised all that Sunday means to those who work hard through the week. The delicious extra hour in bed in the morning, made doubly welcome by the fatigue resulting from the pressure on Saturday night; the satisfaction of being able to put on a becoming dress without fear of its getting covered with small particles from the wadding; the pleasant dawdling over breakfast, the peaceful morning service in the old parish church, the thorough enjoyment of the afternoon's reading; the early tea, and expedition to hear some celebrated preacher in the evening. Blissful days, all too long in coming, all too short in passing.

Not that Sundays are quite the only days when we rest awhile from our labours. Now and again we enjoy an evening out. On these rare occasions we generally go to a ballad concert, conducted thither by Dr. Birt. The doctor thoroughly believes in the dulness resulting from all work and no play, and is careful not to allow us an opportunity of testing the truth of the old proverb. That these evenings are thoroughly enjoyable from the moment when we hear the doctor's brougham stop at our door to the time when he puts us down again at Hope Cottage, I need not add.

Speaking of these concerts reminds me that I have not yet said anything about Dr. Birt's visits to Mrs. Ridley since I have been living with her. Of course he knew her well before I came, and was in the habit of occasionally dropping in to see her as he went his rounds, much in the same way as he used to call on Lady Vane. When first I took up my quarters at Hope Cottage, I wondered whether he would keep his promise of remaining on friendly terms with me sufficiently to continue his visits there. My doubts on this point were set at rest on the second day after my arrival, and ever since then the doctor has called at least twice a week with unfailing regularity. Mrs. Ridley is not slow to notice the frequency of his visits, and although his manner towards me is no more than that of a friend, she openly declares I must be the magnet which is attracting him. Again and again, I assure her that he only comes to bring me tidings of Lady Vane; but I fear my protestations do not cause her to change her opinion. I have never entered into particulars concerning Lady Vane's

reasons for dismissing me, so that Mrs. Ridley has really no excuse whatever for coupling the doctor's name with mine. Like most amiable women, I am afraid she is a little bit of a match-maker. If she could only know how ineffectual her efforts must of necessity be in this instance, she would cease to pain me by alluding to Dr. Birt as a possible admirer of mine.

Dr. Birt's accounts of Lady Vane are far from satisfactory. Edith Melgrove, Mrs. Melgrove's second daughter, is in my place in attendance upon her ladyship. From all I can gather, I think Miss Melgrove must be having a very bad time of it. I know so well how trying Lady Vane can be when she is out of humour and, according to the doctor, her ladyship has never been in a good temper since I left. I should not mind so much if this were all; but Dr. Birt says he is afraid the poor old lady is breaking, and though, as she is nearly ninety, this is no more than is to be expected, to hear such an opinion from a medical man gives me a great shock. I should worry about it even more than I do, were it not that we are getting so very busy as St. Valentine's Day draws near, that really I seem hardly to have time to think at all.

In addition to several dozens of valentines which must be ready by the 1st of February, an unexpected order comes in for twenty sachets to be made in the colours of a West-End club. Mixing three colours necessitates joining the satin before it is quilted, and adds greatly to the work in the sachets. As a rule we are glad to get an order of this kind, as we are always well paid for anything out of the common. Just now, however, we are already overwhelmed with work, and it is only the fear lest we might lose similar orders in the future, that induces us to undertake this one.

Each time I see Dr. Birt he gives me a less and less hopeful account of Lady Vane.

"Really," he says, at length, "I think you ought to return, Adrianne."

"I cannot do that, Dr. Birt, unless her ladyship asks me," I reply. "Besides, Miss Melgrove is there now."

"I fancy Lady Vane would make short work of her great-niece were you to appear upon the scene."

"I certainly shall not appear upon the scene unless I am specially asked to do so."

"But you would return if Lady Vane were to express a wish you should do so?"

"Yes, if she expressed her wish to me. That is, as soon as I could be spared. Of course, I could not leave Mrs. Ridley in the lurch, after all her kindness to me."

Two days after, when Dr. Birt again calls, I half expect him to hand me a letter from Lady Vane. He brings his visit to an end, however, without doing so, having said less than usual about her ladyship.

The next day, when Mrs. Ridley and I are up to our ears in work, and every chair and table in our one sitting-room is littered with fancy materials, Susan electrifies us by announcing Lady Vane.

"So this is where you've got to, Miss Temple, is it? Well, I must say it is a nice place for you to prefer to Cromwell Road. With this good lady's permission, I'll take a seat, if you will clear a chair for me."

"This is Mrs. Ridley, Lady Vane; allow me to introduce her to you. And as your ladyship is in Mrs. Ridley's house, perhaps it would be as well for you to wait until Mrs. Ridley asks you to be seated."

Lady Vane's rudeness to one who has ever been kind to me irritates me beyond endurance. For the moment I forget all Dr. Birt has told me about her ladyship's failing health; I also forget that in all probability Lady Vane, an old woman, has come seeking a reconciliation with me, a young one.

"How do you do, ma'am?" says her ladyship, treating Mrs. Ridley to a stately curtsey. "I trust I have the pleasure of seeing you in good health."

Mrs. Ridley merely makes a formal little bow. She is evidently thunderstruck by Lady Vane's sudden appearance and unwarrantable rudeness.

"I am excessively sorry, ma'am, but I am afraid I must rob you of your—apprentice, shall I say? I am not up in these technical terms."

"That is a matter which rests with Miss Temple herself. Meanwhile, I shall be glad to offer you a chair, Lady Vane, and to retire myself until such time as your ladyship's interview with Miss Temple shall be over."

Mrs. Ridley is a clergyman's widow, and a woman of good family. Naturally she resents Lady Vane's manner, and I am glad to see she does not hesitate to show her resentment. Her ladyship doubtless regards Mrs. Ridley in the light of a designing person, who has succeeded in decoying me from Cromwell Road.

"Now then, Adrianne, be quick and get on your things. How long will it take you to pack? I don't like keeping the horses waiting this cold day."

"I am surprised, Lady Vane, you should come here and order me about as if I were still dependent on your ladyship."

"What do you mean, Adrianne? You surely intend to return with me, when I have so far demeaned myself as to come and ask you?"

"I certainly cannot return with you to-day, Lady Vane."

"Not return with me to-day?" screams her ladyship. "Why, I sent Edith off this morning on purpose."

"Was not that rather premature on the part of your ladyship?"

"What did Dr. Birt mean, then, by declaring you would return if I asked you?"

"It is very possible I might return, as soon as Mrs. Ridley could spare me, if you were to *ask* me to do so, Lady Vane. At present you have only *ordered* me to accompany you, and insulted Mrs. Ridley in her own house."

"Was there ever before such a provoking chit of a girl, to worry a poor old woman's life out of her, as you are? What do you care that I am ill, and lonely, and wretched, with nothing but vampires for relatives, waiting to suck the blood out of my body so soon as I shall have drawn my last breath?"

"You know, Lady Vane, I do care; that I would

never have left you, had you not insisted on sending me away from you."

"Well, then, why won't you come back to me when I ask you?"

"I cannot possibly return at once, Lady Vane. Mrs. Ridley has been so very kind to me, I cannot leave her just when she is so busy she does not know which way to turn. Would not Miss Melgrove stay with you for a few weeks longer?"

"Stay with me; yes, she would stay with me for ever, fast enough; but I would rather have her room than her company. How soon do you think you could come back, Adrianne?"

"After the 14th, St. Valentine's Day, I fancy Mrs. Ridley could spare me. But I think you had better ask her yourself, Lady Vane."

Lady Vane has cooled down considerably, and I am now anxious she should behave politely to Mrs. Ridley.

"Well, where's the woman gone to? How can I ask her any questions, if she gets on the high horse and goes off just when she's wanted?"

"I don't wonder Mrs. Ridley left the room, Lady Vane, considering the attitude you assumed towards her. Your ladyship must remember she is a gentleman's daughter, and a gentleman's widow, although she does earn her own living."

"I never thought the worse of any woman for earning her living; you know that very well, Adrianne."

"Well, I will go and see if Mrs. Ridley will come down again," and with this I ran up-stairs.

Of course Mrs. Ridley does come down, and equally of course Lady Vane makes herself agreeable, as she now sees she will not achieve her object except by fair means.

Presently, Lady Vane is admiring the valentines, and going into raptures over the fresh boxes of artificial flowers that have just come over from Paris.

Ere her ladyship takes her leave, it has been decided I am to return to my old quarters as soon as Mrs. Ridley can spare me.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

I RETURN TO CROMWELL ROAD.

TRUE to my promise, I prepare to return to Lady Vane as soon as Mrs. Ridley has got her work under a little.

My stay at Hope Cottage has been so peaceful, and I have met with so much kindness since I first came here, that I almost regret leaving. Mrs. Ridley is pleased to say she shall miss me dreadfully, but hastens to add she quite agrees with me in thinking I ought to return to Lady Vane, since her ladyship wishes it.

I am busy packing on the morning of my last day at the Cottage, when Mrs. Ridley runs into my room, requesting me to come down at once as the doctor is below and wishes to see me.

"I won't be a minute," I reply, "but I really must wash my hands first; packing has made them so dreadfully dirty."

"Well, make haste, that's all; the doctor is in a hurry, I'm sure; and really you have a great deal to answer for already, seeing how you keep that dear man away from his patients. I expect they will be waiting on you in a body one of these days to demand an explanation."

Mrs. Ridley is incorrigible where Dr. Birt and I are concerned; and I have long since given up trying to check her good-humoured raillery, trusting to time to show her how mistaken she is. Dear little woman, how vexed she would be with herself could she but know how her playfulness pains me!

Woman-like I am careful to smooth my hair and re-arrange my collar before going down-stairs. Although I am constantly telling myself how much I regret Dr. Birt should ever have entertained any sentiment towards me warmer than that of friendship, I am afraid I should not really like to feel I had altogether ceased to be attractive in his eyes. Never since the day when he told me that rich or poor, young or old, I must always be the one dear woman in the world to him, has he assumed for one moment a lover-like attitude towards me; and yet there is something in his manner which tells me how dear I still am to him.

"So you're off to-day?" says the doctor cheerily. "What do you say to letting me drive you over? My horse and I shall have half an hour to spare about four; will that suit you?"

"Thank you so much, Dr. Birt, but really I need not trouble you; I can get a cab."

"As a medical man I dare not recommend a four-wheeler; and a hansom would hardly do for a young woman with luggage."

"I am afraid I must act in opposition to your professional advice by going in a four-wheeler."

"I shall take the matter into my own hands, by coming for you at the time I say; and should you prove refractory, I shall be obliged to have recourse to main force."

"What if I depart beforehand?"

"Mrs. Ridley, I feel sure, will look to that." The doctor has long since discovered in Mrs. Ridley a friend to his cause.

"You silly girl to think of jolting along in a wretched four-wheeler when a seat in a comfortable brougham is offered to you!" laughs Mrs. Ridley, in reply to the doctor's appeal.

"So that's settled," says the doctor, "and now I must be off. Good-bye to you both until this afternoon."

"I wonder you dare to look me in the face, Dr. Birt," says Mrs. Ridley, "when you know you are about to run away with my right hand. What I shall do without her I really don't like to think."

"Your accusation does not come home to me, Mrs. Ridley. If it did, however, I fancy I should not be in a humour to express regret."

"Well," exclaims Mrs. Ridley as she stands at the window watching Dr. Birt getting into his brougham, "it is not often such a man as that has to go begging. You'll excuse me, Adrianne, but I must say I wonder

where your eyes are, although you are such a good one to match satins."

"Whoever would take you for the scheming, designing, intriguing match-maker you undoubtedly are?" I laughingly reply.

On the whole I am not sorry Dr. Birt insists on conducting me back to Lady Vane, for his doing so

"I AM SOBBING, WITH MY HEAD BURIED ON HER LADYSHIP'S SHOULDER."

will prove to her ladyship that he, at all events, can forgive me for having refused to be his wife.

"I believe Lady Vane is delighted at the prospect of having you with her again," remarks the doctor, as we start on our journey, leaving Mrs. Ridley on the door-step of Hope Cottage, waving her handkerchief frantically. "I called in to see her ladyship this morning when I left you, and told her I intended looking after you myself this afternoon. She pretended to treat your return in a very off-hand manner, but still she could not succeed in hiding her satisfaction."

"Dear old lady! what a kind heart she hides under a rough exterior!"

"She is certainly very much attached to you. I do not think she will ever again try to force you to do anything that is against your conscience."

"If she is fond of me, she is equally so of you, Dr. Birt. You have no idea how delighted she is to hear your praises rung, although she is careful not to acknowledge as much."

"I did not know she had ever been put to the test in that way," and Dr. Birt looks so pleased, my conscience pricks me for the unintentional encouragement contained in my last remark.

"Mrs. Melgrove and her daughters are quite jealous of you, Dr. Birt," I remark just for the sake of saying something to cover my confusion.

"Indeed! well, I certainly have noticed they do not appear to take very kindly to me, but I never took their coldness to heart sufficiently to try to account for it. Even now I don't quite see why the fact that Lady Vane has a friendly feeling towards me, for my father's sake, should make them dislike me."

"They measure other people's corn with their own bushel."

"I don't quite follow you."

"They are so anxious to curry favour with Lady Vane themselves in order to reap future benefits, that they credit all those who come in contact with the old lady with equally mercenary motives."

The doctor gives a long, low whistle. "That's their idea, is it? Well, they can think what they like as far as I am concerned, for I shan't let their base thoughts make any difference in my conduct. I have never wanted but one gift from Lady Vane, which, had it been in her power, she would gladly have given me. That one gift I shall never cease to covet. Still we need not dwell upon my disappointment now, dear."

I cannot fail to understand what gift it is Dr. Birt declares he will never cease to covet. I think the distress that I am feeling must be reflected on my face, for the doctor turns the conversation somewhat abruptly, and continues to talk about trivial matters until we reach our destination.

"How do you do, Dr. Birt, for the second time today?" says Lady Vane as we enter the drawing-room, where her ladyship is awaiting us. Then turning to me—

"So you've come back again, Adrianne, like a bad halfpenny, have you? Ha! ha! ha! Well, child, how are you?" Hardly waiting for a reply, her ladyship bids me run and take my things off.

"Shall I go to my old room, Lady Vane?"

"Yes, of course! What a senseless question to ask!"

I am just feeling that my reception is not as warm as I could have wished it to be, when on reaching my room I find it has been almost entirely refurnished. The fire is burning brightly, and the reflection is dancing about merrily on a polished-oak wardrobe, and a handsome duchesse dressing-table, articles similar to some I have often admired in Lady Vane's hearing. My book-case has also been replenished, and now boasts copies of several of my favourite works which were not there when I prepared so sorrowfully to take my departure some three months before. And then, to crown all, I discover an elegant little davenport, fitted with every requisite, just the very thing for which I have always longed! The tears start to my eyes, as I think of the kindness which has prompted Lady Vane to remember my every little want.

Throwing off my hat and jacket, I rush down into the drawing-room, and before I have time to think what I am doing, I fling my arms round Lady Vane's neck, and kiss her dear, grand, hard old face. In another second I am sobbing, with my head buried on

her ladyship's shoulder. Fortunately Dr. Birt took his departure while I was up-stairs.

"Tut, tut, child, what a fuss to make about nothing! Your room was so shabby it disgraced the house. I must have had it seen to anyhow."

"But you needn't have bought me all my favourite books, and a davenport, and just everything I wanted. Oh, Lady Vane, how shall I ever thank you?"

"There, there, child, you've said quite enough about it; I can't bear scenes. Just read me that second leader, will you?" and Lady Vane points to a copy of the *Times*.

I do my best to struggle through the article in question, but I doubt if either Lady Vane or I am much wiser by the time the end is reached.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH

REMINISCENCES OF JOHN HULLAH, LL.D.

NOT many months since there appeared in CASSELL'S MAGAZINE a short notice of the late composer of "The Storm" and the "Three Fishers." It has been thought that a few further reminiscences may possibly be welcome to the reader whose interest in the departed musician has been awakened or renewed by the friendly hand of one who seems to have personally known, and, knowing, to have loved John Hullah.

Though omissions may be easily accounted for, if not excused, by over-pressure of material as regards the recently published "Life of Mr. Hullah," the fact remains that neither in that "Life," nor in any of the numerous biographical notices which have appeared since his death, has mention been made of one or two quaint peculiarities, or of his very pronounced taste for philological research.

Peculiar, in the sense of eccentric, Mr. Hullah was not, but a few "ways" he had which were sometimes amusing, though sometimes also embarrassing to his friends, and perhaps to himself.

One of these "ways" is merely deemed worth mentioning as an indication—though, alas! not soon enough recognised as such—of that highly-strung nervous organisation which hastened his break-down and led to premature death; for premature death must certainly be considered when—even though the full span of man's existence be attained—it strikes a frame in which every organ still works as healthfully and as freely as in youth.

For the greater part of Mr. Hullah's life sound health had enabled him to control, as a rule, any betrayal of nervous irritability. He was only mastered by it when his strength fell to its lowest point. With him, as probably with most brain-workers, that lowest point was reached towards the close of a day, just immediately before dinner. Then it was that nervous exhaustion would often reveal itself in strange unusual outbursts of impatience about matters that at other times distressed him not at all. Did an organ-grinder set up a strain—no matter from how distant a spot—freely and forcibly was he voted a nuisance only adequately punishable by decapitation. And yet earlier in the day that same organ-grinder might have rumbled forth that self-same tune all but unnoticed; or, were toilette operations in progress, how strangely the necktie, that pliant slave of his will at ante-meridional hours, would develop an elfish power of disobedience! (Many a housewife will recognise *this* symptom of the ante-prandial exhaustion of Nature's great handiwork—Man!) More particularly so, of course, if he happened to be going out to dinner, on which occasions the nervous tension would often take the odd form of an inability to walk behind any one just at the moment when guests are announced. Sometimes, indeed, this impulse to precede his companion would seize him uncontrollably, and he would find himself prematurely face to face with his hostess. Not the remotest intention had he of discourtesy, for discourtesy was not in his nature; and yet the small infraction of etiquette would be committed, repented of, apologised for there and then by a quaint deprecatory look and turn of the head perfectly well understood by the person most sinned against, and yet most surely would he sin again when over-tired.

Where he was well known this peculiarity did not matter. Indeed, one old friend never missed an opportunity of bantering him on this habit of taking precedence, and always assisted at the ensuing apologetic pantomime with much *empressement*. But now and then his hosts were perhaps comparative strangers to him, and apt to be a trifle critical, and not always able to conceal their feelings. Of this an amusing instance happened in a provincial town where, in unavoidable acceptance of an invitation to dinner from a *very* recently promoted member of the punctilious order of *nouveaux riches*, Mr. Hullah and his wife appeared, and were ushered through many pairs of imperfectly trained though gorgeously attired servants towards the drawing-room door, whence his name, shorn of its "h's," was bawled out in a voice the force of which fairly propelled him into the presence of his hostess, who, as yet a novice in the duty of receiving new guests, became at once hopelessly bewildered by this slight variation on society's rules as expounded in her books of etiquette. The forlorn little lady's embarrassment was, however, in this instance of short duration, for at a glance Mr. Hullah perceived her dilemma, recovered his own self-control, and, with his usual adroitness, good-

naturedly turned the tide of her discomfiture to her own advantage on the instant; and during dinner —when he found himself her near neighbour—he succeeded in floating her into such a calm sea of self-content that she there and then irrevocably lost her heart to him, which fact, with much *naïve* outpouring of her difficulties with the study of society's troublesome manners and customs, she hastened to impart to Mrs. Hullah so soon as the ladies were well on the outside of the dining-room door. Her enthusiasm culminated in the assurance that she thought Mr. Hullah "an angel" and a "real genius."

Another of Mr. Hullah's peculiarities was an occasional fit of perfect abstraction, which yet did not prevent him from receiving vivid impressions through one or other of the senses. In illustration of this habit, Mr. W. A. Barrett related the following anecdote to the present writer :—

He and Mr. Hullah were sitting side by side at a concert, which, being largely made up of Wagner's music, did not much interest the latter, who gradually became absorbed in his own thoughts, and sat motionless for a long while, evidently unaware of what was going on around him. His abstraction continued even after Miss Antoinette Sterling, for whose singing he had an ardent admiration, had commenced to sing his own "Three Fishers," nor did he make the slightest movement until the last phrase was pealing forth in Miss Sterling's fullest notes, when slowly rising to his feet, he murmured—

"What a fine song that is!"

It was quite clear, Mr. Barrett commented, that it was not for some seconds after he had spoken that Mr. Hullah awoke to a consciousness that what had fallen so pleasingly on his ear was of his own composing!

Another story of absent-mindedness Mr. Hullah used to tell of himself.

Being in a quiet country place, he had strolled out alone one day, the better to get by heart a favourite sonnet of Milton's. Conning the lines with occasional reference to his little volume, he wandered into a field, of which he perceived the only other occupant to be a donkey, standing at the edge of a ditch with his nose within easy reach of an overhanging nettle-bush, but perfectly motionless; so motionless, indeed, was this particular donkey that the student of Milton lost all consciousness of him as a living thing, and when, after a few turns up and down, he desired to sit, he mechanically took a seat sideways on Neddy's back. No protest was made by sound or movement until Mr. Hullah, having arranged his equilibrium satisfactorily, settled down to deeper study, when the abominable animal suddenly kicked up his heels and sent Mr. Hullah and his Milton compactly through the nettles into the ditch, whence they emerged one by one, actively and passively, not much hurt, though ignobly smirched, to find that the donkey had resumed his statuesque attitude.

Among what the late Mr. Mark Pattison called Mr. Hullah's "literary instincts" may be classed his strong taste for and ingenuity in tracing out collateral meanings and derivations of words.

For close or systematic pursuit of this form of learning he had never in his life enjoyed sufficient leisure—not more, it may truly be said, than a few hours annually during his summer holiday. Never, however, did he fail, go where he might, to make some trifling addition to his small collection of books and pamphlets in foreign tongues. Of course, this habit of picking up, as opportunity offered, orally or through books, as much knowledge as he could of European languages and their dialects, tended to strengthen his taste and sharpen his ingenuity in a manner which not infrequently puzzled the acute and analytical mind of the trained scholar exceedingly. While Mr. Pattison would move by slow and safe steps from point to point, weighing and testing the value of every reading of the word or phrase under discussion, Mr. Hullah's resourceful memory, and power of rapid application of whatever knowledge he possessed, would tempt him to theorise on philological questions with an audacious suggestiveness that was always amusing and often very interesting.

An inquiry once aroused in his mind, backwards he would track a word through every conceivable intricacy and unforeseen contortion of meaning, whether as expressing fact or abstract idea, until he had trace of the tap-root in some far-down forgotten substratum of old English, Scotch, Welsh, or Irish soil; or if on the more familiar hunting-grounds of French, Italian, or German, he would dig through to their classic sources with a scent as keen, if not as sure, as that of some practised Latin or Greek philological mole.

Sometimes—as his old friend, Dr. (now Sir Douglas) Maclagan, himself no mean amateur adept in philological chase, would bear witness—Mr. Hullah would alight on a derivation by swift inspiration; sometimes by a more prolonged but ingeniously acute mental process, which, had it been drilled by a sound philological training, might have made him a leading philologist of his day. However that might have been must be left to the vague regions of surmise, but certain it is that he strove to apply to these philological studies, as to all his other pursuits, his motto of thoroughness—

"*Per scalam ascendimus.*"

F. R. H.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

FROM OUR PARIS AND LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

"THEY" say — the indefinite "they" being responsible for a great many fallacies, so we may believe it or not, as we please — that a fashion, however ridiculous, however unsuited to English faces, figures, and requirements, is sure, sooner or later—but generally some two years after—to be adopted by English people if Paris starts it. If this be true, we may expect to see the enormously huge head-dressing which now prevails on this side of the Channel reproduced in London, and, I am afraid, without the dainty care and crispness which distinguish the handiwork of French fingers. We are approaching the folly in coiffures of the Louis XVI. period, when too often the size of the head overbalanced the body. At the present moment, not only is the hair dressed high, but it is adorned with flowers, jewels, and aigrettes in superabundance. Large tulle aigrettes, placed all too forward, and huge branches of flowers and foliage, fall from the head to the shoulders.

The most curious part of these head-dresses is, that after the erections of hair are completed, sprays of leaves and flowers are placed on the very summit; and, alas! all heads are not well formed, nor are ears, which in this way are left ruthlessly exposed.

But we are also reviving the pretty toilettes of that most ornate period in the history of dress. Some of our best dressmakers are laying in a large stock of stone-coloured brocades showing variegated floral bouquets, which they are making up with velvets, both plain and brocaded. The richest dinner gowns are all made with these brocaded or embroidered fronts, the bodices cut heart-shaped, with stomachers of embroidery. Possibly many of you remember the pretty fur-trimmed over-dress or polonaise in which Marie Antoinette was painted by Lebrun. This style is coming back again.

We are still wearing winter bonnets; there has been little enough opportunity as yet even of trying spring ones. Felt is certainly the leading material—piece felt pinked out round the edge, and perforated in floral designs, the edges of such perforations embroidered in a colour to match the lining, over which it is laid. The height to which the trimmings are raised is tremendous, while birds and high loops of ribbon are set upright over the face. Frenchwomen are wearing somewhat curious mixtures of colour in millinery: grey and orange, red and grey, and the old favourite as well—black and gold; but there is nothing prettier for full dress than cream of the new deep tone, combined with mouse or chestnut-brown trimmings.

In lieu of the coloured-bordered pocket-handkerchiefs, which are apt to become vulgar, lace-trimmed ones are once more worn. Nine out of ten of the coloured borders wash out, because ordinary washerwomen will not learn the most common rules of washing coloured things. A pinch of salt and quick washing, leaving them only a very little time to dry, is a safe treatment for almost any tones.

If you have old point lace, introduce it as panels on your gowns, with a ladder of close-set bows on either side. Ribbons of all kinds applied as bows are much worn in Paris on nearly all varieties of dresses, but the bows have to be well made, and daintily, without any evidence of touch. Old stores of valuable adjuncts to dress are always of use, and though we have been wearing machine lace so long, now as ever good lace is appreciated. So is good fur. Whole skirts are made of sable, and even leopard-skin, with draperies of velvet over. Astrakhan is, however, the best of all furs for mixing with woollen stuffs, and in many of the better gowns it is supplemented by handsome bead trimmings.

Bodices of colour distinct from that of the skirts are worn by young and old ladies, and there are many advantages in the plan. Ready-made skirts are not difficult to get, but ready-made bodices are quite another question. A few good bodices, to be worn with different skirts, make much variety in dress, and also limit the number of boxes which must of necessity accompany one on a visit. A red cloth or velvet bodice is most useful for day wear, so is a black one; while for evening I have seen some most elaborately made with gold braid and canvas, in such a manner that no apparent seams are visible. Quite a new style is a bodice composed of alternate strips of velvet and silk; the figure looks literally as if it were moulded into it. It has no apparent seams whatever. Much gold lace, canvas, and embroidery appear on the bodices of dresses in the present day. I have seen a plush and gold bodice, which was worn with cream tulle, crêpe lisse, satin, and several other skirts, on which bows of coloured ribbon were introduced. Among these a bright grass-green seemed to find special favour.

I am pleased to tell you that exceedingly long gloves are no longer considered good style. Gloves now reach below the elbow, and have many bracelets outside. Nothing could well be less graceful than the large baggy tops, which seemed to be a necessity of long gloves, and stood out so uncomfortably beyond the arm, unless tied with ribbon, when they suggested a wounded limb.

The demi-toilettes that we have engraved show that brocade and faille combined still obtain, and that embroidery is used to set off a handsome evening

ART NEEDLEWORK.

gown. The lady who is displaying her work wears a grey faille dress with the revers and portions of the sleeve in velvet brocade, the corner of the tablier and panels being embroidered in chenille to match the brocade. The second toilette is likewise a combination of broché satin and sicilienne, but in this instance the colouring is smarter, for the silk is brown, and gold is introduced into the brocade. The trimming is feather bordering, which has a rich appearance. The new deep epaulettes here shown are becoming to slight figures.

II.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

March is apt to come in like a lion, and warmth of clothing is one of the chief desiderata of the month. Wind and draughts militate considerably against the health and comfort of young and old in our perfidious climate; perhaps this is the reason that woollen dresses have held their own this winter, and possibly will for some months to come, to the exclusion of almost all else. But unfortunately the craze for cheap things shows itself here as elsewhere, and unadulterated wool is very difficult to get. Yet the importance of the veritable article is great; it is lighter, warmer, and more durable than the combinations; indeed, good well-woven woollen stuffs are almost everlasting wear, and they throw off the dirt. Even in smoky London, it is curious to see how long a cream woollen dress remains perfectly clean, as far as its general appearance goes—possibly, if you moved the pleats and folds it might prove to be mere surface brightness.

We are becoming as a nation more prone to rheumatism, and after dietary, the best preventive is woollen clothing. Many sufferers wear nothing else, night or day. Pretty evening materials are to be had "all wool" for parties. Night-gowns, all wool, are made in greys, pinks, and blues, and so thoroughly is this woollen system of clothing now carried out, that you may buy woollen bodice linings. But be careful not to fall into the present craze for cheapness. When a good article is bought below its value, it means heavy losses somewhere, and far too frequently a great deal of suffering on the part of poor hard-working people, to whom a penny or so represents the difference between abject poverty and comparative ease. More frequently cheapness and worthlessness go hand in hand. The public will not pay beyond a certain price, and to meet their views manufacturers bring into the market wares reduced to the minimum of cost. Neither side is the better for it. The purchaser has to renew his purchases far more frequently, at a loss of time and trouble, for a good thing lasts twice as long as an inferior one, and looks better to the end. This craze for cheapness is spoiling half our manufactures, and in a manner it crushes enterprise. Any novelty is pretty certain to be greatly reduced in price in the course of a few weeks, and to be reproduced in inferior materials and workmanship. This must dishearten the producer. Some of our best and oldest firms have fought against this state of things, but with no good result; by degrees all fall into the feeling of the period, and shoddy and cheapness work their evil way.

With regard to the make of dresses, there is really very little to tell that is new. You may go through the leading dressmakers' show-rooms one after another, without discovering any special novelty. The foundations of skirts are gradually getting wider; they have not yet reached three yards, but they are approaching to it, and the drapery gives them the appearance of still greater width. There is very little variety, however, in their arrangement; the backs, as a rule, are all draped straight; sometimes they have a pouf at the top, gathered half a yard below the waist. There are nearly always folds of the material at the side, forming panels, or a contrasting piece of material or colour is laid up the side, and the draperies meet it. In this way a great effect may be produced at little cost; a yard will often suffice for such panels, as it is not necessary for them to reach to the waist.

Pleatings and kiltings at the edge of the skirt, to be at all visible, are out of date; the hem is sometimes broad, but as often as not is left unadorned. Occasionally a thick pinked-out ruche is added round the edge of evening or dinner dresses. The most becoming front drapery is a pointed one, the point falling in the centre; but it needs to be well arranged below the waist, or it will stand out unduly. All women with stout figures should take care to keep the basque as long as they can, and start the folds of skirt drapery far down. Perpendicular folds give length, horizontal ones diminish it.

Bodices have exceedingly high collars, coming up close under the chin. They are cut on the cross, and lined with the thickest buckram. Nearly all bodices are short in front, and have a habit basque; the vest, revers, and modes of fastening are the chief varieties.

I am now going to tell you of quite an innovation. Coloured zephyr night-gowns (blue and pink principally) are superseding white ones; they have very little lace about them, have turn-down collars, are set in folds and pleats, with narrow lace insertion between. They are more becoming than the white, and wash equally well. And—yes, it is true, night-caps are coming in again, simply half-squares of muslin, or bright-coloured silk edged with lace, the point falling in front.

Beaver is a favourite, if not the favourite, trimming on cloth dresses, tea gowns, and mantles. Young ladies are almost exclusively wearing the covert jackets, with flat visible seams, and these show up the fur best. It borders most of the fashionable toques, and looks well on the long polonaises. I will describe one of the most perfect dresses I have seen recently. A plain brown plush petticoat, lined with a stiff material, which kept it in its place; over it a golden-brown sicilienne redingote, bordered with beaver. Plain velvet skirts, &c., are much worn with cloth and silk draperies, but to be a success they require much nicety of arrangement.

I have been devoting much attention this month to discovering some distinct novelties, either in materials, make, or knick-knacks, but without success. Dress is very much at a standstill at the present moment. The coming season's wares are not as yet brought forward, and there is but little that is new in the present fashions. We are wearing our winter garments steadily, hoping for the time when we may cast them off. One fact I can tell you as to the future—blue is to be the leading colour of 1887, judging from what the manufacturers now have in hand.

Borderings of fur are still worn in March on dresses intended for walking and driving. Our illustration shows a pretty dark green costume trimmed with chinchilla; the skirt panels are further ornamented with *motifs* of rich passementerie. The bonnet is green to match the dress, and the birds with upright feathers are of exactly the beautiful shade of the fur.

The little girl's costume is striped summer woollen, with plush bretelles and chenille ball fringe. Plush is used for the cuffs and the under portion of the sash.

"A LONG PULL AND A STRONG PULL."

"IS IT THE WATER, I WONDER?"

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

SOME few years ago business demanded my presence almost daily in the City, and from one of the West-End stations I was in the habit of taking the Metropolitan trains to Farringdon Station. It must be premised that the tunnel was not at that time so well supplied with pure air as it now is; besides it was summer, and very hot. My journeys occupied but little over twenty minutes each. Yet they were to me, who have been used all my life to a pure atmosphere, most depressing, and the effects lasted quite an hour after I returned of an evening.

I finally gave the Underground up, and depended on hansoms. Greater expense? I grant it, but money that insures health is not thrown away. And, furthermore, I argued thus: If a bracing Turkish bath of twenty minutes' duration has a good effect on those who can stand it, a hot bath of dark, foul, depressing air must mean something quite different. I adduce this experience of mine as a proof that apparently trifling influences may seriously injure one's health if continued for a long time.

It is just the same with the water we drink. To use hard or partially impure water for a few days or a week may not injure one, but to constantly imbibe it must eventually undermine the health to a greater or less extent.

Now the question which forms the title of this short paper is by no means an unimportant one. For I say, if you are ailing and weakly—neither perhaps very ill nor very sick, but lacking your usual energy, and not feeling your wonted will for action—it behoves you to leave no stone unturned to find out the cause.

"Is it the water, I wonder?" People who suffer in the way I have just briefly described are unfortunately too apt to seek for relief in drugs, instead of endeavouring to find out the cause and remove it, or, what is better still, remove themselves from the evil influences, for a time at all events.

But what good can any medicine in the pharmacopœia do if we are swallowing a daily dose of that which is deleterious—might I not use a stronger expression, and say poisonous? It is the constant drop that wears the stone away. It may or it may not be the water you drink, or use for tea or soup, which is causing that feeling of *malaise*, or "only-middlingness," in your system. It is your duty to yourself and relations to make sure. It should be remembered that, if not remedied in good time, ill-health becomes chronic, and changes take place in important organs that neither medicine, change of air and scene, nor anything else can ever alter.

Be it understood, and that distinctly, that I am not referring, nor do I mean in this paper to refer, to water positively poisoned by disease-germs, by means of which it is estimated that over 20,000 die annually in these islands by typhoid fever.

Nor do I address exclusively the inhabitants of towns and cities, who have to buy their water as they buy their milk, and actually take what they can get or want. Indeed, with few exceptions, I am happy to say that the water supply in cities is nowadays fairly good. I do not forget while so writing the late unfortunate outbreak of typhoid in some districts of the metropolis, from the presence of dead and decaying eels in the pipes. This was an accident pure and simple, one which in a few months will be remedied, and one which I trust may never occur again. It will no doubt be a lesson and a warning to the water companies to see to the strength and substantiality of their filtering reservoirs, for these ought to be strong enough to resist the greatest possible flood. A water famine, from whatever cause, in a city only a fifth of the size of London, would be a calamity which one cannot think of without pain.

I refer the reader to books if he wishes to study the chemical composition and properties of pure water. Perfectly pure water indeed is never obtained; there must be a mixture of salts in all that comes from wells and rivers, and too often there is a combination of poisonous organic properties that renders it most deleterious to the health of the consumer.

The best and purest of all water, if it could be obtained, would be rain-water.

Where does this come from? A schoolboy would naturally say from the sky, and feel content with his reply. We go further than that. We know that the heat of the sun on the waves of the ocean causes evaporation: an evaporation as invisible perhaps as that of the insensible perspiration from the skin of a healthy man. This heated vapour rises high into the air, and is condensed into mist. Winds catch this mist and bear it far inland, and it floats hither and thither in the sky in the form of clouds at the wind's will. The currents of air at a great elevation are as varied as those of ocean, and even more so. The mists get condensed into rain, and fall earthwards; if in this descent a cold stratum is passed through, hail is the result; but this rain or hail is almost pure. Could it be collected and stored in clean tanks sufficiently large in surface to admit of aërification, we should have a supply of water for drinking and cooking purposes, far more safe than any we can obtain from wells or from reservoirs. Unhappily our rain supply is got from house-tops, themselves often clad in impurities of all kinds; though, on the other hand, we have the silicated carbon filters to, in a great measure, restore its pristine purity.

I cannot dismiss the subject of rain-water, however, without reminding the reader that it is not only from house-tops it may gain its impurities, but from the very air through which it passes; especially is this the case in smoky towns, and in places the atmosphere

of which is impregnated with the vapour from mills, and gases from chemical works.

The purest rain-water would be that which falls in mountainous districts.

Condensed water, such as that which is supplied nowadays to sailors on ships—it is simply distilled sea-water—is pure enough; its want of sufficient aëration, however, and its want of a certain admixture of saline matter, render it rather unpalatable.

Well, although a certain amount of mineral admixture may be good for the health, too much of it, if used for any length of time, cannot fail to be prejudicial.

"Our water is very hard here." I have heard that remark over and over again from the heads of families, living in the country, who never suspected that such hardness rendered it injurious to the health of the family. They would, and will—long after this paper is read and forgotten—be content to put an oyster-shell in the tea-kettle, and a pinch of carbonate of soda in the tea-pot, but they make no attempt to soften the water they drink or cook with.

People will tell you that the boiling of water separates the insoluble salts, and renders the water soft. The fact is that boiling softens what is called "temporary hardness," but not "permanent hardness." It is the carbonic acid in the water which holds these insoluble earths up, but as soon as the gas is driven off by heat, they are deposited, and form the well-known crust or "fur" of the tea-kettle.

Is hard water really deleterious to the health? It will depend upon the amount of mineral salts or earth it contains. A person may be ailing, and blame the water he consumes, but we are surrounded by so many influences deleterious to the health that it might be unfair to blame the water altogether. At the same time the invalid may rest assured that the use of hard water is one of the abiding causes of his trouble.

We easily know when washing our hands whether the water is hard or not, it being most difficult to form a lather with hard water. This fact led Dr. Clark, of Aberdeen, to adopt what is called the soap test for ascertaining the hardness of water.

This test need not here be described. But the following truths should be borne in mind regarding water which refuses to produce a lather with soap:—

I. Such water is the reverse of beneficial to the skin of either the hands or the face, and is to blame for many blemishes of both, including chapped hands in winter, roughness, scaliness, &c.

II. That, as the main use of the morning tub or bath is to keep the skin in good working order, such a result cannot be obtained if the water be hard. On the contrary, the skin is injured quite as much as it would be by the use of a too alkaline soap.—N.B. It should be indelibly fixed in the mind that anything which prevents or interferes with the proper action of the skin, paves the way to impurities of the blood, to attacks of cold, to rheumatism, and to dyspepsia and all its attendant evils.

III. If, in addition to bathing and washing in such water, it is also used for drinking purposes, matters are made worse. Many kinds of hard water have a tendency to produce the lithic acid diathesis. If, falling short of so dire a result, hard water merely constipates, or dries the system, surely this is bad enough; for a continuance of such a state will assuredly end in dyspepsia—the forerunner of a thousand ills. It renders the liver sluggish, and dulls and blunts the sensibilities of brain and nerve, so that one has far less pleasure, if not actual weariness, in living.

IV. Hard water spoils and wastes good tea; it renders both vegetables and meat difficult of digestion, and even interferes with the proper baking of bread.

Dr. Clark's plan of softening hard water should be known to all. It is simple enough.

The degree of hardness is first to be determined by the soap test.* If not inclined to find this out, a chemist could do so for you, and I do sincerely believe that money paid for obtaining such information would be well spent.

Having found out the degree of hardness, to every two gallons of water add an ounce of quicklime for each degree that the water is hard.

But without finding out by analysis the degrees of hardness, the following plan may be adopted:—The hard water gives a yellowish-white precipitate with a solution of nitrate of silver; add lime-water to that which you want to purify, till on testing with the silver solution in a glass the precipitate becomes brown. Then give up adding the lime-water, and add more hard gradually, until with your silver solution you have no longer the brown tinge.

The organic impurities of water are far more dangerous to the health than permanent hardness, and it is one of the good points of Clark's softening process that these are also precipitates. The water, after being softened and purified, must stand for twelve hours, to permit of the settling of the precipitate. The supernatant water is to be drawn off.

If now you make use of a large filter, you will have not only soft water, but safe water.

But the well itself should be seen to, and the position it occupies, its nighness to cesspools, and danger of being impregnated with surface water.

To people in towns I may add that the cistern also should be often cleaned out, and while exposed to the air it ought to be defended from dust and insects.

* *Vide* Dr. Noad's "Quantitative Analysis."

"BULLS" AND "BEARS" ON "'CHANGE."

MERCHANTS most do congregate" on 'Change, and there it is that we must look if we wish to see trade in one of the aspects that is at least varied and interesting. In great cities distinct trades have their separate exchanges and meeting-places; thus, in London, the Royal Exchange, in Cornhill, for instance, gathers round it multitudes of stock and share brokers; the "Baltic," in Threadneedle Street, has shipbrokers many; at "Lloyds," insurance brokers and underwriters congregate; and other instances might be given. But in towns and cities less in size, diversified trades gather occasionally to one exchange, and it is in these that there is to be found the greatest colour, and the greatest variety of appearance and of character. Far north, Newcastle gathers together men interested in coals and chemicals, in lead and iron, in freights and in firebricks, and the Tyne burr adds to the variety of speech, and gives a savour of the "dear Doric" of the North. Middlesborough has "iron in its soul" when its merchants meet on 'Change; in Leeds, the division of trades prevails to some extent, though the hop dealers fraternise with the sellers of corn; Bradford is redolent of the odours of cloth of many kinds; at Manchester, cotton predominates; and thus the list might be extended to most of the large towns and cities. It is found desirable for the traders to have some common place of meeting, where bargaining can be begun, where, if needful, samples may be shown, and where, at a given hour, a merchant, broker, or buyer may feel certain that he will meet the representatives of the producers of the article he needs—producers representative of the manufactories and marts that stud the district often for miles around.

Let us first go north, and then south. It is noon by St. Nicholas' Cathedral clock. Under the shadow of the High Level Bridge—that marvel of Stephenson and of the engineering of to-day—and near to the old castle that has withstood many assaults in the brawling yesterday of a past age, and close to the Tyne that now runs a deeper course to the sea, is the Guildhall, whereunto years ago a merchants' chamber was added. Beauty is not its characteristic—its outward garb of stone has been smirched with the soot and the fume from chimneys and works, and its interior is dull, not to say dingy. But it serves its office, and gathers together a motley crowd of men who have steamships to charter, and men who need them; of coal-owners and coal-shippers; of chemical makers and buyers, and of the representatives of the varied industries of the Tyne. Custom has defined the positions of many of the trades: lead takes usually the north-west, chemicals the southern side; whilst other branches of trade and many of the habitual attenders have specific places, and the bays of the windows have usually constant occupants in the hour of meeting.

The talk is something like that of Praed's vicar—it runs with rapid notes from rocks to roses. It does not wholly centre on the "shop;" the latest utterance of statesmen, the latest national event, and the local and general politics are keenly scanned. Now and then some literary reference will be made, a quotation will occasionally be misapplied, and a joke that is far-fetched will provoke a smile. But chiefly the conversation is of business: of a charter from the Tyne to Cronstadt, and the difference of opinion as to whether the rate should be 5s. or 4s. 10½d.; of a contract for soda crystals, with speculation as to the course of the market, and stipulations as to the size of the casks or the nature of the brand; of a sale of lead, "rich" in silver, or the contrary; of a delivery of coals and the rate of the delivery, the place of shipment, the length of "turn" before the colliery can fill the steamer: these, and subjects like these, are the matters that are under discussion. This chemical broker hails from across the Tweed, and his speech betrayeth him; that ship-owner's burr is racy of the soil; there are traces of ancestral German in that merchant; and the dialects of the north and the south, the east and the west, mingle and intermingle, and the claims of business and the desire to bargain prevent a Babel. The best simile that occurs is that of the bee flitting from flower to flower, till he finds that which yields him the material he needs, and then settling down to the completion of the task of gathering. Thus on 'Change: the buyer or seller tests those in the trade, finds that Solomon's description holds good still—"it is naught, it is naught"—but ultimately, after much chaffering, the bargain is concluded, booked, and speedily signed and sealed. So, from all the airts the wind can blow there are brought stately ships into the market, uncounted tons of coal, coke, chemicals, iron and iron-ore, and "a feast of wonders from the west and east," and thus they find charterers, buyers, sellers, and users, and the great wheels of trade move on all the easier because of the sales initiated, negotiated, or concluded on 'Change. It is not needful here to describe the scene: a few hundred men and youths eager in the getting of gain, and displaying all the idiosyncrasies character and of nationality. The prosperous merchant, the manufacturer struggling to make profit in times of depression, the broker anxious to serve his clients, and the attendant clerks, runners, captains, and others mingling, gliding, sauntering—a well-dressed crowd, each pursuing his own affairs, and each eager to make the best of the day. With all, the point is to sell in the dearest and to buy in the cheapest market.

Vary the place, and the commodities and people will also differ, but the great characteristic of 'Change

will remain. Cotton may take the place of "Caleys," bricks may be spoken of here and "Berwicks" there, wheat may be sold here and "Trunks" there, but the great resemblance in buyer and seller, and in the frame of mind that these positions induce, will remain.

THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE.

There are "bulls" and "bears" in chemicals as well as in shares, and there are bargains that are carried on in most markets at times. But it will be of interest to glance at that great Exchange in the metropolis that may be said to be the controller of most others, and the embodiment of the power and the might of capital and of its savings. There is "published under the authority of the Committee of the Stock Exchange" a "London Daily Stock and Share List." It gives in tabulated form a list of investments sold on 'Change—British funds, Corporation stocks, colonial and foreign Government securities, foreign stocks, railway stocks and shares of various kinds, both of home, foreign, and colonial lines, bank shares, canal and dock shares, telegraph shares, shipping shares, and others. From this list the reader may learn the amount of the capital that is saleable, the most recent dividends, the nominal amount of the shares, and the amount paid thereon, the closing quotations, and the rates at which sales have actually taken place. Let us first glance at "Consols"—the chief of our national stocks. Long ago, the nation needed funds to carry on wars. It borrowed money on its credit at given rates of interest. A little over a hundred years ago, at the Peace of Paris, 1763, the

National Debt was only £138,863,000, but it grew rapidly, and the different loans, the different rates of interest, were confusing. In 1751 there had been *consolidated* into one account, and at one fixed rate of interest, various funds. In a few instances the rates of interest were *reduced*, and thus we have the Consolidated or Reduced Three per Cent. Annuities; whilst another class bears a name that needs no explanation—"New" Three per Cents. In these three classes the bulk of the British debt is included—the total funded debt being practically £700,000,000. The buyer of any of this buys the right to receive from the nation £3 per annum for every £100 of stock. But just as hay rises and falls in the market, or coal does, so does in a lesser degree the value of the stock. An abundance of sellers depresses the value, an abundance of buyers raises that value, and thus, as national thrift increases, and national savings find a little greater difficulty in obtaining employment, the price of the stock increases, or *vice versâ*. In this way we have the fact that during the Russian War, which took up much of the resources of the nation, the price of £100 stock fell to £88, whilst prolonged peace and better trade made that £100 worth sell in the year 1881 for £103. As the national credit rises and falls—and peace or war, good or bad trade, and good or bad harvests, with other influences, will cause that rise or fall—so does the price of the stock, and in a greater or less degree that of the shares of most companies, on which local influences have also their effect. As the prospects of the companies brighten, so usually their shares rise in value.

And now as to purchase. All purchases or sales on the Stock Exchange must be through a broker, who receives a commission for acting as agent, and finding a buyer or seller, as the case may be. He purchases stock or shares "for the account," that is, for the next period of accounting, usually fortnightly, and he purchases under rules of the Exchange, well understood by those who deal thereon. Having bought or sold, he sends to the person for whom he has bought or sold a "contract note," which is practically an invoice, showing the price of the stock, the cost of stamps, transfer fees, &c. In due time a transfer or assignment is prepared and signed by the seller, and then by the purchaser. This is forwarded to the office of the company, with the certificates of stock. In the case of the public funds there are various other conditions, and there are methods of purchase through the Post Office Savings Bank which need not be detailed here. But it may be interesting to give an example of a transfer deed, or certificate, the parts in italics being the examples of the filling up of blanks. It is as under :—

Coupons for £100 *Stock* forwarded to the Company's Office by

I, *Robert Brown*, in consideration of the Sum of *One Hundred and Sixty Pounds* paid by *John Smith*, hereinafter called the said Transferee,

Do hereby bargain, sell, assign, and transfer to the said Transferee, £100 *Stock* of and in the undertaking called the *London and North Western Railway Company*,

To hold unto the said Transferee, *his* Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, subject to the several conditions on which I held the same immediately before the execution hereof; and I, the said Transferee, do hereby agree to accept and take the said *Stock*, subject to the conditions aforesaid.

As Witness our Hands and Seals, this Day of in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty

Signed, sealed, and delivered by the above-named in the presence of

Witness's Signature, Address, and Profession.

Place for Seal.

Signed, sealed, and delivered by the above-named in the presence of

Witness's Signature, Address, and Profession.

Place for Seal.

On 'Change many terms are used which need no explanation, for, were it necessary, the brokers would willingly give such explanations as are needful. But the use of the words "bull" and "bear" is extending, and it may be said that they apply to those who "operate on the market with the object of affecting the prices of certain securities in which they may be interested. The 'bull' endeavours to raise prices, the 'bear' to depress them." The one may have bought stock at a low rate, and may desire to sell at a higher; the other may have sold, and wish to buy at a lower rate to complete the bargain. Other causes are also contributory, but these are the chief that actuate those well-known divisions of the attendants on 'Change.

The official list alluded to above includes securities to the amount of £3,770,541,453, and that amount is yearly growing. Moreover, the items of which it is composed are constantly fluctuating in actual value. Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, and other places, have their Exchanges, but the work of sale and purchase is chiefly effected on the great Stock Exchange in London. And it is there that the capitalists of the world gather in person or by proxy, for this is the representative of that Rialto where Shylock was oft rated "about his monies and his usances." It has its uses and its great value, but there is about it too much of the speculative spirit, and too much of that "gambling" which buys what it cannot pay for, and what it has the only object of selling again before payment. But it is one of the proofs of the soundness of the English system of commerce to find that there is so little of that evil about it, for it is certain that the business done is vast, and that it is effected with a rapidity, a safety generally, and a cheapness that might be a fitting example to those who have to do with the transfer of "real" property, and who hedge its transfer round with formalities so great that purchase or sale is always slow, costly, and difficult. On the Stock Exchange, with all its faults, transactions are speedy, cheap, and safe, and that because all these transactions rest largely upon the basis of a register of ownership, carefully kept by the officials of the companies concerned.

J. W. S.

A COMPANY OF THREE.

BY THOMAS KEYWORTH, AUTHOR OF "MISTRESS JUNE," ETC.

"Two's company, three's none."—*Old Proverb.*

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

A MAN'S WILL.

LUMLEY, the well-known auctioneer, and his friend Wybert Moss were talking about John Pawson, and they agreed that he was one of the best men in Swarfton, and they rejoiced at his prosperity in life.

"He has nothing to trouble him," said Lumley.

"And plenty of money," replied Moss, "which is more than I can say about myself."

"The same old tale," was Lumley's laughing answer, and he hurried away.

But John Pawson had a good deal to trouble him just then, as he often said to himself when he was alone; for he had formed the habit of speaking his thoughts, and sometimes did so even in company.

He entered Burtonford's bank when he was a boy, and was always a favourite with the late Mr. Anthony Burtonford. Nobody was surprised when John Pawson became a partner; it was in accordance with the fitness of things. But what surprised the public was that Eric Burtonford, the banker's nephew, was sent adrift.

"I would rather be a customer at the bank than a clerk there," was what Lumley said to Wybert Moss. "Old Burtonford is not the best man in the world to get on with. His temper is all thick and thin. His good qualities are in great lumps; but before you know where you are, he is raging and storming like all that."

Wybert that Moss said he knew very little about bankers, but he would take his informant's word for it.

"Always trust the auctioneer," said Lumley.

"Certainly," replied Wybert. "I will trust him with my debts, if he will take charge of them."

Then there was a laugh, and the two parted.

The general opinion in Swarfton was that Anthony Burtonford had quarrelled with his nephew, and that the uncle's temper and Eric's pride had been both to blame. But Eric went away from Swarfton, and did not return even when Mrs. Burtonford, the banker's wife, died.

"Eric's in London, painting pictures," said the gossips, "and he ought to have come to the funeral, though he is not own nephew to Mrs. Burtonford; but if uncle's wife is not kinship enough, the world is coming to a pretty state."

So Eric was blamed for his omission of duty. But the banker said nothing. He never mentioned his nephew's name, and never allowed anybody else to do so in his hearing. It was usually thought, however, that John Pawson was an exception to this rule, and the conjecture was right; he knew why Eric had been sent away, and why he did not appear at the funeral.

Then Mr. Burtonford died very suddenly, and rumour was busy again. Eric would be sure to come this time, and he would remain at Swarfton, and take his uncle's place at the bank. Picture-painting was all very well in its way, but it was not reasonable to suppose that it could ever be permitted to interfere with a bank. Moreover, there was Edith Markham, the late Mrs. Burtonford's niece. Everybody had always said Edith and Eric were intended for each other, and everybody felt that it would be a great shame if the general expectation were thwarted.

But the funeral took place, and Eric was not there.

Then by degrees the truth leaked out about the banker's will. Popular feeling became divided at once.

"Eric Burtonford is no good," said the spokesman of one party. "There is something under the surface which we have never seen. His uncle has not left him a brass farthing. Why, the worst case I ever heard of before was not as bad as that. To be cut off with a shilling is rather stiff, but to be cut off without anything beats the record in this kind of business. The banker has left all he had to Edith Markham, but if ever she looks at Eric, or speaks to him, she is to lose her fortune."

"You are partly correct," said the spokeswoman on the other side of public opinion. "Some of your facts are wrong, and your inferences are completely so. We all know that Mr. Burtonford was passionate and headstrong. My opinion is that Eric only said his soul was his own, and his uncle could not forgive him. But the will does not declare that Edith is to lose her fortune if she speaks to Eric; she is not to do so without the consent of John Pawson."

Perhaps it is true that rumour is seldom altogether wrong, and never altogether right. The will of the banker was that after certain legacies had been paid, including a large one to John Pawson, the residue should be held in trust for Edith Markham. But there was this strange condition in the will:—If Edith, during the time that she remained unmarried, had any interview or held any communication with Eric Burtonford, except with the consent and in the presence of John Pawson, she should forfeit her share of the property, and it should be held in trust for Robert Lumley, auctioneer, and Wybert Moss, of no particular calling. "I have no liking for these men, but they are both keen enough to look well after their own interests. I cast no reflection upon John Pawson, but I would rather not leave him the task of disinheriting my wife's niece, should there be need for it." So said the banker.

Mr. Burtonford had written his own will, but it was properly signed and witnessed, and was perfectly legal, in spite of many strange remarks and un-lawyerlike phrases.

Both Lumley and Moss knew about the banker's use of their names, and often wondered whether they would benefit by this eccentricity, or remain always mere watchers, waiting to see if the course of events would produce any change in the attitude of Edith and Eric towards each other. As far as they knew, Eric had not been near Swarfton, and Edith had not seen him anywhere else. Sometimes they asked John Pawson about the affair, and he always answered in his calm, serious manner, that the provisions of Mr. Burtonford's will would be strictly carried out, but, as far as he knew, nothing had happened which called for interference.

"John Pawson will do the square thing," said Lumley to Moss. "My fear is that those two did not care as much for each other as people said."

"It is awkward," replied Moss. "As a rule, a will like Burtonford's would kindle love where it never before existed. There is nothing like opposition for strengthening affection. But, as usual, the one exception to the rule keeps me poor."

* * * * * *

John Pawson often talked to himself about Eric and Edith. He had known them since they were children, and had believed that their fondness for each other would ripen into true and lasting love.

"I know that Mr. Burtonford would have been pleased if he thought that Edith cared for me," John murmured, with a blush, "but that is impossible. I am sure she liked Eric very much, and yet she never mentions him. He was fond of her, too, and yet he has kept aloof. I sent him word about his uncle's will, and he acknowledged my letter in a very manly way, but I have heard nothing since. He has been badly treated if he was innocent; yet I cannot see any explanation of the affair, unless he took the notes."

Then he reviewed again, for the hundredth time, what the banker had told him about the quarrel with Eric.

"I was in my library at home, John, and I had ten notes on the table; three were fifty-pound notes, and the other seven were ten-pound notes. I wanted them for a particular purpose. I had just finished entering the numbers in my diary, when Eric came in. I told him to sit down, for I was busy. I wrote up my diary, then I was wanted in the drawing-room for a minute. I just glanced over the table, and left everything as it was. Perhaps I was absent five minutes. When I returned, I found Eric seated where I had left him. Then I wrote a letter, and I took up the notes to enclose them. It was a private affair, John: I took up the notes, and the three fifties were missing. Eric declared that nobody had entered the room during my absence, and that he had not moved from his chair. I am sure nobody had been in but himself between the time when I entered the numbers and the time when I went to the drawing-room. No window was open, and there was not a fire. I told him he must turn out his pockets, and he refused point-blank. Then there was a scene. I sent for Edith, and told everything to her. Again I asked him to turn out his pockets,

"THE MEN WATCHED HER WITH BREATHLESS ATTENTION" (*p.* 250).

but he still refused. So I ordered him out of the house, and told him never to show his face in Swarfton again, or I would give him in charge of the police. I am glad I always made it clear to him and Edith that there must be no billing and cooing between them. Edith is too good for him. What a wife she will make, John, in a few years! She is young yet, I know, but if she had a husband of steadiness and experience —a man like you—it would not matter. I am glad there was no billing and cooing between her and Eric."

John Pawson had his doubts about the banker's surmise respecting what he called billing and cooing. Edith lived with the Burtonfords, and had lived with them all her life. Eric lived with a married sister, whose husband was an artist. He was three years older than Edith, and was just twenty-one when his disgrace came upon him.

"These young people cared more for each other than Burtonford thought," said John Pawson to himself. "Has the trouble killed their love, or are they waiting for better times? I do not see where the better times are to come from, unless everything about those notes is cleared up. Could Mr. Burtonford be mistaken? The only time he ever spoke harshly to me was when I suggested that."

Thus John Pawson had reviewed the matter hundreds of times, but his perplexity remained. Then, two years after the banker's death, he received a letter from Edith, who was staying with some friends in Scotland, and who wrote asking that he would arrange for her to meet Eric, as she could clear up the mystery which had perplexed them so long. She said :—

"Tell Eric when you write to him, please, that everything can be explained. Let me know when the interview is to be, and where. I wish to observe the conditions which my dear uncle laid down, but Eric must not remain under an unjust suspicion any longer."

It was an embarrassing position for John Pawson. He wished Edith had been more explicit. From what he knew about her, he did not think she was likely to raise hopes which would not be fulfilled. But how could she explain anything?

He wrote to Eric, as Edith had desired, and received a prompt reply by telegraph, saying that he should be in Swarfton that night. Eric saw John Pawson; but John could not explain anything.

"We must wait till Edith comes, Eric," he said, "and you must not see her except in my presence. Lumley and Moss will not miss a chance."

Eric consented. He met Lumley and Moss the next day, and those two worthies seemed afterwards to be in better spirits than usual.

"To be, or not to be?" said Lumley.

"That's the question," replied Moss.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

A WOMAN'S WAY.

Edith Markham could not remember either her father or mother. Her mother was dead, and her father was married again, and lived abroad. That was all the information vouchsafed to her.

Among Mr. Burtonford's papers was one which was addressed to Edith, in the banker's handwriting, with this instruction : "To be given to her at my death, but if that should happen before she is twenty-one, she must keep this without opening it until that time. It is about her mother and father, and she need be in no hurry to learn the particulars."

She was nineteen when her uncle died, and the executors, John Pawson and Bardsley, the solicitor, gave the paper to her, according to the instructions which the dead man had left.

"There is a good deal of writing there," said John. "Would you like to keep it, or shall I take care of it for you until you are twenty-one?"

Edith thanked him, but kept it herself. The strange misfortune which had happened to Eric, and the death of her aunt, then the death of her uncle, had crushed her spirit. She could not help wondering whether her mother had been also unhappy. But she placed the paper in her desk, and gave herself over to sad thoughts. When would the mystery concerning Eric be cleared up? Cleared up it must be, she felt sure. Then she read a note from him, which he had sent to her at the time of the trouble :—

"My Dear Edith,—There is a terrible mistake somewhere, but my uncle is sure to discover it, and he will be very sorry. I might have turned out my pockets to pacify him, but I had all your sweet little letters with me, and he would have recognised the writing. That would have made him very angry. I shall go to London, to Radburn's, and try what I can do at painting. My sister Rose will hear from me constantly.

"Ever your own,

"Eric."

Radburn was an artist. He had often spoken encouraging words to Eric, and tried to prevail on him to give himself up to art.

The years passed away, and Edith did not see Eric. The discovery which was to clear him was not made. Still Edith did not doubt him. From Rose she heard about his welfare, and that was all. She set herself to wonder and to wait. If Eric had presented himself, she would have risked the loss of fortune; but he kept silent and aloof; so she could only shut up her sorrow in her heart, and pray for patience to endure it. She kept in the old house, and had for a companion the widow of a clergyman, whom John Pawson recommended.

But Edith spent her twenty-first birthday in Scotland, and it was immediately afterwards that she wrote the letter asking for an interview with Eric.

During these three years Eric had worked hard in London, and his friends spoke favourably of his chances in the keen competition of art. He told Radburn about his quarrel with his uncle and the cause of it, and enjoyed the honest sympathy of a true friend. But this Eric was not the Eric of yore. He had a sad look, and went about the work of life as if his heart was broken. His uncle's cruel will was a sad blow to him, and he resolved that unless his name was cleared he would not see Edith again. He never forgot her birthday. His sister Rose had written to say that she was away, and he was wondering where in Scotland she was visiting, and what kind of birthday she had spent, when John Pawson's letter came. It was like the sight of the journey's end to a weary

pilgrim. Eric did not realise before how much he had been suffering, and for the first time since his sorrow began he wept bitterly.

* * * * *

The interview was to take place in John Pawson's private room at the bank. Eric was there long before the time appointed, and the two men chatted about various subjects until Edith came. It was a strange meeting for these two, who had not seen each other for three years. John Pawson could not help watching them, and he saw the light of love in their eyes, and knew what the end would be, whether the proofs were satisfactory or not.

"Now to business," said John, placing a chair for Edith by the side of his table, and seating himself. Eric sat near to her, and gazed wistfully into her face.

"First of all, can you tell me the numbers of those notes which disappeared?" Edith asked.

"Certainly," was John's reply. "I have had the book brought in on purpose, and here it is, opened at the right place." He referred to the open page, and told her the numbers.

Then Edith opened a small satchel which she had brought with her, and took from it two packets. The men watched her with breathless attention; but she calmly placed the satchel on the ground beside her, and then laid the larger packet on the table. It was a roll of manuscript, tied with string. The other packet she opened, and produced three bank-notes.

"These are three notes for fifty pounds each," she said, "and the numbers are the same."

"Where did you find them?" John and Eric asked together.

"Inside that roll of manuscript," she replied.

"What manuscript is it?" John Pawson asked.

"It is the paper which my uncle left for me," said Edith, "and which I was not to open until I reached the age of twenty-one. It was written by my mother, but towards the end there are several pages which my uncle added. My mother was not happy. I think, from what I have read there, that my uncle loved her very much at one time; but she preferred my father, and married him. She did not live long, but died when I was a baby. Then my father married somebody else, and I am afraid he received a considerable amount of money from my uncle. But he died three years ago, though I did not know at the time. On the very day when Eric's trouble came my uncle received news of my father's death, and an abusive letter from the widow, saying that his debts amounted to two hundred and twenty pounds; and she said my uncle must send that sum, and send it in notes, not by cheque or draft. My uncle wrote, 'This shall be my last communication with a proud and extravagant woman. She shall have the money, and then good-bye. This is intended only for your eye, Edith.'"

She did not say that her uncle also begged her to be warned by her mother's fate, and not allow her affections to be won by any young fellow, who cared a great deal more about pictures than about business; but she was to value at their true worth the qualities of a noble and honourable man, who never failed to do his duty, though the man might not have youth on his side.

"How came the bank-notes in there?" Eric said, like a man who could scarcely believe his senses.

John Pawson was examining the notes. "They have been gummed or pasted to something," he remarked.

"Yes," replied Edith; "they were stuck to the back of one of these sheets." Then she opened the roll, and showed where she had discovered them.

"This is my theory," she continued:—"My uncle gummed the letter he had received, and fastened it to the last sheet. Here it is. Some of the gum must have dropped on the back of this other sheet, and then it must have come in contact with the notes, and three of them adhered, without him being aware of it. He was agitated and angry at the time; and the manuscript was never opened again, for the date on the corner is that same day when Eric's trouble came."

No other explanation suggested itself, or was necessary, but the notes and papers were examined time after time.

"Thank God for this great mercy!" said Eric.

"Amen!" replied John Pawson devoutly.

Edith was silent, but the tears were falling down her cheeks.

Eric kissed her again and again.

John Pawson busied himself with the notes, and there was no atom of jealousy about him.

"They must marry at once," he said aloud; then he checked himself, and looked towards the lovers to see whether they had heard him or not.

Yes, they had heard him, there was no doubt about that, so he made a clean breast of it, and said—

"This makes no difference to the will. You must not see each other before marriage, except in my company, or your uncle's fortune will be lost. Lumley and Moss will be on the look-out, I know. I have often wondered what people say to each other when they are lovers, and fate has ordered it so that I shall have to know; but you must bear my presence as well as you can, and for all our sakes make your wooing short."

"We must not tax John Pawson's patience too much, must we, Edith?" was what Eric said, taking her hand in his; then he whispered something more.

Edith whispered something in reply, and then Eric told John that he must bear with them awhile, but they would not trouble him long.

* * * * *

Robert Lumley and Wybert Moss were present when Edith and Eric were married. John Pawson gave the bride away, and Radburn had come from London to be Eric's best man.

"That's all over," said Lumley. "It must have been a queer courtship. John Pawson was with them every time they met. A decent man is John, but not the one I should pick to be with me, if I was sweethearting."

"One's as good as another," replied Moss dolefully. "I feel thousands of pounds poorer than I did."

"Going?" said Lumley.

"Going," replied Moss.

"Gone!" they both exclaimed, and there was not a smile between them.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

A Reservoir Flower-Pot.

The woodcut shows a design for a flower-pot which will supply water to the bottom of the earth, and thus tend to make the roots of the plant strike deep instead of spreading over the surface. The walls of the pot are double, and an orifice, O, is provided for filling water into the reservoir or funnel between the walls. Near the bottom are holes, N, in the inner wall, by which the water gets to the earth of the interior.

The Green Ray.

In one of his interesting romances, based on scientific facts and fancies, Jules Verne has called attention to the phenomenon called in France *le rayon vert*. It is a beautiful flash of emerald-green light, sometimes seen when weather and place are suitable, just as the sun sets, and while his upper limb is on the point of disappearing below the sea. A French observer has recently called attention to this phenomenon, which he has seen several times, notably in the Red Sea, during October, and both at the rising and the setting of the sun. He has also seen it when the sun disappeared behind a low mountain, elevated from 1° to 2° above the horizon. On all these occasions the sky was cloudless, and the air clear but humid. It is disputed whether the green ray is a subjective or an objective phenomenon; but these observations of M. Maubeuge tend to prove the latter theory.

Paper from Peat.

Paper is now prepared from peat by removing the top surface of the peat so as to get at the fibrous peat, which is dried on trays, then treated so as to separate the clean fibre, which is utilised for the manufacture of the paper pulp. The surface peat can be used for litter.

A Use for Starch Waste.

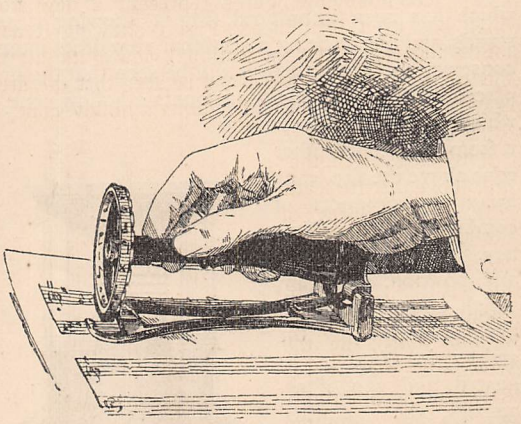
Herr Schütze, a German chemist, finds that the sour liquor which is a waste product of starch manufacture, can be utilised by adding milk of lime to it until it is slightly alkaline, and then sour liquor added until it is slightly acid. A precipitate is thus formed which can be used as food for pigs. Analyses of the precipitate show that it contains about one-third of its weight of calcium phosphate, the rest being organic matter containing proteine. As manure it is stated to be more valuable than the lime used in its preparation, and would be useful in agricultural districts where the cost of transit would not be heavy.

Heating Railway Cars by Steam.

On the Boston and Albany Railroad the cars are heated by steam from the locomotive, a plan foreseen by George Stephenson. The American system was introduced also on the Connecticut River Railroad.

A Magazine Gun.

A new repeating rifle, which can also be used as an ordinary breech-loader, has been tried by the Government authorities at Enfield, and found satisfactory. It is the invention of Herr Joseph Schulhoff, of Vienna. It contains a receptacle for holding ten cartridges, which can be poured into it by one turn of the hand, from a cardboard case. The loading of the repeater is done by four movements, and that for single firing in three. In the repeating action the shots are fired by working a knob handle, and in the single action by a trigger. The cartridges are shaped like small claret-bottles, and 130 of them weigh the same as seventy Martini-Henry cartridges. The cartridge boxes are of cardboard, and can be opened by simply tearing off a piece of paper.



A New Music-Writer.

The accompanying figure is a representation of a very ingenious little instrument, on the "wheel" principle of the Columbia type-writer, for the writing of musical characters. A good and reliable music-

writer has long been a desideratum ; and this appears to be the best of all results hitherto achieved. The machine has the great merit of simplicity, and is so small, even when enclosed in the box made for it, that it could almost be put into an ordinary coat-pocket. Unlike other type-writers, its price brings it within the reach of nearly everybody ; and we have no doubt that the fully elaborated and perfect music-writer of the future will be constructed upon the principle of this one, which we recommend to the notice of all amateur copyists.

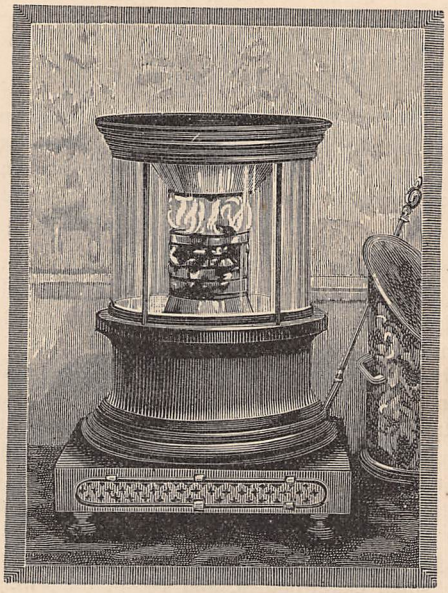


FIG. 1.

A New Stove.

The accompanying figures represent a new stove which has been introduced, Fig. 1 showing it as it stands, and Fig. 2 being a sectional view of its internal construction. From these it will be seen that the fire is placed in a basket which surmounts a hollow cone, by which the air enters to it from below. Another cone above the fire leads away the products of combustion to the chimney, which may be in any position. The air, which enters from below, as shown by the arrows in Fig. 2, is heated, and can, if necessary, be admitted into the room by opening glass doors, which surround the fire. We may also mention that Professor Frankland has devised a fireplace for burning coke and wood, which is practically smokeless. He has privately tested it for some time, and found it remarkably free from smoke.

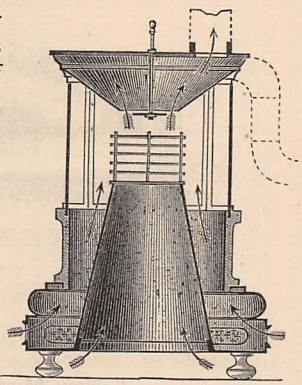


FIG. 2.

Photographing by Phosphorescence.

M. Zenger, a French experimenter, has succeeded in utilising phosphorescent substances in order to obtain photographs of unseen objects. M. Zenger observed a bluish phosphorescent light from Mont Blanc after sunset, and he projected the image of the mountain, when thus seen, upon a plate of Balmain's "luminous paint," a well-known phosphorescent substance. The plate thus exposed was afterwards placed in contact with a dry photographic plate in the dark, and at the end of an hour the image of the mountain was obtained upon the dry plate. It follows that the images of objects can, as it were, be stored up in this way, and afterwards fixed by photography. The process may be useful in photographing stars, and perhaps in other ways not thought of at present.

Metal-Edged Boxes.

Ordinary card-board boxes are apt to give at the edges, and boxes are now being made with metal edges, an improvement which makes them much stronger, although still light, and suitable for the parcel post. We may also state that metal is being substituted for card-board in book-binding. The metal is in thin sheets, and it is covered with the leather usually employed in such work. The result is a thinner binding than card-board, and known as "British Pellisfort."

A Self-Opening Coal-Scuttle.

An automatic coal-scuttle, which opens when the shovel is drawn out, has recently been introduced in several patterns. The mechanism is of a simple character, and the scuttles are of ordinary shape.

Pearl-Fishing by Electric Light.

The steam-yacht *Chic*, belonging to Messrs. Alley and McLellan, of Glasgow, has been fitted up with a powerful Brush arc light to fit her for pearl-fishing in South Australian waters. It is expected that the light will penetrate to seventeen fathoms, which is twice the depth that the lights hitherto used have reached. The arc light will be enclosed in a glass globe strong enough to withstand the pressure of the water.

Telling Fresh Eggs.

The following is a simple French test for telling whether eggs are fresh or not. Dissolve two ounces of kitchen salt in a pint of water. When a fresh-laid egg is placed in this solution it will descend to the bottom of the vessel, while one which has been laid the day previously will not quite reach the bottom. If the egg be three days old, it will float in the liquid ; and if more than three days old, it will float on the surface, projecting above the latter more and more as it happens to be lighter with increased age.

A Marvel in Clocks.

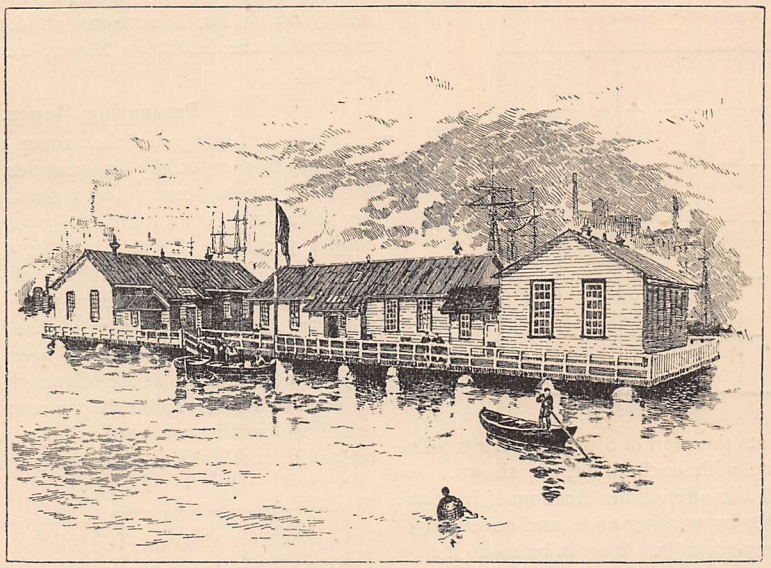
Christian Martin, a famous clockmaker, of Villingen, in the Black Forest, has devised a clock about twelve feet high, and standing in a Gothic case, which

shows the seconds, minutes, quarter-hours, hours, days, weeks, months, the seasons, years, and leap-years, until the last second of the year A.D. 99,999. It also shows the right time by comparison in different parts of the world, the phases of the moon, and a series of movable pictures representing the Creation, and other subjects. It strikes the minutes as well as the quarters and the hours, and that by means of numerous movable figures of an emblematic order. During the night the figure of a watchman comes forward and blows the hour on his horn ; while a cock crows at the sunrise, and a cuckoo appears in spring-time.

agitation settles them into their smallest bulk. They are then formed into bundles by mechanical means, compressed, and bound by wire. A firewood bundling machine, worked by a pedal, for smaller requirements, has also been introduced.

Electrical Fluorescence.

M. Lecoq de Boisbaudran finds from experiments that several substances yield a bright luminosity when subjected to the influence of the electric discharge in a vacuum tube. Thus, sulphate of lime, when heated red-hot, and supplemented by sulphate of manganese, yields a beautiful green fluorescence. Calcined carbonate of lime gives a violet tinge ; sulphate of zinc, after being heated to a dull red, gives a pale rose fluorescence ; while carbonate of lime with manganese gives fluorescence *in vacuo* of an orange colour.



A FLOATING HOSPITAL.

A Floating Hospital.

The accompanying figure illustrates a floating hospital which has been built for the River Tyne Port Sanitary Authority. It is floated on ten cylindrical iron pontoons, each 70 feet long and 6 feet in diameter. These can be detached one at a time for inspection and cleaning. They support a foundation of iron girders, on which the hospital is raised. The latter consists of three main buildings of wood, with additional smaller ones. The main buildings are 23½ feet wide and 20 feet high. They are fitted up as hospitals, with all the necessary auxiliaries.

A Firewood Machine.

A machine has been brought out for cutting up old timber into firewood, and tying it in bundles ready for sale. It consists essentially of a chopping-knife actuated like a mortise chisel. The timber is fed into the machine in lengths of about six inches, and the chisel splits them up along the grain of the wood. They pass out of the machine into a box, which by

Luminous Rifle Sights.

Luminous paint has been applied to the sights of rifles to enable them to be used in the dark. The system has been tested recently by the War Office authorities ; and it consists in fixing a luminous head over the two sights of the weapon.

A Signal Flag-Staff.

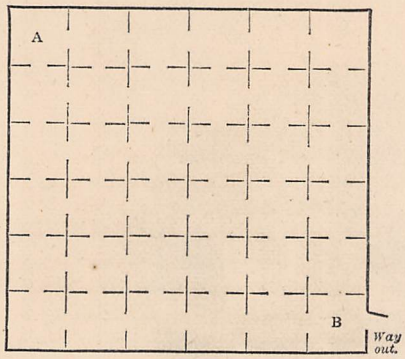
In some of the great shipbuilding yards of the Clyde, a tall flag-staff is erected on a spot where it can be seen from all parts of the works. The various heads of departments have signalling flags assigned to them, and when one of these is seen up, the workman repairs to the nearest telephone and communicates with his chief.

Watch-Dog Posts.

The Prussians, who seem to press everything into the service of their army, have now impressed watch-dogs. The "watch-dog battalion" is trained to carry news from the advance posts to the main body in despatches tied round their necks. They are also employed to warn the outposts of an advancing enemy in the night, and to hunt up wounded men or stragglers. The dogs are attached to each company of Chasseurs.

A Prison Puzzle.

The following puzzle has been given recently by Mr. R. A. Proctor, the well-known writer on astronomy. He believes it has a solution, but does not give it, therefore it will be all the more interesting to solve.



The figure represents the plan of a prison having cells which communicate with each other, as shown. A prisoner in the cell A is offered his freedom if he can make his way to B by passing once, and once only, through all the thirty-six cells. How is he to do it ?

Use of the Bee's Sting.

Mr. W. F. Clarke, a Canadian observer, announces that the sting of the bee is employed by that useful insect as a tool in capping the honey-comb, and infusing the formic acid into the honey, which makes it keep well. This observation, if corroborated, would, he points out, explain why honey extracted before the cells are capped does not keep well: the formic acid has not been added to it.

Health-Plant.

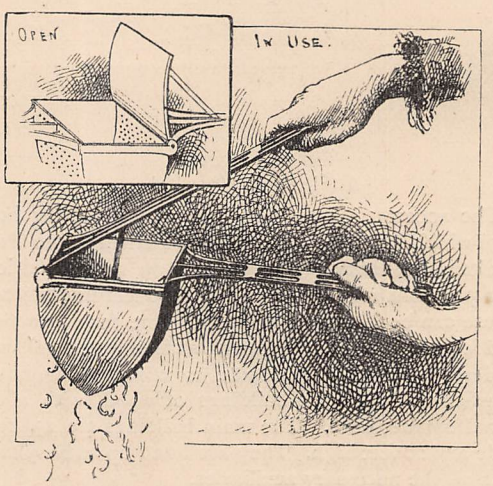
Many plants—the Eucalyptus, for example—have long been recognised as conducing to the health of those living in their neighbourhood, and recently another health-plant has been discovered in rather an unexpected quarter. That common river weed, the American water-thyme, scientifically known as *Anacharis alsinastrum*, has long been considered as worse than useless—a positive nuisance, choking up ponds and rivers with its speedy growth. A German doctor, however, has discovered that in his district, where malaria and diarrhœa appeared annually in a sporadic or epidemic form, these diseases have gradually decreased since the water-thyme began to infest the neighbouring marshes and rivers, and may have now entirely disappeared. The plant feeds on decayed vegetable matter, and thus destroys the germs which produce malaria and diarrhœa; further than this, its rapid growth necessitates the frequent cleansing of standing waters, a measure always beneficial to health.

Straw Shoes.

Dr. Macgowan, an American, has suggested the introduction of Chinese straw shoes into the nursery for the use of children. They allow of much freedom to the feet, and cost only a few pence. They are made of rice-straw by aged people, too feeble for more active employment. The highest-priced shoes—costing about 6d.—are made of mat-grass (*Arundo mites*) which Dr. Macgowan thinks should be acclimatised in the Southern States, and utilised in mat-making.

Preserving Ropes.

It has been suggested that ropes used for scaffolding purposes, especially in localities where the atmosphere is apt to destroy hemp, should be dipped when dry in a bath containing 20 grains of sulphate of copper per litre of water, and kept in this solution about four days. The sulphate of copper absorbed will, it is believed, preserve them from attacks of parasites and rot. We may mention in this connection that old iron ropes which have been used in pit shafting are now utilised at the Cannock Chase Collieries as conductors for conveying electricity to light the mines and works overhead. They are insulated with tarpaulin, and laid in troughs among coal-dust.



A Fruit and Vegetable Press.

The figures illustrate the use of a strainer or press for preparing fruit, potatoes, and other vegetables for the table. The article is simply placed in the cup, when open, and the two handles brought forcibly together by hand, as shown. This press obviates the use of a cloth in straining fruit for the manufacture of jellies, jams, or liquors. It also frees potatoes from specks and shreds of skin; moreover, it is said to render watery potatoes mealier.

A Petroleum Geyser.

The Tagrieff petroleum fountain which burst out on October 5th last, at Baku, in Russia, is believed to be the largest known. It spouted to a height of 224 feet, and delivered nearly 500 tons of oil an hour, or about 11,000 tons a day. The roar of the gas from the orifice is said to be terrific.

"Humour in Arcadie."

To the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I was much interested in your articles on "Arcadie," and, having spent all my life there, some amusing incidents are called to mind by your papers.*

I was only the other day speaking to a man who had planted some vegetable-marrow seed for the first time. Seeing the plants throw the seed out of the ground, he replanted them, thinking he must have sown the seed the wrong way.

One day a friend of mine met a man returning from rabbit-shooting, and asked what sport. "Very good," was the reply. "I left you a couple." Being new to the chaff of the district, my friend took the answer seriously, and invited the sportsman to accompany him to a neighbouring inn, where they partook of refreshment together—of course at my friend's expense. On arriving home, the new-comer made every inquiry about the rabbits, but found no trace of them. Meeting the sportsman a few days afterwards, he inquired where he left the rabbits for him, receiving only the disappointing reply, "Oh, I left them for you—in the holes."

I went into the house of a sick friend some years since to transact business with him, and was amazed to find, when I got into his bed-room, that the neighbours had persuaded the wife to prop his mouth open with a cork, wrapping some wire round it and fastening the wire at the back of the head, to prevent lock-jaw. My friend was suffering from rheumatic fever. This occurred in the cathedral city of Lichfield.

Yours truly,

Fazeley, Nov. 1, 1886. THOMAS WOOLLEY.

A New Joint for Woodwork.

The accompanying figures illustrate a system of jointing woodwork, which consists in soaking a long piece of canvas and lengths of spun cotton yarn in a special kind of vegetable gum, to form the material of the joint. These strips are folded into as many plies as are necessary, then applied to one edge, and held there until the other plank is pushed up and nailed home. Figs. 1 and 2 show how the deck joint of a boat is made by this method. One plank has a plain edge, and the other has a cavity cut in it. The plies of canvas, *e*, have in them a flexible core, *a*, and a two-length ply of canvas, *d*, completes the material of the joint, which is simply made by closing up the planks in the ordinary way. For thin decks the core, *a*, is dispensed with. This joint requires no caulking: it gives and takes with the swelling and shrinking of the wood, and has been tried on the decks of the steamship *Glengarry*.

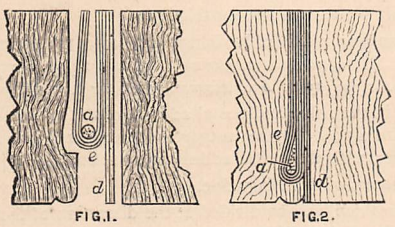


FIG. 1. FIG. 2.

* CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, July and September, 1886.

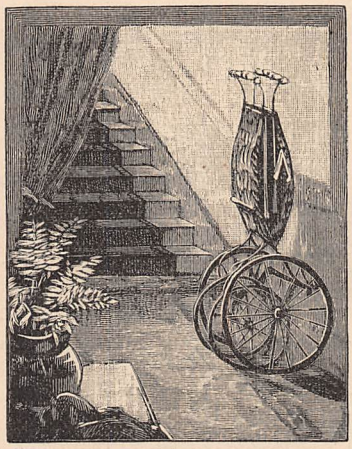


FIG. 1.

A Collapsing Perambulator.

The figures illustrate a German baby carriage which can be closed up into the form shown in Fig. 1. The sides of the carriage are of lined cloth on a frame of wrought iron and cane, so constructed as to fold up and open out in the manner shown in Fig. 2. The weight is also comparatively small, being from 26 to 37 lbs. according to the size.

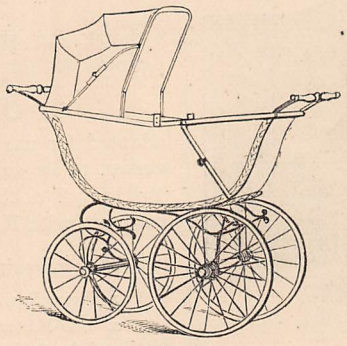


FIG. 2.

A Telescopic Vessel.

A submarine torpedo and search-boat, the *Nautilus*, has been devised by Messrs. A. Campbell, E. Wolesley, and C. E. Lyon, which is raised and lowered in the water by expanding or contracting in bulk, or in other words, by altering its power of flotation. This

is effected by sending out or in telescopic chambers projecting from the vessel. The boat is propelled by electricity stored in accumulators; and she is lighted by the same means. A supply of compressed air is provided for the men on board. As tried recently at the West India Docks, the vessel seemed to work satisfactorily. In this connection we may mention a novel man-of-war about to be built in America. She is to be fitted up with three pneumatic guns, each 70 feet long, and throwing dynamite cartridges. These guns are expected to prove effective at a distance of three miles. The dynamite cartridge is a thin copper can containing 200 lbs. of dynamite, and fitting to the bore of the gun. A wooden shaft is to be attached to it to steady the missile in its flight. The ship will have a speed of 20 knots an hour, and will be propelled by twin screws.

A Signalling Street Lamp.

FIG. 1.

The accompanying illustrations represent a lamp-post which has been introduced into the town of Newhaven, Connecticut, by Mr. Brewer and Mr. W. C. Smith. The body of the post contains a telephonic apparatus, as shown in Fig. 1, and also a simple device for raising and lowering a screen of red glass round the flame of the lamp above. The screen can be worked by electricity from the police station, so that when information is wanted from any particular policeman he can be called in this manner to the telephone at night. For instance, if a theft has been committed in any part of the town, all the policemen can be informed of it, so as to co-operate in the capture of the thief. The red lights can also be used for visual signalling between neighbouring policemen. Fig. 2 shows the lamp as in use.

A SIGNALLING STREET LAMP.
FIG. 2.

A Test for Pepper.

Unclean pepper berries are believed to cause the prevalence of sand in pepper. The following simple test, given by Mr. Winter Blyth for pepper-buyers, may therefore be useful:—Buy an ounce of chloroform at the chemist's, and a large test-tube. Fill the test-tube half full with chloroform, and add about half a tea-spoonful of pepper. Having corked the test-tube, shake it once or twice. All the pepper will float on the top of the chloroform, while the sand will sink to the bottom. In this way the buyer can judge of the quality of the pepper.

OUR JUBILEE COMPETITION.

THIS being the year of Her Majesty's Jubilee, the Editor offers a Prize of Five Guineas for the best

JUBILEE NATIONAL ANTHEM

adapted for use at Jubilee celebrations, and to contain not more than three verses, to be sung to the tune either of "God Save the Queen" or of "Rule, Britannia," at the option of the competitor. All MSS., duly authenticated in accordance with Rule 3, must be sent to the Editor not later than March 31st, 1887.

The following are the conditions under which this Prize is offered:—

1. Every Reader of the Magazine is eligible to compete for this Prize.

2. The Editor cannot undertake to answer inquiries having reference to the treatment in detail of the subject of the Competition. *The description given is sufficient for the purposes of the Competition, and the rest is left to the judgment and discretion of the competitors.*

3. Each MS. must have inscribed on it, or otherwise securely attached to it, the name and postal address of the author, together with a declaration that the work is *original and entirely the sender's own*, to be signed by the author and countersigned by some other trustworthy person, *i.e.*, a magistrate, minister of religion, or householder, with the postal address in both cases.

4. The copyright of the Prize work will become the property of the Proprietors of this Magazine.

5. Should the two best works in the Competition prove of equal merit, the Prize may be divided at the discretion of the Editor. The Prize may be withheld in the event of no composition being thought worthy of that distinction.

6. The Editor will not be responsible for loss or miscarriage of any work, and all letters or packets must be *prepaid*.

7. *The Editor cannot undertake to return unsuccessful MSS.*—copies should therefore be retained by the senders.

8. Every MS. must be sent before the date named above as the latest day, addressed—The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., and must have the words "Jubilee Anthem Competition" in the top left-hand corner of the envelope or wrapper.

A STEP IN THE DARK.

By KATE EYRE.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

I OBSERVE A CHANGE.

AFTER my return we soon settle down into our former ways. I could almost fancy no break had occurred, especially as Dr. Birt continues to visit us on the old friendly footing, and Lady Vane is careful never to allude to the circumstances that led to my temporary absence.

I am, however, grieved to see Dr. Birt has not exaggerated the change in Lady Vane. At first I did not observe much difference in her, but now I have been back a few days I am shocked to discover her ladyship's memory is failing. I fancy she is herself aware of this, and that the knowledge distresses her; but as she never refers to it, I maintain a discreet silence on the subject.

I find much that requires attention on my return, for the various poor families in whom Lady Vane takes an interest have been rather neglected since I left Cromwell Road.

I dearly love playing the Lady Bountiful. I know of no joy deeper than that which is afforded by the endeavour to make the burdens laid on others lighter. If those with means at their command could only be brought to realise the happiness that lies within their reach if they would but share their wealth with their poorer neighbours, they *could not* be so foolish as to spend it all on themselves.

Theoretically, I hold that to our poorer brothers and sisters we owe justice, not mercy. If they are willing and able to work, why should they be so often compelled to accept as *gifts* the necessities of life? I have some visionary ideas of a state of society in which *all* shall labour, and *all* shall receive in return for their labour the means to enable them to live sober, peaceful lives, with leisure at their command to avail themselves of some of the refining influences of our nineteenth-century civilisation. In short, I have dreamed of that glorious time when neither Dives nor Lazarus shall dwell in our land. But it is a deep, deep subject; and I am young, inexperienced, and have, moreover, shown so little wisdom in the steering of my own bark, I hesitate to give expression to the wild theories which chase each other in my brain. And while older and wiser heads than mine are attempting to solve the difficult problem, and the poor are patiently waiting for that justice which seems so long in coming, I can at least help in the distribution of Lady Vane's wealth, and by contributing, as my share, much trouble and forethought, I can experience the joy of being, to some small extent, instrumental in promoting the happiness of others.

Finding so much to engage my attention, I fail to observe, as quickly as I otherwise should, the change that is almost imperceptibly stealing over Lady Vane. She is now past ninety, but so well does she carry her great age that it is with difficulty one realises what a very old woman she really is. In matters of every-day life she is still clear-headed and energetic; her memory has, however, so far failed her that she seldom speaks of events which happened a few years back, rather confining her remarks to that which is passing at the present time, or else dwelling on the incidents which occurred in her girlhood.

The change now gradually taking place in Lady Vane affects more than her memory. The "thud, thud" of her stick is not heard so often as it was a few months ago, nor does it beat to such quick time. Her ladyship's voice, too, is a little less gruff, nor is it raised to reprove those about her quite so frequently as of yore. She takes rather less interest in the *Times* leaders; the letters she dictates are shorter, and their tone less satirical; and Mrs. Melgrove and her daughters are allowed to call more often without cutting remarks being made as to their motives.

All this has been going on for some months—can, in fact, as Dr. Birt says, be traced back to the time when I first went to Mrs. Ridley's. But, although I am painfully conscious of the change which has taken place in her ladyship, it has dawned upon me so gradually and I am so much occupied with other matters, that I do not attach the importance to it which it demands.

But I am doomed to have the sad truth forced on me in a very sudden and alarming manner.

I have just returned from visiting one of her ladyship's *protégées*. The door is opened to me by Carter, the parlour-maid. Reade left to be married a few weeks after she got into such disgrace with her ladyship for not fetching a policeman to Bernard Cole. The present parlour-maid was recommended by Mrs. Melgrove, with whom she lived for some little time. I merely allude to this because Lady Vane's servants are generally fixtures for years, so that any change calls for remark. And now I am on the subject, I may as well mention that I do not particularly like Carter. I must in fairness add, however, that she is a good servant, and very obliging; any dislike which I may entertain towards her is, therefore, not justifiable.

When I have been out, I generally go straight to Lady Vane before retiring to my room to remove my out-door garments. On this occasion I am about to follow my usual practice when Carter informs me Mrs. Melgrove is with her ladyship.

There is invariably an indescribable something in Carter's manner which seems to suggest that, as I am only a dependent, I ought not to intrude when Lady Vane and her niece are together. Without pausing to consider whether I am, or am not, allowing Carter to decide for me what my duty is, I pass on to my own room.

I have only just had time to remove my hat and jacket, when I am startled by hearing Lady Vane's bell violently rung. I run on to the landing, and, leaning over the banisters—from whence I can see the door of her ladyship's boudoir—I watch, as Carter rushes up-stairs to respond to the vigorous summons.

"Carter, show Mrs. Melgrove out at once," I hear Lady Vane exclaim, and her ladyship's voice is gruff enough and angry enough now. "And never you dare to darken my door again, Caroline, or it'll be the worse for you."

"Really, Aunt Martha——"

"Will you go at once, when I tell you to, Caroline?"

"You will live to repent this, Aunt Martha; you will, indeed. I am merely warning you for your own good, and——"

"Live to repent it, shall I? A long time I should live if you held the lease of my life, and you could once induce me to be fool enough to do as you wish. Now, will you go? And don't you or your girls dare to come here again until you are asked."

"I am extremely grieved to think you should so far misunderstand me as to——"

"Did you hear me tell you to go? I won't be defied in my own house."

"I shall come and see you again when you are calmer, Aunt Martha. You will then, I am sure, be ready to acknowledge the injustice you are now doing me."

"If you don't go, I'll have you put out by main force. And as for coming again, you needn't trouble yourself to do that, for I shall give strict orders to the servants not to admit you. Carter, never you dare to show Mrs. Melgrove into my presence again. If you do, you may consider yourself as good as dismissed."

Very reluctantly Mrs. Melgrove at length emerges from the room, followed by Carter. She does not leave the house at once, however; for quite ten minutes elapse before I hear the front door close. I suppose she must be having a little talk with the parlour-maid.

As soon as I am sure Mrs. Melgrove has really left the house, I run down to Lady Vane's room. I find her ladyship in a dreadful state of excitement.

"She deserves six months in Newgate for slander, and I should like to see her get it too. A designing, intriguing, lying viper! Nothing could be too bad for her. Make a will in her favour, indeed; shouldn't I like to see myself do it! Why, I'd sooner leave every penny I have to a crossing-sweeper. I suppose she thinks I'm getting so old and so childish that she can turn me round her little finger. But she's out of her reckoning there; and I'll take good care she shall find out her mistake some day—ha! ha! ha!"

Lady Vane clutches hold of her stick, presumably to pace up and down the room, as is her wont when agitated. She rises, but somehow misses her footing, and falls heavily to the ground. I rush to her assistance, but, finding myself quite powerless to lift her into her chair again, I pull violently at the bell.

To my relief it is speedily answered by Carter, followed by Dr. Birt.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

I LOSE MY DEAR OLD MISTRESS.

WHAT I at first imagined to be merely a fall is, I grieve to say, a far more serious matter. Lady Vane is in a slight epileptic fit, brought on, as Dr. Birt declares, by intense excitement. It does not last many minutes, nor is her ladyship injured by her fall; still, when she recovers consciousness, she seems very weak and exhausted, and goes off almost immediately into a deep sleep, which lasts for hours.

The next morning her ladyship seems much better. She is, however, very weak indeed, and although she insists upon getting up, she is obliged, when dressed, to remain in her bed-room.

Dr. Birt arrives early. He looks somewhat grave.

"Do you not think Lady Vane is much better?" I ask, as I follow the doctor down-stairs.

"Yes, she looks fairly well, and seems quite free from pain."

"Why do you speak in so hesitating a tone?"

"Lady Vane is very old, Adrianne."

"But you surely do not think seriously of her case, Dr. Birt? You said yesterday she had had but a very slight fit, and that you did not think she was likely to have another."

"Nor do I think so now. Nevertheless, her ladyship must not be left alone, night or day. You must get a nurse."

"I am quite sure her ladyship will not hear of engaging a nurse. As you think she should not be left alone, I may perhaps be able to persuade her to let me share her room."

"You must do nothing of the kind, Adrianne. If you are to attend to her ladyship by day, you must rest at night. I shall be very vexed if you have not arranged about a nurse by the time I come to-morrow. Remember this is likely to be a lingering case."

"I am sure I hope it may be so if there can be but one end to it."

"There can be but one end."

"Oh, Dr. Birt!"

The doctor places his hands on my shoulders, and looks anxiously into my face.

"You will be very lonely *then*, poor child. But I do not think it will come just yet. Remember, dear, you can never want a friend, and that there is one person at least to whom you are and ever will be the dearest woman in all the world. Oh, Adrianne, if

only you could bring yourself some day to give that one person the right to call you nearest as well as dearest!"

Without another word, Dr. Birt leaves me.

As I anticipated, Lady Vane is very averse to having a strange nurse about her. At first she refuses point-blank to entertain the idea, and only yields, and then very reluctantly, when I tell her Dr. Birt my obedience with a very gracious smile. Kind and thoughtful as the doctor always is, he likes to be obeyed.

When Dr. Birt first told me there could be but one end to Lady Vane's illness, I could not realise it. Now, however, as her ladyship grows weaker day by day, I can no longer shut my eyes to the truth. A deep sadness steals over me as I watch the

"I DEARLY LOVE PLAYING THE LADY BOUNTIFUL" (*p.* 257).

declares I shall be knocked up if I do not have assistance. Then there comes the difficulty of finding a suitable person, and I am just wishing I had thought to ask Dr. Birt if he knew any one whom he could recommend, when Carter comes to the rescue by informing us her mother is a sick-nurse, and is disengaged at the present time. Lady Vane seems relieved at the idea of not having a perfect stranger. Her ladyship is rather fond of Carter, having taken a fancy to her from the first. This is the more surprising as she was engaged from Mrs. Melgrove's recommendation.

Mrs. Carter is duly installed by the time Dr. Birt arrives the next morning, and I am rewarded for life of her who has ever been so good to me slowly ebbing away.

There is another matter that troubles me sorely: I can see plainly Lady Vane's mind is not at ease. She clings so to life, she cannot bring herself to make a will, lest by so doing she should seem to acknowledge her end may be near, and thus hasten that which she is painfully anxious to ward off. And yet the fact that, should she die suddenly, her property would go to those who she least desires should have it, is a source of hourly worry to her. Placed as I am, I cannot possibly urge her to put her house in order, nor does Dr. Birt care to broach so delicate a subject, and yet we both know how much easier her ladyship

would be were her affairs once settled. Day after day she declares she must send next week for Mr. Littlehales—her solicitor—but "next week" never comes, and yet her ladyship must know that in all human probability she has not many more weeks to live.

About a fortnight ago, Dr. Birt insisted on having a second opinion. Lady Vane opposed the doctor's wishes in this respect with something of her old energy, but to no purpose, for Dr. Birt is not one to easily give up that for which he contends. When the physician did come, however, he only corroborated Dr. Birt's opinion—Lady Vane was suffering from no particular disease, merely decay of nature; still she was sinking fast.

With the exception of the physician, no one has had access to her ladyship during her illness but Dr. Birt, the nurse, Carter, and myself. Mrs. Melgrove has called to inquire after her aunt with marked regularity ever since the day she was so summarily dismissed from Lady Vane's presence; but, although Carter brings up urgent messages, her ladyship keeps her word to the letter.

"Tell her she needn't wear out her shoe-leather coming here, for she won't gain anything by it;" this, or words to the same effect, is the way in which Lady Vane invariably receives her niece's sympathetic inquiries.

The manner in which Lady Vane clings to all her old habits is deeply affecting. Nothing will induce her to partake of her breakfast until she is dressed and sitting in her easy-chair. Breakfast over, she prepares to follow her usual practice of dictating replies to all such letters as require answering; but her sentences are so disjointed, and she wanders away so far from the subject in hand, that I invariably have to re-write the letters when I can find leisure to do so. As soon as the letters are supposed to be finished, I read the *Times* aloud; but her ladyship makes irrelevant remarks over the Parliamentary news and dozes when the leaders are commenced, to wake up with a start declaring that the writer has "about hit it off there." Sometimes I venture to leave off reading directly I become aware of her ladyship's deep breathing; but the ceasing of my voice always arouses her ladyship, when she rounds on me soundly for shirking my duty.

Thus Lady Vane grows feebler day by day, and still she puts off till "next week" that which, for her own peace of mind, should be done without an hour's delay. I know that, as she sits gazing into the fire hour after hour, she is trying to solve the hard problem as to what she is to do with her great wealth, and I long to advise her to make a will leaving the bulk of it to those who really have a right to it; but still I dare not. After all, if her ladyship waits until the "next week," which will never come, will not her relatives get that which is justly theirs? If only Lady Vane were not herself so ill at ease about it all in these her last moments, I should be content to let matters take their course.

All this time I watch Lady Vane with great anxiety. It is so long since my own dear parents died, and Lady Vane has ever been so good to me in my loneliness, that the parting from her when it comes will be very terrible. Never, until within the last few weeks, have I realised how inexpressibly dear my eccentric, and at times overbearing, old mistress is to me. I began to feel something of this when, in her anger that I would not be done good to in the way which her ladyship thought best for me, she sent me from her; but I never really knew how deep down into my heart had grown my love for her until now, when I must so soon wish her the last, long, sad good-bye. Tears dim my eyes as I think of it, and remorse gnaws at my heart when I remember I have not always repaid her kindness with that confidence which I can now so clearly see was her due. Ah! better for me a thousand times would it have been if, when Clive Aspinell first wooed me, I had braved the few words of ridicule her ladyship would probably have indulged in, for the sake of the sound advice which would have followed, had I but had the courage to be true. If only I had fought my weakness, trampling it underfoot, and spurning deception, what might I not now have been! Ah me, ah me! it is too late now; and I dare not think out that saddest of all thoughts—the "what might have been"!

Lady Vane and I are alone. The shadows of evening are closing in, and the firelight is playing on Lady Vane's face, showing with cruel faithfulness the change in it which I would fain not see.

"Child, come to me. Here, kneel down beside me; I want to see your face."

I obey, and Lady Vane takes my face between her hands.

"What, tears! I thought I could not be mistaken."

"Oh, Lady Vane!" and, unable longer to hide my grief, I bury my head in her ladyship's lap and sob aloud.

"What is it, child? But there, don't tell me; I think I can guess."

I sob on in silence. Lady Vane gently strokes my hair. Caresses and tender words are so rare with her ladyship, that I seem to hear her voice in a dream, as she says—

"I believe *you* do care something for the lonely old woman whose wealth has been her only recommendation to others for so many years. I'm fool enough to like to think that there is one person who will miss me."

"Oh, Lady Vane, don't—don't! If you could only know how I dread the parting."

"Poor child! poor child! I have loved you as well—aye, and better than if you had been my own flesh and blood. Had I had a daughter, I should have wished her to be as you have been. If, in the years to come, you should sometimes think of the old woman whose life you made so much happier than it would otherwise have been—and you will have cause to remember her, please God, if I live till to-morrow—and in thinking of her the harsh words that she has so often spoken should flash across your mind, always

"I RUN ON TO THE LANDING, AND, LEANING OVER THE BANISTERS . . . . I WATCH" (*p.* 258).

say to yourself, 'She didn't mean it; she loved me in her heart.'"

"Oh, Lady Vane, I have nothing but kindness upon kindness to remember!"

"Hush, child, hush! I know it has not always been so; but I will make amends."

An hour later, when the doctor comes in, he looks very grave as he examines his patient.

"You had better sit up with her to-night, Adrianne; the end is, I fear, very near," he whispers, as I follow him to the top of the stairs.

All night long I watch beside her, but I can detect no change. Towards morning she falls into a peaceful sleep, from which she wakes much refreshed.

She insists upon being dressed as usual, although she is very, very weak. No sooner is she settled in her easy-chair than she suggests my going to see a poor woman in whom she is much interested. I demur, not liking to leave her ladyship; but eventually, at her earnest request, I start out on my journey.

I hurry back; but directly I enter the sick-room I notice a great change for the worse in Lady Vane. Dr. Birt is with her, as are also nurse and Carter.

"I am glad you've come!" exclaims the doctor. "She is asking for you."

I approach the chair and bend over it. Lady Vane puts up her hand to draw my face nearer to hers, and I am shocked to find how cold she is.

"Good-bye, child. It's all right at last. God bless you, Adrianne."

A few minutes more, and Lady Vane has breathed her last.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

MRS. MELGROVE TAKES THE LEAD.

I WILL not dwell on my sorrow. Something of the depth of that sorrow I have already touched upon; the rest had better be buried in silence, while I hasten on to narrate my further experiences.

I write off at once to Mr. Littlehales, asking him to come and give instructions concerning the funeral. I

know not how soon I may find myself an alien in the house, therefore I think it better not to assume any responsibility.

"Do you know if Lady Vane made a will?" is the first question the solicitor puts to me.

I reply in the negative. Again and again Lady Vane's words, "It's all right at last," recur to me, together with the hint she threw out the day before her death to the effect that I should have cause to remember her if she did but live until the following day. Her anxiety to get me out of the way the next morning also tends to confirm the impression that at the last moment Lady Vane did make a will in my favour. That her ladyship was, up to the time of her death, capable of consigning to paper the few words which would insure her property coming to me, I am fully convinced; the two witnesses whose signatures would be necessary to legalise the will were also to hand in the persons of Carter and her mother, the nurse. All this is, however, surmise; and as such, I should not think of submitting it to Mr. Littlehales. Therefore, I am speaking truthfully when I tell the solicitor I do not know if her ladyship has made a will.

"None of her ladyship's papers had better be touched until after the funeral," suggested Mr. Littlehales.

"Certainly they had better not, Mr. Littlehales," I reply, as I hand over the keys.

Nurse Carter prepares to leave, her services being no longer required. Rather to my surprise, she is anxious to take her daughter away with her. She explains this by saying she is not feeling very well herself. I do not raise any objection to the arrangement. All the servants will have to seek fresh situations after the funeral, and Carter anticipating the event by a few days cannot make much difference. I do not like the girl sufficiently to wish her to remain, and even if I did, I am not in a position to ask her to do so; for have not the servants as much right to do as they like as I have? I do not think of this, however, having been accustomed for so long to be next in authority to Lady Vane; nor does the fact that I myself have *no right* to be staying on till after the funeral occur to me, until I receive the following letter from Mrs. Melgrove:

"DEAR MISS TEMPLE.—As the late Lady Vane's nearest relative, may I beg of you to kindly remain at Cromwell Road, and superintend affairs there in my name, until the funeral takes place. My time is so very much occupied just now, that I should not feel justified in leaving home, or else I would not trouble you. I mention the day of the funeral as the limit of your stay, because I do not like to further trespass on your kindness. I need hardly say, however, that should it be a convenience to you to remain until you have obtained another situation, you are perfectly welcome to do so. I feel that, in saying this, I am not only carrying out what I am sure would have been the wishes of my lamented aunt in the matter, but also testifying to the value of your services to dear Lady Vane.

"I remain, dear Miss Temple,

"Sincerely yours,

"CAROLINE MELGROVE."

My cheeks burn with indignation as I read this letter. My first impulse is to leave the house at once. Fortunately, Dr. Birt comes in just as I am meditating taking this step.

"What is the matter, Adrianne?" he asks, as he shakes hands with me. He has learned to read my face like an open book.

"Do read that, Dr. Birt. Is it not too bad?"

"Just the letter Mrs. Melgrove would write under the circumstances. I should reply to it in the same strain, if I were you," says the doctor, as he hands me back my letter.

"I think I shall leave at once."

"Do nothing of the kind, Adrianne. Why, that is just what Mrs. Melgrove wants you to do! From one or two words Lady Vane let drop just before you came in *that* morning, I think Mrs. Melgrove is playing a losing game."

"I think so, too," and then I tell Dr. Birt the reasons I have for such thinking. I did not mean to say anything about my impression even to the doctor, preferring to wait until I should know definitely one way or the other, but now I have taken him into my confidence I feel much relieved.

I had intended going to the funeral. I wished so earnestly to see the last of my dear old mistress. I thought, too, that were I but present at the grave, her memory would ever be hallowed to me by its association with the beautiful service for the dead. Mrs. Melgrove writes, however, to Mr. Littlehales—of whose advent in Cromwell Road I took care to apprise her—informing him she did not feel equal to attending the funeral herself, and that she thought it would be better no ladies should be present. Mr. Littlehales falls in with this suggestion. Much to my satisfaction he asks Dr. Birt to be one of the mourners.

I receive a second letter from Mrs. Melgrove, in which she tells me she and her two daughters intend coming to Cromwell Road on the day of the funeral in order to be present at the reading of the will, should such a document exist.

When the day at length arrives, I put on my black dress, and sit alone in my own room. I shiver as I hear heavy footsteps slowly descending the stairs, knowing instinctively *what* is being carried down.

I open my book, and try to follow the service; but my thoughts *will* wander. Hundreds of ideas chase each other, try as I will to concentrate my mind on the one subject; nevertheless, I am conscious all the time of a dull, aching pain.

Presently they return. Although I have been shut up alone all day, I feel directly I hear their footsteps in the hall that my dear old mistress is really gone from me never to return again. I seem to realise this just as fully as if I had left the cemetery, knowing it contained all that remained of her whom during her lifetime I did not love half dearly enough.

Soon after, I am surprised to hear Mrs. Melgrove requests my presence in the drawing-room. Have they found the will?

But on entering the drawing-room I find all the company seated solemnly round the room, while Mr.

Littlehales has Lady Vane's desk before him, and is jingling her ladyship's keys in his hand.

"Dr. Birt thought that perhaps, Miss Temple, you would like to be present in case any will of Lady Vane's should be forthcoming. It had not occurred to me to request your presence; nevertheless, I am only too pleased to fall in with Dr. Birt's wishes in the matter."

I bow rather stiffly, and glance round the room in search of a vacant seat.

"There is plenty of room for you here, Adrianne," and Dr. Birt places a chair for me next to his own.

I take it, feeling that I am sitting next to my best—aye, and dearest—friend.

Then we all wait in breathless silence whilst Mr. Littlehales unlocks the desk.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

I AM SORELY PUZZLED.

MR. LITTLEHALES takes out the papers contained in Lady Vane's desk one by one, looking carefully at each document. While he is thus engaged, I glance round the room.

Mrs. Melgrove and her two daughters are seated on a couch, all three being dressed in deep mourning. The two girls are eagerly watching Mr. Littlehales. Mrs. Melgrove, on the contrary, keeps her eyes fixed on the ground. Once or twice she locks and unlocks her fingers, but this is the only sign of nervousness she shows. Dr. Birt sits with his legs crossed, stroking his chin meditatively. He is observing the solicitor with evident interest, but there is none of that restless eagerness about him which is so apparent in Mrs. Melgrove's daughters. I doubt if *any* pecuniary consideration would thoroughly rouse him, so little importance does he attach to wealth. And yet his knowledge of the world must have taught him something of the value of money. Now and again he glances at me a little anxiously.

All the servants are on the opposite side, the women dressed in their new black dresses, while the coachman is looking thoroughly uncomfortable in a suit of very shiny broadcloth. Lady Vane's servants have been in her ladyship's service for years, and are therefore justified in expecting legacies. Some half-dozen gentlemen—friends of Lady Vane's, and invited to the funeral by Mr. Littlehales to swell the number of mourners—are also present. They have no personal interest in the disposal of her ladyship's property, and are therefore merely watching the proceedings with assumed gravity.

"There is no will here," says Mr. Littlehales at length. "Lady Vane was in the habit of keeping her most important papers in this desk; was she not?" The solicitor looks towards me as he asks this question.

I am about to reply, when Mrs. Melgrove remarks—

"I believe so; but of late years Miss Temple has known more of Lady Vane's habits than I have."

Mrs. Melgrove's eagerness to assume the lead irritates me a little. I am, therefore, not sorry when Mr Littlehales says—

"Pardon me, Mrs. Melgrove, but I was addressing Miss Temple."

I do not fancy Mr. Littlehales likes Mrs. Melgrove.

"I think, if Lady Vane had made a will, she would probably have locked it up in her private desk," I reply, in answer to the solicitor's question.

"In the case of no will being forthcoming, Mr. Littlehales, I presume the property will descend to me as the next-of-kin?"

"A half-nephew of Lady Vane's came to England five years ago. Should he be still alive, the real estate would descend to him as the heir-at-law, and the personal estate would be divided between this Mr. Bernard Cole and yourself."

"This is the first I have heard of Mr. Bernard Cole," replies Mrs. Melgrove; but her tone does not imply much surprise. It seems to me improbable, too, that Lady Vane should never have mentioned her half-nephew's existence to her niece.

'Nevertheless, five years ago Bernard Cole's existence was a *bonâ fide* fact, Mrs. Melgrove, as Miss Temple can tell you," replies Mr. Littlehales.

"I suppose, Mr. Littlehales, you will make further search for any will that Lady Vane may have made?"

This is the first question Dr. Birt has asked.

"Most certainly. One of my clerks had better come here first thing to-morrow morning, to assist me in making a thorough search."

"Miss Temple will be able to give you any information about Lady Vane's habits you may desire. Of late years I have known next to nothing of Lady Vane's movements. I assure you, Mr. Littlehales, this is the first time for over two months that either I or my daughters have been inside this house. I never even saw her ladyship during her last illness."

Mr. Littlehales merely bows. I am struck with Mrs. Melgrove's eagerness to inform the solicitor of the length of her banishment from Lady Vane's presence. I wonder if he notices it, and attaches any importance to it. After all, it is very natural Mrs. Melgrove should, under the circumstances, be anxious to prove how impossible it is that she herself can have destroyed any will Lady Vane may have made in her last moments.

"Will you grant me a few minutes' private conversation, Dr. Birt?" And then the doctor and the solicitor leave the room together.

"There is no occasion for you to remain any longer," says Mrs. Melgrove to the servants.

Instinctively they glance at me.

"Nothing further will be settled to-day," I say.

Then they file out of the room, looking terribly crestfallen.

Feeling that my presence is no longer desired, I too seek my own room.

I am glad to be alone. So, after all, I am homeless and penniless. Not for one moment do I believe Mr. Littlehales will succeed in finding a will now he has searched Lady Vane's private desk in vain. That my dear old mistress *meant* to leave me the bulk of her property, I feel certain. Possibly in her last moments she *only fancied* she had done that which she was so

eager to do. And yet, up to the very end Lady Vane was clear-headed enough about current events. I cannot understand what her ladyship could possibly have meant by her last words to me, unless she at all events *thought* she had carried out the promise she made to me the previous day. That she did not really carry out her intention is proved by the fact of there being no will in my favour. I am not disappointed, only sorely puzzled. As I have said so often before, I never wished to inherit her ladyship's money —not the bulk of it, that is to say; a small legacy in recognition of my services would have gratified me. Not that I now need any proof of Lady Vane's love for me, knowing as I do how generously she meant to behave to me. I am grieved, however, for the servants, as I feel convinced Mrs. Melgrove will make them no amends. I should have been pleased, too, had some provision been made for the many who have grown accustomed to almost depend upon her ladyship's bounty. Then my thoughts revert to Bernard Cole. Will he, I wonder, present himself at Mr. Littlehales' office as soon as he learns Lady Vane has died intestate? Possibly he has long since returned to Australia, and may never even know of the good fortune which has befallen him. But I do not think this is likely to be the case; he was far too eager to become possessed of his aunt's wealth to thus forfeit his chance of inheriting it.

My meditations are disturbed by the parlour-maid coming to tell me Dr. Birt wishes to speak to me in the library.

As I descend, I think of that other occasion when the doctor sent for me after my stormy interview with Lady Vane, and a feeling of unspeakable regret steals over me when I remember my dear old mistress passed away with her most deeply-rooted desire ungratified.

"You behaved splendidly, Adrianne; I felt quite proud of you!" exclaims the doctor, as soon as I join him. "No one could have detected any disappointment in your face."

"I APPROACH THE CHAIR AND BEND OVER IT" (*p.* 261).

"I am not disappointed, Dr. Birt."

"Mr. Littlehales has been asking me if I have any reason to believe Lady Vane left a will."

"And what did you tell him?"

"That Lady Vane's last words to me led me to suppose she had made a will in your favour."

"What were those last words, Dr. Birt?"

"Do you really wish to know, Adrianne?"

"Yes, if I may."

"Lady Vane endeavoured to explain her reasons for having passed over my name, by saying she thought you would be the more likely to yield some day to my wishes, if you felt you were in possession of that which would have belonged to us jointly, had you and I become man and wife during her ladyship's lifetime. Understand, Adrianne, I am merely telling you this to explain why I firmly believe Lady Vane must at all events have *thought* she had left her property to you."

"Had it not been for me, then, Dr. Birt, a share at least of Lady Vane's property would have been yours? It seems as if I were fated to work you ill in return for all your goodness to me."

"As matters now stand I should not have been much better off had her ladyship *meant* to have left me all her money; so you need not reproach yourself on that score," replies the doctor, with a faint smile. "I certainly do not regret, on my own account, that her ladyship's property is going to those who have a right to it. I do not know that I wish it were otherwise even as far as you are concerned. I should have been better satisfied had a sufficient sum been settled on you to remove from your mind all anxiety for the future. But for so large a fortune as Lady Vane leaves behind her to have become solely yours, would undoubtedly have placed you in a position of great responsibility, and you would always have felt her ladyship's relatives had been unjustly treated."

"Indeed I should, Dr. Birt. I should be quite content for matters to be as they are, could I but feel convinced Lady Vane only *thought* she had made a will."

"You believe, then, Lady Vane really did make a will?"

"Yes, Dr. Birt; I cannot help believing it."

"How, then, do you account for it not being found?"

"I have not tried to account for that."

"What do you purpose doing?"

"Simply nothing."

"You will have to leave here, then."

"Yes; I intend going back to Mrs. Ridley's to-morrow."

"Back to hard work again, Adrianne?"

"I do not mind work. Besides, there is no other opening for me."

"Only one other, Adrianne."

The doctor looks at me so yearningly as he speaks, that I turn my face away.

"There is only the one I have mentioned, Dr. Birt," I say. I *feel* the look of disappointment that steals over his face, although my eyes are fixed on the ground. He is standing close beside me. For one brief moment I contrast his strength with my weakness; and I think how well it would be with me if I might let him fold me in his arms, and shield me from all sorrow for evermore.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

I DECIDE TO LET MATTERS TAKE THEIR COURSE.

THE whole of the following morning, Mr. Littlehales, assisted by one of his clerks, searches diligently for the missing will; but, as I anticipated, with no satisfactory result.

In the afternoon, I prepare to take my departure. Mrs. Melgrove wishes me good-bye very graciously.

"Remember, Miss Temple, should you at any time require a reference, I shall be only too pleased to furnish you with one," she says.

"Thank you, Mrs. Melgrove; I shall not be seeking a fresh situation at present; but should I ever have occasion to do so, I will remember your promise."

"Not seeking a fresh situation? Now I come to think of it, Dr. Birt did say something to me to that effect."

As a matter of fact, I don't suppose Dr. Birt introduced the subject at all. Mrs. Melgrove has always been curious as to the nature of the doctor's friendship for me.

"I intend living with a Mrs. Ridley, who is sufficiently well acquainted with me not to require a reference," I reply, rather coldly, not deigning to allude to the mention of Dr. Birt's name.

"Well, I am sure I hope you may be happy, Miss Temple."

"Thank you, Mrs. Melgrove."

A cab is waiting for me at the door, and I am just leaving, when Mr. Littlehales comes forward.

"I had no idea you were about to take your departure so soon, Miss Temple. Would you mind stepping into the library for a moment? I want a word with you before you leave."

"Miss Temple has a cab waiting at the door, Mr. Littlehales," remarks Mrs. Melgrove, who must have come into the hall as soon as she heard the solicitor's voice.

"I shall not detain Miss Temple many minutes," replies Mr. Littlehales, as he leads the way to the library.

"I should like your address, Miss Temple, if you would kindly give it to me," says Mr. Littlehales, as soon as he has closed the library-door.

I write it down on a piece of paper, which I hand to him. He reads it slowly, as if he were hesitating as to whether he should say anything further.

"I suppose, Miss Temple, you have no reason for believing Lady Vane made a will?"

"I think Lady Vane *thought* she had made one," I reply cautiously.

"That is hardly an answer to my question."

"If her ladyship really had made a will, you would have found it by this time, Mr. Littlehales."

"I think I understood you to say Mrs. Melgrove and her daughters were not on visiting terms with Lady Vane for some weeks prior to her ladyship's decease."

"I don't think I ever told you so, Mr. Littlehales. Nevertheless, such is the case."

"Thank you, Miss Temple. I don't think I need detain you any longer, unless it be to wish you happiness in the future."

Then we shake hands and I leave the library.

I find Mrs. Ridley just the same as ever. She declares she is delighted to have me back again, but persists in prophesying it will not be for long. She is deeply interested in the disposal of Lady Vane's property, and nothing will persuade her that her ladyship would have said what she did if she had not made a will in my favour.

"Depend upon it, Adrianne, Mrs. Melgrove is at the bottom of it all. And sooner or later her villainy will come to light."

"But, my dear Mrs. Ridley, she was never in the house until the day of the funeral; and then all Lady Vane's receptacles for private papers were being carefully guarded by Mr. Littlehales."

"Well, it's certain Mr. Littlehales suspects her."

"I don't think we are justified in saying so, Mrs. Ridley."

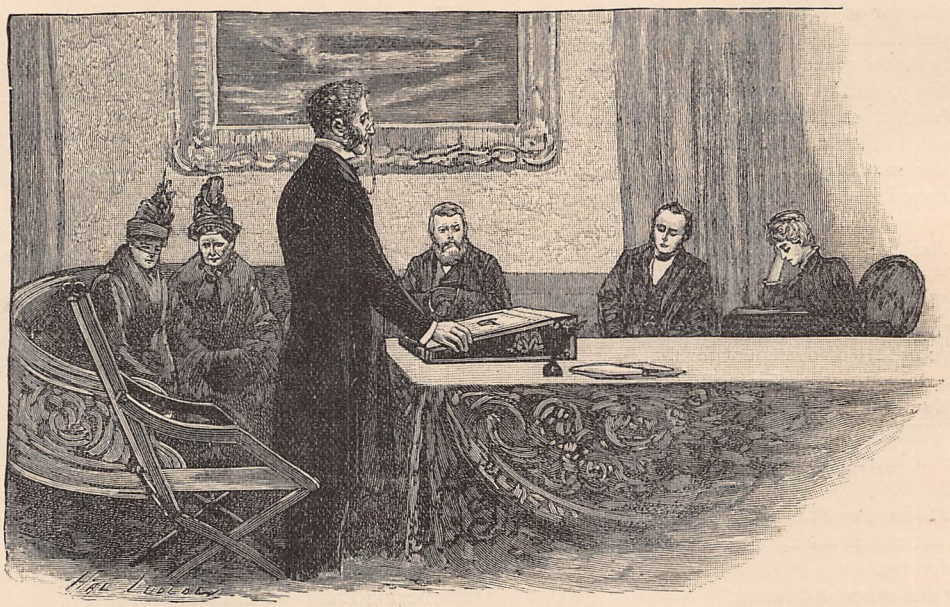
"My dear, a man in his position would never have said what he did to you if he had not had very grave suspicions. You know how cautious lawyers always are."

"I shall try not to let my thoughts dwell on the vants for years." Then I add, "I suppose Mr. Littlehales will experience no difficulty in discovering the whereabouts of Bernard Cole. I should think advertisements in the daily papers would soon unearth him."

"Who is this Bernard Cole, Adrianne? I never remember hearing you speak of him before."

"Have you not? I'll tell you all I know about him then."

In as few words as possible I give Mrs. Ridley an account of Bernard Cole's letters to Lady Vane; his visit to his half-aunt; and the summary manner in which her ladyship dismissed him. Sad as the men-



"'THERE IS NO WILL HERE,' SAYS MR. LITTLEHALES AT LENGTH" (*p.* 263).

subject. If there has been foul play, I doubt if it will ever be proved. And after all, I never wanted the money for myself. I would much rather it went to those who have a right to it."

"No one has a right to it but yourself, Adrianne, if Lady Vane left it to you. Do you think all the servants were trustworthy?"

Mrs. Ridley's question suggests an idea that has never occurred to me before. Had Nurse Carter any reason for taking her daughter away so suddenly? That in the event of her ladyship having made a will the last morning of her life, she should have called upon Carter and her mother to affix their signatures to the document, struck me as probable from the first; but that these two women may have secreted the will at the instigation of Mrs. Melgrove has never flashed across my mind until this minute. And yet this is so feasible, I wonder I never thought of it before. I do not, however, wish to convey my suspicions to Mrs. Ridley, so I merely make an evasive reply.

"Lady Vane was in the habit of keeping her ser-tion of my dear old mistress's name always makes me feel, I cannot refrain from smiling as I recall the energetic manner in which Lady Vane hurled her stick at her intrusive half-nephew.

"How long ago did you say all this happened?" asks Mrs. Ridley, as I bring my narrative to an end.

"Five years."

"Strange that Lady Vane should never again have heard from her nephew!"

"I think the stick did the business."

"Designing men are not generally so easily turned from their purpose."

Ever since my suspicion of Carter and her mother was aroused by Mrs. Ridley, my thoughts have dwelt continually on the subject. The more I weigh the matter in my mind, the more firmly do I feel convinced that, if there has been foul play, the nurse and her daughter must have been instrumental in secreting the will. The difficulties in the way are so insurmountable, that I am forced to admit it would be well-nigh impossible to bring their guilt home to them.

Nevertheless, curiosity prompts me to call and ask them a few questions, with a view to seeing how they will take my inquiries. I remember Nurse Carter's address, and so, the first time I am out alone, I turn in the direction of her house.

I am not much surprised when I learn Mrs. Carter and her daughter quitted their old quarters quite suddenly about a fortnight ago, omitting to leave their future address behind them. Any doubts I may have entertained hitherto as to their guilt now vanish. Still I am at a loss how to proceed. Shall I tell Dr. Birt? He would, I know, advise me to go to Mr. Littlehales. I agree with Mrs. Ridley in thinking the solicitor already suspects Mrs. Melgrove. He would doubtless, therefore, be eager to do his best to unravel the mystery. Of a surety, if Lady Vane really meant her property to come to me, it ought to be mine, although her ladyship may have been acting unjustly towards others in leaving it to me. The difficulties, however, which would probably beset me were I to put in my claim are very great, and my chances of ultimate success not worth much. The will in my favour, which I do not now doubt her ladyship really did execute, has most likely already been burnt.

And so, after weighing the pros and cons of the case very seriously for some days, I decide to let matters take their course.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

HOW THE QUEEN TRAVELS.

BY HENRY FRITH, AUTHOR OF "A RACE FOR LIFE," "ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND," ETC.

"SHE'S due at 11.30; it's almost that now. There, you can see her waiting to cross over. She will run in here from the slow line as soon as the main road is clear."

These words were addressed to the writer by Mr. Woods, the indefatigable and courteous station-master at Willesden Junction, on the forenoon of Monday, the 16th of August last. The "she" referred to was the Queen's train, which, having been "made up" at Wolverton, was then approaching Willesden, where it would be inspected, tested for electric communication, supplied with gas, and generally prepared, before proceeding to Gosport to convey Her Majesty and suite to Edinburgh and Ballater.

As we stood, privileged spectators, in the carriage-shed outside Willesden Junction, we could perceive a fine "goods" engine approaching, followed by a snake-like tail of white-roofed carriages, which compose the Royal train. The rear of the train was brought up by a carriage-truck. The arrangement of the vehicles and Royal saloons—an arrangement seldom, if ever, departed from on such journeys—was as follows :—

The Royal train, provided by the London and North-Western Company, consists of twelve vehicles, counting the two Royal saloons and omitting the truck. Below is a plan of the train, which was supplied by the courtesy of Mr. Neill, the superintendent of the line.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

ARRANGEMENT OF CARRIAGES COMPOSING HER MAJESTY'S TRAIN, FROM GOSPORT TO EDINBURGH,

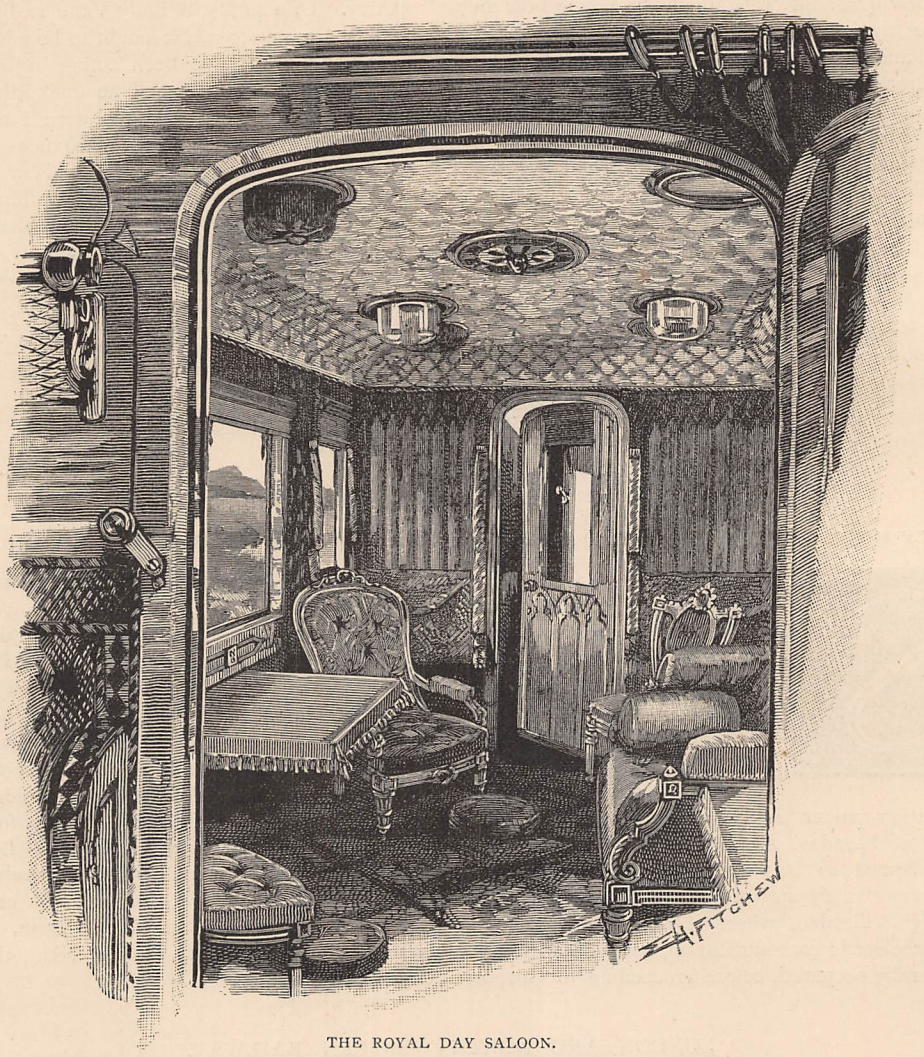
On Tuesday, the 17th, and Wednesday, the 18th August, 1886.

Engine.	Break.	For Men Servants.	For Pages and Upper Servants.	Dressers and Ladies' Maids.	Lady Waterpark. Hon. Horatia Stopford.	Personal Servants. — Queen's Dressers.	Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice.	Prince Henry of Battenberg.	Viscount Bridport. Sir Henry Ponsonby. Major Edwards. Dr. Reid.	Directors.	Directors.	† Queen's Fourgon.	Break.
	Van. No. 210.	Sleeping Carriage. No. 870.	Day Saloon. No. 72.	Day Saloon. No. 73.	Double Saloon. No. 65.	ROYAL	SALOONS.	Second Royal Saloon. No. 132.	Double Saloon. No. 131.	Double Saloon. No. 4.	1st Class. No. 75.	Carriage Truck. No. 137.	Van. No. 272.

<212 feet 6 inches.> <237 feet 6 inches.>

Miss Stopford and Major Evans will join the Train at Basingstoke.

† To be attached at Basingstoke.



THE ROYAL DAY SALOON.

(*Looking from the Personal Servants' Compartment. The Distant Compartment is the Night Saloon.*)

The Queen's saloons are in the centre of the train, and these commodious carriages, fitted for day and night travelling, Her Majesty occupies with Princess Beatrice. There are two beds in the sleeping compartment, which opens from the day saloon. The beds are simple, in green and gilt furniture and fittings, something like elaborate "cots" in shape; and generally the interior fittings of the train leave nothing to be desired. The floors are carpeted, the ceilings padded, the wide windows curtained, the lamps deeply shaded. Electric bells communicate with the attendants or the officials, and by pressing a button at the end of a long variegated cord or bell-pull, the alarm is sounded in the van. A separate electric button is fixed in each side of the sleeping compartment, by which the attendants may be summoned; another button when pressed will cause the train to stop as quickly as may be. There are the Westinghouse, vacuum, and ordinary brakes fitted to the train, which are worked as required by the exigencies of the locomotives of the different companies over whose lines Her Majesty travels, some engines being fitted with vacuum, and others with the Westinghouse brakes.

The usual furniture, comfortable but simple, and a lavatory, are all included in the Queen's saloons. There are hooks and racks for parcels, wraps, bird-cages, and small bundles, of which Her Majesty and the Princess convey a goodly supply. The late John Brown used to occupy a seat in the Royal day saloon, back to the engine as the train stood, and facing the door of the Queen's apartments, so as to be within call at once.

The Royal saloon devoted on this trip to Prince Henry of Battenberg, who was temporarily separated from his wife, is one used by the Prince of Wales, and fitted with smoking cabinet and bed-room, with

two beds, a lavatory, and a stove. The Queen's carriages are warmed in the usual way with hot water.

Nothing is wanted to render the journey as little irksome and as little fatiguing as possible. The carriages exteriorly are bright and clean, and newly polished. The wheels are "solid"—blocks of wood taking the place of spokes; the springs are massive; the tires glide smoothly over the rails; the gas is a patented article; the carriage-steps let down as in road carriages, and the wide plate-glass windows permit an extensive view of the country through which the train is passing.

The train, we will suppose, has been supplied with gas and tested generally. It is then handed over, in good condition and in working order, to the South-Western officials, who acknowledge its receipt and take it carefully to Gosport, where Her Majesty will enter it at 6.40 on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 17th of August.

The luggage is in the vans; the parcels, wraps, rugs, and pet birds, &c., are all in their places; the attendants and the suite are seated. Time, 6.45: and the train, with a South-Western engine attached, quits the Royal Clarence Yard, Gosport, for Edinburgh direct, passing over the lines of four different companies *en route*—viz., the South-Western, Great Western, North-Western, and North British Railways.

Her Majesty is supplied with a special time-table printed elegantly in mauve on thick white paper, bordered in gold, and surmounted by the Royal arms. This time-table shows the hours of arrival and departure, the duration of each stoppage, and the distance between stations. The time is regulated by Her Majesty's wishes, signified beforehand. The train proceeds from Gosport to Basingstoke, where the Great Western engine and officials await it. Thence, *viâ* Banbury, to Bushbury Junction, where a Webb's locomotive is (probably) attached, and the North-Western people assume command at midnight. Thence, *viâ* Wigan and Oxenholme, to Carlisle, on the North British system, which place is reached at 5.7 a.m. At 5.14 the train again resumes its journey, and arrives in Edinburgh punctually at 8 a.m., or probably a few minutes before time.

But, the reader may inquire, does the Queen travel like her faithful subjects, with a few extra precautions, at a regulated speed of (about) 35 miles an hour, including stoppages?

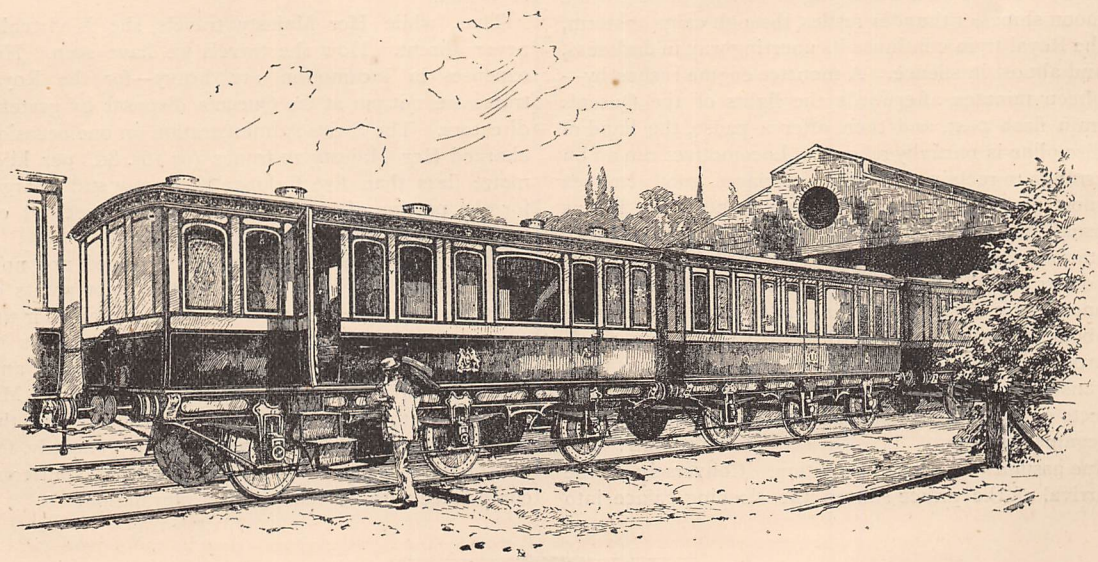
Yes; but the precautions for her safety are elaborate, and will surprise many. The regulations for Her Majesty's journey from Bushbury to Edinburgh fill five closely-printed foolscap pages, including the time-tables, which occupy two pages. These are the London and North-Western rules only; other lines, of course, issue similar instructions.

Let us glance at these regulations for all concerned. The times of departure and arrival having been mentioned, and the metals on which the train will travel specified, the regulations provide:—

(1) For a pilot engine, accompanied by a locomotive foreman of the various districts, and by a guard, with lamps, flags, and fog-signals. This engine precedes the Royal train at a uniform speed, and always fifteen minutes in advance of it.

(2) The drivers and firemen, as well as the engines for the Royal train, are specially selected. Telegraph men accompany the train under a superintendent, and workmen, fitters, lamp-men, and greasers travel in the train all the way, keeping a constant watch; and at stopping-places they must alight and examine the train and grease the axle-boxes.

(3) A look-out man is placed on the tender of the engine, and, seated with his face to the train, observes any signal that may be given by the occupants. This position is by no means an enviable one, as may be



THE ROYAL TRAIN.

imagined, particularly at night, when more than ordinary vigilance is required.

The above are a few of the precautions which the railway companies adopt to secure Her Majesty's safety, and her comfort is no less carefully studied. The Queen travels on the down line, and so for thirty minutes previous to her coming no train, nor even a light engine—by which is meant an engine without carriages attached—or any vehicle is permitted to proceed upon or cross the main line—the pilot engine alone excepted.

Not only are these regulations enforced on the down line, but on the up line also it is ordained that, when passing the Royal train, drivers going in the opposite direction must reduce speed to ten miles an hour, and on no account open the whistle when passing Her Majesty's train. Furthermore, no passenger trains are permitted to pass through the stations while the Queen's train is stopping at such stations for refreshment, or to change engines.

Not only are these rules expected to be, and are, strictly conformed to, but all goods trains are examined to see whether anything is projecting which might strike the Royal train. No driver is permitted to allow his engine to blow off steam, or to permit any smoke to escape, or to whistle while in a siding near the Queen, or while she is passing. The facing and other points are properly secured and bolted before the train passes ; the gates of level crossings, where are no gatekeepers, are locked an hour before the Queen comes ; and a long line of platelayers, at distant intervals, like a row of sentries, guard the permanent way. Special telegraphic signals are employed, the public are excluded from the stations, and the servants of the company must perform all their duties "silently and without noise."

In this luxurious and eminently peaceful manner, in as strict privacy as if in her own apartments, does Her Majesty the Queen speed across England by day or night. While we are sleeping or tossing in bed, while moon shines or thunder rattles, through calm or storm, the Royal train continues its unerring way in darkness, and almost in silence. A monster engine rushes by—fifteen minutes afterwards the lights of the Queen's train flash past, and then, after a pause, the hand of discipline is partially relaxed. Locomotives run off on errands to reclaim wandering carriages, goods engines snort and wheeze again, "facing points" are left as usual, gates are unlocked, platelayers return to bed, station-masters turn in and leave the platform to the porters and the stars, the "servants of the company" once again revel in banging milk-cans and luggage about, with their ordinary disregard for other people's property. Brakesmen of goods trains get into their vans and apparently don't care whether anything projects or not ; express-drivers rush by whistling in their regained freedom ! The Royal train has passed ! The line assumes its normal condition. Conversely, as the arrival of the prince started the sleeping palace into life, the departure of the Queen is the signal for the resumption of the bustle, and noise, and turmoil which her presence or her approach had mesmerised into silence and restfulness.

So far as regards Her Majesty's railway and home journeys. But when she leaves this country the Queen has equally elaborate arrangements made for her. There are some very particular items to attend to. For instance, the Queen will always sleep in a bed of particular pattern : plain maple with green hangings arranged tent fashion, muslin curtains, and a hair mattress.

When travelling abroad Her Majesty usually adopts the *incognita* of the Countess of Kent, but last time she changed this "travelling name" to that of Countess of Balmoral. The Royal yacht, escorted by a flotilla, generally sails from Portsmouth to Cherbourg, where the strictest attention is paid to her.

The Queen generally dines and sleeps on board the Royal yacht on the evening preceding her departure, so that she may not be disturbed. In 1883 she quite dispensed with state, but usually she retains all her surroundings in accordance with her position. The suite abroad consists very much of the same ladies and gentlemen as when the Queen travels at home. For instance, last year Her Majesty was accompanied by Lady Churchill, the Marchioness of Ely, Sir Henry Ponsonby, Major Edwards, and Doctor Reid.

As at home, despatches and telegrams follow Her Majesty, or await her at the halting-places. Many questions are discussed and many papers perused and signed while the Queen travels. Our gracious Sovereign is a hard worker, and comparatively few persons outside of the Royal circle know what an immense deal of business the Queen gets through, and the close attention and clear mind which she brings to bear on all questions. So, as the Queen travels she works—her kingdom and its interests are never absent from her, although she may be away or in comparative seclusion.

Thus, while Her Majesty travels she is virtually never absent. How she travels we have seen. Her expenses in locomotion are heavy—for the Royal trains are not put at the Queen's disposal by grateful directors. The Swiss Administration on one occasion charged Her Majesty 20 francs (or 16s. 8d.) per kilometre (less than five furlongs), a pretty stiff charge, for the portion of her route through Switzerland on the journey to Baden from Aix-les-Bains !

There are other details which we need not now enter upon. We have indicated the chief points of the Queen's journeys ; and it now only remains for the writer to acknowledge publicly his indebtedness to Mr. Neill, the superintendent of the London and North-Western Railway, and his assistant, Mr. Goulborn ; to Mr. Woods at Willesden, and the attendants and officials of the company generally, for the facilities afforded him, and for their courteous compliance with his requests for information.

KITCHEN PHYSIC.

THE mere mention of kitchen physic confronts one with a subject so intensely important, and, alas! so little understood, *as a rule*, that one is tempted to shirk the topic, and choose one of more general interest. But the fact that it *is* so little understood, on second thoughts, decides us, for we know that if any reader of the Magazine gathers from this but a single idea which, if carried out, shall make even one invalid the stronger, it will not have been written in vain. We feel, for once, how inexorable are the laws of space, for beef-tea alone, fully treated, would monopolise all at our disposal.

Now, while entertaining the most profound respect for old-fashioned customs, we know that many ideas concerning cookery will not bear the light of modern science; and cookery, to be perfect in its results, is as inseparable from science as night from day.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," is argued by many; but it is no exaggeration to say that a little practical knowledge of the chemistry of food, of the action of heat on certain kinds of food, and the composition (*i.e.*, the elements of nutrition contained therein) of the edibles in common use, would have prolonged, if not saved, many a life, and it is equally true that recovery has been retarded again and again during illness and convalescence by diet of an unsuitable kind, or cooked in such a manner as to deprive it of a good deal of its nutriment.

A golden rule is—"A *maximum* of nutrition with a *minimum* of digestive force," a typical article by way of illustration being an egg. Albumen, present in both the yolk and white, is rendered practically indigestible when subjected to a severe heat; hence, a fried egg would be of no more value to a sick person than an old kid glove. We instance a *fried* egg because fat is hotter than water, and so the egg is hardened to a greater extent. Here is a digestible way of cooking an egg:—Break it into a small cup, slightly buttered, and set this in a saucepan with enough boiling water to come half-way up the cup. Put the lid on, and at once remove the saucepan *from* the fire, *to* the hob or fender, so that the water is reduced to a lower temperature. In six minutes, more or less, according to the size of the egg, it will be cooked—just *set*, that is. Slide it on to a piece of toast, or boiled rice if agreeable to the patient. The egg may be cooked in the shell in the same way. The process is then known as "steaming;" five or six minutes is the average time required.

Raw eggs are frequently ordered, as when they can be taken and retained by a sick person they are extremely nourishing, simply because the albumen not having been hardened is the sooner digested. Many, however, cannot take raw eggs as usually given; that is, beaten up with milk or wine. The following mode is a good one; the appearance of the dish being nice, an invalid will often be induced to try it; it is free from oiliness, and clean to the palate. Put the yolk of an egg into a basin with a tea-spoonful of white sugar and a table-spoonful of orange or lemon-juice, and beat lightly together with a fork. Put the white on a plate, and add a pinch of salt, then, with a broad-bladed knife, beat it to a stiff froth. Now, *as lightly as possible*, mix all together in the basin; then, as lightly, transfer it to a clean tumbler, which it will nearly fill if properly made. This must not stand in a warm place, or it soon becomes liquid, and loses its snowy look.

Any fruit-juice can be used in place of orange or lemon, or even brandy, if the doctor has ordered it. Those unaccustomed to beating whites of eggs will find a pinch of salt a help, and also a current of air, near the fire or in the open.

Gruel needs care, and it requires long cooking; fine oatmeal should be boiled an hour at least, though twenty minutes is the most some people give. When it is made with water (in cases where milk disagrees) lemon-juice, as a flavourer, is preferable to nutmeg, spices being often irritating to the stomach.

Cereals, as a rule, require long cooking for the starch grains to have time to swell. Some kinds, however, in use nowadays, are "steam-cooked" before packing; this kind will not need so long. Arrowroot is often simply mixed with boiling milk or water, then served; but if returned to the fire and simmered for two minutes it is much better. Years gone by this food was regarded as very nutritious; now we know that, as its main element is starch, the nourishment is but little. But it has *this* to recommend it: it usually agrees, and is readily digested; it is also often very soothing in an irritable condition of the internal organs.

Lemonade, sometimes the only thing a patient is allowed, is often spoiled. Yet the mode of properly making it is so simple:—Peel the lemons so thinly that the peel looks yellow on both sides, this is the secret; the least bit of white spoils it, as that is the bitter part. The peel of one lemon, and the strained juice of two, should be put into a jug with a pint of boiling water, covered with a cloth—stuffed into the neck—and left for a few hours, when it should be sweetened and strained off for use.

Barley-water is nourishing, and soothing to a sufferer from sore throat in any form. It needs thorough washing, and the first water poured over and brought to the boil should be thrown away. Then add to two ounces of pearl barley, three pints of cold water; again bring to the boil gently, and simmer for two hours. A little lemon-juice and loaf-sugar to taste should be added after it is strained. *Clear* barley-water is sometimes preferred. Use a pint of *boiling* water to two ounces of barley; make in the same way as lemonade. Wash and scald the barley as before.

Fish cookery is not carried out to perfection in the

majority of households. Fish is often overdone when boiled, and is so sodden as to be most unappetising, as well as bereft of the "goodness." Now, all caterers for the sick must agree that there *is* something in appearance, and those who take pains to make food *look* as well as *taste* nice, reap their reward.

Very often, after a doctor's order to give "a little fish," a sole is sent for and fried. Even when properly carried out, this method is not a good one; fish so cooked is the most indigestible. Try this way, as nice for a healthy as for a sick person:—Slightly butter two plates, and lay between them as much white fish cut into fillets as may be required. If soles, the black skin must be removed. Put the fish in a single layer only, skin—white skin, we mean—downwards. Set it over a saucepan of fast-boiling water, and keep it boiling until the fish is done. It will take from twenty to thirty minutes according to thickness, and as soon as a skewer will pierce it easily, should be served. Send it to the patient, with salt and, if it may be taken, a dash of lemon-juice. Garnish with cut lemon and parsley.

The reason for filleting fish for an invalid is obvious; there is no danger of choking. During convalescence sauce may be served with fish, in which case the skin and bones may be stewed, and the liquor used instead of water, and the sauce thickened with arrowroot. In some cases butter had better be left out; but these minor details must necessarily be left to the nurse.

A *Fish Pudding* is a nice way to re-serve the remains of any cooked fish. To two table-spoonfuls of fish, cut small, add one of bread-crumbs; the latter to be soaked a little in warm milk, then strained, and beaten fine. Add a beaten egg and a little salt, pour into a buttered cup, cover with a piece of white paper buttered, and steam half an hour. The water should only reach half-way up the cup and should not boil too fast, or the egg will become more hardened than is desirable. Salmon, eels, mackerel, and herrings, being oily, are *unsuitable* for invalids.

It may here be remarked that all puddings containing eggs are more digestible steamed than baked. When it *is* necessary to bake one, see that the oven is gentle, only hot enough just to set the pudding and lightly brown the surface.

Of jelly it is difficult to speak except lengthily. Suffice it here to say that the uses and action of gelatine in the human stomach have yet to be determined. Some authorities contend that there is practically no good in it, others that there is a little nutriment, though so slight as to be of no value as food. This by the way, for certain it is that many people crave for it, and when lemon-juice, or something equally cooling, enters into its composition, jelly is refreshing. Care must, however, be taken that it is pure, and that acids (citric acid and the like) are not used for clarification and flavouring.

A few words on *Beef-tea*, or our paper will be incomplete.

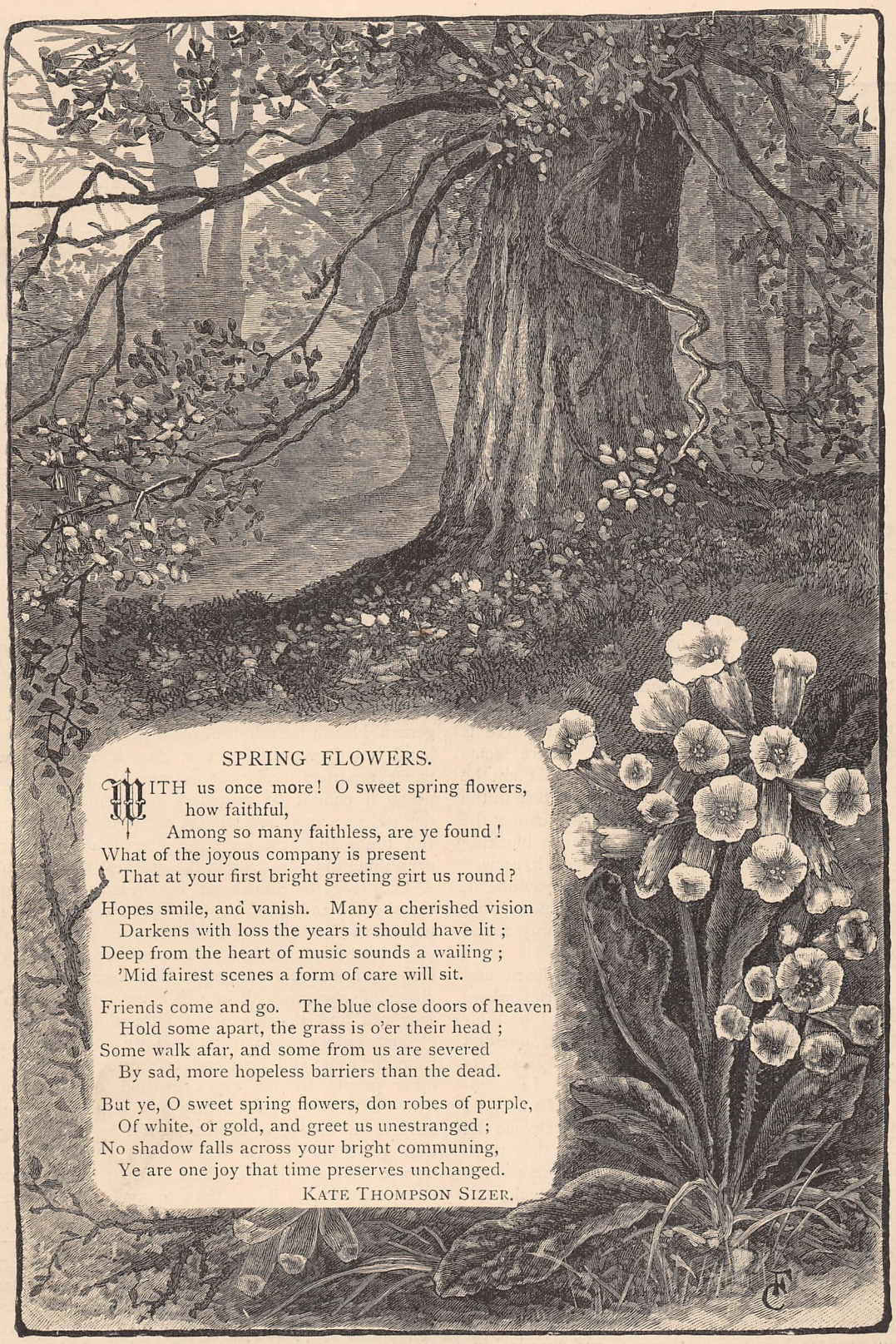
It used to be looked upon as a sign of goodness if beef-tea "jellied" when cold. This is an error. No good beef-tea can possibly "jelly," for this reason—it must not, or rather *should* not, be made from gelatinous parts of the beef. Shin of beef is suitable to make stock for clear soup, but that is another matter. If shin be used at all, it ought to be the top, where a thick piece of meat can be cut; but other parts are better—the round, or the roll of the bladebone. Ask the butcher for a lean, tender steak; buy it as if it were to be cooked *as* steak, and exercise the same care in the selection, and the patient will reap the benefit. Now, as to the mode of making the tea: it is a mistake to cut the beef in large pieces, or to let it boil for a single minute. Scrape the meat finely, and put it in a jar of cold water, with a pinch of salt, to soak for an hour, or more if convenient; then tie it down with paper over the mouth, and set the jar in a saucepan of cold water; bring this to the boil, and let the water simmer two or three hours (in the saucepan, we mean) and then strain off the tea; not through a *fine* strainer—nothing should be left behind but the meat: the brown thick-looking particles that float about contain nutriment. Now, so long as anything is cooked in a vessel set in another, the contents of the inner one cannot boil; this, in the case of beef-tea, is as it should be. The quantity of water must be regulated by the strength required, but a pint to a pound is about the average.

The soaking in cold water is most essential, as by this means the goodness is extracted. *Raw* beef-tea ordered in cases of *very* weak state of the stomach, after fever or dysentery, is simply the liquor poured off after the meat has been in soak in water for some time; five or six hours should be allowed, and the meat pressed from time to time with the back of a wooden spoon. This, being objectionable in appearance, should be given in a coloured glass. To turn it brown, and so give it the appearance of *cooked* beef-tea, a few drops of hydrochloric acid are sometimes added, subject of course to the doctor's permission.

Mutton-tea is made in the same way, the leanest, freshest meat being chosen for it; by way of variety this can receive the addition of a little rice or crushed tapioca. The latter is sold in tins, and the liquid to which it is added must be stirred until it is transparent, when it is ready to serve.

Chicken or *Mutton Cream* is a dainty preparation. The meat should be finely minced, covered with cold water and seasoned, then simmered until tender enough to go through a sieve. To a tea-cupful, half the measure of cream should be added, after first being heated nearly to boiling point. Pearl barley, half an ounce to a quarter of a pound of meat, is sometimes put with this; then much more water is necessary, as the barley swells and absorbs it.

A little ingenuity will enable a good cook to concoct many dishes of the same nature, the stewing process being a great help to digestion.



SPRING FLOWERS.

WITH us once more! O sweet spring flowers, how faithful,
Among so many faithless, are ye found!
What of the joyous company is present
That at your first bright greeting girt us round?

Hopes smile, and vanish. Many a cherished vision
Darkens with loss the years it should have lit;
Deep from the heart of music sounds a wailing;
'Mid fairest scenes a form of care will sit.

Friends come and go. The blue close doors of heaven
Hold some apart, the grass is o'er their head;
Some walk afar, and some from us are severed
By sad, more hopeless barriers than the dead.

But ye, O sweet spring flowers, don robes of purple,
Of white, or gold, and greet us unestranged;
No shadow falls across your bright communing,
Ye are one joy that time preserves unchanged.

KATE THOMPSON SIZER.

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

I AM told on good authority that constant requests come to London from the country for pianoforte tuners, and I am told that there is plenty of employment in towns for competent tuners—for tuners who have made a real and not merely a superficial study of the art. This art of tuning pianos is an employment which surely might be successfully undertaken by gentlewomen. I have before-time briefly mentioned it as one which might be placed on that list; but it will be well to dwell on it at greater length, and not leave it in a mere visionary state.

One requirement is what is termed an ear for sound, but I am told by those who understand the matter, that the tuner need not necessarily possess more than an ordinarily sensitive ear in this respect, as it is soon trained by practice. These papers are not intended for technical instruction, but merely for general guidance, and therefore I shall not attempt to set down the various whys or wherefores, or the details which the teacher imparts to the pupil, or the practice and drill through which the pupil has to pass—most of which were explained to me, but would be of no help, even if in place, in this paper.

Speaking, therefore, in general terms, there seems to be no doubt that many more tuners are required here, there, and everywhere, and also that there is a special demand for competent tuners. There seems to be no reason why this occupation should not be taken up by the fair sex, but there is an obstacle in the way. It is a big obstacle, and one which cannot be removed from the place in which it stands blocking up our way, for others have tried to move it, as well as myself, and every one, on coming to examine it, sees that there it will remain. We cannot push it out of our road, but perhaps we can find a way round it which will bring us to the same goal.

The facts are these: tuners can only learn and tuners can only be taught at manufactories where there are a great number of pianos at hand for their instruction. The managers of these works, one and all, strongly object to the entrance of any class of women for the purpose of learning tuning. In a conversation I had with a courteous member of a firm, he told me that he for one should decidedly welcome the idea of women tuners, and he believed that there would be no lack of employment for proficients; at the same time he, too, brought forward the obstacle, and showed the impossibility of admitting women pupils into the manufactories.

A suggestion was made, and I believe it was this particular well-wisher who started the idea, that the only way of getting over this difficulty was to take a large room, put a number of pianos there, and engage competent teachers to give thorough and practical instruction, and thus establish a place where gentlewomen might go, and where they might make a real study of the art of tuning. One year of close application should be spent in acquiring this knowledge. In the country, tuners are expected to be able to execute small repairs, and, therefore, a knowledge of this branch of the work is desirable. The payment received for tuning ranges from three and sixpence to five shillings for each instrument, and about an hour has to be spent over each piano.

Examinations for pianoforte tuners are held twice a year at Regent Hall (44, Devonshire Street, Portland Place, W.), where students who pass satisfactorily receive certificates certifying their professional efficiency. This examination consists of practical tests in tuning, of questions on Equal and Unequal Temperament, and of questions on pianoforte mechanism or construction. The fee for this examination is two guineas. Ladies are admitted to this examination; but this privilege is of no use unless they have been able to learn the practical work beforehand.

I am now going to turn to another employment that is also remunerative to those who are proficients; indeed, I think that I may venture to say that this might prove to be a lucrative employment to any one who is decidedly quick and apt. I feel that it is quite an act of daring on my part to use that word *lucrative* when speaking of women's employments.

Shorthand is the subject for our inspection. The general idea in the minds of many people is, that shorthand is only required by that class known as newspaper reporters, and that as men alone hold those posts, it cannot be necessary for women to make themselves acquainted with the mysteries of shorthand. But times and customs have altered of late years; everything must be done in the quickest way possible. A knowledge of shorthand is, therefore, now universally demanded of the applicants to many posts besides those of reporters, and if women desire to take up various employments, such as corresponding clerkships, private secretaryships, and secretaryships of charitable societies—all of which are open to them—they will find they have but little if any chance of election unless they can write down correspondence from dictation, and read and transcribe the notes of other people, by the quick method of shorthand. Those to whom a good salary is of importance must have a knowledge of shorthand if they mean to get that good salary. At this present time there are women who are thus enabled to earn a very much more comfortable living than many of their sisters who work equally hard for their maintenance.

It requires a certain amount of determination—a kind of dogged persistent determination—it requires one to put the shoulder to the wheel, and to be content to push on slowly and steadily along the uphill road of learning. For it is not an easy road to the majority of learners; perhaps I may say with truth that many

might find it wearisome, as well as puzzling and arduous. I do not think I shall frighten every one by these remarks. I believe there are those who possess pluck and energy; those to whom the very mention of difficulties to be grappled with and overcome, of hills to be climbed, of battles with self to be fought, will rouse their spirit and stir up their ambition to overcome, to gain, to fight, and to succeed.

Those who set themselves to learn shorthand will, I presume, do so not as a pastime, but as a means for making money. In that case great rapidity must be attained. To be able to record from 120 to 150 words in each minute as it flies by is required of writers who apply for the very best posts. To pass a test such as this, requires that the applicant possess quickness of thought as well as of fingers.

There are different systems of shorthand. Judging from all I hear, that known as Pitman's system is the most in favour, because it is said to be the quickest way of setting down the words. The reason of this peculiar rapidity is, that those who learn this system are at the same time taught to spell on the phonetic plan, that is to say, in writing the words down they do not use signs for *letters*, but write the words as they are pronounced, and in this way very many letters are ignored by the shorthand writer which we ordinary writers as good spellers of course would put in.

Residents in or near London can take advantage of the Metropolitan School of Shorthand, at 27, Chancery Lane, E.C. This school is open daily from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., except on Saturdays, on which day its doors are closed; there is a separate department for ladies. New students may begin to take lessons at any time, as there is no division into terms at this school.

For the sum of five guineas, pupils may attend the school, and continue to receive instruction until they have gained a Pitman's certificate, the possession of which is naturally a high recommendation for employment. Or pupils can pay for six attendances, the fee for which would be from five to ten shillings. Certain teachers are set aside for correction of exercises sent by post. At least one year of studious application the learner should expect to give, and even if that time had to be considerably extended, the student should not relinquish the hope of gaining the knowledge for which she strives. Time—time—time—so many women grudge time spent in learning, and it is often owing to this want of concentration that many are tossed to and fro on life's surface.

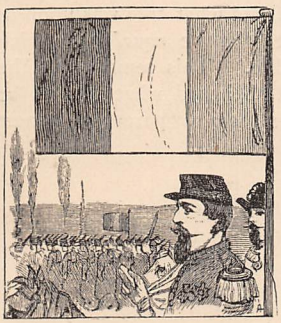
I must not sermonise—you all know what I mean—my text is, be not faint-hearted, nor easily discouraged.

A. S. P.

FAMOUS FLAGS OF FIELD AND FLEET.

BY "NAUTICUS."

III.



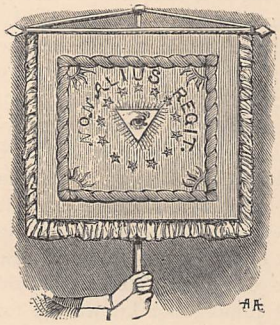
THE FRENCH TRICOLOUR.

THE French Tricolour.—The Oriflamme was succeeded in the fifteenth century by the "Cornette Blanche." This when strewed with *fleurs-de-lis* was the Bourbon royal standard—the white flag—for which Count de Chambord contended in recent years. With the Revolution the spirit of change seized on the flag as on everything else. In 1794 it was formally decreed that the "national flag be formed of the three national colours in equal bands placed vertically—the hoist being blue, the centre white, and the fly red." In 1848, on the flight of Louis Philippe, it was ordered that the colours should be blue, red, and white, but the opposition was so strong that the order was annulled within a week.

Not less than four accounts are given of the origin of this flag. (1) The colours are the blue of the banner of St. Martin, the red from the banner of St. Denis, the white derived from the old standard. (2) Blue and red were the ancient colours of the city of Paris, and the citizens during the Revolution mounted guard in a blue and red cockade, but the National Guard, which was not unfriendly to the throne, admitted the white of the Bourbon standard. (3) When the French King John was in captivity, in the reign of Edward III., Paris became almost Republican in its principles, and it was decided to have colours of its own. A flag was selected, half blue and half red with an agraffe of silver, and the motto "À bonne Fin." These colours of the city were suppressed until 1789. After the fall of the Bastille, Lafayette restored the colours of the city, adding the royal colour, white, and thus composed the Tricolour. (4) The Tricolour was originally the field of arms of the Orléans family; this field being made up of the red of the ancient Oriflamme, the blue of the arms of the House of Valois, and the white of the Bourbon standard, all these being powdered with lilies. As the House of Orléans claimed descent from all three branches, they took for the field of their escutcheon the colours of all three fields; when Philip of Orléans called himself L'Égalité, he caused the *fleurs-de-lis* to be erased, and the field thus left was identified with his name, and became by degrees the purely Republican flag.

Pulaski's Banner.—It is not widely known that this banner, celebrated in Longfellow's lines, is still carefully preserved as a cherished relic of the American Revolution. Count Pulaski was appointed a brigadier in the

army in 1777, after the battle of Brandywine. He obtained special permission to raise and command an independent corps to consist of 68 horse and 200 foot. There are several traditions respecting this banner. One says that Pulaski visited Lafayette, distinguished in French and American history, while wounded, and received the care and hospitality of the Moravian sisters at Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania. When it became known to them that he was organising a corps of cavalry, they prepared a banner of crimson silk, with designs beautifully worked with needles by their own hands, and sent it to Pulaski with their blessing. Pulaski received it gratefully, and bore it gallantly until his death in battle at Savannah in 1779. His banner was saved by his senior lieutenant, who received fourteen wounds. It was carried in the procession which welcomed Lafayette to Baltimore in 1824. In 1844 it was presented to the Maryland Historical Society, by whom it is now carefully preserved. But little of its beauty remains. It is composed of double silk, now faded to a dull brownish red. The designs on each side are worked with yellow silk, the letters shaded with green, and a deep bullion fringe ornaments the edge. The size is 20 inches square, one fact among many that would lead us to think Longfellow could not have known all the facts when he composed his popular poem. On one side are the letters U.S., and in a circle round them "Unitas Virtus Forcior" (Union makes Stronger); on the other, in the centre, is the all-seeing eye, within a circle of thirteen stars, and outside the stars are the words "Non Alius Regit" (No Other Governs).



PULASKI'S BANNER.

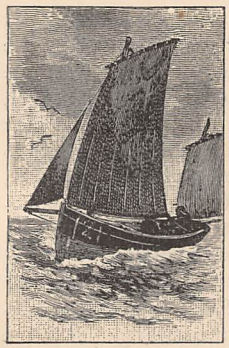
The Pine-tree Flag.—The standard erected at the battle of Bunker's Hill had the ground blue, with one corner quartered by the red cross of St. George, in one section of which a pine-tree was depicted. Two famous mottoes were found on these early American flags: the Connecticut motto, "Qui Transtulit Sustinet," and the recognised motto of Massachusetts, "An Appeal to Heaven," the use of which implied a prayer that the same Providence who had brought their ancestors through so many perils to a place of refuge would also deign to support their descendants. The flag used in the floating batteries and cruisers, and authorised in 1776 by the Massachusetts Council, was a field of white bunting, with a pine-tree in the middle, and the motto "An Appeal to Heaven."

A pine-tree was the favourite emblem of Massachusetts, and appears as early as 1652 on some of the coins of the colony. From the rudeness of the impression it seems doubtful whether a pine-tree was really intended, although that name was generally given to it from one of the commonest trees in New England. The following story would confirm the doubt whether the pine-tree was originally intended to be thus honoured. When Charles II. heard of the colonists having assumed his royal prerogative of coining money, he was very angry. Sir Charles Temple, a friend of the colony, took some of the money and showed it to the king. The king having asked what tree was upon it, "That," replied Sir Charles, "is the *royal oak* which preserved your Majesty's life." This remark put the king in good humour, and he heard what was to be said in their favour, calling them a "parcel of honest dogs." (*To be concluded.*)

THE PINE-TREE FLAG.

SOMEBODY'S SECRET.

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER.



ST. JULIOTTS is about the sleepiest village in Cornwall; it is not in the track of tourists, and has nothing specially remarkable about the height of its cliffs, the sapphire of its sea, or the beauty of its situation; but it is, nevertheless, a charming spot, and one which the traveller having discovered, will revisit with ever-increasing affection.

Years ago the village was often heard of as the scene of disaster to shipping; but a light placed on the headland, forming one arm of its little bay, proved of service in guiding unwary mariners; and it was, therefore, the more exciting when, during a dense fog in the early part of 187—, a large Danish vessel made total shipwreck on the dangerous rocks beneath the peaceful lights in the cottage windows. The fishermen of St. Juliotts were able to take boats to the vessel, owing to the position into which she drifted, and thanks to their gallant exertions during the whole dreadful night, crew, mate, and captain of the *Olaf Björnsen* were all saved; but the heavy sea which

was running made the work of rescue both difficult and dangerous ; several men were injured, and had to stay to be tended in the village. The mate, Eric Gottorp, a fine stalwart Dane, with a magnificent fair beard, clear blue eyes, and smile as soft as a woman's, was terribly crippled ; his hurts were so severe that it taxed the skill of the kindly doctor to help him to a cure ; and long after the captain and crew of the ill-fated vessel had found other ships, he lingered at St. Juliotts in a condition pitiable to behold. It was not till the hedges were in full leaf, and the fuchsias showing their crimson buds at each cottage door, that he was able to crawl out into the sunshine, and realise that health might once more be his.

During his enforced residence with the worthy Mrs. Cobbledick, who nursed him as if he were her son, he had been cheered and amused by the friendly interest of the neighbours ; but his chief pleasure was an occasional visit from Barbara Tregage, the daughter of the schoolmaster, whose presence brightened the cottage like a sunbeam. "Bab" was seventeen, and as pretty as she was good. Her hair was the colour of a chestnut fresh from its pod, her features well cut, and her complexion perfect ; she had the merry, sweet expression of a happy child, and to see her was to feel she would grow to be a woman in a thousand. She was the mainstay of the Tregage household, which consisted of an invalid mother, six children, whose ages ranged from three to twelve years, and the father, who considered himself a noteworthy personage, and ruled his household with a rod of iron.

All day long, for help, sympathy, or work, "Bab" was in constant requisition, and she needed all the patience and courage with which she was endowed by nature, to travel along the path where fate had placed her ; but if bright looks indicate happiness, Barbara needed no pity, and required no change in her existence. The wreck had, of course, greatly interested her, and the memory of her happy face and kindly words will often come back to the sailors who shared them ; but the serious illness of poor Gottorp awakened all her pity, and to see the strong man more helpless than her youngest brother, touched the tenderest chords in her heart. Whenever she could, she went to Mrs. Cobbledick's cottage, and took her lodger a few flowers or little dainties prepared by herself ; sometimes she read to him, and her low, sweet voice soothed and comforted him as nothing else could, till he watched for her coming as the patients at Scutari did for Miss Nightingale.

With convalescence, however, Eric found that he saw but little of Barbara ; and when he was able to limp up and down the village, and slowly make his way to the sands, he noticed that he never met "the sunbeam," nor chanced on an idle five minutes when he could claim her attention, and watch her bright eyes glow and darken as she listened to the tales of his simple home in Denmark, and the mother and sisters whom he loved so dearly, or heard his accounts of adventure in foreign lands ; and he sadly missed her bright companionship.

"Where is my copy of *Hamlet?*" asked Mr. Tregage, one evening, as he surveyed the bookshelves in the little sitting-room.

"I have lent it to Mr. Gottorp," said Bab's soft treble, as she lifted her eyes from her sewing, and looked with a smile at her father ; "he is getting on well with his English, and wanted to read Shakespeare."

"I beg you will lend him no more of my books," said Mr. Tregage severely.

"Father!" exclaimed Bab in astonishment.

"And, moreover," continued he, in a rasping tone, "I desire that you do not go to Mrs. Cobbledick's while he is there ; three times lately I have wanted you, and three times Tommy has told me you were reading to the foreigner. Foreigner, indeed! I'll have none of it! All foreigners are alike—bad, bad, bad!"

"But, indeed, father," pleaded Bab, "Mr. Gottorp is not like a foreigner, he is only a Dane ; and very much the same as an Englishman except for his accent."

"Be silent," said Mr. Tregage ; "he *is* a foreigner ; and I forbid your acquaintance."

Bab sighed a long sigh ; she saw her pleasant friendship was at an end. Her father's deeply-rooted objection to any one not English arose from a miserable marriage between his favourite sister and an Italian, who had ill-treated and deserted her ; and Bab knew that discussion would only entail a repetition of the sad story, and be useless in effecting any change of opinion, and as her obedience was paid to the spirit as well as to the letter of her father's commands, it was small wonder that Eric so often sought her in vain. None the less, however, as he wandered disconsolately on cliff and shore, did she fill his thoughts ; and as the lovely summer days lengthened, a resolve grew in his heart that this little English blossom should be his wife, and hopes and dreams of how he would woo and win her served to wile away his days. The younger Tregages were under no ban as to their acquaintance, and to them Eric was king and hero, so Bab heard much of him, though she saw him so little. Indeed, a stranger coming to St. Juliotts might have taken Eric Gottorp for its principal inhabitant, so often were his speeches quoted or his aid invoked. The captain of the *Olaf Björnsen* had promised to try and find him employment as soon as he should be able to take it, and he anxiously awaited the doctor's permission to seek it ; inaction was intolerable when work would help him to gain a position in which he might ask Barbara to be his wife.

One lovely morning Bab set out early for the neighbouring village of Tallans, where she was to help the rector's wife in preparing for a large school feast to be held the following day ; and with a light heart she took her way over the cliffs, enjoying to the full the rare treat of a holiday. The tide was high, and she could hear the waves lapping against the rocks below ; there was no sail in sight, and the water stretched away in all the beauty of its unruffled green, flecked here and there by a purple shadow from a passing cloud.

Her day soon passed; she had given her willing aid in all the arrangements, and the rector's wife made her the bearer of an invitation to all the children for the morrow's festivities. She paused on her homeward way to gather some bulrushes, for which a streamlet in the village was famous; and at the top of the rocky descent which led to the shore, she stayed again to gaze at the scene. The village she had left was out of sight, hidden in a hollow of the thymy downs, and, far away on the glorious sea, was a fine vessel with all sails set. "Outward bound," thought Barbara, as she stood shading her eyes with her hand, "I wonder where she is going; how lovely she looks with the sunshine turning all her sails to gold! Good speed, good ship!" she said aloud, and kissing the tips of her fingers to the vessel, she waved a farewell, and ran lightly down the path. As she neared the village she paused idly, and looked down at a heart neatly drawn on the sand, with some words traced in it. "Perhaps I shall find out somebody's secret!" she thought.

Suddenly from throat to brow a lovely crimson dyed her face; for, half effaced by the coming tide as they were, she could clearly see the letters E. B. G. "Eric—Barbara—Gottorp!" she murmured, under her breath, and then with flying footsteps sped to the cottage, reaching it breathless, but with a consciousness of fresh light and colour in her life.

Her father was out, and the children greeted her with a noisy chorus, in which Tommy's shrill tones could be plainly heard, saying—

"Bab, Mr. Eric is gone away!"

"Where?" asked Barbara laconically, feeling as if her warm pulses were suddenly stilled.

"To China," said Tommy; and at this they all laughed, it seemed so unlikely.

"It is true," announced wiser Polly, "he was telegrafted for from Plymouth; and he ordered Ben Wiston's cart, and was going to catch the train."

"But he went to the sands first," put in Tommy again; "and if you had come back to dinner like you said, you would have met him."

Barbara was silent. A thousand words and looks unheeded before rushed into her mind, and the rough drawing on the sand took a meaning for her—it was his good-bye. She liked to think that the good ship she had seen bright in the afternoon sunshine might be his, and that she had wafted him a farewell. "Somebody's secret" was in truth her own. Later she heard from Mrs. Cobbledick that a telegram from his old captain had summoned Eric to a ship bound for South America, whose mate had been disabled almost at the moment of starting.

The autumn passed, and winter came. Barbara worked very hard, and was the life of the house; but she did not pass an unruffled existence. A well-to-do farmer of the neighbourhood presented himself to Mr. Tregage as suitor for his daughter, and her emphatic refusal to listen to his wooing entailed upon her something very like persecution from her father, who found it difficult to realise that she should in any matter have a decided will of her own. It seemed almost as if he had obtained a glimmering of "somebody's secret," as his diatribes against all foreigners were more frequent, and his praises of Englishmen—and especially of those of the farmer class—became wearisome iterations. The weather was unusually severe, and one bitterly cold morning, when the sky was thick and grey, and the atmosphere possessed that stillness which precedes a storm, Barbara was called by her father to come and dress Tommy for a walk.

"Where are you going, father?" she inquired.

"To Tallans," was his answer, and, in reply to a look of remonstrance, he added, "exercise is good for Tommy, so I shall take him. I may be detained, so you are not to wait dinner."

"It is rather far for Tommy's legs, father," said Bab timidly; "and it looks like snow."

"If he is tired I shall carry him," said Mr. Tregage, in his uncompromising voice; and Barbara had to watch the pair set out, with many misgivings on behalf of her little brother.

Her mother was suffering more than usual, and she scarcely noticed when the flakes began to fall; but the boys rushed in from their play eager to tell of the unwonted delight of a game in the snow. The wind rose, whirled the eddying flakes about the window-panes, and drifted them into every crack and cranny, till Mrs. Tregage became alarmed for her husband and Tommy; and though Barbara tried to calm her by assurances that the storm would soon cease, and that her father would certainly wait in shelter till it was over, yet her own fears grew, and the short hours of daylight seemed flying.

At last she determined to make her way to a neighbour, and ask for companionship in seeking the pair along the cliff; and, clothing herself as warmly as she could, she was about to set out, when there came a sharp knock at the door, and with a cry of "Father!" on her lips, she rushed to open it, to be for an instant blinded by the icy blast, and the thick whiteness of the falling snow. The children raised a shout of "Mr. Gottorp! Mr. Eric!" and Bab perceived it was not her father who stood there, but the tall Dane, whose coming seemed scarcely a surprise, so constantly had his presence been with her in her dreams.

It seemed to her that this welcome guest had not been within the house three minutes, before all her cares were transferred to his broad shoulders, he so quickly learned the cause of the anxious faces of mother and children, and, in less time than it takes to tell, was equipped with wraps and restoratives, ready for the search it seemed a matter of course he should make for the truants. He paused at the door as Barbara held it open for him, and took one glimpse of the peaceful parlour, with the ruddy firelight glowing on the group of children and the frail mother, then looking down at the girl's sweet, earnest face, raised towards him as she gave directions as to his road, a wave of love for her, and pity for the news he felt it quite possible he might have to bring her, made him bend and press a kiss on her forehead, as he said fervently—

"'PERHAPS I SHALL FIND OUT SOMEBODY'S SECRET!' SHE THOUGHT."

"My darling, try and believe I will bring them safely."

He felt the light pressure of her hand, and saw the soft light of love in her eyes; and in this fashion, in the moment of suspense and anxiety, their troth was plighted.

Eric Gottorp found his task was no light one, and, accustomed as he was to brave all weathers, he wished he had sought help before starting, as the path across the downs was impossible to trace, and he could only guess its whereabouts from the distance he remembered it to be from the edge of the cliff. He battled on, however, as quickly as was practicable, giving a call now and then that carried far in spite of the dense atmosphere, and, as he paused to listen, he fancied, far away to his left, he heard a faint reply. Continuing his shouts, and following the direction of the answering sounds, he came at length on a pitiable spectacle. Mr. Tregage, in his persistent endeavours to reach his home, had wandered from the path; and in attempting to regain it—burdened as he was with Tommy—had tried to make his way over a fence, against which the snow had drifted to a thickness of more than four feet. He had fallen, and—still clasping the little boy in his arms—was lying well-nigh frozen and in severe pain, when Gottorp's welcome cry came to give him hope of rescue. Eric found to his dismay that the poor man's leg was broken, and Tommy's condition demanded immediate care, so he was obliged to leave the unlucky schoolmaster while he carried the child to his home. He first, with all a sailor's handiness, contrived a temporary splint with his walking-stick and a long scarf, and, covering the sufferer with a wrap, he went to seek help to convey him to St. Juliotts.

The day of the snow-storm became almost as memorable in the village as the night of the wreck, and Barbara speedily forgot the anxiety and suspense she had endured, in the new and happy life that soon opened before her.

During his enforced absence from his duties, Mr. Tregage had many opportunities of discovering that foreigners are not all alike, and his gratitude for the Dane's kindly help ripened into respect and affection, so that when the flush of spring brightened St. Juliotts, it was with no half-hearted consent he gave his daughter to Eric Gottorp. Barbara has told her new sisters many tales of her native village; but she and her husband share between them the little history of "Somebody's Secret."

M. R. L.

OUR CLOCKS.

"Like a clock worn out with eating time."

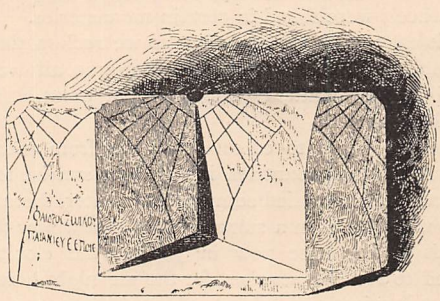
THERE was a practical illustration of the difference of time in various parts of the world in the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. Overhead, beneath an effigy of Britannia, it was shown, by means of several dials, that when it was 7 p.m. by Greenwich time in England, at Capetown it was 8.14—1 hour and 14 minutes faster; at Ottawa 4 minutes to 2—5 hours and 4 minutes slower; in Calcutta, 5 minutes to 1—5 hours and 55 minutes faster; and at Sydney, 5.5—10 hours and 5 minutes faster.

In the Great Exhibition of 1851, a Uniformity of Time Clock, invented by the civil engineer, Francis Whishaw, regulated the time between distant places to the hundredth part of a minute; all which shows that our computation of time in this nineteenth century of ours is very perfect indeed.

It has not always been so, and from the period when human beings first strove to have a faithful record of the divisions of night and day before them, many and various have been the means employed.

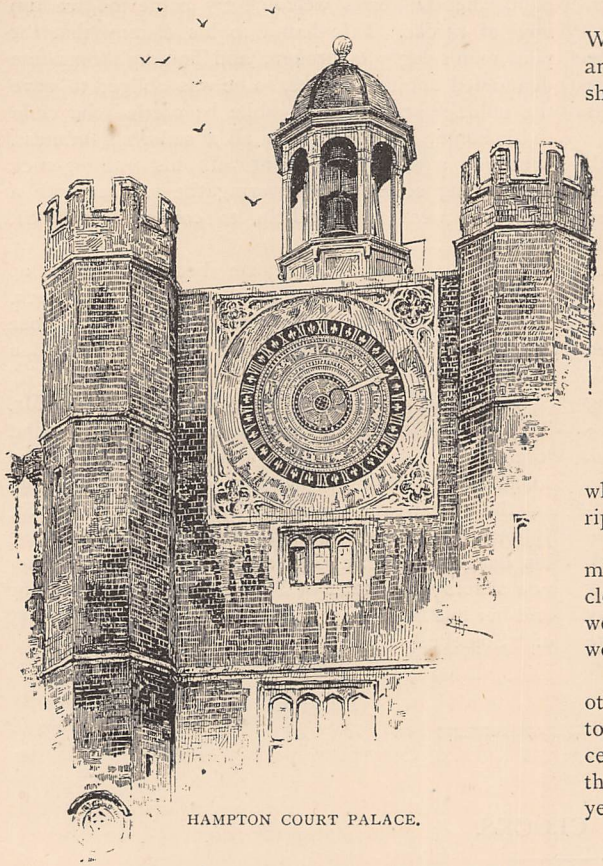
They began, as far as we can glean, with the sun-dial, described as "a column raised above the earth towards the sun," and alluded to in the 20th chapter of 2 Kings, v. 11, where we read that the dial of Ahaz was brought back ten degrees.

But these sun-clocks could only serve in the daylight, and, after various forms of stone and metal sun-dials had come and gone, man's inventive genius next led him to the production of water-clocks—"Clepsydræ," as they were called, and sometimes "night clocks." At first they had to be set every evening. The principle of their construction was for the liquid to issue drop by drop, some floating body denoting



ANCIENT GREEK SUN-DIAL, FOUND AT ATHENS.

the height of the water which rose in a given time. Some were like hour-glasses; some like an egg-shaped vase, or a cylindrical vessel. They wonderfully improved



HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

as time went on, and some showed, as well as the time, the quarters of the moon, the Zodiacal signs, and other wonderful things.

It was only when the flight of time came to be recorded by mechanical means that the hours were each divided into sixty minutes, and the day and night equally into twelve hours each.

Exactly when this first came about no faithful or reliable chronicle tells us. Indeed, throughout the history of clocks, interesting as it is, there is a great lack of accurate history on many important points.

In the eleventh century, clocks moved by weights and wheels were found in certain monasteries.

It is easy to understand that, as we reckon time by the sun's meridian, it cannot be the same all over the world at the identical period, for the great luminary travels onwards.

Now we begin to calculate the day from midnight. At first, in many countries, it was from sunrise to sunset, and as these varied summer and winter, there came to be more hours in a summer than in a winter day.

This is the case now in Japan; the clocks are altered to suit the seasons, for the six night hours are longest in winter, and the day hours in summer.

When once wheel-clocks came into use, improvements followed closely on each other. Not content with an accurate measurement of time, some audible reminder of its passage was necessary, hence the striking of the hours, first heard of in Italy.

Perhaps the oldest English striking clock is that at Wells Cathedral, which did its duty for five centuries, and then had new mechanism. It still, however, shows the four knights tilting, and the armour-clad figures of Henry VI. and Edward IV.'s time, which strike the bell exteriorly. The first clock was placed at St. Paul's in 1280, and was one of the earliest with wheels in the kingdom. For many years the hours were struck by automaton figures, which used to be called Jacks; we read frequently in Shakespeare of "Jack o' the clock."

This St. Paul's clock was the means of saving a soldier in William and Mary's reign from punishment, for falling asleep when on duty at the Terrace, Windsor. To prove his wakefulness, he declared that he had heard the City clock strike thirteen at midnight, which turned out to be the case; and he lived to the ripe old age of 102.

Another of our earliest clocks was set up at Westminster, but it is not to be confounded with the turret-clock, Big Ben, which was made by Dent, goes for a week, and strikes the hours on a bell many tons in weight—a triumph of modern horology.

Chimes—a notable part of most cathedral and many other clocks—originated in the Netherlands. Visitors to Bruges and other Belgian towns know how never-ceasing is this music of the bells, which has fallen on the ears of generation after generation for full 500 years.

Longfellow devotes many lines to them.

"Most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melancholy chimes,"

is how he describes them.

Edward III. invited some Dutch clock-makers to England, but the wooden clocks with which Holland is associated in most minds are only about 200 years old, and are now being superseded by cheaper ones from America; and, indeed, many of the so-called Dutch clocks latterly were made in the Black Forest, where there is still a great industry of the kind, as also in Switzerland; those from the latter, however, are wooden clocks principally.

There are a number of mechanical clocks scattered all over the world, most of them famous.

The old one at St. Albans went for centuries, and we hear of it in Henry VIII.'s time telling the course of the sun and moon and the rising of the tide. It was made by Richard de Wallingford, a blacksmith's son, who became an abbot.

Perhaps the most world-famous is the one at Strasburg, twenty feet high; it succeeds a very wonderful one of much older date. The cock that crows and spreads its wings when the chimes announce the hour alone remains of the original one. The present clock dates from 1574, and its maker finished it after he had been struck blind. It shows the signs of the Zodiac, the motions of the heavenly bodies, as well as a series of pictures; and the events which happen at the striking are too wonderful to detail. A similar one at

Ratisbon marks the hours by the appearance of the three kings, who pay their adoration to the Virgin.

At Lubeck, in the old church, there is a wonderful clock, which at twelve shows automaton figures of the Electors of Germany, who inaugurate the Emperor, Christ giving the benediction as a choir of angels send forth a flourish of trumpets. Germany boasts of many other famous clocks, given by well-known envoys from foreign countries.

England has her share of curiosities in horology. Horace Walpole had one at Strawberry Hill, given by Henry VIII. to Ann Boleyn in 1532, which was subsequently bought by Queen Victoria, and is now at Windsor Castle. On the weights are the initials of Henry and his second wife, united by a true lovers' knot, on one, the royal motto on the other, and the words, "The most happy."

Lord Leicester placed a striking clock in Cæsar's Tower at Kenilworth. It had two faces—one south, one east—but from some unexplained reason, when the Queen paid her celebrated visit, nothing could induce it to go.

It was good Queen Bess who maintained in her service not only a clock-keeper, but a clock-maker, and possessed at Whitehall a wonderful clock, with an Ethiopian riding a rhinoceros, accompanied by four attendants, who made obeisance when the hours struck.

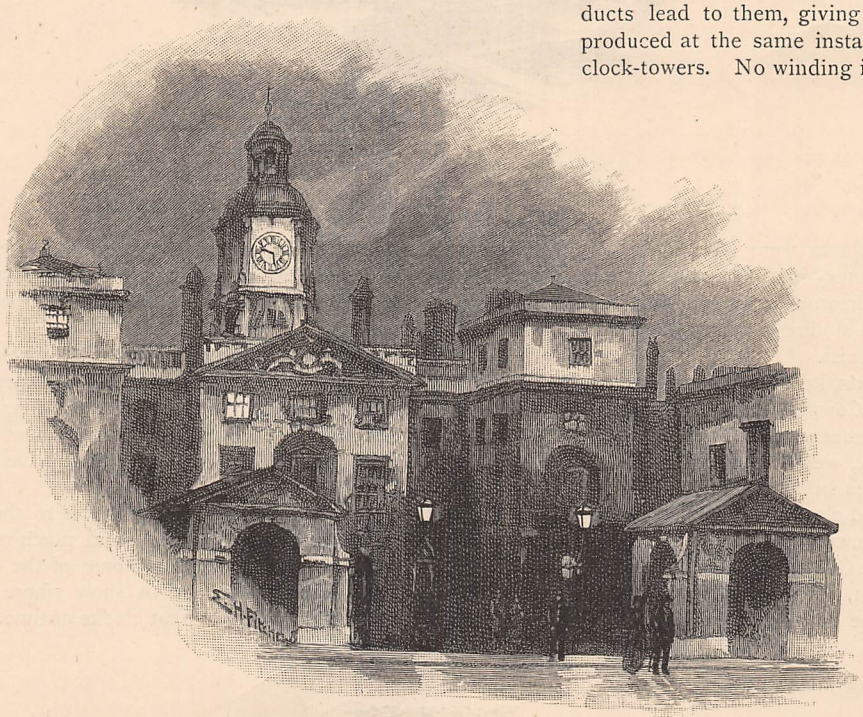
This recalls a curious story in clock-lore. In 1696 one Burdeau made a clock, where Louis XIV. was seen seated on a throne, surrounded by foreign princes, all of whom did him homage. The inventor was persuaded in an evil hour to make a public exhibition of his work; but, unfortunately, when the effigy of William III. made his obeisance, some of the machinery gave way, and threw the French king prostrate at the feet of the English one. This, being noised abroad, reached the ears of Louis XIV., who had the unlucky clock-maker thrown into the Bastille.

At Berne there is a party of wooden bears dressed in uniform of old days, who, when the hours strike, march out of a little tower, nod their heads, and return; and this same clock has pantaloon, clown, an Indian juggler, and a cock to add to its capabilities for amusing.

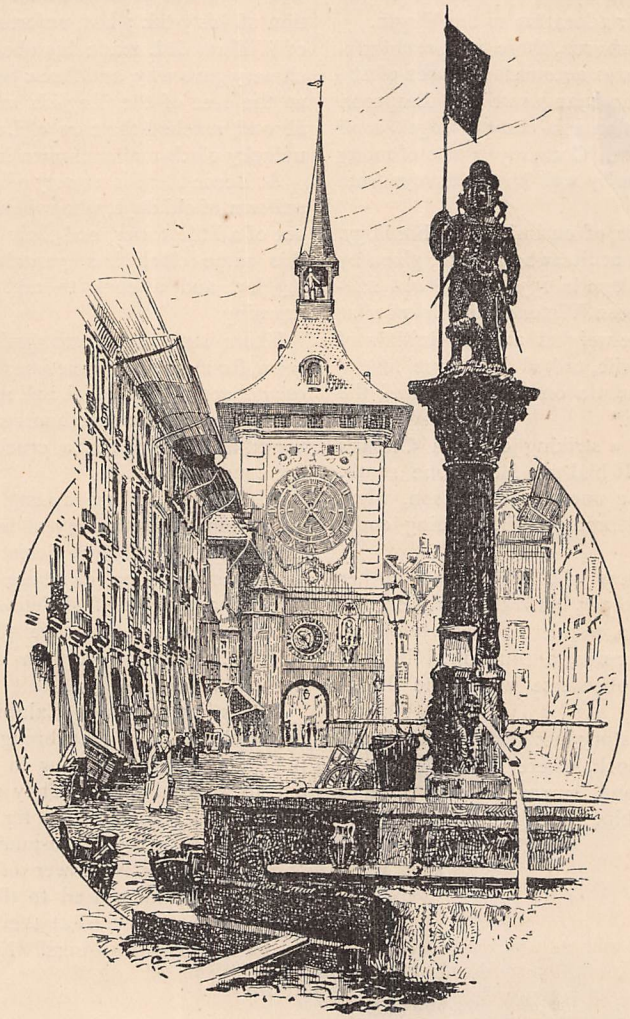
There is no conceit too quaint and curious, it would seem, for a clock. Sometimes it is a griffin bearing an escutcheon with the dial, and rolling its eyes and opening its mouth when the hours strike; sometimes it is a turret, and sometimes a crucifix, in which the works are concealed.

Electric clocks are among the most noted modern improvements in the way of horology. They were introduced to the Royal Society in 1841 by Professor Wheatstone. One of these can communicate the time to a number of skeleton dials far away. Shepherd's electric clock in the 1851 Exhibition excited, perhaps, more interest than anything else shown at the world's fair.

It was in the French Exhibition of 1878 that pneumatic clocks were first brought to the notice of the public, and they are now in use in Paris in public and private buildings. They require metal reservoirs to serve as storage-places for compressed air, driven in by steam-pumps, and this air is the motive-power of the clocks; pipes or ducts lead to them, giving a pulsation produced at the same instant in all the clock-towers. No winding is necessary.



THE CLOCK AT THE HORSE GUARDS.



CLOCK-TOWER AND BEAR FOUNTAIN, BERNE.

Portable clocks were never heard of till after the sixteenth century had commenced, and no one then would have dreamed it was possible to make a clock the size of a shilling; but in the nineteenth century such things exist.

The Clockmakers' Company—which has no hall, but claims Cowper's Court, Cornhill, as its head-quarters—possesses a valuable history of clocks and clock-making, well worthy the attention of those interested in the subject.

Illuminated clocks find favour in our day, and one which Londoners most pride themselves upon is that at the Horse Guards; it owes its glory to a reflected light, and not, as usual, to gas behind the dial.

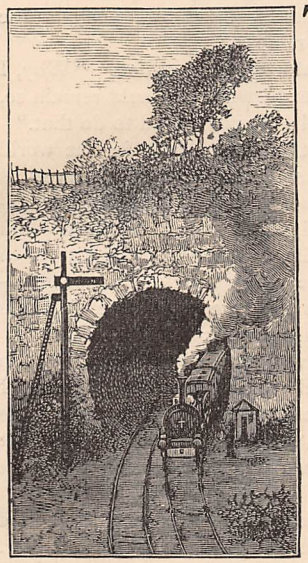
Among the curiosities of clock-making is a time-piece at Copenhagen which shows the temperature of the last twenty-four hours. The atmospheric clock, like a thermometer in appearance, is a modern invention.

Many have been the attempts at perpetual motion in clock-making. Gainsborough's brother introduced one which was intended to tell the hour by a bell, set in motion by a bullet, which was sent continuously to and fro. It did not answer, nor have any attempts since.

There is much more to learn as to the mechanism of timekeepers of the future, and much more as to the past; but this account of some of the most famous timekeepers will suffice to show where to begin to seek the story of the great clocks of time.

THE ROVING INVALID, AND HIS TINY MEDICINE-BOX.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



THERE are a good many readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE who, I feel sure, may learn a lesson from the history of my Roving Invalid, as I was wont to call him. In telling it, I have not the slightest desire to be in any way satirical, but this invalid of mine happens to be the type of a class that is peculiarly a growth—if I may use the term—of this, the latter end of the nineteenth century, and which was almost unknown in the beginning of it; for the simple reason that means of travel were not then so well developed, fast steamers and flying trains not having then commenced to revolutionise the kingdom, and, for aught that I know to the contrary, people journeying from Edinburgh to London were still in the habit of making their wills before starting.

It was I myself who first advised my invalid to try change of climate.

It is a not uncommon belief with the public, that when a medical man recommends a long sea-voyage or foreign travel to a patient, he is recommending a last resource, and that he all but despairs of the case. This is not so, I assure you. No physician would advise such means to an end unless he felt quite certain that the ailing one would benefit thereby, and be restored to health—in all probability.

It is the chronically ill who should travel, those who are suffering from some affection of an important internal organ, those who are making but poor progress in their convalescence from some acute ailment, the over-worked, the over-worried, and such as are nervous, or suffer from *ennui*.

My Roving Invalid belonged to the latter class. He was both nervous and "bored," as he called it.

It was on a bleak day in the middle of October that I first broached the subject of a sea-voyage to him. The rain was being driven against the casement window of my study in wild paroxysmal gusts, by a high wind that threatened to tear the tall poplars out by the roots, and roared through the pine-trees with a sound like breakers on a sandy beach.

"You have the time," I said, "and you are not without the means: make up your mind; take a sailing ship—for this will be quieter and easier than a steamer, and there are some splendid clippers advertised to sail soon. You will return to this country a new man, fresh and vigorous, and entirely free from the feeling of boredom that you now complain about."

He looked at me, I thought, with a considerable deal of anxiety, as he replied slowly—

"Do you then consider my case so desperate, doctor? Am I really soon to be booked for another world?"

"No," I said, smiling; "but booked for another climate. I wish you to go to Australia—to become for a time an Antipodean."

He glanced out at the drizzling rain, the driving clouds, and the wet and bending trees.

"I could never do it. The sea would kill me."

"Good-bye now, anyhow," I answered. "I've got to go out."

But I had sown the seed in my invalid's mind, and a week after it bore fruit. It was a lovely day, clear sky, and brightest sunshine.

"I'm going to take your advice, doctor," he said buoyantly, as he entered my room. "My spirits are high already at the thoughts of going. Yes, I'll seek the sunshine. What shall I take with me in the shape of medicine and good advice, doctor?"

He was actually looking animated. The bare prospect of a complete change was doing him good.

"Well," I said, "you will have a ship surgeon to physic you, if you need it, which I doubt. However, fit up a tiny medicine-chest if you choose. Something like the following may be the contents thereof."

Out came my invalid's note-book—

"1. A small bottle of aperient pills, to be used only if urgently required. 2. An ounce of chloroform. 3. Quinine pills, each containing a grain and a half. 4. Sweet nitre, two ounces. 5. Tincture of opium, one ounce. 6. Alum powder, an ounce. 7. Sulphate of zinc, an ounce. 8. Tincture of arnica. 9. Some dinner pills of gentian, rhubarb, and ginger. 10. Tincture of iron, an ounce; or pills of reduced iron, one box. 11. Bicarbonate of soda, four ounces. 12. Cough lozenges, four ounces. Add to this a tiny pair of scales and weights, a drop and an ounce measure, some lint and rolled strips of sticking-plaster, a knife and small pair of scissors, and—that is all. As to the doses, consult the ship's doctor.*

"As for advice, wear light clothing; sleep only seven hours a night; have a cold tub every morning; beware of suppers; smoke but little; avoid excess in every shape; read only amusing books: and knock about the deck all day, playing, if possible, all ships' games."

"Games on board ship, doctor?"

"Yes, games on board ship. In all passenger ships, both to Australia and to America, merry, harmless games are played on deck whenever the weather will permit. Even ladies sometimes join in these, and

* The medicines, &c., named above, are all that need be taken by any one travelling abroad, but a small medicine-chest guide or companion should be added,

I know nothing more likely to banish the last dire stress of *mal de mer*, and produce a healthy appetite, than these same games."

"Name a few. I've never been to sea."

"Well, it may seem to a landsman to be hardly credible, yet a species of lawn-tennis is sometimes played at sea; and cricket also."

"You amaze me!"

"It is as often as not a single-wicket game, and neither bats nor balls are of much value, for the former are often lost, and the latter frequently find their way overboard, and become tid-bits for roving sharks. Sometimes a ball is landed on the bridge, or goes right away forward. This displays the agility of the fielder, and gives the batsman time for a few runs. But if the ship gives a lurch, down go the players, and there is no attempt by any one to conceal the merriment which the mishap gives rise to.

"Quoits and 'bull-board' are two other excellent and healthful games. The latter is sometimes called 'dumps.' A round, flat piece of canvas-covered lead has to be thrown quoit fashion at or on to a sloping board. This is divided into squares, each marked with a numeral. The place where the lead alights, of course, marks the value of the throw.

"Then there are hop, step, and jump; vaulting, racing, and leaping of all kinds; and last, but not least, the tug of war, in which even ladies join. So what with reading, music, and exercise of all sorts, the time on board ship passes away rapidly enough; and you will positively feel sorry when the voyage is drawing near its close."

"The fear of sea-sickness, and of storms and gales, alone makes me nervous now, doctor."

"The sea-sickness need not trouble you long. If you do as I advise, and fight it, you will be well in a few days. After that your appetite will be wonderful; but do not encourage it too much, or a bilious attack may be the result. You must really eat and drink most sparingly, and never miss a day without taking a bath."

My Roving Invalid disappeared; months passed away, and I heard of him no more. I was beginning to think he had been lost at sea, or settled down in the new land for good, when I received a letter with the well-known Colonial marks thereon.

It was from my invalid. Thanks to my advice, he said, which he had followed to the letter, he was a new man. But the weather was getting uncomfortably hot, and he meant soon returning to dear old temperate England.

It was early spring, buds were appearing on the hedgerows, and birds were busy in every bush, when one forenoon a gentleman, whom I hardly recognised, was shown into my study.

It was my rover, nevertheless, though his face was as tanned and brown as the back of my favourite violin. His hands were hard too; I soon found that out.

"I have you to thank," he said, "for my perfect restoration to health."

"Health," I said, somewhat drily, "is sometimes more easily found than kept."

His face fell, as I meant it to.

"What are you going to do now?" I asked, adding before he had time to reply, "I really wish you to remain as strong and healthy as you appear to be at present; but occupation for mind and body is the only thing to prevent a relapse."

"You're a Job's comforter," he replied. "Why, I thought if a man were once well, he would remain so, unless he lived fast, and I do not intend to do that."

"But," I insisted, "there is nothing in the world so fatiguing or depressing to heart and nerves as absolute idleness. A month of the latter at the sea-side after a long fatiguing season of hard work really does good. While by the 'sad sea waves,' as romancists call it, one really should do nothing—and do it well. This is the true 'rest cure,' but it is only of service to men of the work-a-day world."

Now I would not have preached at my patient in this way had I not believed it was for his good. I knew his constitution, and knew too that his nervous system would soon get the upper hand, if he did not have occupation to burn off, so to speak, his extra energy.

For believe me, reader, there are people in this world to whom idleness means a speedy demise. Nervous energy, if not expended on wholesome labour, will prey on the body, and like a fever waste it away.

Whether my plain advice to my invalid displeased him or not, I cannot say. This much I do know—he did not take it. But he joined the great army of Roving Invalids, who are for ever flitting to and fro in the world in search of health and happiness, without any very well-defined notion of what they really want, or what would be best for them.

But the sea itself is not more tossed and troubled than are these same Roving Invalids. If they gain an accession of nerve-strength at one place, they lose it at another. They are here to-day, and away to-morrow. Here, there, and everywhere. Choking one month in dust-storms in Algiers, shivering next on the icy hills or river-banks in Norway; at spas in Yorkshire, at spas in Scotland, or the Pyrenees, Nassau, or Bohemia, while occasionally you meet them at the well-laid tables of our inland hydropathic establishments.

My Roving Invalid's sea-gotten health did not last him long doing nothing. He frittered it away, then set out to seek it, and after a year consulted me.

He looked much older, and that spoke volumes. I could only reiterate my former advice, and sum it up in one word—"occupation."

"Your nerves want calming," I added, "and as a rover you will never be well."

I received a note from him some time after, at which I could not help smiling.

"Run down to N———," it said, "and see my Jerseys and Belgian canaries."

I did run down, though Jerseys are not much in my line; but I found my patient calm and healthy. All his restive manner had disappeared. He had found a hobby.

THE GARDEN IN THE MONTH OF SHOWERS.

IF last month we were very busy in our kitchen garden, sowing all manner of herbs and green things, so likewise are we now as busy in our flower garden in this month, doing our best to make our beds already as gay as possible. And in a well-cared-for garden there is perhaps more purity and beauty in the early spring flower show than there is when the fiercer heat of the summer brings out flowers of greater rarity. And a walk through the bluebell-carpeted wood in April affords a sight to rejoice the eyes, and stirs up all that is left of innocence within us. To become, however, practical at once, let us look at our bulb show; the hyacinths and tulips, &c., ought to be at their best now, or certainly the first-named of these. See, if they have a heavy head of blossom, that some support is given by means of a small stake, to which the green stalk is loosely secured, or the occasionally

heavy hail and snow-storms of the spring will very likely break them off. Bulbs that have already finished their blooming may be lifted, so as to give room next month for the bedding-out plants. But still it is best to let the foliage die down a little first of all before moving the bulb bodily ; though on no account cut the ugly foliage down—though it is a sore temptation to do so—or you will kill the bulbs outright. And, as we in the kitchen garden always try to sow so as to have a succession of vegetable crops, so now we begin to continue a succession of bloom among the flowers. To do this, in fact, we began, or should have done so, a month ago, by sowing in our hot-bed, or in our greenhouse, or indeed in both, some hardy and half-hardy annuals. The hardy ones of these, sown a month ago, we turn out into sheltered parts of our open garden by the third week of April, in favourable weather, while those sown in the open three or four weeks ago will be ready to bloom immediately afterwards. And there is the usual large choice of these flowers : lupins, sweet-peas, mignonette, candy-tuft, larkspur, convolvulus, &c., with many more that a good seedsman will at any time recommend. Pansy beds, too, can be formed now ; and next month, or by the end of this, they should be very gay. Plant out some struck cuttings of these every fortnight. In a dry season they will want watering, and indeed can never stand any prolonged and hot sunshine ; yet a little protection and a good watering will sometimes enable these to go on blooming through the greater part of the summer.

By the end of April we find ourselves taking an increasing interest in the condition of our roses. It is then that we begin watching for the grubs, which about this season begin making vigorous attacks on the buds. When this is the case, give a good syringing with a preparation of soft soap and water with a dash of turpentine in it, following this up immediately afterwards with a second syringing with plain water. Sometimes you will find small caterpillars comfortably rolled up in a small leaf quite close to the buds. This you can unfold, and then destroy the caterpillar. If the grubs are allowed their own way, they will entirely destroy all the beauty and shape of your flowers. Some recommend cutting back roses that are much attacked by the grub. This, of course, will retard the blooming. Next, examine the whole of the stock, and carefully rub off from it all the growth that is detracting from the health of the rose-plant itself, and also grub deeply up all those red-coloured suckers which still more terribly exhaust your standards. These old-fashioned favourites will, however, doubtless in time give place to the custom, now becoming more popular, of growing roses lower and pegging them down. This certainly is more suggestive of the idea of a "bed of roses."

Our picotees and carnations we pot this month in sizes proportionate to the number of plants that we wish to have in a pot. Put plenty of crocks in the pot, somewhat sunken in the middle so as to form a basin ; then add some of your previously prepared compost, and finally pot your picotees, taking carefully the whole ball of earth from the old pot and then having the soil of the plant, when repotted, on a level with the top of the pot. A few pieces of charcoal will do no harm when you are repotting. Protect your picotees, when finished, from all attacks of vermin and slugs, which, if you give them a chance, will be sure to climb up for a meal off them.

Then again, our biennials, such as sweet Williams, and perennials, we may sow this month. A well-selected assortment of these it is always well to have in a garden, more particularly where there is little or no greenhouse-room. For these perennials make us so much more independent of the bedding-out system, and really a well-sheltered garden and a couple of good-sized frames, without any greenhouse at all, can give us plenty of produce and delight. Sowing, then, our perennials this month enables them to acquire plenty of growth for the next four or five months, and the autumn is by far the best time for moving them to spots in which they are to remain permanently. Poor old columbines, hollyhocks, and Canterbury bells ! We shall never tire of them, for they remind us of the old days when, with a few annuals, they formed the staple of our whole garden supply before the more formal and artificial systems set in. Indeed, what can now be prettier than this combination we have so often suggested ?

Our little overcrowded greenhouse—if we rejoice in one—will perhaps be giving us this time a good deal of anxiety. Plenty of air daily will be most essential, and by the end of the month we may begin selecting some of the hardiest of our stock and putting them outside, either under a south wall, or in a shed, or on a stand which we can protect at night. This we call the hardening-off process, and in the middle of May, when we begin bedding-out, these we set out the first, and get them out of the way.

Much that we said last month, relative to the kitchen garden, will apply also to this. Probably March alone would not suffice for operations there. The fortnightly and successional sowings we continue as the best means of giving us a continuous supply of vegetables. No family can possibly consume a dozen pecks of peas in two or three days ; but the same dozen pecks made into two dozen dishes are very much more satisfactory ; and successional sowing enables us to have these.

Perhaps there is less to do in the fruit garden this month than in any other. Our orchard is in full blossom, and the bees are enjoying their oratorio among the overhanging boughs. To the large wasps, however, we show no mercy this month : every wasp you kill in April saves you from a swarm by-and-by. Yet, last year, we all remarked the absence of wasps, but the consequent abundance of flies of all sizes, which the wasps destroy, and which do more harm than the wasps. Who knows that, could we succeed in actually *exterminating* any one class of insect we are wont to regard as a pest, we should not be the losers after all ? Our wisdom is often foolishness.

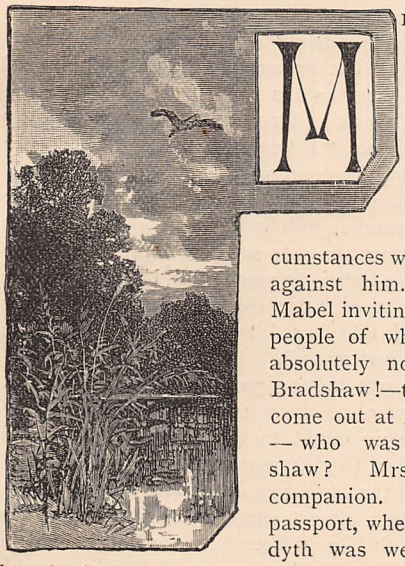
VERE THORNLEIGH'S INHERITANCE;

OR, "LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER."

By ARABELLA M. HOPKINSON, Author of "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," "Pardoned," &c.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

MR. TRESIDDER PAYS A VISIT.



MR. TRESIDDER entered the room bland and cheerful, although he felt hunted, harassed, worried, for just now circumstances were conspiring against him. Here was Mabel inviting to his house people of whom he knew absolutely nothing. Mrs. Bradshaw!—the name had come out at luncheon-time —who was Mrs. Bradshaw? Mrs. Meredyth's companion. Was that a passport, when Mrs. Meredyth was well known, in her charitable zeal, to pick up with the most extraordinary people, no matter what their character? It was inconceivable, it was abominable that he should be treated by his daughter as a cipher, and not consulted on the most important subjects, &c. &c.

Vere listened to this ebullition of somewhat impotent anger from the master of the house, with eyes full of astonishment, while Mabel had some difficulty in refraining from laughing.

"What a storm in a tea-cup, pater!" she cried, when he had fumed himself out. "Has Sharpe missed any of the spoons, that you are inveighing against poor Mrs. Bradshaw in this way? I did not tell you about Piangini, because you were out when his note came, and later I thought it would fuss you. I never intentionally deceived you. As to Mrs. Bradshaw, I shall be quite angry if you speak of her like that, after owing our success last night to her."

"Pshaw!"

"We did indeed. As though, too, Mrs. Meredyth would have some one living with her all these years, who was not all right! Besides, you have only to look at her face, and hear her speak, to see that, far from being a nobody, she is more likely to be a somebody."

Mr. Tresidder gave a snort of disdain.

"You are taken in like every one else, Mabel, by a good-looking face; but I tell you once for all, I will not have no one knows who brought here, with you two girls, and no chaperon. It is most improper."

"Oh! dear pater, I assure you we have not been contaminated. And we have both lost our hearts to Mrs. Bradshaw—haven't we, Vere?"

Vere had been growing white and pink in turn, as Mr. Tresidder held forth. Had she not been restrained by a proper feeling of reverence for her guardian, she would have spoken an indignant word in favour of the unjustly-accused Mrs. Bradshaw. But the old habit of submission to authority was still strong on her, so she merely answered eagerly—

"Oh, yes, Mr. Tresidder, we have indeed."

"It is that everlasting music," continued Mr. Tresidder testily, without noticing Vere's little interposition. "In the name of music, my house is made the resort of the strangest apparitions. There is Piangini, a socialist, a communist, belonging I dare say to any amount of murderous secret societies; there is——"

But here Mabel interrupted him.

"You wrong poor old Piangini," she said, trying her best not to smile, as she thought of the fat good-tempered little man. "He is an enthusiast, and may have some ideas which I think I might entertain had I lived under King Bomba as he did, but that is all. He would not hurt a fly, I am sure of that. Mrs. Bradshaw, however, is not a strange apparition, except that she is better-looking than most people. Why, pater," walking round the table, and patting his shoulder, "what a to-do about nothing at all! What could have put these queer ideas about that poor dear woman, and all my other friends, into your head?"

But Mr. Tresidder was not to be pacified by his daughter's blandishments. Pushing away his chair from the table, he rose irritably, and walked out of the room, murmuring, "I will be master in my own house."

Left alone, Mabel, Hugh, and Vere looked at each other with wondering eyes.

"What is it all about?" asked Hugh lazily. "It is too hot to put oneself in a wax."

"I can't think what it means," said Mabel. "Pater was all right at breakfast-time, and immensely relieved about Paul. In fact, now I come to think of it, he never said a word until I mentioned Mrs. Meredyth's friend as Mrs. Bradshaw. Then his wrath blazed forth, for it seems that until then he had not heard her name. But still I cannot make out why, for she must have a name, and Bradshaw appears to me a very inoffensive, although not a pretty one. I suppose it is the heat, and we must assume that it is a bad wind. I had meant to go and see Mrs. Meredyth this very afternoon, Vere, but I am afraid we must not now."

Vere shook her head. "Oh, no," she said; "I am so sorry, Mab, that Mr. Tresidder thinks all that about Mrs. Bradshaw, for perhaps we shall not be allowed to hear her sing again, and that would be such a pity."

"Oh, yes, we shall. It will all have blown over by to-morrow. It must be some of those meddling old dowagers who have put these ideas into his head;

about our not having a chaperon too! that is something new in the last fortnight, which I certainly mean to resist. I won't have any one to look after me; besides which, pater loves taking me out, and if we want any one extra, why, there is Paul now."

Meanwhile Mr. Tresidder had gained his own den, and here he sat down and wiped his forehead.

The weather was very hot, but his heat was inward. It had burst out suddenly at the mention by Mabel of the name of Mrs. Meredyth's companion, which, by some curious accident, had not transpired in her last night's conversation with her father.

With instinctive habit he had immediately asked himself where was it the other day that he had heard the name of Bradshaw, and, like a stab, the answer had flashed across his memory; the page of the green shagreen pocket-book had stood out before him, and the straggling, scrawling hand-writing tracing the words, "Ask for me as Mr. Bradshaw." He had shut his eyes to the obtrusive vision, and had sought to dispel it by turning his wrath upon Mabel, but here, alone in his room, it returned with redoubled force.

"What a fool I am!" he murmured with a sickly smile; "that woman has been dead and buried for ages, and as Mabel very truly observes, were she alive, it is not likely that Mary Meredyth would have had her in her house as a close companion all these years. It is a common enough name—Bradshaw. Why, I have known any amount of Bradshaws. There was a Bradshaw in my own regiment, who was one of six brothers, then there was a chaplain at Homburg named Bradshaw. I should not be surprised if she belonged to him; looks rather as though she had been a clergyman's wife; then—let me see, there was a Bradshaw in the apartment above ours at Biarritz. . . ."

Mr. Tresidder went on enumerating the Bradshaws that, in the course of his life, he had encountered, assigning Mrs. Meredyth's friend to every one of them in turn. But, try as he would to tack his cousin's companion on to naval, military, or clerical Bradshaws, there remained the fact that Vere's eyes, in their lustrous pathos, were wonderfully like hers. It had struck him at luncheon-time the moment he began to put two and two together, and it came back to him now that he was striving to keep two and two apart.

"Pure imagination," he muttered to himself as he rose from his seat; "pure imagination! At any rate, I will go and see Mary Meredyth."

Why he was going to see Mrs. Meredyth he could hardly tell. He did not wish to know anything about Mrs. Bradshaw, and yet he wanted to know everything; he desired never to see her again, and yet he longed to find her at home; in short, he did not know what he wanted, unless it were relief from this distracting doubt that had taken possession of him.

In this frame of mind he walked to Eaton Place, and, having made the inquiry, was rather aggrieved to find that Mrs. Meredyth was at home. But he could not go back from his purpose, so had to submit to being ushered into her presence. He had forgotten all about Paul, and was rather startled to find him with her.

"Ah! my dear Mary," he exclaimed in his most genial tones, "how glad I am to find you in! So you have been making acquaintance with my big son? Did he tell you the trick he played upon us last night?"

"I am afraid I was an accomplice," she answered; "Paul and I are no new acquaintances; we seem to be very old friends indeed."

"Ah, yes, yes," but he was plainly not thinking of what he was saying, as his eye roved all round the room, as though looking for some one. Then recalling his absent thoughts, "I hope you are not tired after your dissipation," he continued.

"To tell the truth, I am. I cannot even now think how it was I found myself in your drawing-room last night. It is, I am afraid to say how many, years since I have been to an evening party, and I do not know who was the more astonished, Mrs. Bradshaw or myself, when I told her I had accepted that little witch Mabel's invitation."

"What on earth induced you to do so?" was Mr. Tresidder's inward comment; aloud he said—

"I am sure we ought to feel most flattered, and what a treat Mrs. Bradshaw gave us with her singing! Now, which of the Bradshaws does she belong to?"

Mrs. Meredyth almost smiled. This question was so exactly like the Lewis Tresidder she had known in former years, and, alas! never cared for very much; nevertheless, she answered with all due gravity—

"Well, really I do not know. Her husband died young, before I knew her."

"I suspect you rather enjoyed last night, did not you, Mrs. Meredyth, in spite of the fatigue?" asked Paul, abruptly breaking into the dialogue.

Mrs. Meredyth smiled. "I ought to be ashamed to confess it, Paul, but I really did, although I became disgracefully sleepy towards the end. But that dear little Mabel looked after us so well, and it was so pleasant to see you all again, that I could not regret my temporary mental aberration. Then there was a certain excitement in hearing the enthusiasm Mrs. Bradshaw roused, to say nothing of the pleasure I experienced in watching two such charming young things as Mabel and Miss Thornleigh. What a beautiful girl that is, Lewis! Some day I must get you to tell me all about your meeting with her, which I have only heard somewhat breathlessly from Mabel."

"Mabel is always breathless," responded Mr. Tresidder. "She is much too impetuous. The fact is, I have spoilt her, and consequently she pays no attention to my wishes."

"Dear me! what a shocking character!" smiled Mrs. Meredyth. "But now, Lewis, I want to ask you about that Mr. Savile who was so polite and attentive to us last night. Is not he Jack Savile's son?"

"Yes, and a rising man, too; clever, like his father. You know that Jack and his wife are dead?"

"Does this Mr. Savile do any work amongst the London poor, do you know?"

Mr. Tresidder shook his head. "I have never heard of it," he said.

"The reason I ask is that Mrs. Bradshaw declares she has heard the name of Savile in connection with various charitable works in Shoreditch; and also one day, when she was visiting a sick man, a gentleman left the room as she went in, and she is almost sure that Mr. Savile is the same."

"Cosby! Well, you astonish me, although I have no reason to be astonished. I know really very little of him. I had not seen him to speak of for years, until he stayed with us this last autumn. But I will ask Mab. He and she are very intimate, and I have often heard her say she is sure he is very reserved."

At this point Paul rose to go.

"I must make better acquaintance with this cousin of mine," he said, as he gave his hand to Mrs. Meredyth. "Now I must be off to the City, and will leave you and my father to your gossip together, before your invalid arrives."

"I am expecting an invalid friend," explained Mrs. Meredyth, as Paul left the room, "one you know something about, too, a sister of that M. de Vilaine who recited so admirably last night."

Mr. Tresidder shook his head mournfully. "My dear Mary," he said, "I know nothing at all of these people. He calls himself the Vicomte de Vilaine, but you know what French counts are. Mabel hunted out this man—poor Di used to know him—engaged him for last night, arranged that he was to give Vere lessons, all without asking me. I am, as I say, a cipher in my own house."

"Come, come, Lewis, it is not so bad as all that. For your comfort, let me tell you these De Vilaines are genuine people. I have inquired at the French Embassy about them. I am sure you are maligning that sweet little daughter of yours, and that you are really very proud of her."

Mr. Tresidder smiled. "She is not a bad child," he said, "but terribly impetuous and impulsive. But she is very clever, and manages somehow always to get her own way."

Mrs. Meredyth laughed. "I hardly like to ask such gay people as you are," she said, "but I wonder if you would all come and dine with me one night——"

"You are very kind, I am sure, but just now I think we are engaged every night. To-morrow we have four afternoon teas, a dinner party, a concert——"

"Well, you must get Mabel to let me know. No, don't run away," as a carriage drove up to the door, and Mr. Tresidder rose; "it is only Mrs. Bradshaw with Mademoiselle de Vilaine, who will go to her room."

Mr. Tresidder nervously brushed his hat. Should he wait and see Mrs. Bradshaw, or should he go away? Should he fly from that tormenting doubt, or face it? He would face it. Perhaps by daylight her eyes might be blue. Whilst he was debating the door opened and Mrs. Bradshaw came in.

"Well, Amy," asked Mrs. Meredyth, "how is she after that jolting drive? None the worse, I hope. I really believe you were never introduced to Mr. Tresidder last night. Mrs. Bradshaw, Mr. Tresidder."

Mrs. Bradshaw bowed: a graceful, sad-looking woman, unmistakably a lady. But by the unflattering light of day how ill she looked! Her face was deadly pale, her eyes sunken, her lips white, but there was a something about her that appealed to Mr. Tresidder, as it had to Vere, to Mabel, to Cosby.

"I am glad to have this opportunity of thanking you for your most charming singing last night, Mrs. Bradshaw," he said, hope and fear alternating in his bosom; for though Mrs. Bradshaw's sad eyes were undoubtedly and unmistakably brown, and there was altogether a foreign look about her, yet she was, as Mabel had said, a perfect lady in her bearing. No, no, this woman could never have been deemed disreputable, could never have deserted her child.

"I am glad to have been of any use," she answered in a low voice; "I only wish I could have sung more." Then turning to Mrs. Meredyth, "Mademoiselle de Vilaine is gone to her room," she said.

"Quite right. I will go and see her soon. Ah, Lewis," with a little mischievous smile, "you should hear us speak of your ward, Miss Thornleigh."

"Miss Thornleigh is a very charming girl."

"She is beautiful," said Mrs. Bradshaw, leaning forward, with a light in her eyes and a smile on her lips; she no longer looked so ill.

"Ah! well, I do not go perhaps quite so far as that; some day, when she is older, I think she will be a grand woman; at present she wants—a——"

"And you met her at Torworthy, Mr. Tresidder?"

Mr. Tresidder felt, although he did not show it, surprised. Mrs. Bradshaw, one moment apparently so shy and retiring, was now asking him questions.

"Yes," he answered, "she is the last of a very old West-country family, who were there long before the Bellairs were heard of."

"And she has lived there always?" (Again Mrs. Bradshaw.)

"Yes, always. Now I really must be going; I have paid you quite a visitation, Mary, and I have at least half a dozen engagements for this afternoon. Good-bye; good-bye, Mrs. Bradshaw," and still nervously brushing his hat, Mr. Tresidder left the room.

When he was gone Mrs. Meredyth turned to her friend.

"Amy," she said, "I am going to write at once to Dr. Seagrave about you. No, don't say a word, for nothing will prevent my doing so. Now go and rest whilst I pay a visit to Mademoiselle de Vilaine."

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

BEFORE Paul had been a fortnight at Rutland Gate, he was as much at home as though he had been there a twelvemonth. He had taken up his position in his father's house as son and brother so spontaneously, that they all wondered how they could possibly have got on before he came. Vere especially had begun to open her eyes of a morning with the delicious

sensation that there was something pleasurable in store for her with the new day, and then she would remember that it was Paul—Paul's presence at the breakfast table, Paul's presence at dinner, Paul's presence at the piano. For he had fulfilled his threat, only he had changed the hour of its execution. Every day about ten minutes before it was time to dress for dinner he would open the drawing-room door, when he would be sure to find Vere sitting in her bonnet—just come in from her drive or walk as the case might be—at the piano. He would sit down about a yard from her, and without a word on either side she would begin to sing. Twenty minutes of unalloyed enjoyment for them both! Vere never sang as she did when thus *tête-à-tête* with Paul, and he on his side did not only listen, but looked too, and again and again a smile of perfect contentment would pass over his features as he leant back in his chair and let his whole being be pervaded by Vere. What did it matter that, sitting in Cosby's rooms one afternoon almost three weeks after his arrival, the conversation had come round to Miss Thornleigh, and her instalment as a member of the Tresidder family, and Mr. Savile had remarked as he drummed his fingers on the table, "Ah, but who was her mother?" What did it signify? Vere was Vere, already the one woman in the world for him. And yet, when two hours later he sat listening to her song, he felt vaguely that his cousin was right. He too would have liked to have known something of her mother for . . . . And just then Vere turned round on her music-stool, and her eyes met his.

"I am afraid we must go and dress, Mr. Paul," she said—she always called him Mr. Paul—"the bell rang long ago."

The spell was broken, but it might be renewed.

"Do you know," he said in answer, "that you and I are to be *tête-à-tête* to-night?" There was a quick flash of joy in her eyes.

"No," she responded rather lugubriously; "there is Hugh. Only Mr. Tresidder and Mabel dine out."

"No, there is no Hugh. He has telegraphed to say that he will spend the night at Richmond."

"Ah, how nice!"

"Will you sing to me again?"

She nodded her head in acquiescence. "As much as you please if you will read to me."

It was not the first time she and Paul had dined alone together. Mr. Tresidder's account of his engagements had not been exaggerated. He and Mabel dined out most nights; sometimes Vere was asked, but by no means always; and she would be left at home with Hugh to entertain her, or since Paul's arrival, both the brothers, or again, Paul only, for Hugh had his own engagements, and had no lack of invitations. It had happened already once this week, and it had been—well, Vere smiled to herself whenever she thought about it. And yet they had said nothing to each other that might not have been proclaimed to the whole world. He had told her of his home in Canada, of his life there, of the cold, clear winters, the skating and the sleighing, the curious histories of some of the emigrants who had come out to his uncle's estate, of his travels in various parts of America. And then she, in her turn, had told him of her strange shut-up life at Thornleigh, when she lived alone with her aunt and nature, knowing nothing of men and women, save from the books in the black oak book-case. Later Paul had read to her, and they had finished up, of course, with music.

"There is a wonderful charm about that house in Rutland Gate," Cosby had remarked only that very afternoon. "It is so thoroughly unconventional. There are those two uncommonly good-looking girls receiving their friends to lunch or to tea, men or women, or both; there is the piano for ever going, violins scraping, 'cellos growling, banjoes twanging; there are young guardsmen mixed up with such curious creatures as old Piangini and the melo-dramatic vicomte; smart young lady friends and dilapidated governesses, or music-mistresses, boys of eighteen and old men of sixty; no chaperons, no duennas, all doing exactly as they please, and that extraordinary little girl Mabel driving all her scratch teams without a hitch, and not the most intimate amongst them daring to take the smallest liberty or to be otherwise than courteous to her poorest or most eccentric protégés."

Unconventional! Yes, that it was. Mr. Tresidder alone was annoyed that Hugh was not coming home, from no motives of propriety, but simply because he liked him and Vere to be constantly in each other's society. Meanwhile he had apparently recovered his outburst of temper over Mrs. Bradshaw, although he was secretly turning over in his own mind how he could keep her and Vere apart. Hitherto circumstances had been in his favour. Mrs. Bradshaw had been ill since the day he had seen her, more than a fortnight ago, but this evening a note had arrived to say that she was better, which finally decided him.

"Mabel," he said, as he drove to his destination, "this heat is killing me; I have decided that we go to Torworthy next week."

Mabel turned round and stared at her father in amazement. He looked remarkably well.

"Next week, pater!" she exclaimed. "A fortnight before our house is up, and before the Eton and Harrow. Why, we need not go until the sixteenth of July."

"Of course, I know that, considering I took the house myself. I am not a fool, Mabel."

"But you will let us stay over the match, won't you, dear?" coaxingly. "You are engaged with us to Sir John's coach, and we have had new dresses for the purpose. Besides you love London and hate Torworthy."

"You will allow me to know what I like or dislike, and I tell you I leave London to-morrow week."

"He must really be ill," thought his daughter, "if he wishes actually to leave London," and she said nothing more. She did not know what it was to be sulky, or she would certainly have felt so now; as it was she began at once to turn over in her active brain how the parental orders could be mitigated.

It was not only Mrs. Bradshaw who had decided Mr. Tresidder to this move, so sorely against his own inclination. Other causes were conspiring to drive him to the hated but secluded Torworthy. It had been dawning on him gradually of late that Vere was inconveniently good-looking and attractive. Although he took care that she should go out but little, still he could not shut his doors to the informal intimate society that Mabel had the knack of gathering around her, certain members of which were far more dangerous than mere society acquaintances. This very Sir John Boucher, on whose coach they were to lunch at the cricket match, had become most alarmingly ardent during this last week, and it was necessary that some steps should be taken to avert impending catastrophes. At present she was clearly heart-whole, had even the good taste to dislike Sir John, but then there was Colonel Vivian! Yes, there was no doubt of it, Vere must be transported back to the leafy seclusion of her beloved woods and streams, where she and Hugh might wander at their own sweet wills, and exchange vows to the accompaniment of the song of birds and the humming of bees. Would they exchange vows, though? They were capital friends. With familiarity Hugh's boyish devotion had turned into a kind of brotherly relation. They called each other Hugh and Vere, they chaffed, and laughed at, each other, but at present there was not much appearance of exchange of vows.

"Here we are, pater," said Mabel, as the brougham drew up at their destination, and Mr. Tresidder, recalled thus abruptly from the mental contemplation of Hugh and Vere as an engaged couple, stepped briskly out of the carriage, and laying aside his somewhat lugubrious expression of countenance, assumed his best society smile, ere following his daughter into the house. And meanwhile the subject of his doubts and fears was calmly eating her dinner in company with the one man that, in all his calculations, her guardian had overlooked. To tell the truth, the idea of Paul as a possible rival to Hugh had never entered Mr. Tresidder's head. He looked on him as a transitory visitor, who in a month or two would return to Canada, and who was altogether outside the pale of the family scheme. Father and son saw but little of one another, each being busy in his own way. Paul had come to England as much for business as for pleasure; the greater part of his time was spent in the City, or in excursions into the country, and, except at meals, when he devoted his conversation chiefly to his father, his family saw but little of him. Mr. Tresidder knew nothing of that daily half-hour of mutual entertainment that went on in the drawing-room, whilst he was perhaps dressing to go out to dinner, knew nothing of its being the climax of each day to the two parties concerned in it. Thus, whilst he was devoting his attention to the transportation of Vere beyond the reach of Sir John, Colonel Vivian, and all other actual or possible aspirants to her hand, she and Paul were hurrying through their dinner, in order that they might stroll out into the gardens that do duty for the inhabitants of Rutland Gate, where they might enjoy solitude *à deux* undisturbed by the grave attentions of the stately Sharpe.

To-night, they and the cats had the premises to themselves. The children, their legitimate *habitués*, were all gone to bed, and silence reigned around. Up and down the small garden they sauntered, not always talking, and the moon came out, and the twinkling stars, and, by degrees, the oppressive atmosphere lightened, and a breeze sprang up.

"Mr. Paul," said Vere suddenly, after a long pause, "don't you think Mab very pretty?"

"Pretty? Let me see, do I? No, she is more charming than exactly pretty, for if you pick her to pieces, her features are not good except her eyes."

"And they are lovely. I always like to recollect her as I first saw her in the Torworthy woods, dressed all in white. To me she appeared almost like an angel."

Paul smiled. "She is a dear little thing," he said; "so unselfish, and generous, and with brains, too."

"Yes, is she not clever? Somehow she always manages to get what she wants done, and yet she never walks over other people to do it."

He laughed. "I remember, I liked her mother very much," he said, "when I met her at Biarritz—a peculiar woman, but she was very kind to me. It was a misfortune to Mab, losing her when she did."

She turned to him, with a wistful look in her brown eyes, that he had noticed once before in them.

"Is it not Tennyson," she asked, "who says it is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all? It must be so nice to have had a mother, if only for a few years, to have her love to recollect."

Paul looked at her. When he spoke his voice was very gentle, and he had drawn closer to her.

"Yes," he answered. "That is another point of resemblance between us. We neither of us remember our mothers."

"But your aunt," she responded—"you loved her very much. I am sure you did."

"She was like a mother to me—in fact, better than a good many mothers."

"Oh, no; that is impossible. An aunt cannot be like a mother. I am sure she can't."

"There is as wide a difference in aunts as there is in mothers."

"But is there a wide difference in mothers? Don't they always love their children?"

Her voice sounded almost like an appeal. He had not the heart to resist it.

"Yes," he answered; "mercifully, unnatural mothers are rare. But character comes out in love more than in any other quality. Some love selfishly, others unselfishly, according to their nature. The most devoted could not have loved me more unselfishly than my aunt did."

"Ah!" she answered, then paused for a minute. When she spoke again her voice was very low.

"When I lived at home," she said, "I never thought much about my father and mother. I knew they were dead, and that there was a picture of my father as

a boy, in the parlour; but I never —— Oh! dear, what is the word?"

"Speculated?"

"Yes, that is it. I never speculated about them. But since I have come amongst you all have seen like her. But I have no picture of my mother—nothing to tell me what she was like. I do not even know her maiden name."

"She must have been beautiful, I should say."

"Oh, I am so glad you think so! So do I. You

"HE GLANCED AT HER AS THE THOUGHT CROSSED HIS BRAIN" (*p.* 293).

girls with their mothers, have heard Mabel talk about hers, I have had such a longing to know something of mine! I like to think that, if she had lived, she would have loved me, very unselfishly, as you say."

"Then your thoughts turn more to your mother than to your father?"

"Yes; I know all about my father. He was Aunt Barbara's brother, although he cannot have been a bit

see, when one has nothing but fancy to go upon, one may fancy what one pleases, a· . so I like to imagine my mother with a dear, beautiful face. Have you—have you—a likeness of your aunt?"

"Half a dozen. I will show you one when we go in. She was very like Mrs. Meredyth, only younger-looking. Also she and my mother were exactly alike. They were twins, you know."

"And she and Mrs. Meredyth?"

"Were first cousins."

"Ah! I see. I shall grow quite sharp about relationships soon. Mr. Tresidder and Mab are wonderful. They know who everybody is, where they come from, and so on."

"That is simply the result of practice, and living in the world, neither of which advantages," with a smile, "you appear to have enjoyed at Thornleigh."

"Certainly not. We never saw any one except the people about the place. How lovely it must be there to-night! Look, how beautiful the stars are! The rocks will be glistening like great white ghosts. I should like you to see my rocks, Mr. Paul."

"I have every intention of doing so. I shall certainly come down to Torworthy. I want, too, to see your farming operations, being a farmer myself."

Her eyes lighted up. "I shall so enjoy showing you everything," she said, "although it will all seem funny and old-fashioned to you, accustomed as you are to American machinery."

"To meet with anything that is really not sham old-fashioned in these days is something to be thankful for," he answered. "I suppose it is because I live in a part of the world where there are no traditions, that I cling so fondly to them, and I should think that Torworthy and Thornleigh were their head-quarters."

"Quite," she answered; "and that is the reason, I suppose, that I feel just the contrary to what you do. All my life it has been dinned into my ears that what was good enough for my aunt or my grandmother was good enough for me; but I don't agree with the argument at all, and I want to reform Thornleigh."

"And do you imagine that, because I venerate tradition, I am against reform? Certainly not. I can quite believe that Thornleigh needs plenty of reformation, only I hope you won't begin by knocking down that charming old house that Savile sketched, and building up one of those flaming red-brick and red-tile structures that seem to be the rage in England now, guiltless of shutters or traps for draughts."

"Knock down Thornleigh! Oh, no! I would not do that for the world. The place is let now, and will do very well for the present. It is the farms and cottages about on the estate that need reformation. They are dreadful, especially the cottages. I never thought about those things when Aunt Barbara was alive. I know the people used to come and complain sometimes, but they never ventured a second time; and I took it for granted that poor people naturally lived in places where the roofs all let in water, and the floors were all sunk and uneven, and the walls giving, but now I know better."

"Have you learnt that in London?"

"You hear everything talked about in London. Besides, I have been studying the subject. And the other day I got out my map—the large map of the estate that we found in the iron chest—and studied it well; and I think when I go back to Torworthy I shall have a horse if Mr. Tresidder does not mind, and ride about and see everything for myself. As I shall not care to go alone—I have never ridden, you know—I shall get a second horse, and ask Mab to go with me, or perhaps you would sometimes?"

"I shall be delighted. I could give you riding lessons at the same time, as it seems to be your fate just now to be taking lessons in everything. Being a practical individual, I may be humbly instrumental in preventing your turning your hovels into palaces, as I am sure you would like to do."

"I mean them certainly to be extremely comfortable. I have the map in-doors; would you like to see it?"

"Indeed I should; I am very fond of a map. I have one in my portmanteau of my home in Canada."

"And you will show it to me? I know all about your home now. The other day, when you were describing it to me, I seemed to see it quite clearly."

Paul smiled. "Dear old place!" he said musingly. "I wonder what Charlie will say to some of the ideas I shall take back with me."

"Charlie? He is your uncle, is he not?"

"Yes, but I never in my life called him uncle. He was always Charlie to me, from the first day he became engaged to my aunt. I should like you to know him. He is a rare good sort—a thoroughbred Scotch gentleman, full of all manner of crotchets and whims of his own, which prevent his being in the least like any one else, and very amusing. He is a great athlete, and plays tennis like a boy."

"Fancy, I never heard of tennis until I came to live with Mab!"

Paul burst out laughing. "It seems to me," he said, "that the backwoods are centres of civilisation compared to Thornleigh."

"I am quite sure they are. Nothing could have been more benighted than we were—nothing."

Paul wondered how, immured in that old farm-house, she had acquired that innate refinement that raised her, in his eyes, to the level of the best-bred women he had ever met with. Certainly, the Thornleighs had the reputation of being gentry, and that old woman, Aunt Barbara, must have had something in her beyond the mere love of pounds, shillings, and pence, to turn out, without external aid, such a girl as the one by his side. He glanced at her as the thought crossed his brain. She had picked up a cat that had been keeping them company—an old favourite of hers—and was pressing its fluffy head against her cheek.

"Shall we go in?" he asked abruptly. "It has struck ten."

She looked up from caressing the cat. "Ten o'clock!" she exclaimed. "Impossible! I had no idea it was so late; and we have had no reading, and no singing."

"There is plenty of time for the singing still, and I don't mean to be cheated of it," he answered, as she unlocked the gate, and they passed out of the garden into the house, the cat following them all the way.

"You sha'n't be cheated," she answered; "but I will run up-stairs first and fetch my map, and you can look at it whilst you listen."

She left the room, and he sauntered out into the

balcony, and stood leaning against the iron railings. The cat was mewing below.

"What are you making that row for?" he murmured over the ledge. "Did not *she* take you in her arms and press you against her cheek? I could not stand it, though—could not stand it any longer."

"Where are you?" cried Vere, coming into the room. "Here it is—look," as he stepped out of the balcony.

"Why, you have a large estate!" he exclaimed, as he spread the map out before him.

"Is it large?" she asked. "It used to be treble the size it is now. See, this is the house, and here——"

But he interrupted her. "I will not be done out of the singing. I will find all this out for myself. We shall be having Mab home directly. See, I have opened the piano."

Vere was nothing loth to obey the hint. She loved singing to Paul, and was soon in full swing, whilst he sat by the shaded lamp, looked at her map, and drank in the sweet sounds.

And this beautiful girl, with this divine voice, and all these acres, how far above him—plain Paul Tresidder—she stood! If he had had something of his own to offer her—but he had nothing. Some day—a very far-off day, he hoped—he might be Charlie's heir, or he might not. There had been no promises given, although they had often been implied; and, meanwhile, the sweet seductive voice was ringing out—

"I love thee so, dear, that I only can leave thee, I only can leave thee."

The door opened suddenly, and Mabel put in her curly head.

"Oh! you bad Paul," she cried; "I told you not to let Vere sing too long, and here she is at it still. Now I am going to carry her off at once to bed. For my own part, I shall be thankful for a long night. Come, Vere."

"Good night, Mr. Paul," said Vere, giving him her hand.

"I have only had five songs," he answered, holding it a second longer than was necessary, and then letting it drop quite suddenly. "Shall I keep the map and study it? I see all kinds of hieroglyphics on it, which I am gradually making out."

"Do," she said, with the "slow wonderful smile," and then she was gone; but the whole room seemed still echoing with the words, "Say, what can I do for thee?" Ay, what could he do for her?

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

MRS. BRADSHAW AT HOME.

"SAY, what can I do for thee?"

Try what he would, Paul Tresidder could not get these words out of his head. They haunted him by day, they haunted him by night, and they stuck to his memory like a burr, although it was fully a week since he had heard them that warm June evening in the drawing-room in Rutland Gate. Besides which, how absurd they were, as applied to Vere! What could he do for her, who wanted for nothing, and who stood as far above him as the stars above the earth? And yet her wistful eyes the other night—nay, more, her wistful words—had said something of the great longing in her heart for some knowledge of the mother she could not remember, and for whose love she hungered—"I know nothing about her; I do not even know her maiden name."

She had said it with such perfect simplicity, unconscious that it was a strange admission for any girl to make—that she should not know her own mother's name before she married. And the worst of it was that just on this point, where he might have comforted her, he could give her no help whatever. For no one knew Mrs. Thornleigh's maiden name—not Cosby, not Mr. Tresidder—it was shrouded in a darkness which, by tacit consent, no one seemed inclined to meddle with. It worried Paul. He hated darkness as he liked daylight, and he could not bear to think that the woman he loved should have one speck of darkness about her surroundings.

In this frame of mind—having returned to Rutland Gate earlier than usual in the afternoon—he put on his hat, and walked to the park, in the hope of seeing Vere there, as Mab sometimes finished up her drive with a turn amongst the carriages. He walked swiftly, making straight for the railings by the side of the carriage-drive, and not until he had taken up his position there did he discover who was his next-door neighbour. It gave him a thrill as, from his altitude of six foot two, he looked down on the pale straw-coloured hair, cold fishy-blue eyes set in straw-coloured eyelashes, unwholesome complexion, coarse mouth, and generally unprepossessing appearance that represented Sir John Boucher, Bart.; for a vague rumour was floating about the house at Rutland Gate that, two days ago, this same Sir John had so far justified Mr. Tresidder's fears as to propose to Vere, and had been rejected. Paul knew him by sight, although he did not know Paul, and he could feel no wonder that Vere had refused him; rather did he marvel that any one so unattractive should have presumed to offer his hand to such a divinity.

Nor was his opinion of the young man improved as every now and then he caught scraps of his conversation with the friend who was with him, and heard his remarks on the carriages as they drove by.

"What an awful cad the man is!" he thought to himself, as he eagerly scanned the vehicles that thronged the drive, looking in vain in the heterogeneous *mêlée* for that queenly head, that lovely face that had become all the world to him. His attention was suddenly aroused by an exclamation proceeding from Sir John's friend.

"I say! what a beautiful woman! Do you know who she is?" And there, whilst he had been looking in the contrary direction, was Vere driving by, gazing fixedly in front of her, trying, as he understood in a second, to avoid seeing Sir John. That gentleman's countenance assumed a scowl that was not pleasant to look at.

"Who she is?" he answered, in a harsh, grating

voice, like a file at work. "I should be a clever man if I could tell you that, Tommy, my boy. She calls herself Miss Thornleigh, and is a ward of old Tresidder's, who picked her up somewhere near where he lives now, and who makes her out to be some mighty swell—you know what a confounded old bore and tuft-hunter he is—whilst the young lady herself gives herself the most wonderful airs. But other people who know better tell a very different tale. I was talking to Cawsands on the subject this very afternoon. He lives about fifteen miles from Torworthy, and he says he never heard of any Thornleighs as gentry, but that he believes there was an old spinster farmeress of that name, somewhere in those parts, and he imagines that this much-vaunted beauty is a very near relative of hers."

Sir John concluded with an ugly sneer; but before his companion had time to answer him Paul had stooped down.

"I am Mr. Tresidder's son," he said, his eyes blazing with wrath, but his voice low, and cool almost to insolence; "if you wish for any information respecting Miss Thornleigh, I shall be happy to give it to you in a more private place than the present."

The young man started, and looked up, whilst his pink face turned crimson. He evidently did not relish Paul's looks. Retreating a step further, he stammered out something about "not being intended for other people's ears."

"Then, I should advise you," returned Paul, without raising his voice, "to be more careful in future of how you bandy about a lady's name, in a place where you are likely to be overheard."

Sir John scowled, but considering discretion the better part of valour, held his peace; and Paul, unwilling to prolong an altercation of which Vere was the subject, turned his back upon him and walked away.

But for all his outward calmness, he was inwardly raging. Was Vere, he asked himself, a defenceless girl, without father or brother to protect her, to be exposed to the sneers of such a cur as this man, who had dared to discuss her in a public place? Not if he—Paul Tresidder—could help it. From this moment his mind was made up. He would find out all there was to discover about her, if he had to search every register in the United Kingdom; and if they failed to yield the required information, why, then he would ask her to do him the honour of becoming his wife.

These meditations, repeated over and over again, brought him to Rutland Gate, where they were dispelled for a time by the sight of Mabel and Vere alighting from the carriage, and by the sound of a voice that alone could soothe the absolute fury that Sir John's grating tones had raised in his bosom. Yes, she was speaking to him in that exquisite voice of hers, his love, his queen, and he must make the most of her, for to-day was Friday; on Monday he was due near Guildford to dine and sleep; and when he returned on Tuesday to Rutland Gate, it would be to find his family flown to Torworthy, and himself the solitary occupant of the house.

On this point Mr. Tresidder had remained inexorable. His daughter had never known him so determined before, and she could not make it out. To throw up voluntarily a fortnight of London for the hated solitude of Torworthy—literally to waste forty guineas—it seemed astounding! At any rate, she remarked, if they were to leave London so soon, they would make the most of the few days left to them, and be out from morning till night. Vere's various lessons were brought to an abrupt conclusion, and the enthusiastic little Piangini alone appeared every day punctually on the doorstep, and gave Vere her singing lesson.

"I will come de morning you go away, Mees Dornleigh," he said.

"I think it would be better still if you paid us a visit at Torworthy, signor," answered Mabel, utterly forgetting that he had been pronounced a communist, a confederate of assassins. But no sooner had he accepted the invitation than she remembered the terrible picture drawn of him a few days ago, and it was with much trepidation that she communicated the step she had taken to her father the following day at luncheon.

"Pater," she said, in her most coaxing tones, "I have asked Piangini to Torworthy for a short time. The poor old thing looks *so* ill."

Mr. Tresidder lifted up his hands in a gesture of despair. "Again, Mabel! Never asking me."

"But, dear pater, you can have no objection. We have had him to stay before, and he is such a dear, good-tempered old thing, and such a musician! I believe he starves himself, to keep his poor mad wife and daughter in comfort, in Italy, so I mean to feed him up. Think, too, how Vere will get on with him."

"Ah! well! well! as I said before, I am a cipher in my own house."

"How can you say so, when you are tearing us away from London, and throwing away forty guineas? Is that being a cipher?"

Mabel had the best of the argument, there was no doubt of that; and luncheon being over, Mr. Tresidder rose to leave the room, without another word, followed by the rest of the party.

On the slab in the hall lay a note addressed to Miss Thornleigh. Vere picked it up wondering. In another minute she was turning a radiant face to Mabel.

"Mab," she cried, "it is from Mrs. Bradshaw, asking me to have tea with her this afternoon. May I? Mrs. Meredyth and Mademoiselle de Vilaine will be out. Ah! I forgot," her countenance falling to zero; "Mr. Tresidder will not like it. Shall I ask him?"

"Oh, dear, no! That little idea has quite blown over, as I told you it would. Yes, certainly, go, and tell Mrs. Bradshaw I think it very unkind of her not to have asked me. I am so glad she is better."

So Vere went up-stairs singing. Was she not going to visit Mrs. Bradshaw, with the sweet sad face that had haunted her ever since she had last seen it?

Punctually at half-past four she rang Mrs. Meredyth's door-bell, and was at once shown into a little sitting-room behind the drawing-room, where, on a

sofa heaped up with cushions, lay Mrs. Bradshaw. She smiled when she saw Vere.

"My dear, how good of you to come!" she said in a whisper. "I hardly expected it when I wrote——"

But she did not finish her sentence, for Vere had knelt down by her side, and again she felt that soft kiss on her cheek, the counterpart of which had filled her with such a strange emotion.

"I am so glad to come!" she said; "but, dear Mrs. Bradshaw, you must have been terribly ill?"

"I believe so," with a smile; "but I have had such love and nursing that I am better now, able to talk and look at you. I dreamt of you all last night, and this morning, when I woke, like the veriest spoilt child, I sent off my note."

The door opened, and Mrs. Meredyth came in with her bonnet on, in her arms a little child.

"How kind of you to come, Miss Thornleigh!" she said, as she gave Vere her hand. "You see I am treating you quite as an old friend, going out and leaving you and Mrs. Bradshaw to your chat together. When the tea is brought up, will you be so good as to pour it out, for she must keep perfectly quiet? So now," with a smile, "remember you are left in charge, though for your comfort I must tell you that there is a nurse in the house."

"Ah! I will take *such* care of her, Mrs. Meredyth," responded the girl eagerly; "she shall not lift a finger for herself." Then shyly, "What a darling baby!"

"Yes, is she not a pet! She is my husband's great-niece, and I have brought her in here to say good-bye to Amy. Say ta-ta, Babs."

"Ah! Mrs. Meredyth, give her to me, just for one minute," and Mrs. Bradshaw held out her arms, with a strange hungry look in her eyes, to be replaced by a sad tender smile, as Mrs. Meredyth complied with her request, and the child turned its little face to hers.

"Good-bye, sweetheart," she whispered, as she kissed it passionately; then her head fell back upon the cushions. "You can take her away now," she said suddenly, feebly.

Mrs. Meredyth, only too pleased to avail herself of the permission, lifted the baby from the sofa, and bore her from the room. There was a minute's silence after her departure, until broken by Mrs. Bradshaw.

"Take the arm-chair, dear," she said. "Tea will be in directly."

Vere obeyed, looking at her the while. She was, if possible, whiter than before; her soft, burning eyes were sunk into her head, her lips were grey, and her hands quite transparent. She must, indeed, have been most dangerously ill.

"The baby has tired you, I am afraid," she said.

"Babies never tire me," she answered, with a wan smile; "but sometimes they upset me. There is often a likeness between children of that age," she added huskily; then looking Vere in the face—"I once—had—one—myself," she said, "but—I—lost—her," her voice sinking to a kind of moan.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" Once more she slipped down on her knees by the sofa. "Was it very long ago she died?" she asked.

"She did not die. I—lost—her."

"Lost her! How?"

"Oh! I cannot tell you now. But have you never heard of such a thing? Think, search in your memory—have you never heard of a mother losing her child, or rather of a child losing her mother, in this great London?"

Vere felt frightened. Mrs. Bradshaw's voice had risen to a wail as she asked her strange questions; her eyes were fixed on Vere's face, with the same hungry look, increased tenfold, that had shone out of them as she held out her arms to the baby. Was she ill?

"Oh, no, no!" she answered. "I have never heard of such a thing. I never was in London before, you know."

Something of the alarm she felt must have communicated itself to her tone, for Mrs. Bradshaw withdrew her gaze.

"Dear," she said sadly, "I am afraid I frightened you with my vehemence. I am so grieved. It is the Italian half of me that makes me so foolishly excitable," she continued. "My father was Italian."

"Ah! what a beautiful language Italian is!" still a trifle nervously. "I am picking up a few words for singing. It is so soft, and so much nicer and easier to sing than English!"

"Oh, dear! yes. It is the language for love and music. But you are learning a great many things, dear, are you not? French, Italian, singing? Do you mind—will you tell me something of your life before I knew you? You don't think me impertinent, do you?" Again a shadow of that wistful look, but so controlled that Vere hardly perceived it in her eagerness to answer.

"Impertinent! of course not. I could tell you anything, and I should like you to know the whole truth about me," drawing her chair quite close to the couch, and putting her strong well-shaped hand on Mrs. Bradshaw's thin one. "Now I will begin," she continued; "it will not take long, for there is nothing to tell up to ten months ago, when I met Mab."

"Nothing to tell!"

"Very little. My father and mother both died before I can remember, and I was brought up by an aunt in Devonshire, in an old farmhouse, full of all kinds of things that I thought nothing of then, but which I find now are considered very valuable and curious. My aunt taught me to read, write, spell, cast up accounts, history, and geography; to make my own clothes, to cook, and make butter and cheese, and all those sort of things; and Hannah, our servant, and I used to work hard from morning to night. Sometimes, however, I would get an hour to myself, and then I used to rush off to the river—I should like you to see my river, my beautiful Purl—and climb up on one of the two great boulders, called the 'Maidens,' and set-to and sing. I always loved singing, and I was never allowed to do it at home, because Aunt Barbara could not bear it. She really hated music. Wasn't it strange?"

"Very strange."

"And that reminds me of that wonderful, dreadful day when I first met Mabel. I had been very, very angry with my aunt, over music, as usual, and had rushed out of the house in a passion."

"'HAVE YOU NO RECOLLECTION OF YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER?'" (*p.* 298).

She stopped for a minute, overcome by recollections, and Mrs. Bradshaw gently pressed her hand.

"Poor child!" she said, "do not go on, if it pains you."

"I would rather go on and tell you everything, if you are sure it does not tire you?"

"No, it is rest for me to lie here and listen to you. Your voice could never tire."

"After awhile, then, I thought I would go to the Torworthy Woods, where I might calm myself down. But I had not been there very long, when all at once I heard a number of voices singing together. It made me feel so strange, for I did not know then how dearly I loved music. And whilst I was standing and listening, suddenly they all appeared, Mabel, Hugh, and Mr. Savile, from out of one of the side-paths. I should have liked to run away; but I could not, for no sooner had they caught sight of me than Mabel came up and spoke to me, asking me how far they were from Torworthy House. I have often thought since that I must have seemed idiotic, for I remember how I stared at her—for I had never seen any one like her before—feeling all at once ashamed of myself, of my great thick boots, my ill-made clothes. And yet I knew I

ought to be a lady, for Aunt Barbara was always telling me what great people the Thornleighs had been formerly, and how the so-called old families were quite new compared to them. All the same, I felt ashamed of myself when I saw what a real lady was like."

"You must always have been a lady, dear, however you were dressed."

"Oh! no, indeed I was not. Yu shud have heerd me talk in those days, and seen my manners," said Vere, relapsing into broad West-country.

Mrs. Bradshaw smiled. "You have got out of your bad ways very quickly," she answered.

"Because Mabel has taken such immense pains with me; but if I forget myself, they come back again. Well, when I went home that day I felt all in a whirl; I could think of nothing but these wonderful people that I had met with, and Mab's sweet face; and I half thought I would tell Aunt Barbara my adventure, although I knew that it would make her angry."

Mrs. Bradshaw looked her astonishment, but said nothing.

"But when I got in, I found her lying in the parlour, in a fit. Was it not dreadful?" with a shudder.

"Poor dear child! It was indeed."

"Two days afterwards she died, and I was left quite alone. I had not a relation in the world, or a friend, only old Hannah. But before I had time to realise how desolate I was, that dear Mab came to me, just as though she had known me all her life, offering to do anything she could for me. After that I was very ill, and she and Mr. Tresidder took me to Torworthy, nursed me, and managed all my affairs for me. I can never, never forget their goodness, never, as long as I live," and Vere's eyes filled with tears. There was silence for a minute, then she went on. "And after all it turned out that there was a lot of money for me, and that actually Thornleigh was mine. But yet I was alone in the world, and did not know where to go, or what to do. And just as I was getting well, and beginning to feel troubled about my future, that kind Mr. Tresidder, as though he had guessed my thoughts, proposed to me that I should make my home with him and Mab, and I could not help accepting the offer, it was so welcome. Now you see why I have so much to learn; I have so much lost time to make up."

"Yes, now I understand it perfectly, and thank you very much for telling me your story. You do not know how it has interested me."

"You will not tell any one else?" shyly. "Not that I mind, but I fancy Mr. Tresidder would not like it."

"No, of course I won't, *carina*," patting her head caressingly. "How glad I am that such very kind friends came to your succour in your hour of need! And have you no recollection of your father and mother?"

Try as she would, Mrs. Bradshaw could not help putting this question abruptly.

Vere shook her head. "They died when I was an infant," she said. "I never heard anything about them from Aunt Barbara," and then she blushed.

Only since she had been with the Tresidders had it begun to strike her as strange that she knew nothing about her parents, was even ignorant of her mother's maiden name. For ten months now she had been eating of the Tree of Knowledge, and learning to be ashamed of many little things in her past history, not the least being her utter lack of all information respecting her nearest relatives.

Mrs. Bradshaw said nothing more. Why Vere blushed she knew not; but she felt she had better ask no further questions. Besides, what was the good of asking them? Might she not just as well walk out into the crowded streets, and interrogate every girl between the ages of seventeen and twenty that she met with? For, what was she building on? A kiss from an impulsive girl, an unreasoning fancy, and a chance remark that two voices were similar.

It was decidedly a relief that, at this moment, the man-servant brought in the tea, not before it was needed. Mrs. Bradshaw had come very nearly to the end of her tether. Her head had sunk back on the cushions, and to the interested look had succeeded one of despondency and weariness.

Vere saw it, and hastened to pour out the tea, waiting on her friend with a deftness that made Mrs. Bradshaw tell her that she was sure she had many of the elements of a good nurse in her. Vere smiled. This afternoon, with its suggestion of responsibility and care for another, had been an intense pleasure to her, and she was childishly gratified that Mrs. Bradshaw had begged that the nurse might not come in unless she were sent for. By-and-by, when tea was over, she fetched a low stool, and placing it by the sofa, sat down, prepared to talk or not, as Mrs. Bradshaw pleased. Thus Mrs. Meredyth found them when she came in from her drive, close to one another, Amy's thin, worn hand resting on the girl's bright hair, neither of them speaking, but seemingly content to be in each other's society.

"It seems a shame to disturb you two," she said, as she entered the room, "you look so comfortable together, but I am afraid I must carry off Miss Thornleigh. You have been so kind in coming to see Mrs. Bradshaw," she continued, turning to Vere; "but now she must really rest."

"Then I suppose I must say good-bye," said Vere wistfully. "I am so sorry to go," and stooping down, she kissed Mrs. Bradshaw warmly.

"Good-bye, dear," said her friend, "and thank you a thousand times for coming to see me. I do not know when we may meet again; but I shall never forget you."

She kissed her on both cheeks, and then Vere rose, and followed Mrs. Meredyth out of the room. When they were gone Mrs. Bradshaw shut her eyes wearily.

"How foolish I am!" she murmured to herself. "Oh! if I could only believe that my darling was safe, safe with our dear Lord, and that very soon now I might meet her again!"

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

GIFTS AND PRESENTATIONS.

IN all ages it has been the practice to bestow gifts and offer that which should be a testimony to the esteem in which the recipient was held. Sometimes such testimonials have expressed a sense of obligation for service rendered or benefit conferred. The custom shows no sign of decadence; and there is no need to sneer at it as a vanity, for there are right and wrong accompaniments to testimonials.

A watch, a timepiece, a quadrant, a thermometer, a few volumes, a portfolio, an epergne, a sewing-machine, a silver salver, a tea and coffee service, a purse of sovereigns, a picture, or a portrait, have been among the articles usually selected for presentation. At times a banquet is given in honour of an official, and the honour of being asked to meet and speak to a number of others is the testimonial. We have known in other cases a cheque to be given for a large amount. In such an instance, it has often been understood as a graceful way of recouping some willing and able defender of certain principles for great outlay in their advancement. This is only right. Noble men who have been crushed by financial difficulties—not of their own seeking—have thus been relieved from the strain by the generous help of numbers.

But, like all other good practices, this presentation business is open to abuse. The most flagrant and disgraceful form of abuse is when presentations are promoted by those who are to be the recipients. A parish official was, on certain accounts, relinquishing unwillingly a post he had held for many years. No one cared enough about him to get up a testimonial. He mentioned to a friend that he wondered his merits were so overlooked. The friend sympathised with him, and said he was ready to do his share. "Then why don't you take it up and work it for me? I ought to have not less than two hundred pounds." The friend used his best endeavours, raised about eighty, came back to the official, told him of his regret that he could not obtain more, and asked what he was to do. The official was not to be disappointed, but himself filled up a cheque for a hundred and twenty; it was entered as "from anonymous friends." The presentation was made, and a flaring account appeared in the public press. This was despicable.

Hardly less to be condemned is a dishonest presentation. Sometimes the object aimed at is one directly opposite to that professed. For instance, there was a minister of an influential church in a large Midland town who in some way or other had allowed the work to slacken. The numbers attending the church very much decreased; a change of ministry was greatly desired. Hints were given, but were unheeded; subscriptions were withheld, but it was useless. The Rev. I. Stand-my-ground was proof for a time, but at length gave some token of leaving, and intimated that he thought he should have to resign. He even went so far as to tender an informal resignation, but fixed no date for its taking effect. To bring it to a point, the deacons promoted a testimonial, to be presented on his leaving. They raised—considering the weakened state of the church—a considerable

"AT TIMES A BANQUET IS GIVEN."

amount. An evening was fixed upon for the presentation. It was expected that the minister would then state definitely the time of his intended departure. The people gathered. A public tea was provided. Many who loved the place, although caring little for the preacher, and who had left for a time, rallied to the meeting. They intended thus to remove from the mind of the Rev. I. Stand-my-ground any soreness he might have felt at their removal to another ministry. The faithful adherents were all prepared to give the friendly farewell grasp. The chairman and deacons made speeches of an appreciative character. The gentleman who made the presentation of the purse of two hundred sovereigns spoke in high terms of the character of the rev. gentleman who was so soon to leave them.

At last the minister rose to thank them. He said—"For the last two or three years I have been much troubled at the chilliness of the church and the evident lack of interest in my ministry. I have several times contemplated retirement, wishing that abler hands might guide the church. I knew that it only needed that minister and people should be perfectly united and earnestly desirous of working together to initiate a new style of things. We really have to-night that union and warmth I have so long desired. The display of kindness on your part has been to me over-

powering. On every hand there has been expression of such warm interest in me that it has put new life into me. I had no idea you cared so much for me. It would be wrong on my part to sever a connection so pleasurable to myself and profitable to you. I am glad that my resignation was very informal, and that I have not pained you by fixing a date for its taking effect. I will therefore at once most readily withdraw even the informal resignation, and continue with you for your furtherance in faith and patience. Let us sing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'" The great assembly, completely taken by surprise, found it for once very difficult to join in that doxology. The dishonesty in the promoted testimonial received a manifest rebuke.

Some testimonials are not worth the parade and publicity given to them. If a book, a pencil-case, a pair of spectacles, a butter-knife, a pulpit cushion, a hymn-book, or writing-case, is presented to a minister, a superintendent, or a teacher, surely it is not worth while to send a paragraph to the local paper, and to advertise so small an affair far and wide.

It is astonishing how facile some men are in promoting a presentation to themselves. We knew of one who, after a meeting at which only six or seven people were present—a meeting at which an expression of thanks for a service rendered was passed—contrived to have that expression engrossed and illuminated, and signed even by the one who drew it up, and then put in a large gilt frame, to be hung up to attract the attention of any visitor to his home. The memory of the way in which it had been obtained would probably be the constant fly in the ointment as the recipient faced it day after day.

The way in which a testimonial is raised and given has much to do with its value in the sight of the recipient. Few would care to have a "token of regard" given in the way in which one was given to a gentleman who had "passed the chair" in one of the great secret societies. This individual had not commended himself to the approval of his fellow-members, and they did not care to honour him as he retired. It was, however, the custom in that lodge to give publicly a medal of considerable value to the one who had passed the chair, at the same time expressing gratitude for the faithful way in which duties had been discharged. From the individual who had gained the dislike of the brethren the customary presentation could not by rule be withheld, but he had to take it. Said one of the last members to leave that night, "You will find a medal on the mantelpiece, and you can take it if you like." He took it! It must have been sorely tarnished, however, in his eyes by words of such deserved sarcasm and acts of silent stinging rebuke.

"SOME GENTLEMEN HAVE 'BARROW-LOADS OF TROWELS.'"

Sometimes those for whom a testimonial is intended do not receive in full that which should rightly be given to them. The writer knew of an instance where an amount subscribed of a hundred and thirty pounds was filtered through the hands of others, so that part only reached the man who deserved the whole. A great mail steamer broke down in mid-ocean. The smash of part of the machinery was great. It seemed impossible to repair it. The chief engineer said that it could not be repaired. The captain looked most gloomy; passengers were hopeless. A larger steamer that tried to tow the leviathan had to give up the task from stress of weather. Five hundred souls were at the mercy of wind and waves. Meanwhile, a plucky sub-engineer, believing that the fracture could be repaired, obtained leave to try his plan, and he worked most energetically, in the most constrained posture, for forty-eight hours to accomplish his purpose. He succeeded. The fires were after seven days again lighted. Steam was got up, and soon the machinery was in motion, and the vessel slowly but surely proceeded on her way. Great was the satisfaction of all on board. They showed it by raising the amount previously mentioned. Those who gave the money chiefly wished that the sub-engineer should receive a reward for his pluck, ingenuity, and energy; but many were sorely grieved to find that it was expected that great part of the amount raised should be given to the chief engineer. As intimations were given to the passengers that it would not be pleasing to the captain that the sub-engineer should have the amount, it was somehow arranged that the whole should be left in the hands of the captain to apportion as he liked, and the deserving young man mentioned was thus mulcted of much that was really intended for him alone.

There is often great waste connected with presentation. For instance, in laying foundation-stones of a new church or schools, how much is often spent uselessly for a trowel to be presented to the one who performs the ceremony. Some gentlemen who have had much of this sort of work have "barrow-loads of trowels." They would doubtless readily lend an ornate trowel or mallet for use a second time, if only applied to. Thus the expense might be saved, and the amount otherwise squandered put to the credit of the building fund. This would be a greater satisfaction to the gentlemen who perform such services. They don't want to reduce

their contributions by levying a tax to pay for a present to themselves.

If a man by some means has obtained from one of the three hundred colleges in America, professing to confer degrees, a diploma of some kind, is it well to bruit the fact abroad? We knew of one—a man who was an influential official—who caused the announcement of his elevation to the rank of D.D. to be made in a leading periodical. The editor, who must have been a bit of a wag, added these words :—"We congratulate the Rev. J. P——— on his new dignity, and *can guarantee to the public the respectability of the college* which has conferred the degree."

On the other side of the Atlantic it is the custom at times to make presentations at "surprise parties." The way in which such affairs are arranged is often very considerate. The writer was once present at a gathering of the kind. It was on the occasion of the departure from a Canadian city of a gentleman and his wife who had been very useful in the choir. A few friends soon obtained sufficient subscriptions to make a handsome present. It was ascertained, incidentally, by one of the number subscribing, on what night the couple would be at home. At eight o'clock—laden with the testimonial, and with baskets containing all kinds of confectionery, ices, and fruit, together with plates, knives, spoons, and table-cloths—all those who had desired to take part in the presentation went down to the house of the young couple. They entered one by one, crowding the largest room and hall. Then one was spokesman for the rest. He first "surprised" the couple with the gift, and then asked leave to spread the supper on the tables, and to eat together ere parting. It was a very well-arranged affair.

I have been told by ministers in America who have had such "surprise parties" that the outcome, which had been supposed sufficient to make up for a deficient salary, had ofttimes been a greater loss than profit. The amount of cake and fruit consumed by those who came in large numbers and contributed little caused the loss. Sometimes poor pastors in the backwoods fare like the German rabbi whose congregation determined to fill up his wine-butt. When the rabbi went to draw from the vinous gift he found that his butt was full of water. Each one, carrying a bottle, had emptied only water into the butt, and had supposed that his meanness would be hidden under the generosity of the rest.

Where testimonials are given to a clergyman or a minister on leaving a sphere of work, it is supposed that the sign of appreciation on the part of the church he is leaving will help somewhat towards his success in his new sphere. There is no doubt that this is both a kindly and useful practice, yet it can be run to seed.

"A MAN CAN BE OVER-TESTIMONIALISED."

A man can be over-testimonialised. One came several years ago to the writer with such a bundle of testimonials to his character that strong suspicions of trustworthiness were only fostered. Alas! the suspicions turned out to be too well founded.

Sometimes testimonials are promoted by partisans for political purposes. They may be the outcome of genuine admiration for the men to whom presentations are made. The bearing of these things on political projects is well understood, and wire-pulling is an easy process. Not every statesman is so independent as was that noble earl who, when an Eastern potentate presented him with his cabinet portrait in a frame richly ornate with gold and diamonds, took the portrait quietly from behind the glass and gracefully handed back the valuable frame. He said that "it would not become one of the Ministers of Her Majesty the Queen of England to take that which in any sense might be interpreted as a reward for duty performed." It was sufficient for the earl to know that his services and attention had been appreciated.

After all, the approval of conscience is the best testimonial.

FREDERICK HASTINGS.

Cuckoo!

Words and Music by W. H. Bliss, M.A., Mus.B., Oxon.

Animato.

Voice.

1. At morn - ing's ear - ly dawn I heard A song which all my heart's strings stirr'd, Cuc -
2. When ev - 'ning came, just as the sun His dai - ly course had near - ly run, Cuc -
3. I'll try a - gain an - o - ther day, I'm so en-chant - ed with his lay, Cuc -

Piano.

p *cres.*

koo! Cuc - koo! I wan - der'd far with hast - 'ning stride, And
koo! Cuc - koo! I heard that song - ster sweet a - gain, A -
koo! Cuc - koo! There nev - er was so sweet a note From

p

p *mf*

ar - dent - ly, but vain - ly, tried— Cuc - koo!— To catch a sight of
long the haw - thorn - per - fum'd lane, Cuc - koo! But do the most that
wood - land min - strel's tune - ful throat, Cuc - koo! E'en Sum - mer's self has

mf

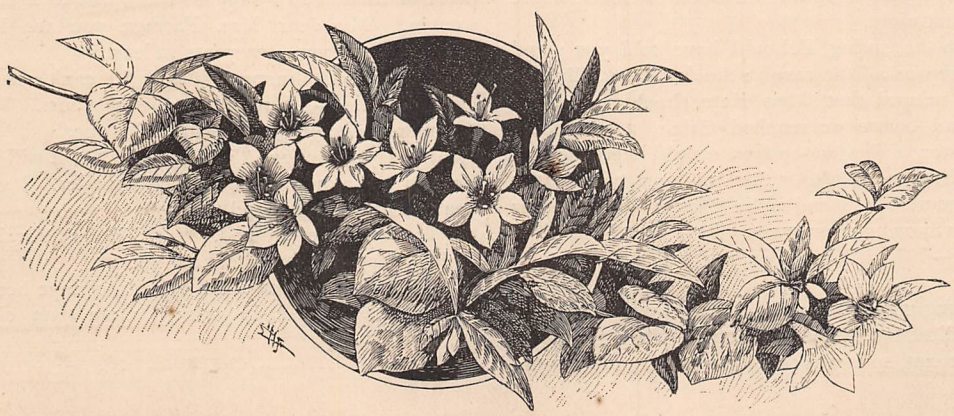
one who sang So sweet - ly that the woods..... all rang— Cuc - koo! Cuc -
do I could, He van - ish'd in the neigh - - b'ring wood, Cuc - koo! Cuc -
found a voice Which teach - es all things to..... re - joice, Cuc - koo! Cuc -

mf *p*

- koo! Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! To catch a sight of one who sang So sweet - ly that the
- koo! Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! But do the most that do I could, He van - ish'd in the
- koo! Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! E'en Sum - mer's self has found a voice Which teach - es all things

p *dim.* *pp*

woods all rang—Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo!
neigh - b'ring wood, Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo!
to re - joice, Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo!



MISS KATIE'S LAST ENGAGEMENT.

(FROM THE CHRONICLES OF CARDEWE MANOR.)

BY LUCY FARMER.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.

"YOU might have knocked me down with a feather, Charley," I said, "when Miss Kate asked me to accompany her abroad."

"It would require a pretty strong feather," he replied. "And what did you say?"

"Of course I wanted your permission. She quite understood that; and it is arranged that to-morrow I am to call at the house and let her know."

"If you want to go, Lucy, go by all means," said he, taking up the newspaper.

"It's not so much that, but you see we should gain something for the winter. The child wants clothes; I want a few things myself; and your shirts, Charley, are fraying out dreadfully."

"That's right! bring me in, and get your own way. You're a fine diplomatist, Lucy—a trifle transparent, but quite the right thing."

"Then I may go, Charley?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied. "I will *try* to manage without you for a month."

I kissed him over the paper, and he laughed. Indeed, I am not quite sure that he didn't rather enjoy the prospect; but I held my tongue, and next day made my arrangement with Miss Katie, who had asked me to accompany her into Switzerland, where she was to stay awhile with her aunt and cousins.

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Farmer," she said. "Father would not have been so satisfied if you had not consented to go with me. I hope Mr. Farmer does not mind much."

"Not much, miss. When do we start?"

"Next Monday," she replied; and that day we quitted home, coming through London to Dover, where we slept that night.

It was in the spring, I should have told you; and the passage was a little rough; the day was chilly too. It wasn't natural that Miss Kate should travel unnoticed, and before we reached Calais, a gentleman and his sister, a pleasant-spoken couple, were talking to her. They were also going into our part of the country—some place ending in "berg"—but whether Iceberg or Snowberg, or some other name, I can't distinctly say—I think it was Zweiberg, or Two Mountain, Valley.

The young gentleman and his sister were going in the same direction. Their name was Neville. They had no servant, so it was well I was there, and waited on Miss Neville, who was, I must say, liberal in her notions; so Charley's shirts were soon paid for.

We travelled quickly enough, but one day, as we were waiting for a steamer to carry us on from some place which I forget to another that I can't exactly now remember, I got a shock which nearly turned me into the image of Lot's wife.

Close to Miss Katie, unseen by her, stood a desperate man I knew too well—Gideon Grasper! Yes: the man she had refused—the man who had sworn to be revenged—the unscrupulous Grasper himself!

He had disappeared from our village after that wreck business, which no one could rightly fathom,* when Miss Katie repulsed him. There was some talk—for our folk are rare gossips—but no one of us, so far, had even seen him until now. I was alone, bag in hand, watching her as she stood on the little landing-stage, deep in thought, while Miss Neville watched the steamer, and Mr. Neville was hurrying down with the big bag after me.

I was in a terrible fright for fear Miss Katie should see Grasper. He kept aside and watched; he meant mischief; yet in some respects he was changed: his hair and beard were long, his dress was almost German-like, and he was smoking a china pipe. But his eyes were as cruel and vindictive as ever; and I shuddered as I saw him fasten them on Miss Katie. Fourteen months had made a deal of difference in his appearance; I doubt if he had altered in himself.

Up came the little steamer, and we all went on board. Mr. Neville attached himself to Miss Katie, and I could see him whispering to her; and she laughed, but blushed all the same, and said, "Just fancy such a thing!" a favourite saying of hers. Gideon Grasper was forward, and made no sign until I went near the engine, when he came behind me and whispered—

"Are they engaged, eh? Tell me, quick!"

"How dare you address me like that?" I asked, turning on him in English plain as his face.

"You're not the Queen of England, nor yet the Emperor of Russia, so I suppose I can talk to a countrywoman. My dear Mrs. Farmer, you are looking younger than ever—ten years at least."

"Mr. Gideon Grasper," I said, "I can't return the compliment, and I require none of yours. We are strangers since you wrecked that barque."

"Hold your tongue!" he hissed, "or it will be bad for you and your baby-faced girl yonder. I suppose you know she is engaged to *me?*"

"To you!" I exclaimed. "Oh, Heaven forgive you such a story! Why, she *hates* you!"

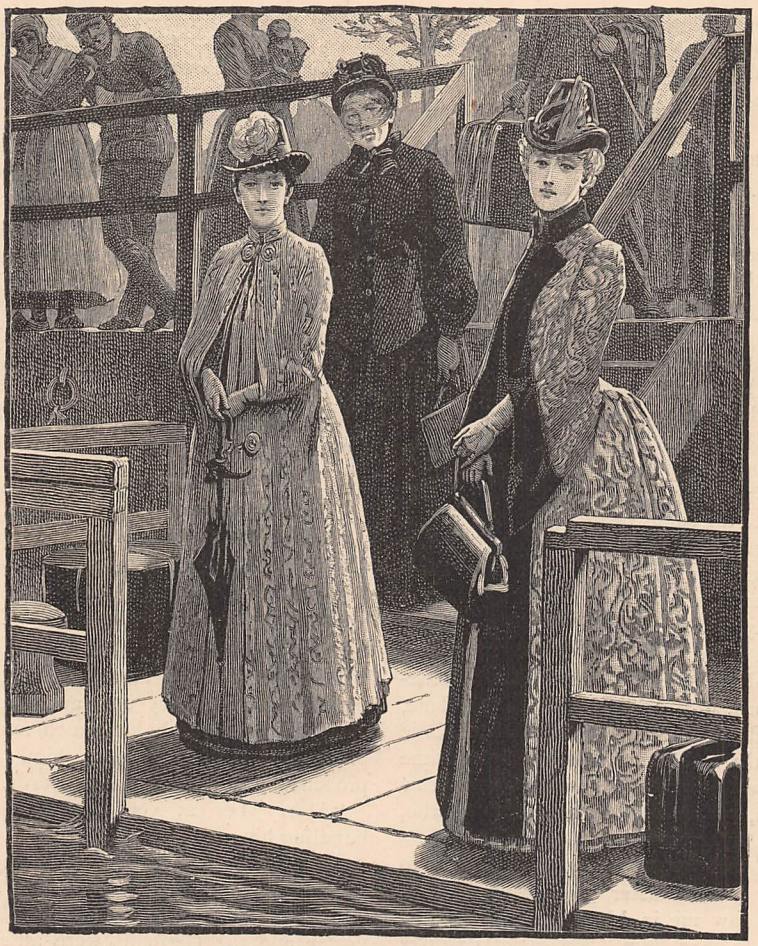
"Does she? Then she'll have to change her mind. I have her promise, in writing, more than eighteen

* See CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, June, 1886.

months old ; and it was never retracted. I can claim her—or——"

"Or what?" I asked, trembling at his eyes as they searched me through—"Or what?"

"Or she'll not live to marry any one else! Do you suppose I didn't know she has come away to avoid



"I WAS IN A TERRIBLE FRIGHT FOR FEAR SHE SHOULD SEE HIM" (*p.* 304).

me? Yes, she has; but Gideon Grasper is not the man to give up his sweetheart. I've suffered enough for her already. Now go and tell her, if you like. But, mind, I am at your elbow, and can have you arrested at any moment, if I please, as Russian Nihilists."

"You're a demon, Gideon Grasper—a malignant demon: that's what you are!"

"Then I'll act the character, you may depend, Mrs. Farmer. So be warned, you and Miss Baby-face!"

He turned away, and I waited until he had disappeared amongst the other passengers. Then I came aft again, and at once perceived that something had happened to Miss Katie and Mr. Neville. There was a shyness in her manner, and a sort of proprietary, proud-like look in his face, which convinced me that he had been saying something sentimental, and she showed she understood it.

But they *must not* be engaged. The threat of Gideon Grasper had been too significant. I would have interfered had not the boat stopped at our landing-place. We went ashore. Gideon Grasper was not there. I began to breathe more freely. We went to the hotel all together; and when we reached Miss Katie's room, she turned and said—

"Mrs. Farmer, I think it only right to tell you, who have always been so good to me, that Ful—I mean Mr. Fulcher Neville—has proposed to me, and I have told him that——"

"You promised Gideon Grasper a year or so ago," I whispered.

"Mrs. Farmer, you are unkind—rude! I told Mr. Neville that if he held to his opinion in three months,

I would become engaged to him—if I didn't change my mind," she added, with a laugh.

"Miss Kate, excuse me; I'm an elderly woman—leastways, a married woman and a mother. Take my advice—don't lead him on too far. Do make up your mind. Remember Grasper: he is almost desperate."

"Let him be wholly desperate, then," she replied airily. "Am I not to amuse myself at all? Mr. Grasper, indeed!"

"He is a determined man, miss," I ventured.

"So am I a determined woman, Lucy—if I may call you so—I defy Gideon Grasper and all his works. I shall do as I please!"

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE, AND ITS SEQUEL.

AFTER awhile we reached our destination; and to this day I am not certain whether the place was in the Tyrol or Swissland. I say "was"—not is—for not a vestige of the village remains to tell the tale which I know to be so true. Zweibergthal was the place, and there are two mountains, one on each side of it, fine, rugged, snow-clad, fir-fringed mountains, much bigger than our country's hills, but not so green and rounded.

We found Miss Katie's relations living on what they call a pension, though the family are well off too; and what the "pension" is for I can't say. Mr. and Miss Neville also came to the same boarding-house; and I need hardly tell you that they were falling fast into love. It was as plain as possible. He was a pleasant, well-spoken gentleman, and Miss Katie was as charming, and, I must say, as careless as ever.

One day she and I had ascended a little way up one of the Zweibergs—I can't tell their real names: something about a "stock." We had climbed up, alone, for a wonder; and while I was resting, Miss Katie went on a little farther. She had been gone some time when I heard a scream above me, and looking up saw her running down, pursued by a strange man, who, as he came nearer, I perceived was Gideon Grasper.

He was excited and angry. He yelled at her to halt, but she only ran the faster, passing me without stopping. Gideon saw me in his way, and halted as I held out my arm to check him. He was glaring like a wild bull; the man was going mad, I believe.

"She shall never be his—never!" he screamed. "If I have to move the mountains to fall on her she shall die!"

Then he turned away towards the snow, which lay thickly above us, glinting in the hot sun.

Hot, indeed! It was beautifully warm; and to think of so much heat near so much snow was wonderful. I said as much to the man at the "pension," who spoke some English.

"Yes," said he; "it is hot, a great deal too hot for the time of year. We don't like it."

"We do," said I; and off I walked, thinking there was something odd in his manner.

I found Miss Katie all of a tremble. Gideon had frightened her, and threatened her, but she was more than ever determined to become engaged to Mr. Neville. So when, three days afterwards, he suggested a little picnic to a small hut on the side of the mountain, where there was a lovely view of a lake and a fine waterfall, she gladly assented, and did all she could to make up a pleasant party.

I was to go, and Mr. and Miss Neville, Miss Katie's cousins too, and two German students. A guide and a porter were engaged to show the way, and to help any one who wanted help, and to carry the baskets. It was a lovely, bright, warm morning, perfectly still, not a breath of air stirring, only the hum of insects or the sound of a cow-bell could be heard; and, as we proceeded, the roar of a cataract from the melting snow-field above us.

The guide and porter walked in front by themselves chatting. Another man—some one in skins and bare knees, with a high feathery hat—came behind by himself, as if watching us; but no one took any notice of him. My only fear was about Gideon Grasper, and for his interference, and of something the landlord had said about the snow falling.

We reached the hut and had lunch. After lunch Miss Katie and Mr. Neville rambled off, and so did I. Although we took opposite directions, they soon came round near me; and as I sat in a dreamy, wondering way, thinking of home, I could occasionally hear their voices.

Mr. Neville was pleading hard, and Miss Katie was yielding. He seemed quite satisfied, for I heard him say, "Then, dearest, you are mine?" in a loud voice, when another voice in threatening tones alarmed me. I knew too well who it was—Gideon Grasper!

I jumped up. There was the man in the Tyrolese hat grasping his gun. That man, then, was Gideon.

He was speaking sternly, firmly, but without apparent anger. Every now and then he glanced up the mountain in a half-alarmed manner, as if some presentiment weighed upon him. But I soon approached, and understood his words.

"Marry her at your peril, then!" he shouted, handling his gun.

Mr. Neville thought he was going to be shot, and leaped upon Grasper. There was a shouting and a struggle. Miss Katie screamed. The guide and porter and the Germans were all shouting at something or somebody in warning tones. Suddenly the gun went off—both barrels at once—with a tremendous roar. The echoes came back over and over again in the still air; the concussion seemed tremendous.

Suddenly a hiss was heard—a roar: a great lump of snow had tumbled from the overhanging mass, and had fallen in the belt of fir-trees some yards away, and higher up than we were.

"Come back! come back!" shouted the Germans in English. Miss Katie's cousins screamed out "Avalanche!" But Mr. Neville still gripped Grasper.

Suddenly a sound like a pistol-shot was heard. Then we all looked up. The whole mountain was moving, sliding down—a white slope of thick snow, with a noise of ten thousand boiling kettles hissing like millions of snakes! A crackling of timber high up the mountain! We turned and ran for the hut

under the rock, in which the others had taken shelter, as we fancied, because they had disappeared. But when we reached the hut, in about ten seconds, it was empty. They had escaped down the hill with the guides.

We had no time to think. A tremendous roar seemed to crush the air down on us; then a crunching crash like cart-wheels in snow-ruts a thousand times magnified. The light died out. We were buried alive in the avalanche.

"Miss Katie!" I screamed—"Mr. Neville!"

"Yes: here we are," they replied.

"Gideon Grasper—is he here too?" I said.

There was no answer. Then he had been caught in the avalanche and suffocated! A terrible doom!

We were silent for awhile. I cannot tell you what the others thought. I know I prayed very earnestly. Occasionally I could hear Mr. Neville comforting Miss Katie; and after awhile he spoke to me.

"Mrs. Farmer, will you come here? I think Miss Canton has fainted: she is heavy and cold," he whispered.

I stepped towards his voice, which sounded so curious in the darkness and deathly silence, and took Miss Katie in my arms. She lay passive. I placed her on the floor, and loosened her dress, so as to revive her. We felt the awful silence. Then I perceived a touch on my face. It was cold; and Mr. Neville said—

"Give her some of this."

I took the flask and poured a few drops down Miss Katie's throat—and, I may say, drank a little myself. Mr. Neville said he didn't want any; and he kept feeling his way about the little hut, trying to find the door or window.

"If we only had a light," I cried, "we might save Miss Katie. I am afraid she is dying. If we could only see——"

"What a fool I am!" exclaimed Mr. Neville. Then after a pause I heard him striking a match. In another second the hut was lighted by a wax vesta.

"I have six or seven more," he said. Then he stooped, and by the light of the tiny taper we saw that Miss Katie was pale as death, her eyes and mouth tightly closed, her hands clenched and rigid.

"Force some cordial down her throat," he said. "I will chafe her feet;" and he knelt down.

"Hold another match, sir," I said. "Look; what's that yonder?"

He jumped up. "An old lantern and a bit of candle in it. Now we are all right."

He had apparently forgotten the terrible situation we were in. The candle was lighted, and while it burned we turned all our attention to Miss Katie. After awhile she again breathed regularly, and then the candle went out.

"Hurrah!" cried Mr. Neville, who was nearly crying too. "Oh, my darling, you are better now? Katie, dearest, speak to me!"

She only closed her eyes wearily.

"Keep her awake, for Heaven's sake—keep her awake! She will die if she sleeps!" he screamed; "I would give my life for hers."

He rushed towards the doorway, and began wildly to pick out handfuls of the snow. Was he mad? I called to him, and begged him to desist. He raved and seemed demented, in truth, calling Miss Katie, who lay still in my arms, while I caressed her, and did all I could to keep her awake.

At length Mr. Neville calmed down in despair. He came and sat beside me, holding Miss Katie's hands, and occasionally kissing them, as I could hear.

How long we remained seated thus I cannot tell you. It seemed hours, when suddenly we heard a thud overhead.

"We are saved!" shouted Mr. Neville. "They are digging for us. Shout! shout!"

We two shouted. A cry answered us. Then we heard voices plainly. At length a grey light came in. A man with a rope leaped down from what seemed a white sheet overhead; and we were drawn up as tenderly as babes.

We were laid, wrapped in blankets, on stretchers, and carried to what remained of the village. It had been nearly demolished; and many of the inhabitants still lie buried in the landslip which accompanied the avalanche. Most fortunately, the "pension," at the extremity of the valley, escaped, with some few houses; but the village is no more. Our friends were all safe.

It was long before Miss Katie recovered. Her father came out with Miss Rose, and carried her home. Mr. Neville and his sister accompanied them to London. I was sent home before that, for I was very anxious about Charley; but some weeks after my return Miss Katie drove up in her little pony-chaise, and overdid me with thanks and kisses.

"Mr. Neville is coming to stay here, Mrs. Farmer, and we—are engaged to be married in August." Then she whispered, "Did you hear about poor Gideon Grasper?"

"No, miss," I said, in surprise. "What about him?"

"It was he who carried the news of our danger to the villagers, and who rescued us. He managed to avoid the track of the avalanche, after all."

"Poor Grasper!" I exclaimed. "Did you hear what became of him, miss?"

"Yes; he came and begged my pardon, and lectured me kindly, too—gave me advice never to play with a man's feelings again; and oh! Mrs. Farmer, I *am* so sorry; I am afraid I have been a miserable flirt."

She began to cry, and I comforted her. Then she said that Gideon had left for America, and her father had supplied him with ample means.

"And so you are really going to be married, miss?" I said, after awhile.

"Yes, Mrs. Farmer, I am really—in August. Fancy that!"

It was no fancy. She was married, and is still very happy in her new home, for although she had tolerated some gentlemen for awhile, and had had many offers of marriage, she found her match in Mr. Neville, and with him she kept her last engagement.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

FROM OUR PARIS AND LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

IN Paris bonnet-strings, it would seem, are either to be abandoned altogether, or to be replaced by a bias band of velvet sewn to both sides of the bonnet, so that it can be slipped under the chin, while the inevitable diamond brooch, or fly, or quaint insect of any material is fastened into a bow placed on the left side. For young women strings are not essential, but for those who have passed their first youth it will be necessary to make up for them with soft lace and ruches and ruffs; it is beneath the chin and side bones of the cheek that age tells its tale. I am sorry to see that the plaid ribbons of a soft texture are considerably to the fore, and large bows of them without any other ornament appear on many bonnets. Drab is still much worn in millinery, and there are many natural feathers that match it exactly in tone. There is, so it would seem, nothing too bizarre for the present fashions in bonnets; some of them are cloven in two down the centre of the head, from the brim to the back, so that lace or any other trimming comes up between the gap like a river between two banks, and many follow the helmet shape closely, crest and all. A shape of this kind, in black felt, showed a frill of black lace down the centre, the brim wired and standing away upward from the face, with a very large erect bunch of wild flowers at the side, the colours curiously commingled as they would be if you gathered a field posy of buttercups, forget-me-nots, and meadow-wort.

The most costly class of bonnet is embroidered in gold and beads on a transparent foundation; but this verbal description does not at all convey the beauty of the work employed; flowers in the softest silk tambour stitch are outlined with gold and emphasised with beads.

Some of the most startling novelties in French millinery are the brims cloven in the centre and elongated, so that they form part and parcel of the trimming when they cross in front as they are made to do. Chips are fashionable, and both with beaded and chip bonnets, large cut beads are placed at the edge. But there is not only much that is new in the application of beads, but in their form. They are cut and figured curiously, and pearls which can be had to match any tone are also moulded and embossed. In the beaded bonnets with semi-transparent foundations the admixture of colourings is very perfect; while jet and other beads are threaded on wire, and formed into a net-work, so that they are in themselves the foundation, and from each intersection fall tassels of beads.

The leading colours in French millinery have altered since the winter; they are more subdued, as though mellowed by the touch of time. The coral is a more decided red, with a very positive dash of pink; a brown which goes by the name of Medora is brought to the tint in which the old masters delighted; terra-cotta is to be worn, also gobelines, a blue green, after the order of peacock; cardinal and heliotrope, with vieux rose and electric. These tints are combined with most excellent effect in the embroidered and beaded bonnets, and in the wire-beaded ones; they are generally made of one of the tones only, with goffered brims and goffered backs, too, like the ridges on a ploughed field. And the crowns! what a choice you

BY THE SEINE.

have; the horse-shoe is the dominant idea, arched at the top, but now more in the form of a flat-iron than the original horse-shoe.

The Marie Stuart has gone out almost entirely, but the Olivia, with the up-turning brim, holds its own. A French bonnet now looks high, narrow, and untrimmed, and is deeper this year from crown to brim. Occasionally the crown is pressed down in the centre, so that looking at it over the brim it describes two points, while the pyramid has one very prominent point, like the Mother Goose hats.

French dressing just now appears to be of the most extravagant class; the materials are costly, and the trimmings even more so. Brides' dresses, however, are occasionally more simply made than has hitherto been deemed necessary. I have seen one or two perfectly charming in their simplicity—plain long satin skirts, with a double bouillonné at the edge, and sprays of orange blossom; the skirt gracefully draped with fine white crape, caught up at the side by tasselled sash ends; the bodice high and crossed with crape—nothing could be softer.

In our engraving, a mother, and her daughter of ten summers, wear spring outdoor costumes. The dress of the former is of a pretty heliotrope shade—plain and figured woollen, the patterned fabric being used for the tablier and panels. The mantelet is in a darker shade of the same colour—either plush or velvet. The bonnet is of the new embroidered and beaded net, a combination of heliotrope and gold. The girl wears cream serge with bordering of Indian embroidery in which red prevails; the cuffs and collar are red velvet. The same style of make might be produced later on in the fashionable crêpe cotton. The straw hat is lined and trimmed with red velvet.

AN APRIL DAY.

II.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

Paris sets the fashion of straw bonnets, doubtless, but most of those worn in England are made here, and they are exactly the kind and class best suited to spring. The fashionable straw colours are fawns, drabs, old rose, and heliotrope; the fine Dunstable has been made finer than heretofore, but there is every variety of open-work in store, and mixed materials such as hemp and Manilla, and a dull fabric known as bast-Tuscan has also been brought out this year in an exceptionally fine make, rendering it very pliant and soft, but as yet only children have had the advantage of it for their hats and bonnets.

There is a great variety in the manipulation of straw. In some of the crowns it is sewn in four distinct corners united; occasionally the rows go from brim to crown, and being twisted down the centre, look like two half plates. In some bonnets the crown is divided down the centre by a raised cord, and there is another novelty in the sugar-bag crown, which stands up with a straight ridge across the top. The Princess of Wales paid a visit last year to Dunstable, and chose two shapes in hats, one a sailor with a high crown for her daughters, the other for herself—a high-crowned hat, with the brim narrow in front and broadening at the sides.

The trimmings are as often as not placed at the back, with balls of feathers, or fur, and ribbon commingling. Ruskin's name has been given to a very high-crowned broad-brim hat—made in bast, extremely light, and capable of being treated in a most artistic manner.

Straw hats and bonnets and woollen dresses would seem to be the most natural attire for spring. French people wonder greatly at the amount of straw worn in England in the winter.

There is everything this year to encourage the wearing of woollen fabrics. The new kinds are lovely, and, moreover, in make, colour, and combination of colour, unite novelties that please the eye. Many cloths which we see most seasons have come out under a new name and at a lower price—such as drap Bernaise, which shows stripes on an armure ground, and Foule croisé, a standard article which comes out this year with a new stripe. Drap Prunelle is not novel, nor is drap Braganza. The latter is not unlike Indian

cashmere, and of double width. Drap Beatrice is closely striped all over on a fancy ground; drap Amelia has a design like cord on a twill ground. Vigognes are to be had in every shade, and some with very large checks. These are certainly approved, but they are not worn in large quantities.

Tweed is a good, genuine name, and much attention has been given to the manufacture of it. It is well shrunk, and has the merit of wearing well, and looking in good condition to the end. The Chevron tweeds have stripes in which touches of colour are introduced, and small, even checks, like the shepherd's plaid, as well as very close stripes and checks which ladies have been wearing for some time.

There are other fancy checks in tweed. You will best realise them if I describe them in colours as they are combined. Brown and grey, with a rough knickerbocker effect here and there, drab and orange, steel and grey, red and drab, brown and yellow, are fashionable mixtures. Some of them have silk stripes, and are as much as fifty-four inches wide. The colourings this spring are nothing very new, the novelty is in the combination; heliotrope, green, greys, terra-cotta, drab, dove, myrtle, brown, and blues, all play their part. The nun's veiling class of goods happily is still worn, for it is light and useful. Check voile is the newest kind, which shows checks on a nearly transparent ground; and there is a great quantity of voile laine—a washing woollen stuff more expensive than cotton, but at the same time sure to keep clean twice as long, and to be had in exactly the same colours and patterns as the cottons. Many pretty gowns for fêtes and country wear will be made of it. Some have printed borders, which serve for trimming. A dress made of this would last a season through well. Another good fabric has been brought out for lawn-tennis—a check lama in stripes and in large squares, very pretty tones showing off well on a cream ground. Pinks, browns, yellows, and blue all blend in one piece, and are light to wear and dressy-looking. Particularly attractive mixtures are electric blue and yellow on cream; blue, grey and sky on cream; and coral, blue, and mauve on cream.

There is a great variety in the so-called Fantaisie materials. Some have loosely woven silk stars all over—white on colours; some have frisé stripes of all conceivable designs, from a cable and a broken check to a hair line. The term frisé is generally understood to mean upstanding loops close set, but not cut, as velvet is; the cut and the uncut loops together show a pattern on a smooth ground. Laine Mélange is another large class; as a rule plain grounds are newer than twill, but some of these recall a Carmelite of old days, with a twilled ground, and there is a large demand for these fabrics. Cashmere Mélange shows prominent hairs on the surface, and Chevron Mélange a herringbone pattern in the weaving, being generally a mixture of neutral tints.

These frisé and chenille stripes and checks come often to nearly a pound a yard, and are calculated to make an ordinary dress look handsome. The Panel Quille Pompadour shows another diversity, viz., pretty floral sprays, and a large number of colours beautifully blended—heliotrope, red, pink, drab, brown, and green altogether. The patterns are as varied as the colourings; lozenge shapes are introduced into the stripes, large velvet checks, with bold upstanding designs in Gothic patterns, stand up boldly from the woollen ground, and in the Paris Cordonnet there is an interblending of small spots with stripes and checks. Velours Plumetis has a feathery surface, and these stuffs are all used for panels, vests, and adjuncts to the dress, not for the dress itself.

In washing gowns, sateens, zephyrs, and ordinary cottons will all be worn, and have been brought out in checks, stripes, floral, and Oriental patterns. There is great diversity, but not much novelty, except in the borders. Zephyrs are likely to be, perhaps, the most worn generally in blues, reds, pinks, and greys, small checks and close stripes. They also show frisé stripes which give them far greater importance and make them look more like silk. And the cotton crêpes, which have so much to commend them, are again fashionable.

Our illustration shows a walking costume—a combination of two materials in different shades of Suède and brown. The underskirt, tunic, and back drapery, the waistcoat, revers, and cuffs are in Suède camel's hair. The bodice, which is prolonged into panels at the side, and the sleeves are of woollen, the ground Suède, and the lines brown velvet; the large buttons are covered in brown velvet. The hat corresponds, being Suède felt with brown velvet brim; the wing in two shades of the new blue known as "Jubilee blue." It is a bright shade, and gallantly named thus by French manufacturers.

LETTERS FROM THE PLANETS.

LETTER THE SECOND.

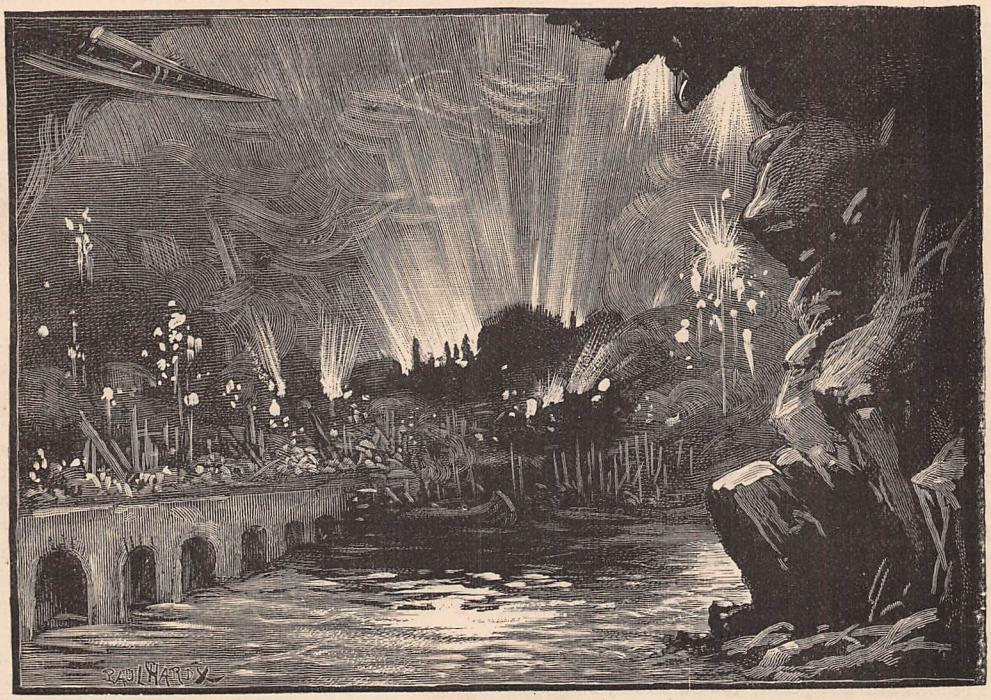
IN THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS OF MARS.

Mount Aristarchus
on the Moon.

DEAR FRIEND,—I have thought of mentioning to you one of the sights I saw on Mars, which may interest you, and be of use as suggesting what man might effect if only he learnt wisdom. Your Arctic regions are useless; left to the Polar bear, or the whale and walrus. Man's dominion does not extend to them, even to those realms nearest to the most cultured lands of Europe. As for your Antarctic regions, you actually know less of them than of the Antarctic realms of Mars, for these you can see in your most powerful telescopes—you can at least discern the outlines of land and sea. But of the Antarctic realms of the earth no man can tell whether they are land or sea, whether the Antarctic continent is a fable or a fact, though probably it is the former.

When I arrived at the Mitchell Mountains, in the Antarctic zone of Mars, I was struck with the vast scene of icy desolation there—very like the mountain regions of Greenland, only that the sea around was green, and not blue. After traversing some hundreds of miles of their snowy peaks and cliffs, and magnificent wild Arctic scenery (not unlike the Arctic scenery of earth), I was suddenly struck with the sight of a trail of rich red vegetation of several miles in the midst of the eternal snows. I approached with curiosity this oasis in the frozen desert. As I approached I felt the air suddenly grow less icy, or rather the icy blasts were relieved by warmer air currents, and these currents seemed to rise from what appeared to be a huge crater of a volcano (very like the volcanoes of earth or the extinct ring mountains of the moon, and, on a smaller scale, like our ring mountains). "Surely," I thought, "here is volcanic action." Still I noticed no eruption, nor geysers, nor lava current.

The night came on. The Martian moon Phoibos was dimly visible near the horizon. All else was dark and calm, save the stars above. From an opening in the mountain, in the very centre of the warmer oasis, a light issued; but not the ruddy light of molten lava, nor sulphurous flickering flame, but the calm white electric light. It appeared issuing from the ground. I approached, and then I saw it came from a vast



"I CAME TO A GIGANTIC CAVERN" (*p.* 312).

chasm, which, however, was not opened perpendicularly down into the depths, but seemingly sloped downwards into an angle. As I drew near, I noticed some hundreds of Martians busy about the opening.

It was difficult to enter the chasm without being perceived, but as I noticed the electric light only illumined well the lower part of the slope—*i.e.*, that near the ground — and that the overhanging rocks were at a great height in comparative darkness, I resolved to make the attempt.

I flew in the shadow right into the tunnel. Then I felt the air was warmer, and as I went on, going onward and onward, it grew warmer and warmer still. I flew forward thus several miles, the tunnel manifestly sinking deeper and deeper by its decline in the slope. The light was less, and the electric lamps grew further and further apart. By them, however, I noticed cars of the Martians hurried forward into the tunnel, and descended by it deeper and deeper into the planet's interior. It was, in fact, like a huge adit of a colossal mine.

So I thought for a time that it might be, until having gone some ten miles into the huge tunnel, and I should think some three or four miles down into the depth of the planet, below the level of the Arctic Sea, I came to a gigantic cavern about a mile high, and the limits of which I could not see on any side. Before me was a huge lake of evidently half-boiling water, through which there flowed a stream of burning lava, or rather that liquid rock which in Mars represents the lava of the earth. Through this lake there was a huge causeway, on which the Martian cars were carried onwards with their living freight. I flew onwards over the lake, and here and there on its dark steaming waters were the electric ships of the Martians, while in certain places lighthouses were placed, which gave with the blaze of their electric lights a calm to a scene which otherwise might have been terrible. I followed the line of the causeway, and came at last to a shore, where was a well-illuminated city.

Here were hosts of factories, of vast machines, of smelting operations, of huge furnaces, deriving heat from the great lava streams issuing out of the depths of the planet. The air, instead of being cold, as on the surface above, was heated. Busy works were going on, and myriads of the Martians could be seen following in the city divers industries. It was a wonderful scene of activity.

When I looked at it, I thought, "Is not this more advanced planet representing to me what in future ages may be seen in the Arctic regions of the earth? Those realms are now cold, bound down, and frozen with intense eternal cold. They are useless to mankind. Yet if the surface be so frozen, it does not follow that the depths are so likewise. Nay, Hecla itself teaches how beneath frozen Iceland is a region of eternal fires of burning heat, such as might smelt all the metals of Birmingham.

"On earth man leaves these Arctic regions waste and barren, because he confines himself to the cold frozen surface; but the Martians are wiser—their Arctic regions, indeed, are even colder than those on earth, but they can obtain heat beneath the surface. A few miles below Siberia or Labrador are regions hotter than man can bear. I have met miners on earth who, in latitudes north of 50° on earth, have told me that in the coldest winters, when the surface of the earth is frozen and covered with the white snows, they have been so hot that they have had to labour with their clothes off, almost naked, on account of the heat. Why not utilise these subterranean fires? Underneath Manchester or Glasgow, or far colder regions, are subterranean fires, more potent than all the coal of the Lancashire or Staffordshire coal measures could produce. Intense heat is to be found a mile or two beneath earth's surface. Why should that heat be all useless? How absurd of man to lament the chimerical trouble that the coal measures can be exhausted by human industry, when the earth's heat alone offers a greater heat than the burning up of all the coal measures of their world can produce; just as the force of the tides of earth's oceans, now utterly wasted, even in England itself, could produce a thousand times greater power (capable of being converted into the master-force of electricity) than all the steam-engines of earth could produce—a mighty, almost immeasurable force!"

In those regions not far from the Mitchell Mountains in the hilly country of Cassini Land, I saw another quaint scene no less wonderful, which may be regarded as the natural outcome of the immense power over nature (to mould it to their will) which the Martians possess, and which man may in time attain when mechanical arts are further advanced than they are now, should the instinct of mound-building ever revive on earth. I noticed in those more favoured regions of the Martian south temperate zone, as I approached Cassini Land over the green waves of the Zollner Sea, what looked like colossal statues of gigantic Martians, several hundred feet high. These enormous statues struck me as very singular. I approached them and saw that they were natural hills cut into shapes of gigantic size many times larger than the huge Colossus of Rhodes, or the figure of Liberty at New York. In one case, indeed, a gigantic crouching figure was so vast that its head was surmounted with a crown, within the border of which a little city had been erected. Another hill was cut into the form of one of the Martian trees, and on each leaf there stood a house, looking like a flower or bud. In another hill two projecting peaks had been fashioned into two hands, and in each hand a house was built. "Here," I thought, "is something of the state of things that might have even now occurred on earth, had the present civilised inhabitants shared the desire of moulding hills into the form of natural objects which once existed among the Mound-builders of Wisconsin and Ohio. Had those Mound-builders, instead of being exterminated by superior races, left descendants capable of carrying out their ideas and of utilising the steam-engine, and dynamite, and the various forces of civilisation, what a strange land of wonders the Western

States of America would have been! Almost as wonderful as Cassini Land in Mars. But the European builds for himself, as the ancient American tried to fashion natural objects to his own uses; the European having conquered, the American ideal has never had a chance of being carried out on earth."

I saw many wonderful engineering works on Mars—huge canals and causeways, and coasts rounded of their promontories (blown away by explosives)—such as I should think the astronomers of earth, if they have not yet seen them, must surely observe before very long.

ALERIEL.

TYNESIDE FOLK.

COAL TRIMMERS WAITING THEIR TURN.

TYNESIDE is rich in interest, historic, industrial, and personal. From Wylam to the sea there is no dull mile in the prospect, and only few yards that have not associations that are picturesque. It was at Wylam that early locomotives were worked; at Throckley, George Stephenson was a "made man for life" when he earned twelve shillings a week; Bewick at Cherryburn; Robert Stephenson at Willington; and Collingwood, Eldon, and Stowell, are names associated in birth, adventure, and triumph with the Tyne. The work of the district, the dependence on mine and river and sea for bread, and the isolation of employment, have all induced in Tyneside folk strongly-marked individuality of character and dialect. The Tynesider is not so polished nor so ready-tongued as the southerner; he has had more to depend upon himself, more to struggle upwards and against the tide; and he was rougher in exterior and in speech. Around his famous river the tide of battle had often rolled; the keep of the castle on the Tyne, the grand old wall of the Romans, and the little strongholds near it, told of ancient invaders and of former forays; and though the nations were united, long stretches of bleak moors and hills shut in the north and the west, and the Tynesider dug out his coal, rowed his keels, sailed his ships, and lived, as one of the poets of Pitland has phrased it, happy lives with "yel [ale] to cheer, and mirth to please."

To the coal trade Tyneside owes much of its greatness. Along its banks the earliest collieries were worked, and the villages and towns have names that

PORTER POKEMEN ON THE QUAYS, NEWCASTLE.

are historic. After the Norsemen and the warriors had passed away, it was to the miner, too, that Tyneside owed the development at once of the wealth and the characteristics of its folk. One of the proofs of this is to be seen in as fine a picture as can be seen—that from Stephenson's grand high level bridge. Far down below, the river surges seaward. From the Exchange, on the northern bank, for miles, there is a continuous picture of ships and stores, of works and wherries, of mines and manufactories, and of shipyards and shops. Below the bridge is the Love Lane, now more lovely in name than appearance, where Lord Eldon was born; and close thereto is Sandgate, the Wapping of Newcastle, associated with the lives, labours, and carousals of the men who rowed the keels coal-laden, and which is the scene of a song :

" As I cam' through Sandgate, through Sandgate,
I heard a lassie sing—
'Weel may the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row
That my laddie's in !'"

Hidden beyond cranes and chimneys are a few of the dwellings of old Newcastle that still linger ; and away seaward Wallsend has classic repute ; and Walker brings to mind that ejaculation which illustrates Tyneside character—that of the dweller in that straggling village who, after long travels in more world-known places, returned, and at sight of the smoky but dear spot, burst out in the Doric of the district : " *Thor's nee plaice like Waaker.*" On the southern bank, close to the bridge, a baronet of to-day, known locally amongst his old associates in the mine still as " the canny pit-laddie," was born. But if the associations of the river were told—with the Crowleys of old and their patriarchal method of working ; with the Cowens of Blaydon, who have impressed all England ; with the Palmers and their early collieries ; and with the Armstrongs and their guns—this paper might run to seed in a list of names.

In the upper reaches of the Tyne its folk are agricultural ; but as we descend coal predominates, and ironworkers and shipbuilders, cement and chemical workers, have place on the banks of the river, and largely tincture the character of the people. Some of these have come from far centres of the trades, but in the course of years they have been in degree assimilated with the descendants of the ancient dwellers on the Tyne. It is not wholly, therefore, the collier and the keelman and their children who form the bulk of Tyneside folk ; their type of character is that of the original, but it is modified in degree from that type pictured of old in the " Collier's Wedding," and later in the " Pitman's Pay," and altered slightly by the changes that improved locomotion and easier communication have brought about. The typical Tynesider is distant to strangers, familiar amongst his associates and kin ; he is cool and cautious in the individual, but excitable and easily led in the aggregate ; simple in manners, hospitable, partaking of the typical virtues of the Scots, who came so often to the Tyne, and yet having the outspokenness of the English character. His sense of humour is peculiar : he

attaches conventional meanings to words, and sees a joke in departures therefrom, and also in the odd phraseology that at times is thus evolved.

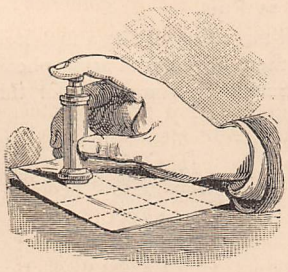
These blunt-mannered Tynesiders have a wonderful local patriotism, which a foremost orator, one of themselves, Mr. Joseph Cowen, has given voice to. A keen observer, who described the Tyne people a few years ago, said that "they lack that fine exterior polish you observe in Liverpool. They are blunt in manners; they rattle their 'r's;' their lower orders converse in an astonishing gibberish which they style 'Newcassel,' and which might have supplied Swift with hints for the language he invents in 'Gulliver;' but they are the warmest-hearted people in the world, hospitable and generous." And these people, with a wondrous faith in their district and themselves, have from the coal below them built up a district, industries, and trades, such as few in the South dream of. Every hour, day and night, for six days a week, a steamer leaves the Tyne with a cargo of 1,250 tons of that coal; and to every land that and other productions of Tyneside are sent. If Carlyle's dictum be true, that "genius is an infinite capacity for work," then the true and stern North is the abode of genius, for the Tyneside folk have that faculty fully developed; and it is that perseverance in labour which has built up the Tyne and its trade, and moulded the character of its sturdy folk. The casual passenger, flying through the town, express due north, may see something of the special marks of centuries, may notice the old castle, the antique-gabled dwellings, and the red roofs near, as well as the works that continuously give forth volumes of smoke and flame, but he will have little knowledge of Newcastle till he has seen more of its stately streets and halls, something of its many parks and museums, and much of its factories; and though he may know a little of the Tyneside folk from their songs and their stories, from the specimens of the men who in distant parts retain the bluntness, directness, and industry of old, it will not be until he has mixed with them in their family life, seen something of their great meetings, heard some of their orators, and marked a little the manners of the people, alike in Sandgate and in Jesmond, amidst the orators who muster weekly on the Quayside, the merchants who meet on 'Change, and the magnates who represent at Council and Board the people—not until he has had that experience, will he be able fully to appreciate the mingled shades of character that unite in one prevailing tint to make up that of the Tyneside folk.

J. W. S.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

A Gum-Damper.



A gum-damper for closing envelopes, and affixing stamps or labels, is shown in our illustration. The damper has the merit of neatness and simplicity, and is clean in action. It may also be used to wet the tips of the fingers in counting notes or turning over papers.

Metal-Covered Thread.

Metal-covered wax-thread is now used for sewing leather belts and boot-soles. The thread is covered with brass by means of machines, which lay on the metal as the thread passes through die-holes. After being covered it is roughened externally by small rotating discs having fine teeth. The corrugation thus effected gives the thread a better hold of leather than the smooth metal surface would give. Machines of an ingenious kind have also been devised to sew leather belts, and to affix boot-soles in a few seconds, by means of the covered thread.

The North Sea Canal.

A canal to connect the Baltic with the North Sea is about to be cut by the German Government from Brunsbüttel at the mouth of the river Elbe, *viâ* Rendsborg and the existing Eider Canal, to the Baltic at Maltenau. Locks will only be used at the ends to avoid the tides, and the trench will be 25 feet deep and 185 feet wide at the water-level. German ironclads will thus be able to pass through it.

A Handy Fire-Escape.

A small fire-escape has recently been brought out, which should be very useful in country houses, and other places exposed to the danger of fire, and where the public appliances for rescue are not close at hand. The apparatus packs away so compactly in the case provided for it, that its continual presence in a room causes no inconvenience. The apparatus should be kept fixed, by means of the two metallic cords shown in Fig. 1, below the bottom

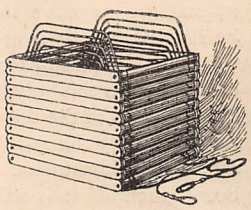


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

sash of the window, and when required for use it is only necessary to lift the ladder and drop it from the open window, as in Fig. 2. The stays shown in our engravings serve to prop the ladder from the outer wall of the building. It may be added that the escape is both fire-proof and rust-proof, and is strong enough to bear several persons at one time.

Lighting Trains in Tunnels.

An interesting application of the electric light to the lighting of trains in tunnels has been made by Mr. Carswell, assistant engineer of the North British Railway Company. Electricity has been employed for some time past to light the goods yard at the Queen Street station of that company in Glasgow, and part of the supply is now used to light trains in the long tunnel outside that station. To this end a conductor is led between the rails, and the electric lamps on the train are connected with it by a moving contact as the train passes along. The electricity of the conductor passes through the lamps, which are of the incandescent order, and lights them. When the train leaves the tunnel the lights are no longer required, and the train breaks contact with the conductor.

A New Copying Apparatus.

A new apparatus for producing a number of copies of a letter, or other document, has recently been patented under the name of "Eclipse." The principle of the apparatus is not unlike that of the old "Graph" machines. The document to be copied is first written in prepared ink, and allowed to dry without blotting. It is then placed face downwards on the gelatine plate of the machine, and allowed to remain there for a few seconds. The surplus writing-ink is next removed from the plate by pressing a clean piece of paper over it, and the negative thus left on the plate is inked by slowly passing a printing-ink roller over it backwards and forwards for some time. The plate being once inked in this way, the actual printing of any number of copies of the document is a very simple matter, requiring only the re-inking of the pad with the roller after each impression. When all the copies have been struck off, it is only necessary to wash the plate with a prepared solution, and after a few minutes it is again ready for use. The great advantage of this apparatus over its "Graph" predecessors is that an unvarying black printer's ink is substituted for the ever-fading aniline inks of the older machines. The new apparatus is admirably adapted for copying music or plans, as well as ordinary manuscript.

Keeping Cellars Cool.

It has been pointed out in a scientific contemporary that the best way to keep cellars cool is to open their windows by night, keeping them closed by day. This allows the cool, fresh air of night to circulate in them. If the air of the cellar be damp, it can be dried by placing a peck of fresh lime in it. This will absorb about three quarts of water, and keep a cellar or milk-room dry, even in warm weather.

A Straw Villa.

At the forthcoming American Exhibition, Earl's Court, London, there is to be exhibited a villa made of straw-timber, that is to say, of straw compressed into an artificial wood. The villa will be two and a half storeys high, of artistic design, and both fire-proof and water-proof. Every part of it—walls, foundations, floors, roofing, chimneys—is to be made from straw.

Leather Door-Mats.

Door-mats are now made from scrap leather, which is formed into links, threaded on metal rods or wires. The appearance of the mat is pleasing, and the materials are made up in scalloped or other patterns. It is flexible, and is said to afford a safe footing, while being at the same time durable.

Tar as Fuel.

In order to burn coal-tar efficiently as a fuel it is turned into spray, and then mixed with atmospheric air. The figures illustrate a new machine for this

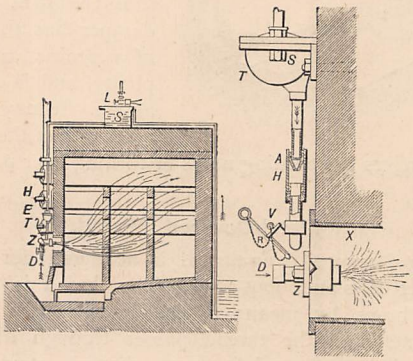


FIG. 1. FIG. 2.

purpose, which has only recently been devised. The tar is raised to the reservoir S, by means of a pump, and it is kept liquid by the heated state of the reservoir. From a pipe E, the tar passes into a cap T

(Figs. 1 and 2), which contains a strainer for keeping back impurities. The tar then flows through the pipe A H (Fig. 2), and enters a vaporiser Z, which is also traversed by a jet of steam which enters by the pipe D, as shown by the arrow, Fig. 2. The spray of mingled steam, tar, and air then burns with fierce heat and flame in the furnace chamber as shown.

A New Gem.

A new precious stone, named "Hiddenite" after the discoverer, Mr. Earl Hidden, has been found in Alexandra county, in the Southern States of America. It is in the form of slender crystals of emerald colour, but differing from the emerald in other respects. True emeralds, topazes, aquamarines, and other stones are also found in the same vein.

A Fire-Extinguishing Compound.

Mr. E. Martin, of Munich, has composed a compound which extinguishes fire, and has been successfully used for this purpose in Switzerland and Austria. The German Admiralty have also recommended it for their naval yards. The compound is a mixture chiefly of common salt, alum, soluble glass, and tungstate of soda. It can be obtained either in a solid or liquid form, and is thrown on the fire either by pumps or pails.

A Hinged Lamp-Post.

A hinged lamp-post has lately been devised. It has the advantage that no ladder is required to enable it to be cleaned and repaired; and it can also be lighted by bending it over: the lamp-lighter carrying a key for the purpose.

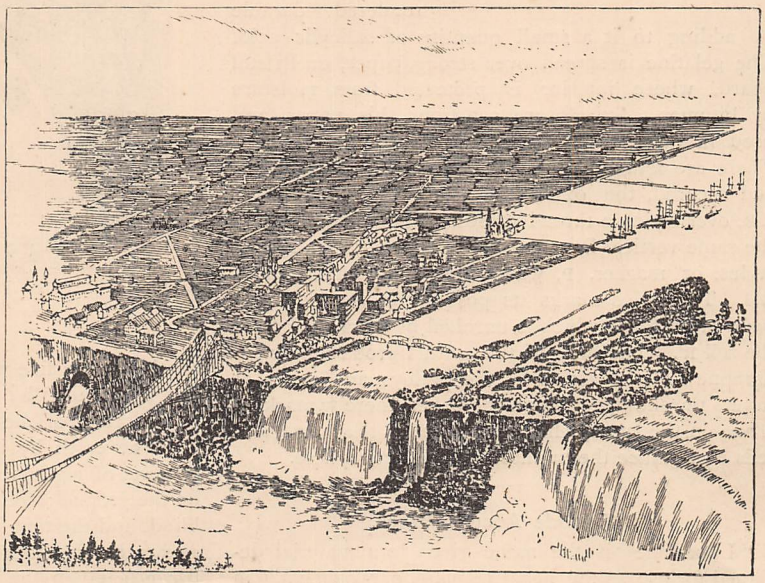
A Self-Acting Water-Sprinkler.

Automatic fire-extinctors for mills and warehouses are coming into use, and one of these, the "Vulcan," is illustrated in action in our engraving. In its ordinary form this apparatus consists of a brass body fixed on the water-pipe of the room in which it is placed. The body has a tube projecting downwards at right angles, as shown, and communicating with the water-pipe. Over the orifice of this tube is fixed a cap, by means of sensitive solder, which melts at a comparatively low temperature such as would be produced by an outbreak of fire near the place. The melting of the solder releases the cap and frees the water, which is projected by pressure into the neighbouring space, after the manner shown in the figure. Several varieties of the "sprinkler" are made for different situations. The "Vulcan" opens at a temperature of 273° and 258° Fahrenheit. There are other "sprinklers" of this order, notably the "Grinnell," which opens at 289° F., and the "Simplex," which opens at 360° F. In general a

sensitive sprinkler—that is to say, one opening at a comparatively low temperature—would seem to be preferable, since it does not allow the fire to gather strength before it operates.

Utilising Niagara.

A practical scheme for utilising a portion of the water-power of the Niagara River at the Falls has received the sanction of the New York State Legislature: a fact which argues for the practicability of the scheme, and its harmlessness from the scenic point of view, since the same Legislature set apart the

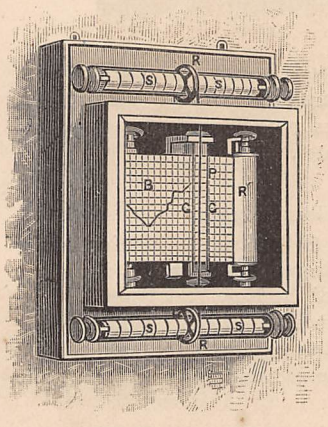


UTILISING NIAGARA

immediate neighbourhood of the Falls as a preserve or pleasance. The illustration will serve to explain the scheme, which consists in running a tunnel, or conduit, 30 feet in diameter, from the river-level at the base of the American Falls to a point a mile or two above the Falls, where it will reach to within 100 feet of the surface. The intervening depth between this point and the level of the river there will give the necessary "head" of water to drive a number of mills or dynamos, which can distribute power to a distance or make use of it on the spot. The point in question will be about a quarter of a mile from the river-bank, and lateral canals to the river will here be made, the tunnel serving as the outlet for the water after its power has been utilised by turbines or water-wheels. A million horse-power is expected to be provided by the scheme, and a manufacturing town with docks and railways is planned in connection with it.

A Gelatine Hygrometer.

An apparatus for registering the degree of humidity of the atmosphere has been devised by M. Nodon, a French meteorologist. Gelatine has the property of absorbing a quantity of water proportional to the hygrometric state of the atmosphere, and of increasing in weight and bulk proportionately to that state. Gelatine, therefore, has been chosen by M. Nodon for the basis of his apparatus. It can be rendered durable by adding to it a small quantity of salicylic acid. The gelatine is spread over strong paper, or Bristol board, whose interior is protected from moisture by bitumen. Spirals are cut from this paper, and used in the apparatus which is shown in the figure. There are four gelatine spirals S S, each having an end secured, the other free and acting on pulleys R R, over which a thread passes. The pulleys are in the same vertical line, and the thread carries a sliding stylus, or marker, P, which runs in parallel guides G G. The stylus marks its position on the travelling band of paper B, which is unrolled by clockwork from the roll R'. The twist of the spirals produced by the dampness of the air works the pulleys, and raises or lowers the sliding stylus on the paper, thereby marking a line on the latter, which is shown in the figure, and tells at a glance the humidity of the atmosphere.



Lithanode Accumulators.

"Lithanode" is the name given to a material designed for use as the negative plate, or "element," in voltaic cells, accumulators, and electrotyping baths. It is a dense coherent form of peroxide of lead, capable of being made into plates of any required size. According to the inventor, it is manufactured by mixing oxide of lead with a solution of ammonic sulphate, which is decomposed by part of the oxide, while plumbic sulphate is formed. The resulting coherent mass is then treated by the electric current, and converted into "lithanode," or peroxide of lead, in the dense condition required. Such a material, the inventor claims, allows of a reduction in the weight of accumulators. One of the large electric light and power companies has taken up a variety of lithanode, and is constructing accumulators having plates of spongy lead and peroxide of lead in the lithanode form. The cells at present made contain thirteen plates, and measure 11 inches long by 6 inches wide and 7 inches deep. The weight of a cell is 20 lbs., and its storage power is 115 "ampere-hours," that is to say, it stores electricity sufficient to give a current of 115 amperes for an hour, or one ampere for 115 hours. It is stated to give 5 ampere-hours per pound weight. The plates are fixed in frames of celluloid. The accumulator is being tried at the Post Office for electric lighting uses.

A New Tent.

Captain Newburgh-Stewart, R.N., has devised a "balloon expansion" tent, so called from its shape, which is illustrated in the figures. Instead of being conical, the tent bulges out, as shown in Fig. 1, where the dotted lines show the conical outline. The bulging is produced by depressing the apex of the tent-frame by hanging a weight to it, such as a sandbag or piece of baggage. No other fastening is required

for the tent in fine weather, but in rough weather the bag is replaced by ropes going to a ground-fastening in the centre of the tent, and by four holdfasts fixed into the earth by iron pins. The frame of the tent consists of eight ribs of American elm simply resting on the ground; the door-flap rolls up like a window-blind, and the tent, as a whole, besides being light, is said to require little trouble. The inventor states that it can be erected in two minutes. The beehive form

of the tent also allows of freer movement amongst the persons inside than the conical or wigwam tent.

Crocodile-Skin Binding.

It has been found that crocodile-skin, when properly treated, forms a most durable and effective binding, and rivals the finest morocco in appearance. The skin is now, therefore, extensively used; but there is nothing new in this, since hundreds and hundreds of years ago many of the Egyptians, who did not share in the general reverence for this denizen of the Nile, were accustomed to utilise crocodile-skin for covering their rolls of papyrus.

Manganese-Steel Wire.

Professor W. F. Barrett, of Dublin, has been investigating the properties of some wire manufactured from steel containing 12 to 14 per cent. of manganese. This wire has the peculiar property of softening when suddenly cooled, and hardening when cooled slowly. Its electrical resistance is very high, being nearly four times that of German silver, and about eight times that of ordinary iron. Hence Professor Barrett recommends it for electric-lighting resistance coils. Manganese steel has very feeble magnetic properties, and therefore Professor Barrett thinks it would be serviceable for building the hulls of ships, since it would not affect the compass like other steel. In fact there are many uses for it. Its tenacity is great, and amounts to 110 tons per square inch of sectional area in the case of hard wire, and 48 tons in the case of soft wire. Moreover, though it has enormous tenacity, it "gives" more than steel under a sudden stress, recovering itself, of course, if the limit of elasticity is not surpassed. Its freedom from magnetism may render it specially useful in these times.

An Easily-Opening Tin Can.

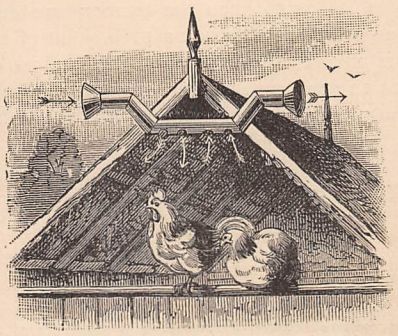
The woodcut illustrates a new tin can which is easily opened and easily soldered. The end of the can, as will be seen from the figure, has a turned-up edge, which is inserted into the body of the can until the rim of the end is flush with the rim of the body. The can is then soldered by dipping the end into a bath of molten solder. In the groove of the rim a fine wire is laid and covered by the solder, except that one end is left clear and made into a loop. On inserting a pencil, key, or such-like article into this loop, the wire is pulled out, cutting through the solder and freeing the cover, as shown in the figure.

Blades from Horse-shoes.

A Chinaman is stated to have discovered that cast-off horse-shoes make good cutlers' steel. The wrought iron of the shoes having been constantly hammered acquires the hardness of steel. It is also supposed that the animal heat of the hoof has something to do with it. The metal is said to be good for the manufacture of knives and sword-blades.

A Glacier Cavern.

Professor Forel, of Morges, in the canton of Vaud, Switzerland, has discovered a great gallery or cavern, running into the base of the Arolla glacier, at Eringhertal (Valais). It has been explored to a depth of over 250 yards, and is found to divide into galleries, which were not visited throughout. The height varies from 6 to 10 feet, and the width at some parts is over 75 feet.



A Portable Ventilator.

Captain H. D. Terry, Chief Constable of Northumberland, has devised a portable ventilator, which can be applied to wood, iron, or other buildings, and is particularly useful in poultry-houses. The ventilator is illustrated in the figure, and consists of a bell-mouthed tube, bent in the manner shown, and perforated with air-holes at its middle part. The tube is fixed across the ridge of the roof within the building, and the air circulates in the manner shown by the arrows. The tube is stopped at the middle in order to force the fresh air to enter the house, and the outer ends are movable and can be turned to face the prevailing wind. The ventilator is made in three sizes, of zinc or other metal.

Duplicating MS. by Photography.

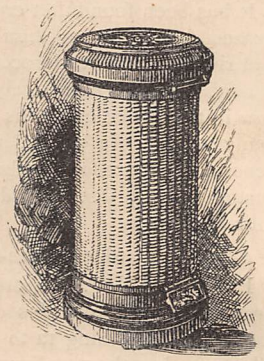
A publishing house of New York is preparing a dictionary, and, as loss of the manuscript would be a heavy blow to them, the "copy," or MS., has been duplicated by means of photography. The photographic duplicates are reduced in size, each page being 2 inches by $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches. A number of pages are thus photographed on a single negative, and the cost of duplication reduced. The negatives are stored in safe places. Should it ever become necessary to use them through loss of the original MS., they can be enlarged to any convenient size. We understand that other American publishers of magazines employ this method of preserving copies of MS. kept for publication.

Deep-Sea Photography.

Experiments have recently been made in France with the electric incandescent light and the camera in photographing under water. It is proposed to photograph sunken ships, works, and so on by this means; and it is expected that the apparatus will be useful to divers. We may mention that M. Marey has succeeded in taking instantaneous photographs in the $\frac{1}{2000}$ of a second, and he hopes to reduce this period by exposure still further.

A New System of Gas Cooking.

A well-known London gas engineer has turned his attention to cooking by gas, and recently exhibited a "Parisian roaster" in which the meat is roasted in an enamelled chamber having a glass door by which its condition can be seen. No gas-mixed air can come into contact with the meat. There is a governor for the gas, so as to keep the temperature constant. The inventor says it will cook a 12 lb. joint of meat in two hours at a cost of 1½d., and with a loss of only from 8 to 12 per cent., whereas by ordinary methods of cooking the loss he estimates to be double this amount. The cooking is done by the radiant heat of luminous flames from steatite burners; all direct contact between the flames and the pots or pans used in cooking is avoided.



Various stoves, heaters, and ovens have been devised on this same principle. The figure illustrates a "mail-clad" stove, which consists of an armour of spiral wire rods applied to the well-known "Nautilus" cylindrical stove. This increases the radiating metal surface five times, according to our authority, and at the same time allows pure warm air to circulate from the wire coils into the room. The mail is also stated to render the stove safer against fire due to ignition of light articles coming into contact with it. It is intended to warm large rooms, churches, stores, and so on.

LETTER COMPETITION.

A PRIZE of Two Guineas is offered for the best Letter to be written in accordance with the following circumstances:—Alpha and Beta are two girl friends who have recently had a serious difference on these grounds—Beta believes she has good reason to suspect that her lover has been estranged from her by the artifices of Alpha; while, on the other hand, Alpha is entirely innocent of any such disloyal designs, and deeply feels the accusing attitude of her friend. The actual plotter is Alpha's mother; and the mother of Beta, seeing how the matter really stands, determines to bring about, if possible, a reconciliation between the two girls, without wounding the feelings of Alpha as regards her own mother. Competitors are to imagine themselves in the place of Beta's mother, and to write to Alpha such a letter as would be calculated to bring about the desired reconciliation.

The Letter must be legibly written on foolscap-sized paper, and is not to exceed 600 words in length. All MSS., duly authenticated in accordance with Rule 3, must be sent so as to reach the Editor not later than May 2nd, 1887.

The following are the conditions under which this Prize is offered:—

1. Every Reader of the Magazine is eligible to compete for this Prize.

2. The Editor cannot undertake to answer inquiries having reference to the treatment in detail of the subject of the Competition. *The description given is sufficient for the purposes of the Competition, and the rest is left to the judgment and discretion of the competitors.*

3. Each MS. must have inscribed on it, or otherwise securely attached to it, the name and postal address of the author, together with a declaration that the work is *original and entirely the sender's own*, to be signed by the author and countersigned by some other trustworthy person, *i.e.*, a magistrate, minister of religion, or householder, with the postal address in both cases.

4. The copyright of the Prize work will become the property of the Proprietors of this Magazine.

5. Should the two best works in the Competition prove of equal merit, the Prize may be divided at the discretion of the Editor. The Prize may be withheld in the event of no composition being thought worthy of that distinction.

6. The Editor will not be responsible for loss or miscarriage of any work, and all letters or packets must be *prepaid*.

7. *The Editor cannot undertake to return unsuccessful MSS.*—copies should therefore be retained by the senders.

8. Every MS. must be sent *before* the date named above as the latest day, addressed—The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., and must have the words "Letter Competition" in the top left-hand corner of the envelope or wrapper.

VERE THORNLEIGH'S INHERITANCE;

OR, "LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER."

By ARABELLA M. HOPKINSON, Author of "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," "Pardoned," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

IN EATON PLACE.

IT was late in the evening of the following Tuesday when Paul Tresidder returned from his visit to Guildford, to the empty house in Rutland Gate. He had bidden good-bye to Vere the previous day in the most commonplace manner, holding her hand for one short second, as she stood on the doorstep waiting to go out driving, and gazing for the same brief space of time into her lustrous eyes, as she said—

"You will come to Torworthy very soon, won't you, Mr. Paul?"

With all his heart he had answered—

"As soon as ever I can."

And then she had driven off, and he had seen her no more.

During these few days he had somewhat cooled down from his first movement of anger against Sir John, and was able, as he travelled up to town, to review the case dispassionately. It stood thus, so Cosby had told him—for whenever he had approached the subject with his father something had occurred to break it off: Vere had come into all the Thornleigh property, under her aunt's will, as the daughter of her only brother, Amyas Thornleigh; but, at the same time, there was not a tittle of evidence forthcoming to show how, when, or where that brother had been married, nor to whom. Paul could not deny that it placed her in a very awkward position—a position which it should be his business either considerably to alter, or altogether change. He had yet about three weeks' work before him in town, in connection with the affairs for which he had ostensibly come to England. After that he would be at leisure to devote himself entirely to her concerns.

The magnitude of the task before him, its indefiniteness, the difficulty of knowing where to begin, were certainly discouraging, but he did not shrink from it. Rather did his spirits rise as the obstacles multiplied themselves, and with them would mingle ever and anon the vision of Vere's sweet, proud face, the echoes of her lovely voice.

He had found something to do for her.

The house in Rutland Gate struck him with an oppressive sense of loneliness and silence as he turned the latch-key in the lock and entered. On the table in the hall, so lately littered with cards and notes, lay one solitary epistle addressed to himself. He took it up. It was from Mrs. Meredyth, and contained but a few lines of warm invitation to him, to look on her house as a second home, and when the remaining fortnight of the Rutland Gate lease was expired, to take up his abode altogether with her, as long as he continued in town.

The invitation was very welcome to him. Already, as he lighted his candle and went up to bed, the empty house struck him disagreeably, and, moreover, the atmosphere of Eaton Place was essentially congenial to him. Mrs. Meredyth had few acquaintances, but a large number of real friends—people that she had known when her husband was alive and her house had been a centre for the intellectual world—and Paul was sure when he dined with her to meet men and women worth knowing. But when it came to his spending four evenings out of the seven in Eaton Place—as it very soon did after his father's departure from town—he was naturally frequently alone with her and Mrs. Bradshaw.

Thanks to a new doctor, the latter was very much better again now—able to come down-stairs of an evening when there was no company; whilst slowly but surely the light returned to her eye, the red blood to her lips, and something of its old tone to her voice. Paul was greatly interested in her. The coincidence of her connection with Frederick Meredyth, her pathetic beauty, above all, a vague, undefined likeness to Vere—a something in her smile, in the quality of her voice—all attracted him, and he seized the first opportunity when he found himself alone with Mrs. Meredyth to ask for the story she had promised to tell him of Mrs. Bradshaw's subsequent career after she had left Miss Grant.

She was nothing loth to impart it to him. It was a very long time since she had confided it to any one, and there was a certain melancholy pleasure in relating it to any one so keenly interested as she perceived Paul to be.

He listened in silence until she had come to the very last word of her narrative, and then he broke in eagerly—

"Can nothing more be done? Are you sure you have used every means to find her daughter?"

"Quite sure," she answered; "every conceivable means; nothing has been left untried. But, you see, it was so long ago: all trace has been swept away, as it was, indeed, from the very first. From that day to this we have discovered absolutely nothing, although we have been led astray by many a will-o'-the-wisp."

"Yes," he answered, as he stroked his moustache;

"most probably she is dead. One little child's life! There are so many possibilities that it has been extinguished."

"If Amy could know for a fact that her child was resting in her grave, I do not think she would fret; she would be content. But the uncertainty of what has become of her—a girl, too—in this wicked, weary world! Oh, it is terrible! When I tell you that that poor woman has visited every workhouse in England, has travelled far and wide on her hopeless search, that once a year she sends an account of the whole sad affair to the headquarters of the police in London, Paris, New York, and a dozen other capitals, you will understand how it is that her fragile frame is nearly worn out."

Yes, it was not difficult to understand. Visited every workhouse in England! She, a fragile woman, for the child she loved! The idea seemed to stimulate Paul afresh to his self-imposed task, as he made his way that same evening to Mr. Savile's lodgings, and the idea struck him that it might be just as well, before embarking on his quest, to consult his cousin. He had seen a good deal of him lately, and the more he knew him the better he liked him. It had taken him some time to pierce the crust of *nonchalance* and sarcasm that overlay Cosby's genuinely earnest and unselfish character, to understand a kindliness second hardly to Mabel's, though elaborately concealed where hers was apparent; but he had learnt quite enough to assure him that the Mr. Savile known in Shoreditch for his self-denying devotion to the poor and his strong, useful common sense, and Cosby were one and the same person, and that, moreover, the high estimate Mrs. Bradshaw had formed of him was perfectly just.

Yes, he would certainly consult Cosby, who knew all about the case already, and to whom he need make no tiresome explanations.

"Tresidder," said the latter, as, ten minutes later, they sat smoking together, "which day do you go down to Torworthy?"

"Wednesday."

"Then I will come with you. I have not been invited, but I told Mabel I might probably turn up when she least expected to see me, and——"

"Oh, of course it will be all right. They will be delighted to see you, and I more than all of them, for——"

An irruption into the room of two of Cosby's friends put an end to Paul's confidences for that night, and he shortly took his leave, not caring to be out late now that he had left Rutland Gate and taken up his quarters in Eaton Place.

It was getting into August now, and the almost tropical heat was emptying London fast. It agreed, however, wonderfully with Mrs. Bradshaw—so much so that her doctor was anxious that, as she could now bear the journey, she should leave town and repair to some warm, sheltered spot, where she might sit out of doors all day, and live on milk and cream.

The prescription was congenial to both her and Mrs. Meredyth, and the latter applied to Paul that same evening—the last before he left—to try and find them some nice farmhouse near Torworthy where this programme might be carried out.

"It is a long journey, I know, for an invalid to take," she said, "but I think she would be compensated for it in the climate, in the matter of milk and cream, and in the pleasure of being near all of you."

"Paul was charmed at the idea, promising to look out for them as soon as he reached Torworthy the next day.

"I should like to surprise Mabel," said Mrs. Meredyth, "so say nothing about the business until it is settled. What will she say to us for neighbours, where she might reasonably hope for some active, tennis-playing young people?"

"I don't think there is much doubt as to her welcome," answered Paul, "and none whatever as to Miss Thornleigh's."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Bradshaw, as there swept over her face a tender, radiant smile.

"Miss Thornleigh is a forbidden subject with us, Paul, do you know," said Mrs. Meredyth, as she gave him a hasty warning glance; "Mrs. Bradshaw and I have had our first quarrel over her."

"Quarrel!" said Mrs. Bradshaw reproachfully.

"Dispute, then."

"May I ask why?" inquired Paul.

"Because I found Amy so excited after her visit to her last month, that I positively forbade her to see her again."

"She is not an exciting person, is she?" he said. "At least, she never struck me as such."

"No more she is, Mr. Tresidder," put in Mrs. Bradshaw; "but I am afraid I must plead guilty to being an excitable one, and also to having taken an unreasoning fancy to Miss Thornleigh"—here her countenance grew grave and sad. "Consequently, after her last visit to me, Mrs. Meredyth found my pulse much accelerated, and a return of fever about me, so she forthwith forbade me to see her again. She was quite right, as she always is; but at the time I was rebellious, I am sorry to say."

Paul smiled in sympathy. He could perfectly understand rebellion for such a cause. Nevertheless, he said nothing more about Vere, judging it safer to return to less engrossing topics; and the evening passed in pleasant conversation, until nine o'clock, when Mrs. Bradshaw retired as usual for the night.

"The reason I gave you that warning look, Paul," said Mrs. Meredyth, as soon as she had left the room, "was that, owing to your having remarked one day that Miss Thornleigh's voice was like hers, poor Amy immediately set her up as a fresh will-o'-the-wisp to waste her energies upon, only in the end to be bitterly disappointed, as she has been so many times before. She said very little to me about her, not liking to worry me; but I know her so well that I can read her like a book, and I am certain that, although I impressed on her that Miss Thornleigh's parents had both died when she was an infant, and that all her life she had lived, and probably was born, near Tor-

worthy, she asked her to come here to see if she could not find out anything for herself. Of course she failed, then she was disappointed; that threw her back—and there you have the whole story of the accelerated pulse, and the return of fever. She has plenty of self-control when she is well—she could never have done all she has without it; but when she is weakened and undermined by illness, her natural excitability gets the upper hand, and I am anxious to keep her free from it."

"But how about Miss Thornleigh's presence at Torworthy?"

"I trust Amy may be stronger by that time—she will never be well again—and then I think by degrees as she recognises, as I am sure she does already, the fallacy of her idea, the intercourse may be a pleasure and amusement to her. But now I have something I want to show you. What do you think of this?" and Mrs. Meredyth opened a cabinet, and drew from it a large photograph executed on china, and set in a broad velvet frame.

"I have not an idea who it is," said Paul. "Have I ever seen the original?"

"No, never. I only want you to give me an opinion as to its merits as a work of art. It does not strike me as quite so good as—as that one of Fred I showed you; but then it is taken from a very inferior photograph."

"Yes," said Paul, surveying it critically, "it is just that. But who is it?"

"Mrs. Bradshaw's husband. When I was having my boy's done, it struck me how pleased she would be to possess a similar one of Mr. Bradshaw. I wished it to be a surprise to her; but I am afraid it has been an open secret from the beginning, as I had to start by borrowing from her the original photograph, of which this is the result. I think I must be satisfied, as that was but a very poor one."

"A nice-looking man," said Paul thoughtfully—"What was he?"

"A violinist. He used to play in the orchestra at St. James's Hall, and was, so Amy says, very well thought of in his profession, which appears to be but a poor one on which to depend for a livelihood."

"Not a very wise face," still looking at the photograph. "I should say he was both weak and obstinate."

"I dare say he was, and I fancy a trifle peculiar into the bargain. But he must have been a very gentlemanly-looking young man, and superior to the usual run of violinists who play for so much a night. Amy always implies that he was a gentleman, and a man of cultivation."

"How delighted she will be with this!"

"Yes, I think she will. I am so glad it came home this evening, before you were gone. I am not quite decided whether I shall have a monogram put on it or not. I think I shall—A. B., her own initials."

"What was his name, then?"

"Amyas—Amyas Bradshaw."

"Amyas!" with a slight start. "Is not that a West-country name?"

"I really don't know. Perhaps it is, as it occurs in 'Westward Ho.'"

"Miss Thornleigh's father was named Amyas."

"And he was, of course, a West-country man. On no account mention that to Amy. She will see in it a fresh coincidence, and begin to build up her hopes anew. What is really curious is that her husband should have been Amyas, and she Amy. Their little daughter was named Amy after them both."

"Amy, was she? That ought to put Mrs. Bradshaw off the scent of Miss Thornleigh, whose name is Vere. But now I am going to make a remark, which I promise to confide to you alone. Do you know, I see a likeness—very slight, I grant you—between them both. Do you?"

"I understand what you mean. Something about the eyes and the smile. But, my dear Paul, I attach no importance whatever to likenesses. You would not say, would you, that Amy's is a common type of countenance? And yet you would hardly believe in the number of girls in whom we have traced a strong likeness to her, particularly when we were a short time in Italy. No, no, she has suffered too much from these imaginary likenesses for me to give a thought to any fresh one, unless it is backed by *facts*."

Nevertheless, when Paul retired to rest that night, he could not shake off the impression this conversation had left on his mind. Amyas! The name stuck to his memory, although he knew that Mrs. Meredyth was right, and that Mrs. Bradshaw's idea *must* be a delusion. Vere had been brought up by an aunt, her father's sister, who had told her that her parents were both long since dead; whereas Mrs. Bradshaw knew of no sister of her husband's, or surely she would have been the first person to whom she would have applied in her trouble. It was, as Mrs. Meredyth truly remarked, folly to give one moment's thought to the coincidence of a Christian name, or a fleeting likeness, if they were not backed by facts. Well, Cosby was the embodiment of facts, and to-morrow he would lay before him his resolution of searching for particulars of Vere's mother, leaving Mrs. Bradshaw entirely out of the question. In this way he would be given a plain common-sense opinion, unbiassed by any fancies absurd or otherwise.

He had ample leisure to carry out his intentions the next day, as he and his cousin steamed down to Claymouth together. It was a long and intolerably hot journey, but it was not until they had nearly come to the end of it that Paul could bring himself to the point of discussing Vere's antecedents even with a man who had known them all long before he had himself. Cosby, in schoolboy spirits, suitably attired for the dog-days in white from top to toe, and vowing that if any "hot person," as he expressed it, approached their carriage, he would at once pretend to be mad, in order to frighten them away, seemed hardly the fitting person in whom to confide at this moment.

However, he sobered down gradually, and by the time they were within an hour of Claymouth, had been so far reduced by the heat as to become rather melancholy than otherwise. Paul, perceiving that time was

slipping away, seized this favourable opportunity to propound his views, to which his cousin listened with profound attention to the very last word.

"Well, Cos?"

Mr. Savile pursed up his lips, emitting a long, low whistle. "If I were you, Paul, I should leave it alone," he said. "You are very quixotic," and here he smiled, "but it will take you a lifetime, this register-searching business. Of course, you can employ agents, but even then it is a herculean task—for what?" and Cosby indulged in his favourite gesture of shrugging his shoulders.

"I mean to do it, though," said Paul doggedly.

"As you like, my dear fellow. You may rely upon me to give you every assistance in my power. I should advise your beginning your undertaking with old Hannah. I have already cross-examined her, but without much success. She is as ignorant of Miss Thornleigh's mother as you are. However, you may get more out of her than I could. Your inches are all in your favour; they will inspire both respect and admiration. Who knows, perhaps in your course of registers you may hit upon the heiress or heir of the Bellairs estate! That would be extremely awkward. Master Hugh would hardly thank you for that discovery."

"Or I may hit upon—— Cosby, have you ever heard Mrs. Bradshaw's story?"

"What, the woman who sang at Mabel's party? She has a story, then? I thought she had."

"Yes, but it is not the usual style of woman's story. It is another case of search."

Cosby laughed. "This is becoming quite ludicrous," he said; "let me hear it."

"If I tell it to you, it must go no further."

"Of course not. Go on."

Paul did as he was told, and went on, or rather he began. He told the story very well. The true sympathy he felt in the case enabled him to realise its details, and his narrative was almost as graphic as if he had been an actor in it. Mr. Savile listened in perfect silence, without once interrupting him, merely remarking at the end that it was a strange story, a very strange story. "Paul," he added, "you have seen a good deal of this Mrs. Bradshaw lately; what kind of a woman is she?"

"What kind of a woman? She is a lady, and a refined and cultivated one. I should say, moreover, a good woman."

"Ay," he said, as he scratched his chin meditatively. "Yet there are a good many ladies who have a touch—yes, and more than a touch—of Becky Sharpe about them. Mrs. Meredyth is a rich woman and a lonely one. I think Mabel told me her only son was dead."

"What makes you take these notions into your head, Cosby?"

"Oh! I don't know. The bad opinion that I suppose my legal training has given me of human nature," he answered, with his most good-tempered smile; "or rather the habit I get into of looking for a motive in every trifle. For mind you, Paul, if I went by my own unaided instinct, I have seldom seen a more beautiful or touching countenance than this Mrs. Bradshaw's; but then, turning from instinct to the experience of ages, I find that those are just the women who have done all the mischief in the world. What should have induced a beautiful girl, as she must have been, with a superb voice, to cast in her lot with a wretched fiddler, who played for so much a night?"

"You are too clever by half, Cos. I, being a great blunderheaded fellow, believed every word I was told, yes, and mean to believe it."

"For the admirable reason that there is something in the background that you have withheld from me."

"I never conveyed anything of the kind. I have told you the whole story of Mrs. Bradshaw's married life as Mrs. Meredyth told it to me the other day. Some day I hope you will know more of Mrs. Bradshaw, and then you will feel ashamed of having ever entertained such notions of such a woman."

"My dear fellow, I sincerely trust I may. Perhaps, if I knew the rest of her story, I might recant at once. "Oh! I know you won't reveal it, so don't trouble yourself to refuse me."

"Mrs. Bradshaw speaks very differently of you."

"Of me?"

"Yes, of you. Perhaps you don't know that this dangerous woman has hitherto spent a great portion of her widowhood amongst the very poor; and in one of the wretchedest parts of London, it seems that she ran against, not personally, but by hearsay, some one of the name of Savile."

"What of that? There are dozens of Saviles in London."

"This Mr. Savile's Christian name being represented by the letter C, she, woman-like, immediately jumped at the conclusion that it must be Cosby Savile——"

"Very foolish indeed. He might have been Charles, or Claude, or——"

"I only tell you what she fancied. Furthermore, remembering, so she says, the kind attentions of this Mr. Cosby Savile at a party in Rutland Gate, she has conceived the idea that that gentleman is the embodiment of all the virtues. Very silly, of course, but then women are like that."

Cosby laughed long and loud.

"This is indeed coals of fire," he said. "What can I say? I am overwhelmed by remorse. But now," taking out his watch, "we have only five minutes before we get there, and as I am genuinely interested in this Mrs. Bradshaw—no, don't chaff, Paul; I really am—I should like to know more about her. Then I might give an opinion. What do you say was her husband's name?"

Paul tried hard not to smile at the change of tone. But if Cosby were genuinely interested, so much the better.

"Amyas Bradshaw," he answered.

"Amyas! Amyas! Why, that was Miss Thornleigh's father's name."

"I know it was. What of it?"

"Merely a coincidence, that is all," drawing out a

pocket-book, and proceeding to write in it. "A fiddler—used to play—where, Paul?"

"St. James's Hall, and other such-like places."

"What age was he when he died?"

"I am not sure; comparatively young, I think."

"SHE BENT DOWN FROM HER SADDLE AND GAVE HIM HER HAND" (*p.* 327).

"And is that all you know about him? Can't you tell me where he hailed from originally?"

"No, I have told you all I know. But I have seen a large photo of him—a gentlemanlike, effeminate-looking man, with fair wavy hair."

"Holloa! here we are," putting up his book, and looking eagerly out of window; then a smile stole into his eyes and the corners of his mouth, for there on the platform stood Mab, with a reflection of the same smile trembling in her pretty eyes.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

ARRIVALS.

THE arrival of the two men from London was just now very welcome to all parties at Torworthy, for in spite of the glorious summer weather, the last three weeks had not been quite as enjoyable as they might have been to the five people assembled there, Mr. Tresidder, Hugh, Vere, Mabel, and within the last week, fat good-tempered Piangini.

When the head of the house is out of sorts, we all know how it reacts on the whole community. Mr. Tresidder's irritability had increased, instead of decreasing, with his retreat from London, until even sweet-tempered Mab had become a trifle snappish, and lazy Hugh showed a latent tendency to irascibility. All

this did not tend to diminish the feeling of depression that had stolen over Vere from the moment that she had turned her back on London, and that even the sight of her dear Purl could not dispel.

True the "Maidens" looked grander than ever, the river babbled more refreshingly than of yore after hot, dusty London; but something was gone from herself, a something that the woods and the flowers, the river and the boulders could not bring back, and for which strange unaccountable sensation, work was the only panacea. She had not forgotten her good resolutions formed in town, and she had no sooner arrived at Torworthy than she commenced putting them into practice. With a touch of Aunt Barbara's natural capacity, she had selected and bought two horses for herself and Mab, and at once set to work to ride about and investigate every cottage, every farm, for herself. It was not quite the time of year for so doing. Haymaking was still lingering on; all hands were in the fields, and the bright sunshine would fall on locked cottage doors, and stream through patched and broken casements into empty rooms.

Still she persevered, shocked beyond measure at the heavy rents her aunt had exacted for dwelling-places hardly fit for animals, much less for human beings, and chafing against her own impotence to remedy the state of things at once, hemmed in as she was until she came of age, and was free to act as she chose.

To the Tresidder family in general, that is to say, to Mr. Tresidder and Hugh, all these things were a bore. Mabel alone was sympathetic, as she always was, but still she too had a notion that the dog-days were meant for the repose that she had earned for herself by the labours of the London season.

"Besides, dear Vere," she said, as they sat together one afternoon, "my stupid brain can only take in one idea at a time, and just now it is completely absorbed in your sitting-room."

This was quite true. On their arrival at Torworthy, she had handed over to Vere for her own sanctum one of the rooms on the ground floor, and had suggested that the choicest of the old-fashioned pieces of furniture at Thornleigh should be transported to Torworthy to furnish it. Thither accordingly had been conveyed the old book-case, the marqueterie work, the carved bureau, the Chippendale chairs and tables, the tapestry, china, and pictures, which were to make it, so she averred, the most fascinating room in the neighbourhood. It was still, however, far from being completed, for she and Vere were doing a great deal of the decoration themselves, and every morning would see them hard at work, with locked doors, through which would issue a strong smell of paint and varnish, and not even Mr. Tresidder was to be admitted until the room was quite ready for inspection.

No wonder that, when it came to the afternoon, Mabel considered that she had earned the right to do the *dolce far niente*, whilst Vere, impelled by that restless energy that had taken possession of her, would walk or ride by herself, throwing off her London civilisation, clambering amongst the granite boulders, and even fording in the stream. Somehow it annoyed Mr. Tresidder, as everything did annoy him now. Hugh and Vere seemed to be drifting further and further apart, although they were such excellent friends. Where was the philandering through the woods he had pictured to himself, the talks under shady trees, or by the side of the Purl, as they threw their flies in the clear pools to fish for the wily trout? Ay, where indeed? When Hugh was not, under protest, joining in the singing that went on at odd times throughout the day, he was lolling under the trees on the lawn, making a pretence of keeping up his French by reading bilious-looking French novels. There might be some force about the boy; at present it did not come to the surface. He had grown very fast; but, whatever the cause, he was undoubtedly inherently indolent, and Mr. Tresidder was a much-tried father. At times it crossed his mind, how would it be to speak seriously to his son, and point out the manifest advantages of an alliance with Vere; but when he looked at his smooth boyish face, heard his crude boyish remarks, the idea seemed preposterous. Would not Vere, if he asked her to marry him, laugh in his face?

It was a relief to all parties, therefore, when Paul wrote to say that he and Cosby would come down to Torworthy the following Wednesday. Vere went about the house singing; Mab was once more her dear little rippling self, and Mr. Tresidder, in spite of again lugubriously giving out that he was a cipher in his own house, owing to Mr. Savile's arrival without an invitation, was secretly pleased at any change in the monotony of his present existence.

Nevertheless, when the shandredan, as Cosby called the wonderful old vehicle that had belonged to the late Lord Bellairs, and which had been told off for station work, drove up to the front door, no one appeared to welcome its occupants but Sharpe and the dogs.

"I wonder where they all are," cried Mabel, with a shade of annoyance in her tone, as she opened the door of the empty drawing-room; then, suddenly remembering—"How stupid I am!" she exclaimed; "I quite forgot to tell you that Vere was summoned this morning to old Hannah. The poor old thing had fallen down-stairs, and was very seriously hurt."

"And did you let her go by herself? Hannah lives some way off, does not she?" asked Paul severely.

"I wanted to go with her, but she would not let me; she insisted that I must stay at home for you two. But as she started at ten this morning, she ought to be in by this time, particularly as she was riding. Sharpe!" calling the butler, "is Miss Thornleigh come back?"

"No, ma'am, not yet."

Paul pulled out his watch. Half-past six and no Vere! Could anything have befallen her?

"You should not have allowed her to go by herself," he said to Mabel, as he followed her and Cosby out on to the lawn, where they found Hugh in his normal attitude under the trees keeping watch over some quite cold tea. He rose with unaccustomed alacrity when he saw his brother and cousin, colouring a trifle as Cosby begged him not to fatigue himself, and Paul said:

"Why did not you go with her, Hugh?"

"I? Go where? Who am I to go with?"

"Why, Vere, of course," said Mabel impatiently.

"Oh, I like that! What was I to do, whilst she went in to see that tiresome old woman, who had managed to tumble down-stairs?"

"Put your horse up at the nearest inn, and go to sleep," suggested Cosby.

"Yes," said Paul, "do anything on earth you please but let a girl like that ride all over the country by herself. She is not accustomed to it, and who knows what may have befallen her? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Hugh."

"Well, don't make a row. Here she is," and Hugh pointed up the drive, where they could just discern Vere riding slowly through the trees towards the house.

"Oh, I am so thankful!" cried Mab; "I was getting quite in a fidget. Sharpe, make the fresh tea as quickly as you can, please; Miss Thornleigh will be very tired."

Yes, she was very tired. Her sweet, grave face was deadly pale, round her eyes were dark rings; but when she saw Paul advancing to meet her, the light came flashing into them, and the colour welling up into her cheeks.

"Oh, Mr. Paul, I am so glad to see you!"

He could hardly contain himself when he heard the sweet, almost childlike greeting, as she bent down from her saddle and gave him her hand.

"Are you?" he said, as his eyes met hers. "How nice to be welcomed like that! But," he continued, "I am sure you are dreadfully tired. How is Hannah?"

"She is dead," she answered. "That is what kept me so long. Poor old Hannah!" There was a little break in her voice, a quiver in her under lip, and Paul noticed both. What a trying day she must have had, with the long ride in the great heat, the sad scene at the end of it, and the lonely return journey! No wonder she looked white and overdone, and that there were tears in her voice.

But here they were at the house, and there was Mab waiting to receive her, Mab with the ever-ready sympathy expressed in every feature of her face.

"Dear Vere, how glad I am to see you back! How tired you must be!" she cried, as she put her arm through her friend's and drew her into the house. "Come and have some tea at once; it is on the lawn."

"She is dead, Mab."

"Dead! Oh, my poor dear, how sad for you! You should have let me come with you; I wish I had insisted. But now, would you like to go up to your room and lie down?"

"Lie down! Oh, no. I would rather stay with you. It *is* nice to have you to come back to."

They had reached the lawn now, and there was the tea, and Cosby with his most débonnaire smile, and a deep arm-chair conjured up from no one knew where.

"You are not to talk to Vere," cried Mab; "she is to sit in the arm-chair and be waited on, for she is very tired."

Vere smiled gratefully for the prescription, which was very welcome to her just now, when she was a little unhinged from all she had gone through. The last tie to her old life was broken, the last thread that had connected her, Vere Thornleigh the heiress, with Vere Thornleigh, Miss Barbara's niece, cut off. It had brought back the old sense of loneliness and desolation that she had felt so acutely after her aunt's death, and that her solitary ride home this afternoon had not tended to diminish. The only link left to her now with the past was Thornleigh itself, and her heart went out with a great gush of affection to the old place.

"So you have learnt to ride without me?"

Paul had religiously obeyed Mabel's orders—had waited on Vere without uttering a word, and had been quietly watching her ever since, the while he was apparently joining in the conversation with the rest of the party. But now he judged by the wistful look that had settled down on her countenance that she had been left to herself long enough—in short, he need deny himself no longer.

She turned to him with a smile. Ah, how nice it was to hear that voice sounding in her ears again! Now she knew what it was she had wanted all these three weeks. It was Paul, and he was come.

"But you will give me the lessons all the same, won't you? I am sure I ride very badly. And, Mr. Paul, will you come and see Thornleigh to-morrow? I want so to show it to you, and I have ever so many things to ask you."

"So many things to ask me?" he exclaimed. "Ah! I remember, I was to give you my advice as to the management of the estate, was not I? Since then I have recollected that you are not of age, and therefore your hands are tied."

"I know," lugubriously, "but I like to see things for myself all the same. I was quite right about the cottages; some of them are dreadful. You would be shocked if you saw them."

"And where was it Hannah lived?" he asked gently.

"Some way from here—not very far from Claymouth. Not on the estate, if that is what you mean."

"Then you had a long ride. That was a good horse you were on. Is it your own or hired?"

"My own. I bought two when I came down here, from a man at Claymouth, and they have turned out pretty well at present. Mabel sometimes rides the other. Perhaps you will, now you are come down."

"I shall be only too pleased to do so, but I warn you that Mabel and I are two very different people, and that I require a weight-carrier."

"Well, yes, I suppose so. Oh, I think Arabi would carry you. He is a strongly-built beast."

"I will go and take a look at the stables before dinner, and inspect him."

"Yes, do. And mind you look at Prince, too. He is such a dear horse. I am sure he brought me home to-day a great deal more than I brought him."

"And Hannah did not recognise you at all?"

She shook her head.

"She was unconscious the whole time I was there. She had a niece living with her, who told me she had been failing for months. I think she never got over now; he wanted to be alone, to think of Vere, to recall her every word, her every action. Under these circumstances dressing became rather a slow process, and he had not half got through it when there was a knock at the door, and his father came in.

"THE CHILD WAS CROWING WITH DELIGHT" (*p.* 331).

Aunt Barbara's death. She seemed so lost without her."

Paul looked thoughtful. Hannah dead without a word! His starting-point gone. Where was he to begin his researches now?

Mechanically he rose in obedience to Mab's reminder that it was time to dress for dinner, and, on reaching the house, was glad to find that his and Cosby's rooms were some distance apart. He did not feel quite in the humour for his cousin's chaff just

"So sorry to be out, my dear boy, when you and Cos arrived, but the fact is I took Piangini for a stroll on the moor, and I thought I should never get him back again. He puffed and blew like a grampus, and at last had to sit down and rest, in a mortal fright lest he should have done himself some injury—no pluck, you know, no pluck. We came home at a snail's gallop, and I was horrified to find how late it was. Hope you have all you want. Dinner eight-thirty sharp, you know; I must go and dress myself

now," and out bustled Mr. Tresidder, leaving Paul to his own devices, which for the moment consisted of standing stock-still in the middle of the room, with an imbecile smile on his countenance, caused by the mental vision of Vere on horseback.

A reign of activity now set in at Torworthy, that is as far as Paul and Cosby and the two girls were concerned. Grave councils were held over the slate-mines, and the schemes concerning them began to assume definite shape. There was much riding and driving; horses were hired from Claymouth, fishing expeditions and picnics were organised, and whilst Cosby devoted himself to the two ladies, Paul was absent the greater part of the day on business of his own—supposed by his father and sister to be connected with the Canadian property—to come home to long evening rambles with Vere, or to games of tennis, where he was the instructor, and she the instructed.

To Mr. Tresidder, looking on with haggard eyes, and powerless to prevent the march of events, everything was at cross-purposes, and he began seriously to reconsider the situation. He was not a villain, anything but that. When he had first stowed away that pocket-book in his portmanteau, he had had every intention of restoring it at an early period to its rightful owner. But Vere had fallen ill, time had slipped by, and gradually the picture of his son and his ward as husband and wife, the uniting of the two branches of the family, had so taken possession of his mind as to warp his moral sense. By this means Vere would step into her own, and then?—well, if the pocket-book were found or not, it would be all one; Mrs. Hugh Tresidder would be mistress of Torworthy.

He looked out of the window of his den, and his eye fell on Hugh extended on his back on the green-sward, his cap tilted over his eyes. Where was Vere? He had not long to wait for the answer to his question. Through the trees he could see the shimmer of a white dress—of two white dresses, followed by a grey shooting-coat. Paul, Paul, always Paul! He threw down his newspaper in disgust, and then he picked it up again. Well, if it were to be Paul, was it not better that it should be he rather than any other man? Was not Paul his son? Yes, but his mother had not been a Lemesurier, had had nothing to do with the Bellairs estates; he could not set wrong right. If he were to marry Vere, and the pocket-book did not come to light, what would he, Lewis Tresidder, be? A cold perspiration broke out over his forehead, his teeth chattered, and it was with a feeling of intense relief that he looked up to see Mabel standing at the window, and tapping for him to open it; Paul and Vere, following slowly behind, had come to an anchor at Hugh. Mr. Tresidder threw open the window, and admitted his daughter. She came in with a shade of nervousness on her countenance—she had grown nervous with her father of late—only last night, because she was very tired, she supposed, she had shed a few tears in the secrecy of her bed-room over his increasing irritability, and coming to the conclusion that it was the worry of Torworthy, had fervently echoed the copy-book platitude, that "Money is the root of all evil."

"Pater," she said, as she stepped in, and put her hand caressingly on his sleeve, "what do you think is the last surprise Paul has arranged for us? He is a master of surprises."

"I hate them," answered Mr. Tresidder irascibly; "they are only meant for children."

"I suppose he looks on Hugh and me as children. At any rate, he has given me a very charming surprise. Fancy, Mrs. Meredyth and Mrs. Bradshaw are coming to Mrs. Gleen's this afternoon!"

"Coming — to — Mrs. — Gleen's this afternoon!" gasped out Mr. Tresidder, as he leant heavily against the writing-table; then seeing the look of astonishment on his daughter's face, "bless me!" he continued, "what shall we hear next? What brings them here, I wonder!"

"It seems that Mrs. Bradshaw is very much better, and that the doctors have ordered her out of London to a warm, sheltered climate, where she can get abundance of fresh air, and live on milk and cream. Accordingly Mrs. Meredyth, being very fond of all of us, commissioned Paul to find her rooms in some superior farmhouse in this neighbourhood, which would meet all these requirements; and, of course, as soon as Paul saw Thornleigh, he knew it to be the very spot. He therefore, without saying a word to us, arranged it all with Mrs. Gleen, and they come this afternoon. The secret was communicated to me this morning, since when Paul, Vere, and I have been hard at work settling the rooms. They will have the dear old parlour for their drawing-room, the dining-hall for their meals, and plenty of bed-rooms for themselves and the servants they bring. Is it not nice?" and Mabel glanced timidly into her father's face, to see if he endorsed this sentiment.

A dumb despair had taken possession of Mr. Tresidder. Mrs. Bradshaw again, his *bête noire*, coming to the very spot where her husband—oh, no! not hers, not hers—had been brought up! What a combination of circumstances! What an unfortunate man truly was he! He stared at his daughter vaguely, as though he could not take in what she had said; then he tried to pull himself together, and finally he sat down with his head resting on his hand. Mabel looked at him anxiously.

"You are not well, dear," she said. "I am sure you are not."

"Yes, yes, I am perfectly well; only this hot weather overpowers me. I am thinking of what you have been telling me. Mrs. Meredyth and Mrs. Bradshaw coming here! What does Vere say to it?"

"She is delighted. You know what a fancy she has taken to Mrs. Bradshaw. But, pater dear, are you certain that you feel quite right? Cannot I do something for you?"

"No, nothing; but run away. I have letters to write. Go, that is a good child."

But when she was gone, he did not write letters; he turned himself round, pressed his face against the back of the armchair, and tried to collect his be-

wildered thoughts. In proportion as this Bellairs estate, which only last year had been rather hateful than otherwise to him, was slipping out of his grasp, so much the more did he long to retain it, and to see Hugh the master of those slate-mines that, according to Paul and Cosby, were to yield a royal harvest. The cogitation ended as Mr. Tresidder's cogitations on this subject usually did end. He would wait and see. Micawber-like, he fancied something might turn up. In the meanwhile there was nothing to be done—nothing.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

MR. TRESIDDER CONCEIVES AN IDEA.

IT was eleven o'clock the next day. Mrs. Meredyth and Mrs. Bradshaw had arrived at Thornleigh the previous afternoon. Paul had been there to receive them, and in the evening Vere and Mabel had walked down, "just to welcome you," as Mabel had said. They had not stayed long, fearing to tire the invalid, and, on their return, had reported that Mrs. Bradshaw really seemed wonderfully better, that she had borne the journey marvellously, and that she and Mrs. Meredyth had fallen in love with Thornleigh. "In fact," as Mabel had wound up, "Paul had shown himself as good a house-hunter as he was a brother, and every minute her opinion of him went up."

Mr. Tresidder listened to all they had to say without interrupting them by a word. It was evident that Mrs. Meredyth and Mrs. Bradshaw were come for some time; he was powerless to prevent their doing so; any day, any moment the explosion might take place now; it might even have commenced already with a recognition of the arms and heraldic devices scattered about the house at Thornleigh, and any morning lazy Hugh might wake up to find that he had nothing but his wits to depend on.

Mr. Tresidder was standing at the front door as these reflections passed through his brain; afar he could hear the sweet, soothing murmurs of the Purl; in the stables there was the clank and the tramp of horses being got ready for use; Vere and Mab were coming down the stairs in their riding-habits.

"Lunch at two to-day, please, pater," said Mab, coming up to him; "we are going to the limit of Vere's estate, and so shall be away some time."

"Are you two going alone?"

"No. Paul and Cosby accompany us, Paul having been graciously pleased to give up his business to-day, at our earnest request."

"I wish you would come with us sometimes, Mr. Tresidder," said Vere. "You can't think how delicious it is on the moors, and you know," shyly, "Arabi is always at your disposal."

"You are very kind, I am sure, my dear. I don't think Arabi can be quite at my disposal, as I hear you offering him all the way round."

"But of course you come first."

"It is very pretty of you to say so. Perhaps some day I may accept your offer and accompany you; to-day——"

"So, pater," put in Mab, "don't expect us until you see us. We may be royally entertained on all manner of delicacies—Devonshire cream, cider, and other farm products—during our progress among Vere's subjects, when, of course, we shall not require more luncheon."

"Which way do you go?"

"Towards King's Tor," said Vere, pointing with her finger towards a misty blue point that showed its head above the thick belt of trees that encircled the place; "it will be a lovely ride."

"And what have you done with old Piangini?"

"He is in the throes of composition," answered Mabel, "scribbling away at his cantata. Leave him to himself; he is perfectly happy."

Mr. Tresidder sighed. In all these arrangements where was Hugh?

"And Hugh?" he asked. "Why does not he go with you? It seems to me, Mabel," severely, "that since Paul has appeared, you have deserted Hugh."

Mabel opened her blue eyes wide.

"Deserted Hughie!" she exclaimed, with an accent of almost maternal tenderness. "What an accusation, pater! No, I do not desert him, but the fact is, he is too lazy to go about with me. We asked him to come to-day, did we not, Vere? and he said the sun was too hot."

Vere nodded her head acquiescently, and Mr. Tresidder sighed again. He felt vicious towards Hugh at that moment, and it was well for the boy that he appeared on the scene in company with Paul and Cosby.

"Well, you amiable lunatics," he said, standing on one leg, as usual, "I wish you joy of your ride. If you come back with sunstrokes, don't ask me to pity you."

"No, we won't," said Paul; "it would be giving you far too much trouble."

"Put cabbage-leaves in your hats," and with this last sage piece of advice, Hugh sauntered out into the garden, leaving Mr. Tresidder to watch the riding party off, to note how well Vere sat on her horse, how Paul, by her side, was a fine specimen of Young England, although he had not been brought up at Eton or Harrow, and that Mab looked charming. "Ah! if she had been the boy!" he murmured, and sighed again.

By-and-by, still standing on the doorstep, he came to a resolution. He would go and see Mrs. Meredyth, and find out if anything had been discovered. It was the old restless desire to meet his danger face to face. He disliked the walk to Thornleigh above everything; it was toilsome, it was fraught with visions of sprained ankles and strained sinews; but he would take the longest route, and trust that neither he nor his boots would suffer much.

When at last he reached the old farmhouse, without hurt or damage, he could not help stopping for one moment to contemplate it—so secluded, so venerable, so peaceful. By the way he had come he had debouched on to the back of the house, from whence the farmyard opened into the small garden—the pride and delight of Mrs. Gleen's heart. The windows all

stood wide open; there were all the cheerful sounds of a farmyard; the pigeons were strutting about on the lawn, that looked more than ordinarily smooth and well shaven; Mrs. Meredyth's dog lay basking in the sun with one ear cocked up, lazily enjoying the sweets of the country; two empty wicker-chairs, and a wicker-table with newspapers and some work, were set out under the chestnut-tree that stood at the further corner of the garden; there was a hum of bees, a cackling of poultry, the murmur of the Purl—truly a contrast to hot, glaring, noisy, dirty London, from whence the two women had come.

Just as he was about to emerge on the lawn, a little side door in the house opened, and some one stepped out of it on to the gravel path. Mr. Tresidder stood for a second and watched her. In her arms was a little child—rosy cheeks, blue eyes, golden hair, rounded limbs, forming a pretty contrast with the creamy skin, dark eyebrows, and soft burning eyes of the woman who carried her, and round whose mouth there hovered an exquisitely tender smile, as she bore the baby across the lawn, and set her down on the grass at her feet. Mr. Tresidder gazed at her fascinated. What a beautiful walk she had! so free, and yet so stately, and what a profile! Was it for one moment possible that this was the woman who had deserted her child, and who was pronounced by Miss Thornleigh so disreputable that her daughter was taught to look on her as dead? He looked again at the sad face; it was smiling now. She was pelting the baby with leaves, and the child was crowing with delight; as it scrambled to its little feet, and clung to her dress, she stooped, picked it up, and holding it to her, kissed it passionately. A pang went through Mr. Tresidder; the smile, the gestures, all recalled Vere to his mind. To get rid of the unwelcome suggestion, he turned the corner suddenly and surprised Mrs. Bradshaw.

"Ah, Mrs. Bradshaw," he said, and it was really hard work to-day to throw that hearty, cheery ring into his words, "how glad I am to see you so much better! I trust our country air will quite complete your cure."

Mrs. Bradshaw held out her hand, and a faint flush passed over her face; Mr. Tresidder had startled her.

"Thank you," she said; "if any place will do me good, I am sure this will; it is so peaceful and so beautiful. I don't think I shall ever be tired of studying this curious old house. Miss Thornleigh tells me it was once a very large place, and it makes it interesting, too, to think that it was her home."

"Yes, yes," answered Mr. Tresidder. Why would Mrs. Bradshaw talk of Vere? "I see you have made friends with Mrs. Gleen's little girl. Do you not find the children a nuisance?"

"Oh! no; to me they are always an attraction, I love them so dearly. But, Mr. Tresidder, I expect you came to see Mrs. Meredyth. I am sorry to say she is out; she has taken her sketch-book, and has walked about half a mile off, from whence she can get a very good view of this house."

"Ah! she used to sketch very well, I remember. All the Burgoynes are clever with their pencils. Paul takes after them."

Mrs. Bradshaw's face lighted up. "How good and kind he is!" she said warmly. She had taken the child into her arms, where it had fallen fast asleep, and she kept passing her hand backwards and forwards on its golden curls with a tender, caressing motion. Mr. Tresidder looked at her, then at the child. He was not without artistic feeling; it was not very long since he had dabbled in colours himself, and made more of them than Hugh did; he knew most of the celebrated picture galleries of Europe by heart, and sitting in this quiet old-world garden, it seemed strange that the sight of a woman with a child in her arms should conjure up the vision of the innumerable Madonnas and Children that form the greater part of those galleries. In spite of Mrs. Meredyth being out, he stayed on and on, fascinated by the likeness to Vere, fascinated by the sad, sweet face, fascinated too by the feeling of standing on a precipice, which the mere sight of Mrs. Bradshaw always gave him, whilst his restless eyes wandered from her to the old house and back again. There it stood in front of him, bathed in sunshine, her legitimate home—no, no, what was he thinking about? it had nothing whatever to do with her—and all about it, over door and window, he could see the wreath of thorn-leaves, and the motto, "La force est mon droit." Hope rose high in his bosom. With calm eyes his companion gazed on these devices of the Thornleighs, and made no remark, betrayed no agitation; surely she could have no connection with the family that, for generations, had dwelt within those old walls. Security made him bold.

"How the sun brings out the carving," he exclaimed, pointing to the motto traced over window and doorway, and looking almost fiercely in her face, as he awaited her reply.

"Yes," she answered, all unconscious of his intent gaze; "and how fond these Thornleighs were of their device! You see it all over the house, and repeated over and over again in the hall. They must have been a fine old race in former days, and to think that they should have dwindled and decayed until their sole representative is a girl of eighteen!"

"The wonder is that they are not extinct altogether," he answered hurriedly, eager to escape from the subject of Vere or the Thornleighs, now that he had made sure that she did not recognise the motto, and plunging into the hundred and one topics that suggested themselves to his facile tongue. The clock was striking one when he at length rose regretfully from his wicker-chair, and announced that he must be going. Mrs. Bradshaw did not press him to stay; the long talk before lunch had tired her considerably, and she heaved a sigh of relief as she saw him disappear through the garden gate, and take his way towards Torworthy.

It was with very different feelings to hers that he commenced his homeward route. This time he chose the short cut, sublimely indifferent to the perils that

lurked in its intricate paths. Sitting in the little farm-house garden, he had conceived a new idea—an idea so bold, so audacious, he might call it, that it had taken his breath away, and left him no thoughts for anything else. What mattered it that the midday sun beat down fiercely on his head, and that more than once he stood in danger of ignominiously embracing his mother earth? Had not this visit to Thornleigh been the means of furnishing him with an inspiration which would enable him to dispense with Hugh and Vere, and placed within his own hands the sword wherewith to cut the Gordian knot of the Bellairs estate? He started as he suddenly came upon Mrs. Meredyth, slowly walking towards home, with camp-stool and sketch-book in hand. It seemed to him that she looked much older than when he had last seen her.

"My dear Lewis," she said, "I am afraid you have been to see me, and I was out."

"Yes," he answered; "I was very sorry not to find you at home, but Mrs. Bradshaw received me most kindly, and I have been enjoying a chat with her. What a charming woman she is!"

Mrs. Meredyth smiled. "Have you fallen under the spell?" she asked laughingly. "I always tease Amy over her conquests—her unconscious conquests," she added.

"Yes," he answered in the same spirit, "I have fallen under the spell of those beautiful sad eyes. She must have been, she is, very handsome."

"And how did you think her looking?" eagerly.

"Better, very much better, and stronger than I expected. Who was she, Mary? she does not look quite English."

"No, she is not pure English; her father was an Italian."

Mr. Tresidder gave an imperceptible start, but quickly recovered himself.

"An Italian! Well, I can quite believe it. What was his name?"

"I always forget it. Man—Man— something like Mazarin's nieces. He died when she was about nine years old."

"Mazarin's nieces! Ah, my dear Mary, I am afraid I have forgotten my French history. I am falling into the sere and yellow leaf, and my memory too."

"Nonsense," she answered, "there is not much of the sere and yellow leaf about either you or your memory, when you can recollect who everybody's wife's grandmother or great-aunt was. I only wish I could boast as good a one. But, indeed, I must not stop now, for I ought to be at home to look after my invalid. Did she tell you how delighted we are with our quarters? They really seem as though they had been made for us. Bring the girls down to tea to-morrow, and you shall be regaled on all manner of delicacies, of which Mrs. Gleen assures me she is a mistress."

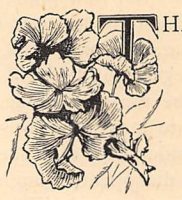
Mr. Tresidder smiled and readily acquiesced. He asked nothing better than to go to Thornleigh for tea or any other meal to which Mrs. Meredyth might choose to invite him. Bidding her a warm good-bye, he resumed his walk in high spirits, appearing at Torworthy five minutes after the riding party had come in. His visit to Thornleigh seemed to have exercised a most soothing influence over him; his irritability had disappeared and he was bland and amiable, joking Vere about her cottages, declaring that he meant to put in a claim for Arabi—in fact, conducting himself as the kindly facetious guardian that he had been in the early stages of their acquaintance.

In the afternoon, when the two girls had locked themselves up in Vere's new sitting-room, to proceed with the work of decoration, he made a secret raid on Mabel's old school books, and, with the valuable assistance of Mrs. Markham, discovered that Mazarin's nieces were named Mancini. It did not affect him much, ominously as the word resembled Manceschi; he was now armed at all points; come what might, he flattered himself he held a winning card.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

THAT HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



"THAT horrible nightmare!" one well may say if he or she has suffered from any such dread visitation.

Now, if nightmares, or bad dreams, were, with all of us, only of occasional occurrence, and the evident result of some trifling dietary indiscretion, I might well leave the subject alone. Unfortunately, however, with a large class of people, it is the exception rather than the rule to enjoy a night of rest, unperturbed by dreams.

These dreams really point to a state of health that, bad as it may be, is capable at any time of becoming worse, and which should therefore be seen to as soon as possible.

A sufferer from nightmares and disturbing dreams would scarcely care to call himself an invalid, but he might do so for less occasion, for restlessness at night, tossing in bed, starting, screaming, or even talking in sleep, are all symptomatic of mischief going on in some important internal organ.

"Dreams," I have heard some people say, "are merely the result of indigestion."

We must not be too sure about that ; the stomach, the brain, and the heart itself are most intimately connected, and no one of these organs can suffer without affecting the others ; besides, indigestion is not one of those ailments to which the adverb *merely* should be attached.

Merely indigestion, indeed ! Why, indigestion may be the agent in advance, that paves the way for disease of almost any sort. But in itself pure and simple, is there anything much more difficult to endure, or for which one is more to be pitied, than this complaint when chronic ?

The dyspeptic is an invalid who receives but the very smallest sympathy, yet is he a misery to himself and to every one around him. He *is* so, and he cannot help it ; and his very inability to help it makes him still more peevish, till every nerve in his body is racked and weakened, and also the brain itself.

If he seeks for solace in solitude, he is unfeelingly dubbed "a miserable misanthrope," who is like nobody else, who likes nobody and is liked by none.

Merely indigestion ! Who suffers from spasms of pain in chest or stomach, from attacks of sickness, from burning pyrosis, from pains in the head, from fulness and drowsiness after eating, at the very time when the healthy are happiest ? Why, the dyspeptic. Who, often and often, feels his heart palpitate, flutter, and stop a beat, flutter again, stop again, then go slowly, heavily on, while fears of impending death crowd his mind ? Your unfortunate dyspeptic.

And who suffers—and oh ! so sadly—from hours and hours of gloom and depression, amounting at times to deepest melancholy : when all the world seems to him dark and dismal, and those in it hard and cruel and selfish, when even the attention of friends is harassing, and love itself appears but an empty name ?

No, reader, dyspepsia is an ailment which the sufferer ought to use every means in his power to remedy, before it gets so firm a hold on body and mind that no medicine on earth can remove it.

There are those who believe that the brain never really rests, that in sleep we are always actually dreaming ; and a certain celebrated physician, whose name I forget, attempted to prove this, by having himself suddenly wakened at various hours of the night, and always, as it happened, it was from a dream which he distinctly remembered. But a thousand such cases would form no logical proof of the constant activity of the cerebral organs. Besides, we all know with what marvellous rapidity an apparently exceedingly long dream will be formulated, run its course, and come to an end.

To give an example, a nervous lady the other night, while the maid was in the room, started from her sleep, crying exultingly, "The dog is shot, and I'm safe ! "

Her dream was as follows :—She was out walking and gathering wild flowers by the banks of a beautiful river. She had wandered on and on for hours, and had quite filled her basket, when suddenly from behind a bush a dog sprang on her and bit her. She felt no pain or inconvenience from the bite, but went, nevertheless, and took out a summons against the dog's master.

There was a long trial. Witnesses were called on both sides, and finally the poor dog was condemned to be shot. The lady determined to be present at the execution, and was so. The firing of the gun was the finale.

Now all the business part of this dream seemed to occupy weeks, but in reality it had taken but the fraction of a second. A piece of coal falling on the fender was the firing of the gun ; between the noise and the almost instantaneous waking of the lady, the long, long dream was framed, and ran its course to the bitter end.

No, I believe that in the healthy sleep of a healthy man, the brain and all organic nerves enjoy complete repose.

But from a restless night of dream-filled sleep, though the dreams may be forgotten, the dreamer awakes as weary and jaded as when he lay down.

The memory, too, of some half-forgotten dream may continue to haunt his waking hours with a sense of gloom and depression till far into the day.

Now both the old and young, including children, suffer from nightmare. The latter, however, more readily recover from the depressing effects thereof, but the former retain the evil impressions for hours and hours. This makes them peevish, if not cross, during breakfast, apt to be nervous and gloomy, and upset about the merest trifles, or anxious and restless about little matters which would hardly occupy a thought were they in really good health.

Be it remembered that it is not the dream itself that is thus affecting them ; the bull that chased them, the owl that sat on their chest, the fearful fight they were eye-witnesses of, the cliff over which they fell, all these are no doubt forgotten at the dawn of day, but the shock to the nerves remains. This it is that does the mischief.

Now, from long experience, I feel convinced that in at least six cases out of ten it is suppers which have to account for the disturbing dreams of the aged.

The motto of many is " Keep up the strength," and old people as well as young overload the stomach. The young get over it easily, the aged do not. To them indiscretion in diet, even the most trifling, means subsequent fever, a rapid pulse, a restless night, and perhaps a rise in the body's temperature.

People who are well advanced in years ought to remember that the stomach is no more able to bear a heavy load than the back is. But matters are worse with the former when abused ; the back can slip its load off, the stomach cannot. It has more than it can amalgamate, more than it can get rid of. The undigested mass lies there, and it does not even lie inert, for it is working mischief : it ferments and causes flatulence, qualms, and pains, the brain sympathises, and becomes excited, blood lies in its capillaries which cannot get clear away, dreams and nightmares ensue, and the nerves receive a shock that days will hardly suffice to overcome.

I have known a great many old people die very

soon after the celebration of a birthday. They were old or, in the beautiful phraseology of the Book, "well stricken in years." When that fatal birthday came round, friends were invited, friends who were thoughtlessly kind to the old, old man, who flattered him and excited him, made him tell stories of the bygone times that caused him to feel young again. He was kept up beyond his time: even the leave-taking agitated him, and when he retired it might have been to sleep, but not to rest. Strange, wearying dreams, a running medley of the half-forgotten past and the present, kept coursing through his brain, and at length he awoke, gloomy, depressed, and ill. In a few weeks —well, why pursue the story?

If abstemiousness in eating and drinking is beneficial to the young and middle-aged, it is life itself to the old.

Rest should be their motto—rest for limbs, for stomach, and for brain; thus shall their days wear away to a peaceful, happy close.

I cannot resist here quoting a few words of a certain old abbé, one of the greatest workers of the age. "Although eighty years of age," he says, "I enjoy indefinite capacity for work, unconscious digestion, perfect assimilation of food; and I may be permitted to affirm, with perfect confidence, that those who follow in my footsteps will be rewarded as I have been."

He is alluding to a life of abstinence, and in advising others to adopt his *régime* adds that, if they did so, "they would be able without harm to sit at their desk immediately after breakfast and to stay there till dinner-time. No sooner would they be in bed, about nine o'clock, but they would be softly asleep a few minutes later, and could rise at five in the morning after a nourishing sleep of eight hours."

To avoid unpleasant dreams, the old should dine early, and sup early and lightly; the bed-room should have an equable temperature of about 65° kept up all night, and should be well ventilated; stimulants of all kinds should be avoided.

I must now say a word about the night terrors of children. They are generally nervous, weakly infants who are thus afflicted, and the trouble is caused as often as not by a disordered stomach.

If the nightmares come on almost every night, a medical man had better be consulted. If this be not practicable, give some gentle aperient every morning for several days running, and a warm bath before retiring. Let some one remain in the child's room till he is asleep, and let a night-light be left burning, but not in such a position as to throw shadows on the wall. Nor should articles of clothing be left hanging over chairs or behind doors. It would be better in any case if the child did not sleep alone.

The name of those who suffer from nightmares and disturbing dreams in this country is legion. It is difficult, therefore, to give advice which shall be practical and beneficial, the causes of the trouble being so very numerous.

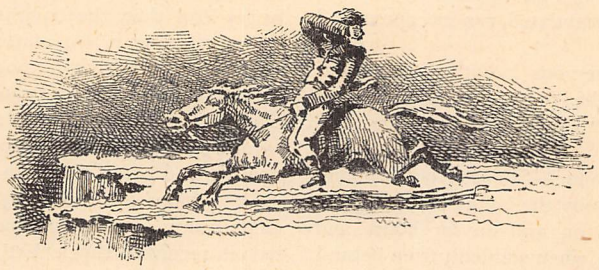
Nevertheless, if I can only get my readers to believe me, when I assert as I now do, that *the state of nightly unrest is one of a serious character, likely to bring about ailments of a very grave nature*, I shall do some good.

But what do I advise? This question may be reasonably asked.

I advise self-examination to commence with. Are you infringing any of the simple rules of health? Do you go to bed in time, after a day in which occupation, rest, and exercise have each been attended to—a day in which nothing indigestible has been either eaten or drank? How about the morning bath? Is your appetite weak? A cupful of hot water and a little sugar with a slight squeeze of lemon taken before breakfast and dinner is an excellent and safe digestive tonic. For the young—I do not refer to children—a teaspoonful of syrup of the phosphates, taken twice a day in a wine-glass of cold water for a fortnight at a time, will be found a wonderful spirit-raising and nerve-soothing tonic.

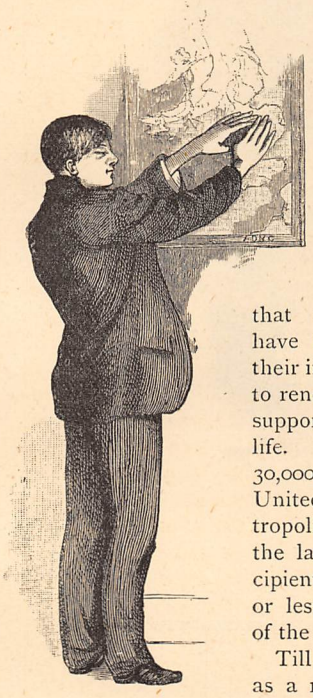
Is your heart weak? This may be merely functional, but if you ever suffer from palpitation or fluttering, by all means consult a medical man.

As to medicines: everything in the shape of narcotics and stimulants must be sedulously avoided. The very mildest aperients do good if taken occasionally, those that act on the liver to some extent being the most effectual. Tonics may also be used, but never longer than a fortnight at a time, then miss a week. A warm bath occasionally, just before going to bed, may also be advisable; at all events, the maintenance of the skin in a healthy, working condition is imperative, if we would avoid nightmares and their depressing consequences.



HIGHER EDUCATION FOR THE BLIND.

A VISIT TO THE ROYAL NORMAL COLLEGE AND ACADEMY OF MUSIC.



A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

THERE is no class of persons for whom sympathy is more generally felt than for the blind. Very much has been done here, as well as in other lands, for their physical, moral, and spiritual improvement. And yet it is only of late years that any systematic efforts have been put forth to raise their intellectual condition, and to render them capable of self-support in the higher walks of life. There are, it is said, 30,000 blind persons in the United Kingdom, in the Metropolis alone 4,000, of whom the large majority are the recipients of charity, and more or less dependent on the help of the benevolent.

Till recently they have had, as a rule, no resource open to them but such occupations as basket or brush making, and the profits of those trades are so small that they cannot make a sufficient livelihood by them. They are consequently thrown, in part at least, upon the rates, or upon casual assistance. This, it must be admitted, was a short-sighted as well as ungenerous policy. Not only was it unjust to those unfortunates to provide no means by which they could fully maintain themselves and their families, but this neglect imposed a heavy burden on the public purse.

Both France and the United States have been before us in this most important matter. It is, therefore, most satisfactory that this reproach has been now, in great measure, removed from us by the very admirable and successful College and Academy of Music for the Blind in Upper Norwood.

Its founder and principal, Dr. Campbell, an American gentleman, is singularly well qualified for this special and most difficult work. When only three and a half years old he lost his sight, and from his own painful experience possesses the key of sympathy which has unlocked the hearts of hundreds of his fellow-sufferers.

Petted and spoilt himself, as if he were helpless, by fond parents, he learned the necessity of developing early the physical and mental energies of the blind. Though now a highly proficient teacher of music, he was at first pronounced incapable of learning that art, and doomed to basket and brush making. But his strong will and innate consciousness of talent carried him through difficulties that would have crushed many a weaker spirit, until he completed his studies at the Harvard University, and became Professor of Music in Dr. Howe's well-known institution, near Boston, U.S. Coming to Europe to recruit his over-wrought strength, and on account of the late Mrs. Campbell's delicacy, he travelled from city to city, studying the various systems of education for the blind, and in 1871 settled in London. Here, with the generous help of Dr. Armitage, he started a school of his own in three small houses at Norwood. This has steadily grown into the present noble College in Westow Street, Upper Norwood, under the patronage of the Queen and members of the Royal Family, and directed by a distinguished committee, with the Duke of Westminster at its head.

The romantic story of his life cannot here be told. We can only add that the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the Glasgow University on account of his services in the cause of education; but these simple facts may suffice to show how eminently fitted is one who has achieved such results for others, and made such a position for himself, to develop and direct the energies of those similarly handicapped for the race of life. Our object is rather to invite attention to his present work, its method and results.

No better position could have been chosen than that in which the College stands. Within easy reach of London, close to the Crystal Palace and its high musical attractions, it is accessible from all parts of England. At the same time, it presents the charms and advantages of a quiet rural retreat. It is surrounded by lovely undulating grounds, six acres in extent. These are laid out with great taste and care in shrubberies, avenues of trees, flower-beds, grass plots, and a small lake. To many of the inmates, accustomed to the dreary confinement of a crowded cottage, or even of a single room in the courts of our large towns, it must seem like a very Eden. One is thankful to hear that, though unable to see these natural beauties, they are not insensible to them. Their faces will brighten as you say, "What a lovely view!" for they feel as if they saw it also. They will, perhaps, ask you to sit down under the spreading arbutus-tree, which "His Grace the Duke says is the finest that he knows." The pure air, and freedom for exercise, are an immense boon to them, of which they make the fullest use. They can range in perfect safety over the wide enclosure, for the sharp turnings in the paths, and occasional flights of steps, are indicated to them by an ingenious method of varying the surface with a sunken plank or brickwork just enough raised to give the needful warning. Guided by these landmarks,

IN THE WORKSHOP—REPAIRING PIANOFORTE STRINGS.

they can walk, or skip, or run, with all the speed and alacrity of young persons who have sight. This is of itself no unimportant part of their physical training. They thus learn to trust their own quick ears and sure steps, and in time to thread their way without any guide—human or canine—along the most crowded thoroughfares.

Dr. Campbell lays great stress on bodily exercise as tending to produce vigour and self-reliance in both sexes. He maintains that the blind, as a class, have less vitality than the sighted. From infancy they are, to a great extent, compelled to lead a sedentary life. "In my long experience with the blind," he has said, "both in Great Britain and America, I have found nothing that will rouse the indolent and encourage the timid but physical training; it is the lever which gives force to all other education."

With this view he has provided one of the best gymnasiums in the Metropolis, over which his son, Mr. G. M. Campbell, a practised gymnast, presides. It is perfectly wonderful to watch the blind youths, with the agility of monkeys, climbing tall, slender poles, spinning like Catherine wheels round and round horizontal bars, or, cat-like, walking with their hands along wide, steep ladders. The sack-race, again, is a great source of delight; and it is most amusing to see them, without the least fear, propelling themselves over the grass, as if they were animated bundles. Rifle drill, boating, skating, and dumb-bells for the girls, each in its turn, afford them healthful and enjoyable exercise. Their muscles and sinews are thereby developed. In fact, everything is done to produce "the sound mind in the sound body"—the ideal of perfect health.

Athletics, however, are not here allowed to interfere with higher objects. As regularly as by clockwork the bell sounds at the appointed hours, and the students assemble in the class rooms. The College, we may here say, includes a preparatory school, a grammar or high school, a technical school, and an academy of music. The complete course extends over at least six years, and comprises a very thorough course of English education lasting for four years, and a scientific or advanced course of two years. All pupils, except some who come merely for some special purpose, such as pianoforte tuning, must take the four years' course, unless they can pass a satisfactory examination in all the English subjects. This is so ordered because it is found that the blind who succeed best in music are those who have received the best physical and mental culture.

The preparatory school is conducted on the Kindergarten system, and includes besides reading, writing, arithmetic, and object lessons.

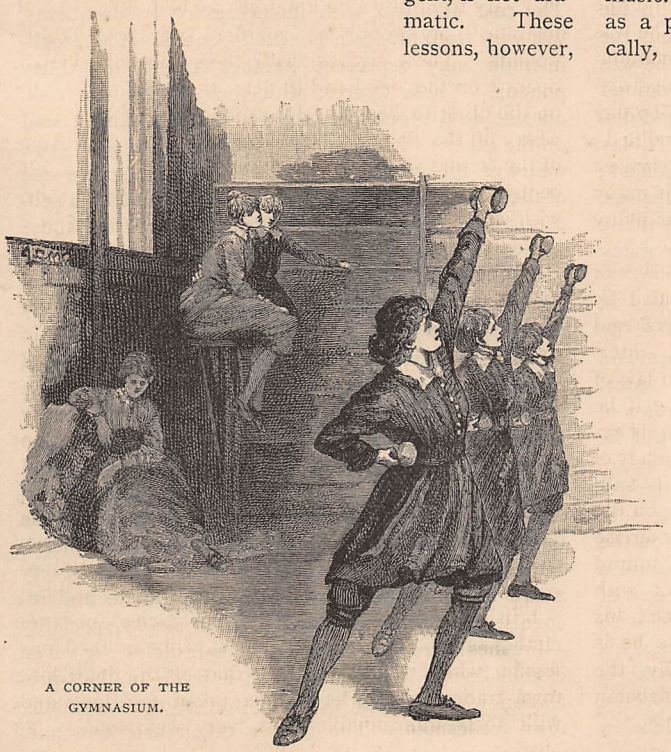
The grammar school curriculum extends to history, sacred and secular, geography, mathematics, modern languages, &c.

Seldom has the writer heard better lessons given

than those he was permitted to attend during his visit to the College. In one room, where geography was the subject, embossed maps of the British Isles were placed in the hands of the scholars. The boundaries, rivers, mountains, towns, manufactures, products, physical features, were brought out by skilful questioning, and described with a readiness and accuracy such as might have shamed many a class of sighted pupils. In an adjoining room anatomy was being taught. An erect skeleton wore a weird aspect that might have startled a nervous visitor; but both young men and maidens (for they are taught together, after the American custom) handled it without alarm, and with lightning rapidity indicated the various parts of the human body, and their relations to each other. A third class was occupied with an object lesson. A box of some fifty or sixty specimens of carpet, floor-cloth, &c., was set before the students, and they were challenged to distinguish by their touch between Brussels, Kidderminster, and tapestry, linoleum and oil-cloth, to describe their qualities, and state reasons for preferring one to another.

Lessons on Euclid and algebra I had not an opportunity of hearing, but Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools has reported that "the lesson of the first division was actually amusing as well as interesting. The first time," he added, "I have ever known amusement extracted from a subject of itself so dry and abstract." To correct reading, of course, much attention is given; and the rendering of one of Shakspeare's plays appeared to be rhythmically correct and intelligent, if not dramatic. These lessons, however, that were then in progress, form but a small part of the extensive and varied range of study through which the more advanced pupils have to pass; but one design is kept in view throughout: it is the very practical one of qualifying the blind to obtain an honest, respectable independence. For this purpose Dr. Campbell relies chiefly on the cultivation of music. This is taken up by many in its higher form as a profession, studied not by the ear, or mechanically, but according to its true scientific method, until they can go out as teachers, performers, or composers. He does not accept the common opinion that most of the blind are born musicians, but he holds that those who have sufficient intellect may acquire the science of music, and through it the art. With this view he employs the best teachers he can procure, while he trains the ear and the taste by concerts and recitals of the works of the great masters, such as are frequently to be had at the Crystal Palace. The public concerts given by his pupils there, at the Albert Palace, Battersea, as well as before the Queen at Windsor, and lately in the presence of the Belgian Court at Brussels, are the highest evidence of his success, for they have elicited the warmest encomiums from competent judges.

IN THE KINDERGARTEN.



A CORNER OF THE GYMNASIUM.

Other less gifted students take up music as a skilled handicraft, and become piano tuners. Pianos, or portions of pianos, of every size and description, are procured, which they learn to take to pieces, put together again, or tune, under a competent sighted master. Thoroughness is here, as throughout the institution, like the Medo-Persian law, which altereth not. Without it the blind would have no chance

in the race of life against those who can see. With it 90 per cent. of the pupils have completed their course, obtained certificates, and occupy respectable—some of them lucrative—positions in society. In the last year's report it is stated that fifty-nine of the old pupils earned £6,111 during that year. One had won by open competition against the sighted an excellent appointment as organist at Glasgow. Five young women were making from £70 to £80 a year each as teachers in London, and another was working successfully as a missionary at Huddersfield. One, who had been for a time employed as a governess in a private family, had become a successful teacher under the London School Board, the fifth ex-pupil of the College thus employed by the Board.

One feature of this noble institution—the most important of all—must not be omitted. We are thankful to know that the highest welfare of the pupils is not lost sight of. There is daily family worship, and on Sunday mornings special mission services are held in the College, mainly choral and led by the students. The working classes of the neighbourhood attend in large numbers, and addresses are given by ministers of various denominations. The great aim of the College was stated by Canon Fleming, in his speech at the Guildhall in 1881, to be "the harmonious development of the moral faculties in earnest Christian character, as exemplified in the two great commandments of love to God and love to man." Dr. Campbell himself, in his last report, announced it to be his aim "to send out Christian men and women of cultured minds, correct habits, and good manners."

It should be added that this is in the truest sense a charitable institution, which the founder earnestly hopes will become a national university for the blind. Of the 176 pupils most are unable to pay for their own education. There is no endowment, and a too limited subscription list. The interest on a mortgage on the freehold property of £12,000 is a heavy annual burden on the funds. Will not some of our numerous readers whose hearts sympathise with this good work, and who have means at their disposal, send the principal a thank-offering for the priceless blessing of sight?

WILLIAM BURNET, M.A.

PEDDLERS AND HAWKERS.

THE itinerant vendor of varied wares has played for ages a distinguished part in the economy of country life. In the days before railways and the penny postage system, he was a valued link of intercommunication, and an esteemed disseminator of news. To-day his *rôle* in these respects has been greatly modified; but his place is not vacant, and his trade still thrives. A brief sketch (from life) of his work, and his many amusing idiosyncrasies, will have its interest for many students of English provincial character.

The large and exceedingly miscellaneous class of travelling country salesmen is arbitrarily divided by Act of Parliament into two sections—peddlers and hawkers. These terms are not synonyms, interchangeable at will, although, by the well-known law of the greater including the less, the hawker may if he chooses style himself a peddler. The peddler is restricted to journeys on foot, and to personal carriage of his own goods. The regulations to which he is subject—of police supervision, &c.—are set down on the certificate which is his lawful permission to exercise his trade, and for which he pays annually the sum of five shillings. The hawker may travel either with cart or van, as may best suit his convenience; his character has to be approved; for his licence he is mulcted in the fee of £4 yearly. Naturally, the hawker is the aristocrat, and the peddler the plebeian of the profession.

To start in business as a hawker of the class who patrol the country with vans, carrying carpets, brushes, or earthenware, is an undertaking that requires capital. The cost of a van, with its necessary appointments, will vary from fifty to a hundred pounds. The stock-in-trade may represent another twenty or thirty pounds. These figures, with their consequent risk, operate on the one hand to deter fresh beginners, and on the other to keep in the ranks veterans who grow weary of the continual change. They constitute one of the factors which maintain these hawkers as a self-centred, isolated community—a race apart from those with whom they deal and temporarily sojourn.

Peddlers, again, fall into several distinct categories. There are those who may be spoken of as locally attached, who have a habitation and a name, and in most cases take, week in and week out, a regular and unvarying route. And there are those whose ambition is wider and more restless, who journey from county to county, and are seldom seen twice in the same locality within a long term of years. Beyond and beneath these are the occasional and, so to speak, amateur peddlers, who more properly belong to the formidable hordes of vagrancy, and who are genuine Ishmaels, with their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them. Many legitimate and recognised peddlers travel with some single speciality—brushes, combs, ornaments, spectacles, or even clothes-lines. These have often a pride in their profession which would vie with that of the flourishing town tradesman. The rounds taken are long and, with their interminable calls, very wearisome. To

walk on an average twenty miles a day, and visit several hundreds, it may be, of cottages and farms, is a severe test of physical endurance.

It is to be feared that the commercial morality of the country hawker is not yet above suspicion. These men are determined by hook or by crook to dispose of their wares, and they are masters of the arts of cajolery and *finesse*. Scores of entertaining and authentic anecdotes might be given to bear out this statement. We subjoin a few :—

A vendor of cheap spectacles called on an ancient maiden lady and displayed his glittering stock. The lady remarked that she had recently purchased a pair in a neighbouring town.

"Do they suit you, ma'am?"

"Yes, I think so."

"It's a serious thing to have spectacles that don't suit; very harmful, very. I've travelled for years with glasses of all descriptions, and I've known a lot of mischief done by glasses bought permiscus-like. They don't mind a bit what they sell over counters, not they; they never look to see the customer again, likely. Now, I'm on this round reg'lar, an' it stands to reason as I have to be wonderful careful. Might I have a glance at these spectacles, ma'am?"

Impressed by the tone of respectful sympathy, the lady fetched them, and the hawker, with an assumption of much knowledge, turned them round and round and tested both glasses and frames. His verdict soon came :—

"I'm sorry, real sorry for ye, ma'am; ye've been deceived. These spectacles are really dangerous; blue steel frames o' this pattern and temper 'll be sure to *injure the temples*."

He began to gather up his pack.

"Then, what do you recommend?"

"Well, ma'am, 'tis a sacrifice; but, to oblige ye, I'll exchange a pair for these, if ye please; you'll be safe then."

With a little more persuasion the bargain was effected. A week later the lady reappeared at the shop from whence had come the discarded pair of glasses. The new ones had proved utterly useless. She had to return, considerably poorer in pocket if richer in experience, to those certain, in the hawker's words, to "injure her temples."

A hawker of brushes (fancy ones) laboured, without success, to dispose of a third-rate hair-brush at a wayside cottage. He was told it was "not good enough." He retreated to his van :—

"Bess, a piece of tissue paper, quick!"

It was provided; the self-same brush carefully swathed therein, and the man returned to the conflict.

"This 'll suit ye, miss; and only ninepence more."

The brush in its soft white wrapping, presented thus unblushingly, was approved and actually purchased. The hawker's triumph was complete.

An almost parallel case to this latter concerned some imitation tortoise-shell combs, and, being also a fact, affords equally striking evidence not only of fertility of resource on the part of the vendors, but well-nigh astounding credulity on the side of the victim.

A man and his wife were hawking these combs on different rounds of the same town. Jasper called at a brewery cottage, and argued long and well in defence of his goods. But he was taken off his guard (rare instance) at the outset by a direct question. Were these combs genuine tortoise-shell? No-o, they weren't, he confessed. Then the lady absolutely declined to buy. Jasper departed crestfallen, met his wife, and recounted with his other adventures this last and least satisfactory one. Mrs. Jasper was unwilling to admit defeat. She walked off at once to the designated house, and something like the following dialogue took place :—

"Any tortoise-combs to-day, ma'am, if ye please? Beautiful articles they are."

"But not real, I fancy?"

"Real? Dear me, yes, ma'am; look for yourself. Wouldn't carry any that weren't, and that makes 'em a little bit high in price."

And the cunning dame seized the opportunity of naming a figure that should properly have bought half a score of her trumpery wares.

Her adversary fell into the trap and purchased a comb.

But audacity in swindling (there is no other word sufficiently accurate) occasionally reaches a loftier pitch yet, and has almost the force of genius. A hawker called at a large general store, say in 1884, and wanted a stock of the current year's almanacs.

"It's late in the season, I know, end o' January, but I've got orders for some, and I guess I could sell a lot."

"We have none left," responded the storekeeper.

"None! Why, what are these?"

"Old ones, rubbish, date of 1881."

"For sale at waste-paper price, I suppose?"

"Yes, but they're useless."

"I'll take 'em."

And he did. It transpired afterwards that the astute "commercial" had revised the date on each copy, transforming with the pen the "1" into a "4," and had cleared out the whole at published prices, making thus a large but dishonest profit on his bargain. How and under what circumstances the unfortunate rustics found out their blunder and the trick that had been played upon them is a tempting subject for imagination.

A country hawker about whom very many hard things have been said and written is the travelling draper, or "tally-man." He is accused of encouraging undue love of dress and finery in the bosoms of his fair clients, of inveigling them into ways of debt and danger, and then, when once they are at his mercy, of extorting the last farthing in satisfaction of his demands, at the cost sometimes of household peace or even of individual honesty. He may not be altogether acquitted; but there is another side to the picture. It is largely the convenience of "credit" which is at the root of the censures so freely passed. The system and not the man is chiefly at fault.

The tally-man sees much of the seamy side of English village life, and the sights he witnesses and the treatment to which he is subjected make him a

"THE SPIDER AND THE FLY."

humorist in spite of his devotion to "business." The villagers are not infrequently adepts at tiding off the evil day of payment for the articles they have bought. On the traveller's calls they will fasten the door, and be, apparently, out of both sight and hearing, or they will instruct their children to return the society answer—

"Mother's not at home, sir."

There are many stories current of passionate hawkers who have resented by forced doors or terrified children this contemptuous behaviour on the part of their patrons. About one such adventure that recurs to memory, as told by a "tally-man," there is a spice of grim humour that would have commended it to either Scott or Dickens, as a fragment of realism suitable for incorporation in a work of fiction mirroring life and character.

A cottage was entered, but the owner was not visible.

"Mrs. Smith!"

No answer.

"Mrs. Smith! Mrs. Smith!! Mrs. Smith!!!" in tones reaching a crescendo, and still no answer.

The "gudewife" could not be far away, for on the fire were cooking some cutlets, evidently in preparation for the mid-day meal.

Mrs. Smith was deeply in debt, and this was not the first time she had proved a defaulter. The soul of the draper was stirred within him, and he waited; waited until the contents of the woman's frying-pan were a charred, useless mass, and a penalty had at least been inflicted for the monetary wrong.

Then he departed, and Mrs. Smith, it may be presumed, came down once more from the regions above, a sadder if not a wiser woman.

With this true narrative we conclude our sketch of a country man of mark, with whose province even the multiplication of railroads interferes but little, who is a distinct and noteworthy link between the past and the present, and whose character and calling offer many opportunities for amused comment.

"ONLY A TENTH."

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER. BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WILFUL YOUNG WOMAN," ETC.

IT came very hard upon her, infinitely harder because so unexpected. This was how it happened.

Honoria, heiress of Cyprian Wentworth, late of Dernside, was sorting papers and unburnt correspondence he had left when summoned with such small warning, twelve months ago, from the home they two had peacefully inhabited since her childhood. Every scrap of his own writing she saved; she had so little of it, for Mr. Wentworth, proud and crabbed as some called him, though always kind to this one child, had kept up but rare intercourse with the outer world. Except for exact accounts with his steward, Honoria scarcely knew him take pen in hand once a week, and missives to him were rarer still; so the task she had put off through her first sorrowing year promised to be a light one, till one bit of note-paper suddenly made it very heavy —the heaviest load her days had ever known.

She might have burned it with the rest, this fortune-freighted missive, but a line or two in Mr. Wentworth's own hand, written crosswise on the sheet, attracted her attention.

"Answered in the negative same day as received. C. W., August 4th, 188—" this postscript ran.

"August." Only a month before he died! tears filled Honoria's eyes as she glanced down this, probably the last communication replied to ere she lost him. But before the tears could fall, another expression than that of grief, one of intense amazement, incredulity, fear, swept over her countenance.

White and scared she stumbled to her father's seat, by the old library table, and, with her head leaning dizzily on her trembling hands, read over and over again words which utterly confounded her.

"You must be conscious, my dear brother," ran the lines addressed to Cyprian Wentworth, to him whom she had called "Father," who to the best of her knowledge had no tie of kindred but herself—"You must be conscious sometimes, I think, that the course you elected to take towards Hester and myself has been a harsh one. We have both of us made close acquaintance with poverty since that week when you gave us our mother's small portion, and told us that of your own far larger inheritance we should have no share whatever, come what might. But neither of us would have asked you to recant a syllable, as far as money goes, for our own sakes alone. It is for our children that I now write, spokeswoman for all, for Hester has long been invalided; and for their young and unoffending sakes I ask, Will you not recall the sentence of six-and-twenty years ago? Will you not put out a helping hand ever so little to them, if not to us your sisters, who surely, in the struggles of our widowed lives, have paid heavily for having thwarted your wishes concerning them? Will you not (I must say as I once used), 'dear Cyprian,' give just a fraction of the wealth we hear you are amassing for an adopted daughter, absolutely an alien by birth, to assist up the first bitterly difficult steps of the world's ladder your own near kinsfolk? If you cannot forgive us mothers, will you not help our boys?"

"Answered in the negative," the old man had superscribed this earnest, if not wise, petition, as determined in his denial as when so long before he had bidden his sisters final good-bye on the eve of their marrying men of their own humbler loveful choice, rather than those whom he, the elder brother, the head of the family, would have had them wed.

"Answered in the negative!" Words surely repented of, like so many a proud utterance, when too late to be recalled. Was it of those he had been thinking, when through the mists of coming death he looked into Honoria's eyes, whispering with a last effort, "God forgive me! I have done wrong"? And was this other thing true? Was she no Wentworth? Had she no claim to Dernside? No right to those many thousands that clothed her future with a golden ease? Was that bond of presumed paternity, fond always, if somewhat strict, of daughterly obedience acknowledged with a willingness she had rarely found irksome, was all this a sham? She read and re-read that fatal letter, and thought intensely, turning back again and again to its accusing lines, till she felt as if this terrible secret just unearthed would drive her crazy if she pondered it longer alone, and yet there was no one at Dernside to whom she dared confide it.

Suddenly a thought struck her. A ring at the bell brought her own maid to the library. A hasty order fetched the now seldom-used brougham to the door. At sight of this, Mrs. Crosbie, the rector's wife, who, with all her brood, had, at Honoria's request, taken up her residence at Dernside for the many months their parsonage was rebuilding, hurried to the hall from her own wing of the old house, asking what journey its young mistress was now bound on.

"Only to Rotherfield," pale Honoria answered. "I have been looking over—over papa's papers——"

"And vexing yourself, poor child," said Mrs. Crosbie, putting her arm round her as they walked to the carriage.

"And I want to consult Mr. Dean about something." Then on her six-mile drive she was soon speeding.

It was evening when she came back, and this is what she had got for her pains. The story which sent her questioning to Rotherfield was absolutely true, though not a single person living at Dernside had suspected it. Native of a Southern home, Mr. Wentworth's family affairs had been a sealed book to his neighbours, where he had purchased his property twelve years before. Only to his lawyer, and to him but recently, when his last will had been made, had it been known that his brief married life, passed chiefly on the Continent, had been childless, and that Honoria, inheritress of all he possessed, was but the daughter of a young officer and a pretty penniless girl whom he had persuaded to make a runaway match from school. But so it was: Mr. Wentworth, always a man of impulse, had chanced on the young couple when the girl-mother was dying, her husband just ordered abroad to the active service in which he fell. The child, whose very existence was a load of pain to the young parents, he adopted from its infancy, giving it his name, making it his own by every possible legal tie, and spending on it all the tenderness of a disposition which knew well how to be kind if not opposed.

This much Honoria had extracted from her unwilling informer, who reiterated as she left him, "Pray, pray remember, Miss Wentworth, remember your supposed father had every right to do as he chose with his fortune. By *his* father's last testament, the choice of adding to his two sisters' dower was distinctly left in his own hands. If they married in defiance of his wishes, they had no right to expect an extra farthing. It is as much yours as if you had been his very own child. Now don't let this discovery, which need travel no farther than ourselves, trouble you."

A very easy injunction that, but one totally impracticable, as so many more given by outsiders to mental and physical patients. Shocked and distressed one moment, indignant at the long deception practised on her, angry with him who had initiated it, the next blaming herself poignantly for daring to think ill of her imagined father, her unquestionable benefactor, Honoria drove back to Dernside in a whirl of emotion, that made her pretext of over-fatigue no mere excuse for not joining the party down-stairs at dinner or after on the moon-lit lawn.

"My head does ache so," she said to anxious Mrs. Crosbie, who hastened to her, "I am best alone."

"But we are all so sorry," answered her friend—"be better; quite yourself to-morrow, dear. Hubert Grahame said how pale you looked when he passed you in the avenue. He—we shall all miss you so."

Another curious pang shot through the girl at this. The Hubert Grahame that Mrs. Crosbie spoke of was a young surgeon, a good friend to Jack Crosbie, who had lately gone up to the London hospitals, and had thence written a few weeks before to his mother—

"Grahame is a capital fellow. He has kept me out of scrapes no end. He's been taking double duties; I think his people are poorish, and he's hipped now and done up with over-work, so I want you to ask him to Dernside for a good long while."

To Dernside, accordingly, the young man had come, surprised when he found it was the Hall and not the Rectory where he was to be located, and treating Miss Wentworth when he met her with a reserved courtesy, which she had fancied due to shyness, and had taken pleasure in breaking down by a frank kindliness peculiarly her own.

That was a dangerous experiment. At times Hubert Grahame fell under the fascinations of Honoria's charming manner; at others he would keep aloof, marking by some few little words perhaps the difference between him, a young unpropertied professional man, and her, the owner of Dernside. Whether he cared for her as (alas, poor rich girl!) she grew to care for him she hardly knew; now in her new dilemma she tried to persuade herself his liking was only that of a friend; then what she had to do would not hurt him as it must hurt her.

For while she lay awake that night, and through the next day when she kept to her own rooms, Honoria found what lay before her in justice to her so-called father's kindred, in justice to herself.

Those women fighting and fencing through the world for their children's sake, should find rest and relief at last. She must take her turn at life's shadier side now. Ease was delightful, wealth natural to her; but she must have done with these. And should she (there lay the sting that made her shudder so), must she have done with something else, new to her hopes, sweeter than both? would that too follow in the track of all her other riches?

Fair and slender, and girlish as Honoria seemed, there was plenty of courage in her composition. The second morning after that transforming mystery had burst on her, she wrote two letters—one to Mr. Dean, another to "Geraldine Corbette," the sister whose entreaties Mr. Wentworth had "answered in the negative:" then, with sketching-block in hand, she went forth from the house, dreading and yet desiring to face the hardest piece of work necessity forced on her.

The younger Crosbies were playing on the lawn, clamouring loudly that they were so glad she had come out again. Swinging a pair of them in a hammock stood Hubert Grahame, watching her, she knew, as she passed through the garden, down the footpath to the grey wall by the stream, where she so often sat. Would he follow her as he so often did? No; the young man was turning in-doors, with a sigh and a few words to his hostess, which he felt impelled then and there to utter.

"My holiday ought to be up, Mrs. Crosbie. I must be leaving you directly."

To which the lady, covertly amused, for she fancied she read through the young people's secret, and wished her rich girl friend no better husband than this young man, poor though he was, answered demurely—

"Well, well, you're not in such a hurry, are you, that you cannot spare a little while to shelter Miss Wentworth from sunstroke? Here"—catching up a Japanese umbrella—"hold this over her, pray, while

"NOW WAS HER OPPORTUNITY."

"ONLY A TENTH" (p. 343).

she paints, and we will talk about your departure at lunch-time;" so, not to be churlish, Mr. Grahame was forced to act on her suggestion.

But he went reluctantly, such a mixture of feelings seething within him as made him strangely uncompanionable, even when he reached the spot where the artist worked; and she, embarrassed more sorely than he suspected, was very silent too. For minutes, that seemed an hour to both, she sedulously painted on at the view before them—the river, the woods, her home standing in stately comfort among clusters of beech and pine—then said he, with a curious hard ring in his voice—

"How is it, Miss Wentworth, that you, having the substance of these good things, desire the shadow also? Is not the better part enough for you?"

Now was her opportunity, but she trembled as she seized it. Drawing back near him, but standing so that he could not see her face, she answered—

"I am wanting the shadow, Mr. Grahame, because"—for an instant she faltered—"because the substance, as you call it, is mine no longer."

He looked towards her in mute astonishment, inclined to spring over the intervening barrier, to see if her features told him what she meant more plainly than her words.

"Yours no longer!" he repeated blankly; "Miss Wentworth, I don't understand you. Who can take Dernside from you?"

"No one, perhaps," she answered, her voice calm, though her heart beat fast. "But I can put it from me. Mr. Grahame, you shall be the first to know what in a day or two the whole place will be wondering over. Mr. Wentworth was not my father. I am only an interloper at Dernside. His closest kindred ought to be here instead of me. And here a little while I trust will see them. I will not, I cannot keep the place, nor my—my—nor *his* money. Some, not much, I think the rightful owners will not grudge me, and with that I mean to go away, very soon."

The tears she had long held back began to fall. The comfort she may, irrationally perhaps, have been counting upon, failed her in that troublous moment. Hubert Grahame stood awhile dumbfoundered, then he stammered forth—

"Miss Wentworth, think twice of this. Don't give up from overstrained delicacy a fortune such as you can never hope to find again."

She shook her head. "It is right," she said, "and I must do it."

"It is rash," he urged, "and surely, oh, surely not needful! I can't, I"—desperately—"I must not say too much. But you ought to abide by Mr. Wentworth's last wish, his last provision for you."

"By his very last wish, one that he could not utter, yes," she sadly returned. "Now I know what his last words meant. Those are what I have to act upon, Mr. Grahame; the sooner the better. So——" she hesitated; the chill of a fresh disaster was settling upon her. "This sketch is what I take away from Dernside when I leave it, poor—not rich."

She waited and waited, the sweet steadfast face growing whiter and whiter as she found she would have to wait in vain.

"You ought not to do it," was all Mr. Grahame said; and then furling the sunshade hurriedly, he lifted his hat and strode back to Dernside, packed his portmanteau, and was off townward before she regained the house.

It was only her fortune he had cared for then; only her fortune!

That was the keenest grief that Honoria bore away with her, one brief week afterwards. Then escaping from the chorus of scandalised astonishment in the neighbourhood, she too left Dernside, expecting, nay, hoping, never to see it more.

* * * * * *

By help of Mr. Dean she traced her mother's relatives, and among them, for months which dragged themselves into a long year, found a temporary home. But none of them were rich. The income she consented to retain was insufficient to purchase her a welcome. Under their roofs she felt what she was, an alien, a stranger. One worthy man, a curate cousin, could only house her when his children were at school. Another, a naval captain, proposed taking her to Hong-Kong with him on his next voyage. "It was such a capital place for getting girls married in, and his wife didn't want a permanent boarder, you know!" Two old maiden ladies, second cousins, "could have her when they didn't require fires, when she could sit in her own room a great deal;" but from place to place and pillar to post as poor Honoria went, she was made to feel that with her rich upbringing and her present almost poverty (for which last her new-found kinsfolk unanimously blamed her) she was out of harmony with such kindred as she had, a very waif, without haven in sight into which she might hope to drift.

This knowledge, backed by another secret pain, was making her—not morose, for nothing of that sort was in her nature—but unspeakably sad, when in her second desolate winter she made a brave effort to shake off the bondage of this depression, and step out into some occupation that should deaden her past.

"I must find work of some sort: will you help me?" she asked her curate cousin.

"Work!" he repeated dubiously; "you are not strong enough for that, Honoria; you should have thought of that before you cast away what Providence——"

"Oh, hush!" she wearily implored. "I must be able to do something; at least I'll try. What is it, little man?" as the curate's youngest, number seven, trotted to her side.

"Ze posman dave me dis," said little Beau, and "dis" was a letter to Honoria, running thus—

"DERNSIDE,
"December 20, 188—

"DEAR MISS WENTWORTH,—As we hear by inquiries that you are not yet particularly settled as to residence, I write now for my sister and myself, begging you will come and spend Christmas in the home you so generously renounced to us and ours. Our children are gathering about us during this month. Believe me, we shall all feel the new year begin more happily for your presence among us; and I

sincerely trust we shall, in some way, be able to repay you for the trial which a return to Dernside may at first prove. At any rate, let us try. Do not grieve us by refusal, but come quickly to

"Yours most truly,

"Geraldine Corbette."

Such a yearning sprang up in her to see the old place once more, she quelled her first proud rebellious inclination to refuse, and went. And this is how she was met.

The evening was closing, stars frostily shining overhead, the house glowing with many lights from within, as she was driven up. At the wide-open door a kind motherly face smiled welcome on her, and one of Cyprian Wentworth's sisters led her to another widow lady, who kissed her and thanked her, with an emotion which was very catching, for all she had given them back, and bade her go warm herself after her long drive, in the library, and see if she could find no one else among them whom she knew.

To the library then she went, and lo! in the sparkling light of the old yew logs stood—Hubert Grahame!

He, hurrying to meet her, took first one hand, and finding that was shaking, then the other; then, since she seemed nowise less nervous, boldly steadied her trembling figure with his two strong arms, and made confession of much which, until now, had been incomprehensible.

"I found, when first I came to the Crosbies, that like them you knew nothing of us Grahames, or that my mother was one of the discarded sisters. So I thought I would stay on, and see what our supplanter was like. I started with trying hard not to like you, but that soon came to an end; I could not manage it. Then I stopped when I ought to have gone away, and grew to love you more and more. But I'd never have told it while you were my uncle's heiress, and we were all so poor; and most and best I loved you when you were in such trouble, and I felt I ought to bid you keep the whole of Dernside; and yet, for my mother's sake and all the others, I was torn two ways at once. And, sweetheart, Honor, if you've not learned to think me a poltroon, will you have me now? I had not enough to dare to ask you then. But I'm getting on; I don't think we shall be so very poor. Last month a rather great gun took me for his partner. And a little bit of your own will be yours again. There are four of us Grahames, six sons and daughters of Aunt Geraldine. So you will take a tenth of your fortune back with me, Honoria. Is it worth having?"

Worth having! She clings to him as they stand there in the red firelight; "worth having!" Ah!—with him, worth all the other ten times told, she says.

HOW TO SECURE FLOWERS EIGHT MONTHS IN THE YEAR.

THE open flower garden occupies us very largely this month. In its opening week our small greenhouse, the nursery for the winter of our entire stock of bedding-out plants, seemed very likely crowded to overflowing; and should a chilly April have rendered it more prudent to retain our stock still under glass to the end of the month, we must forthwith commence at once the hardening-off process. At the best of seasons it must have always been noticed that bedding-out plants taken, albeit in weather we think quite hot, from the greenhouse to the open beds, after a single night's exposure look terribly thrown back; and perhaps some fine promising head of flower shows symptoms of turning nearly black instead of breaking into early bloom. The truth is, flowers, even the hardiest of them, like ourselves, are apt "to take cold" if exposed to sudden and violent changes. Hence, then, the great importance of this hardening-off process. The best plan, then, is to transfer a large and the hardiest assortment of your bedding-out plants from your greenhouse to your tool-house, shed, or any locality partially under cover; or something of the kind could be readily improvised by means of a few strong stakes and some matting or tarpauling. A little rough or partial protection for the first few nights wonderfully inures plants to their change; and a few precautions of this kind will, after awhile, prepare your bedding-out plants to face all the strange vicissitudes of an English summer.

Our object from the first of May is to keep up a brilliant show of flowers for at least six months in the open garden. But, indeed, taking into consideration our bulb show, we ought to have plenty of colour in our beds for seven or eight months of the year—that is, from the crocus and hyacinth months down to the dahlia and chrysanthemum show in the autumn. How, then, do we go about this? This shall be our chief question for the deceitful month of May. We shall bring into requisition our greenhouse, our cucumber-frame or pit, our potting-shed, or it may be some lumber or garden-seed room of our house—any locality, in fact, that offers a half-way house between the heated conservatory and the open flower-beds. Now, of course, some time ago we had sown some tender annuals in pots: they should now, therefore, have a shift to the pots we intend them to bloom in. These we either place as near as possible to the glass in our greenhouse or put them in our frames,

which would be better still. And these, later on in the season, we could plunge, just as they are, in our flower-beds. Indeed, if we intend to carry out our resolve to the very letter—to have our open beds gay for two-thirds of the year—we should have had our hyacinths also in pots and plunged likewise, so that the very day they have done blooming the pots could be raised; whereas, if your bulbs had been in the open ground, you could not without fatal injury to the bulbs have cut down the foliage or lifted the bulb itself so speedily. Indeed, in the case of small gardens, or gardens in exposed situations, where flowers are liable to get an occasional check, the system of pot-culture is very advisable; and with some of our bright and pretty annuals we can thus work wonders in our open garden by successional and judicious sowing. And then, again, annuals are often of little good to look at until they are on the very point of flowering. By a little contrivance, then, we can have three or four sets of flowering annuals in one season: some we sow in the open as early as the middle of March; some we

also sow then in heat ; and some, again, we may sow in the open in the very first week of May ; these last will easily thrive, bloom, and cast their seed, all before the appearance of the first autumn frosts. A good deal of confusion of idea exists as to what really is a *hardy* plant. Some people imagine a plant to be hardy merely because it is exceedingly well known, grows quickly, and is to be found in most gardens; or again imagine that because a plant is a slow grower it is, therefore, non-hardy. This is all a delusion. The common nasturtium, for example, will blacken up on the approach of frost ; whereas a camellia will positively stand a degree or two of frost, and cast its buds if exposed to too much fire-heat in the winter.

There is another method of assisting plants to continue blooming, and that, strange as it may sound at first sight, is to gather flowers pretty frequently, whether for table or drawing-room decoration. Many particular gardeners are niggardly in this respect, and, in consequence, have to put up for a large part of the year with a plant that is little better than an evergreen shrub. Roses, for example, more particularly, if well gathered from the time of their first bloom in June, will go on blooming until late in the autumn.

All the better class of sweetwilliams may be propagated now by taking off the shoots round the bottom, and striking them under a hand-glass. Of course we select only the double ones ; but, indeed, biennials of every sort can now be advantageously sown. And then in this month of May something must certainly be said about the herbaceous plants which figure so prominently in the gardening system we have always advocated. We can, then, either sow perennials now, or, if we also intend to propagate them, by parting the roots; this we can do with any, as soon as their blooms decay. All our old friends, then, such as the penstemons, campanulas, columbines, lupins, delphiniums, &c., can be thus manipulated. When we part those that have gone out of bloom, we must not take too small a piece of root. Yet a piece with a good heart to it and some root will make a good plant afterwards, if you take the additional precaution of giving it room to grow, a fair situation, and a properly prepared bed. But still it is astonishing, and it has, doubtless, often been observed by many, under what apparently unfavourable circumstances some of our perennials seem capable of flourishing in a most respectable way. Who has not often noticed perennials in bloom along a carriage-drive, where trees and tall shrubs on either side half exclude the sun, and afford a plentiful drip into the bargain? In parting perennial roots, then, give at first plenty of water, and let the operation be just after the sun has gone down ; but take care to have the parting and the planting done at one and the same time, so as to avoid the risk of your pieces of root drying up. No particular care is necessary in sowing perennial seed. Sow in patches or drills, but thinly. The seed always comes up strongly, and thin sowing will give you, therefore, less trouble when the thinning-out time comes afterwards.

ON THE SOCIAL POSITION OF DIVERS ANIMALS.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

AMONG the many interests of travelling in far countries, few have for me a greater attraction than the singular difference in what I may call "the social position" of animals in divers countries. In Britain, for instance, there are comparatively few homes which are not shared by a moderate (very often an immoderate) number of dogs, of various sorts and sizes, while somewhere in the background we may be almost sure that one or more cats are domiciled. Then, is it not almost part of an English country gentleman's religion to follow up his Sunday luncheon of roast beef and plum pudding by going the grand round of the kennels, the stables, and the farm, lingering lovingly at the stall of each favourite hunter, discussing the merits of the various hounds, leading his guests in slow procession up and down the long lines of stall-fed cattle and beautifully-kept pigs and piglings, and gazing in rapture on the monstrously distorted forms of prize hogs, too fat to rise even at the approach of the squire ?

I confess I have no love for such, and am apt to shock my hosts by shirking this part of the Sabbatical routine, but I really have a strong feeling of sympathy with the poor Highlanders and islanders, whose humble fireside is often a true menagerie, for not only do the cow and her calf sometimes lodge under the same roof, in the outer half of the bothie, but the cocks and hens and pigeons all roost on the rafters, enjoying the nice warm peat-smoke which fills the house, and occasionally playful kids or a pet lamb have the run of the hearth, and live on terms of intimate friendship with the sagacious collie dogs. Across the channel, our neighbours in the Emerald Isle are, I think, apt to be a little *too* friendly towards their porcine pets, but there is no accounting for tastes ! In the same way, it seems rather odd in the Hawaiian Isles to see the women neglecting their babies, that they may be able to bestow undivided affection either upon small dogs or young pigs. The latter, when they arrive at months of discretion and full growth, are apt to be exceedingly inconvenient household pets.

Of genuine reverence for animals in its most wonderfully developed form, we had some strange glimpses in Egypt's memorials of the past, as seen in the splendid museum of Boulac, and elsewhere. But it was not till we reached India that we fully realised to what excess such reverence for living animals is carried—not till we were familiar with the bazaars

and temple courts of the strange beautiful cities "wholly given to idolatry," and had seen the patient corn-merchants submitting to the wholesale robbery of their property by troops of holy monkeys and beautiful white Brahminy bulls—the living representatives of the monkey-god and of the sacred stone, or bronze, or marble bulls, which receive such devout worship in the temples. Here, too, multitudes of most annoyingly tame crows come up boldly and snatch food from the children's hands; and innumerable lovely grey squirrels make their homes among the tiles, and play merry games all the day long.

But while Hindoo veneration is bestowed on almost all created life, some poor creatures are excepted, notably dogs and donkeys. Never shall I forget the dismay of our whole household of Hindoo and Mahommedan servants when my sister one day announced her intention of getting a donkey for her little boy to ride. The Hindoo, as a rule, is wondrously patient and apathetic—it takes a good deal to rouse him to a remonstrance, but this was too much. To think that the Mem-Sahib (*i.e.*, the feminine master) should dream of subjecting Charlie Sahib to such an indignity! It was a thing that could not be tolerated. Had she not many servants whose privilege it was to wait on the young master, and to carry him in his chair? But which of all these could she suppose would be seen leading a donkey?

In short, the household remonstrance was so vehement that she was obliged to give in, and substitute a little carriage drawn by picturesque goats for the offensive donkey. The Indian goats, I must say, are very pretty creatures, and have the advantage of being free from all unpleasant smell. As to the little black kidlings, no young creatures could be more fascinating or more sportive.

Next to the donkey in order of contempt ranks the animal which of all others the Briton holds dearest—the dog. To this there is no exception, no matter how beautiful of his kind, he is an unclean animal, and his touch would defile any one with the smallest pretension to respectability. Should he approach them while engaged in preparing their food, or should his shadow fall on it, they would throw it away; so only persons of the lowest caste will take care of one of these dear companions of the white man. Among my most treasured acquisitions while camping in the Himalayan forests was a magnificent puppy of the collie family—a true sheep-dog, of the only sort so large and so strong as to do battle with leopards in defence of the flocks.

The dog daily increased in stature and in beauty, till even the Hindoos of the plains could scarcely refrain from admiring this rare mountain dog, though impressed with a wholesome fear of the savage qualities attributed to this species. On one occasion I had to make a long journey across country in a "dawk gharry," the most villainous species of box on wheels, drawn by miserable post-horses (and Indian post-horses are assuredly the most afflicted of all their sorrowful race). Ramnee, as he was named, in memory of the forest which gave him birth, being a child of the Snowy Range, suffered greatly from the burning heat of the plains, so I promoted him to a seat in the carriage, greatly to the amazement of all the villagers.

Almost the only incident of any interest on that dull journey across the hideously ugly, dried-up country between Allahabad and the Nerbudda river was when Ramnee suddenly espied a great encampment of Yogis—*i.e.*, Hindoo religious mendicants—accompanied by a troop of holy monkeys, and really it would be impossible to say which were most grotesque, the monkeys, or the hideous, almost naked saints, with their filthy matted hair, ash-sprinkled bodies, and faces all painted in odd ecclesiastical patterns, symbolic of their gods.

For monkeys Ramnee could not learn toleration, so, ere I could possibly check him, he had darted from the carriage, and made for the camp. The terrors of a hill-dog—"Pahari-Kootah"—are so widely recognised even at this distance from the Himalayas, that the Yogis were in despair, and in a moment the camp was thrown into a state of ludicrous confusion at the approach of this cleanest of "unclean" animals. To their unmitigated satisfaction, however, he obeyed my recall, and the big gentle puppy returned like a gentleman to his seat in the carriage. Then they plucked up courage to approach, and demand a "backsheish" for the insulted dignity of their sacred monkeys. It is not always easy to refuse such sturdy and persistent sacred mendicants, but I felt that the presence of Ramnee was a real safeguard, so I forthwith put in a counter-claim for "backsheish" for my beautiful puppy, whereat they grinned and departed.

Happily, one Hindoo sect exists which is so universally merciful to all animals as to include even dogs. I allude to the Zains, whose creed seems to combine the teachings of Brahma and Buddha, and who especially hold the doctrine of transmigration so practically, that they look on everything that has life as the possible embodiment of some dear friend or near relation; consequently, all living creatures should be tenderly dealt with.

And here I must remark that for a race noted for gentleness to all manner of wild birds and beasts, the barbarous cruelties to which post-horses and waggon-bullocks are subjected are almost incredible, and altogether sickening to witness. When neither brutal beating, nor almost twisting their tails off, nor goading with a sharp stick can induce poor over-worked and half-starved beasts to move any further, and they sink exhausted to the ground, the persuasive method next adopted is to insert straw beneath them, and then set it on fire, when pain and terror generally compel the weary sufferers to rise and struggle on a little further. When at last they really cannot be moved, and are obviously dying, the bullocks must be left to their fate, for being sacred animals, it would be sacrilege to kill one, so they must be abandoned to the foul carrion-birds and jackals, that quickly scent their prey, and gather round expectant of the coming feast.

The reverence of the Zains takes the very practical form of providing asylums for all manner of beasts. Thus, at Bombay a great square enclosure of several

acres in extent is told off for this purpose ; and here, in long covered sheds, are housed a multitude of most miserable-looking creatures—lean, deformed cows, horses fit only for the knacker's yard, sickly monkeys and baboons, unclaimed cats, diseased goats, a dreary assemblage of wretched animals, which it would be merciful to shoot, but which are religiously tended by naked brown servants and priests, who recognise in these sufferers some possible kinsman (as concerns the real kinsman in human form, when *he* is nigh unto death, he is carried to the brink of the sacred Ganges, and there left to die untended, his sufferings being perhaps shortened by a large proportion of mud in the draught of Ganges water, which alone may pass the lips of one carried thither to die).

Even in the Zain asylum, though dogs are admitted and fed, it would never do to ask the other animals to associate with them, so they have a court all to themselves, where they lie basking in the sun, or snarling and fighting—the mangiest-looking lot of pariahs that could well be collected. In short, the only creatures which really look as if they were gladdened by Zain hospitality are the pigeons, that come and go at will, in joyous freedom.

The Zain owes little to foreign science. Before the arrival of white men, though he covered his mouth to avoid the danger of sacrilegiously breathing in insects, he could at least drink in peace from every stream or well. But in an evil hour a foreign friend invited a Zain philosopher to his house, and introduced him to the wondrous relations of a strong microscope. Each object seemed more amazing than the last; but when a drop of water from the nearest well was presented to his astonished gaze, then wonder turned to anguish as he realised that every day of his life he had involuntarily committed deadly sin, in swallowing myriads of living creatures. In genuine grief he implored his friend to destroy this terrible instrument, and to suffer none other to be brought to India, so that, as there could be no remedy, his people might at least be ignorant of their unintentional sin.

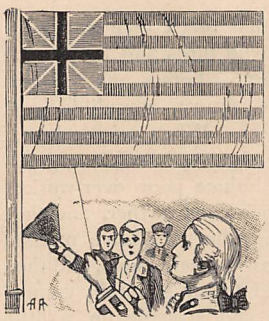
How the highly-educated modern Zain satisfies his conscience on this point I failed to learn, but as regards the reverence or abhorrence for divers animals, as exemplified by the various races in India, its reality has recently been only too well proved by the wide-spread scare amongst both Mahommedans and Hindoos, in consequence of the report that the supply of clarified butter was adulterated both with beef suet and pork fat, respectively abhorred by each race. Remembering how terrible were the results of a similar scare respecting the material used for greasing cartridges, prior to the Indian Mutiny, we realise that the stringent legislation to prevent this particular form of adulteration of imported "ghee" is a very necessary point of Imperial care.

As a farther instance, we must note the recent riot at Delhi, which was intensified by the sacrilegious casting of a dead pig into the great Mahommedan mosque—a mean method of defilement too often practised in former times by Mahommedan conquerors, whose favourite method of showing contempt for Hindoo idolatry was by the slaughter of bulls and cows within the temples, which were thus defiled.

FAMOUS FLAGS OF FIELD AND FLEET.

BY "NAUTICUS."

IV.



NEW STRIPED FLAG, 1776.

THE Stars and Stripes.—Early in the struggle for American independence the need of a national flag was insisted on by Franklin. The result of a conference on the subject was the retention of the Union Jack, representing the still recognised sovereignty of England, but coupled with thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, emblematic of the union of the thirteen colonies, in place of the royal ensign. This was the "new striped flag" which was hoisted in January, 1776. The illustration is a picture of the flag used on board the *Royal Savage*, one of the little fleet employed on Lake Champlain in the summer and winter of 1776.

The following theories of the origin of these *stripes* have been assigned. (1) They were derived from the national flag of the Netherlands, which then and now consisted of three equal horizontal stripes, symbolic of the rise of the Dutch Republic from the union at Utrecht. To the example of Holland the American Colonies were indebted for the idea of a federal union, and emigrants from Holland had planted the seeds of civil and religious liberty and education. (2) The army in 1775 was without uniform, the different grades being only distinguished by stripes or ribbons. The daily sight of these the only marks of rank would naturally suggest the same device for representing the united Colonies. (3) The stripes from Washington's coat of arms may have suggested those for the flag. They were certainly one of the devices on the flag of the troop of light horse which accompanied Washington to New York when proceeding to assume the command of the army at Cambridge, where they were first shown. And it is thought that these afforded a simple and inexpensive method of converting the red ensign of the Mother Country into a new flag denoting the union of the Colonies against ministerial oppression, while they were unwilling to give up their loyalty to the "king's colours," which were retained on the new ensign. It required

the addition of the "New Constellation" to render the stripes significant, and give a poetic life and national character to the flag.

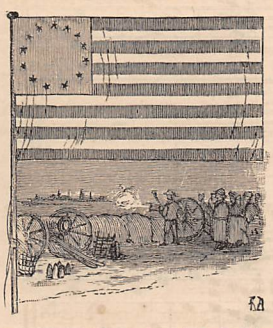
The origin of the *stars* has also been disputed. The earliest suggestion of the stars as a device, previous to their adoption in 1777, is found in the *Massachusetts Spy* for March 10th, 1774, in a song written to commemorate the massacre at Boston. In a flight of fancy the writer foretells the triumph of the American flag.

"A ray of bright glory now beams from afar,
The American ensign now sparkles a star
Which shall shortly flame wide through the skies."

In June, 1777, the Congress resolved that the flag of the thirteen united Colonies should be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; and that the union should be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.

The arms of Washington contained both stars and stripes, and the device may be due to this source. It may have been used out of respect to the commander-in-chief. However, Washington nowhere alludes to the connection, and none of his contemporaries seem to have mentioned the fact. The blue ground has been derived from the blue standard of the old Scottish Covenanters. Beyond a doubt the thirteen stripes and thirteen stars were unfurled at the battle of Brandywine, September, 1777, and at Germanston in October; they witnessed the operations against and the surrender of Burgoyne after the battle of Saratoga; and the sight of their flag helped to cheer the army amid their sufferings around the camp fires at Valley Forge in the ensuing winter. They waved triumphant at the surrender of Cornwallis at York-town, September, 1781, and looked down upon the evacuation of New York in November, 1783, and shared in the triumphs of the later days of the Revolution. The admission of Vermont and Kentucky caused a change in the flag, and from 1795 till 1818 it consisted of fifteen stars and fifteen stripes.

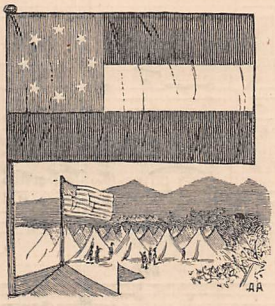
The admission of five new States made another change desirable, and in 1816 a committee was appointed to consider the matter. Captain Reid, a well-known naval man, made a suggestion, which was adopted, to reduce the stripes to the original thirteen, representing the number of States which contended for and achieved their independence, and to increase the stars to correspond with the number of States in the Union, and hereafter to add one star to the flag whenever a new State should be admitted. Each addition takes place on the 4th of July next succeeding the admission of the State. At present there are thirty-eight stars.



FLAG OF 1777—13 STARS, 13 STRIPES.

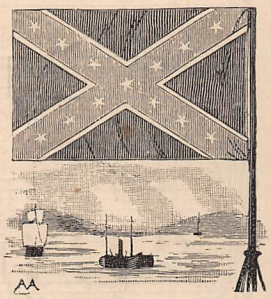
No regulations have been made for the arrangement of the stars in the union of the flag. In the navy they are arranged in parallel lines, and generally so in the army, but in private flags fancy runs riot. A gentleman counted in 1857 in New York nine designs of the stars, arranged as a large star, in a circle, as an anchor, as forming the letters "U S" and as the initials of the owner's name.

The Stars and Bars.—When the Southern States of the Union decided on war there was little desire to depart much from the old flag, and yet the necessity for distinction was felt by all. The wish was to retain the Republican colours—red, white, and blue—as emblematic of the great virtues, valour, purity, and truth. The flag that floated over Charleston in 1861 was of white bunting with a palmetto-tree in the centre. It is surmounted by eleven red stars and a red moon just rising. This flag was used also at Forts Sumpter and Moultrie. In this year a committee decided that the Confederate flag should consist of a red field with a white space extending horizontally in the middle, and one-third the width of the flag, and that the union should be eight stars, five-pointed, arranged in a circle on a blue field. This was adopted in the spring of 1861, and became known as the "Stars and Bars."



THE "STARS AND BARS."

This flag did not satisfy either those who wished to retain the old flag or those who desired to turn away from it altogether. In battle its use led to confusion and mistakes. General Beauregard designed a battle-flag in 1861. It had a red ground, with a blue diagonal cross with a border of white, and thirteen stars emblazoned on it, one for each State. The "Stars and Bars" continued to be used in forts and ships, but the battle-flag was used almost exclusively in the field throughout the war. It was known first as the "Battle-flag of the Army of the Potomac," but later it was always called the "Southern Cross."



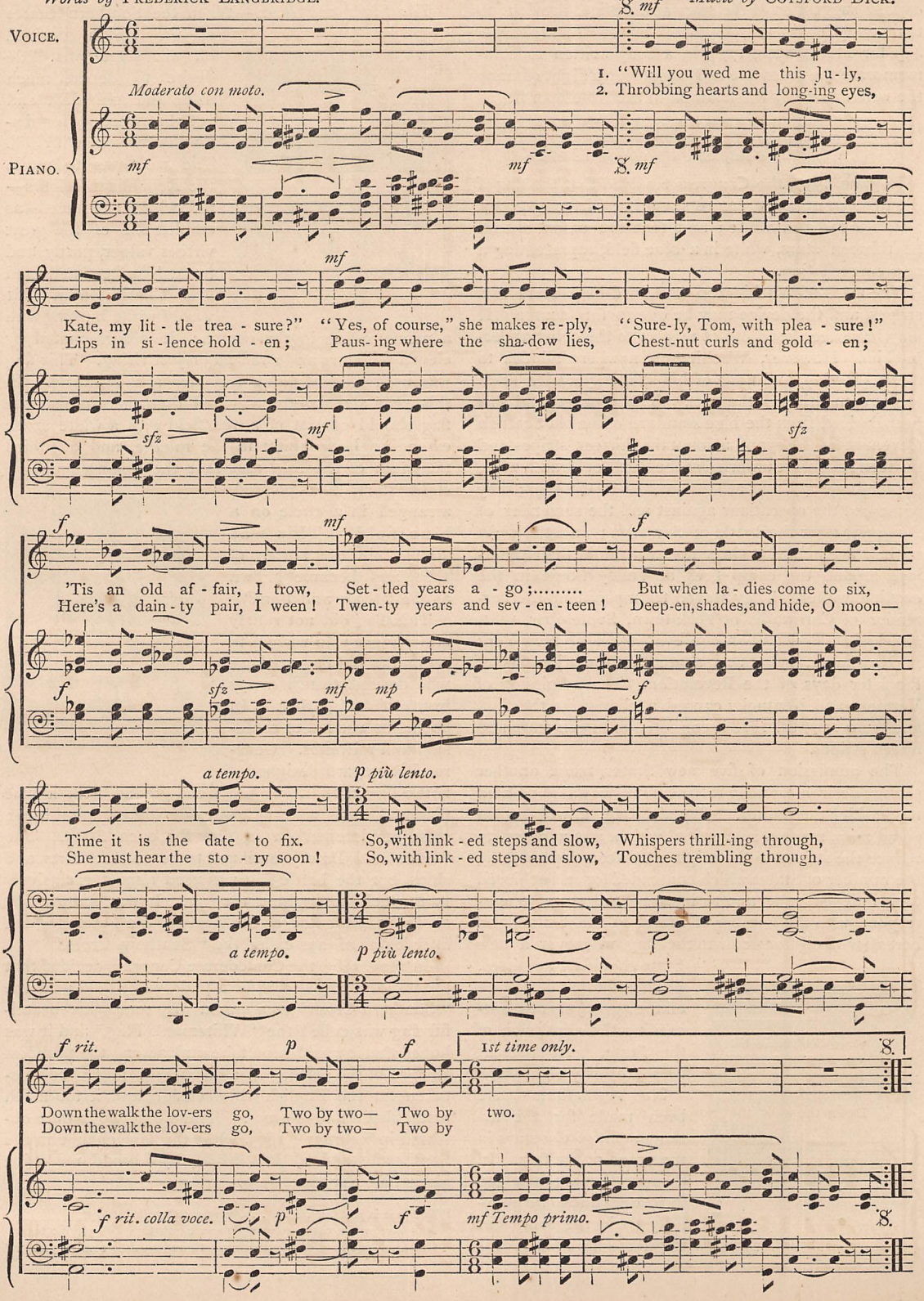
GENERAL BEAUREGARD'S "BATTLE-FLAG."

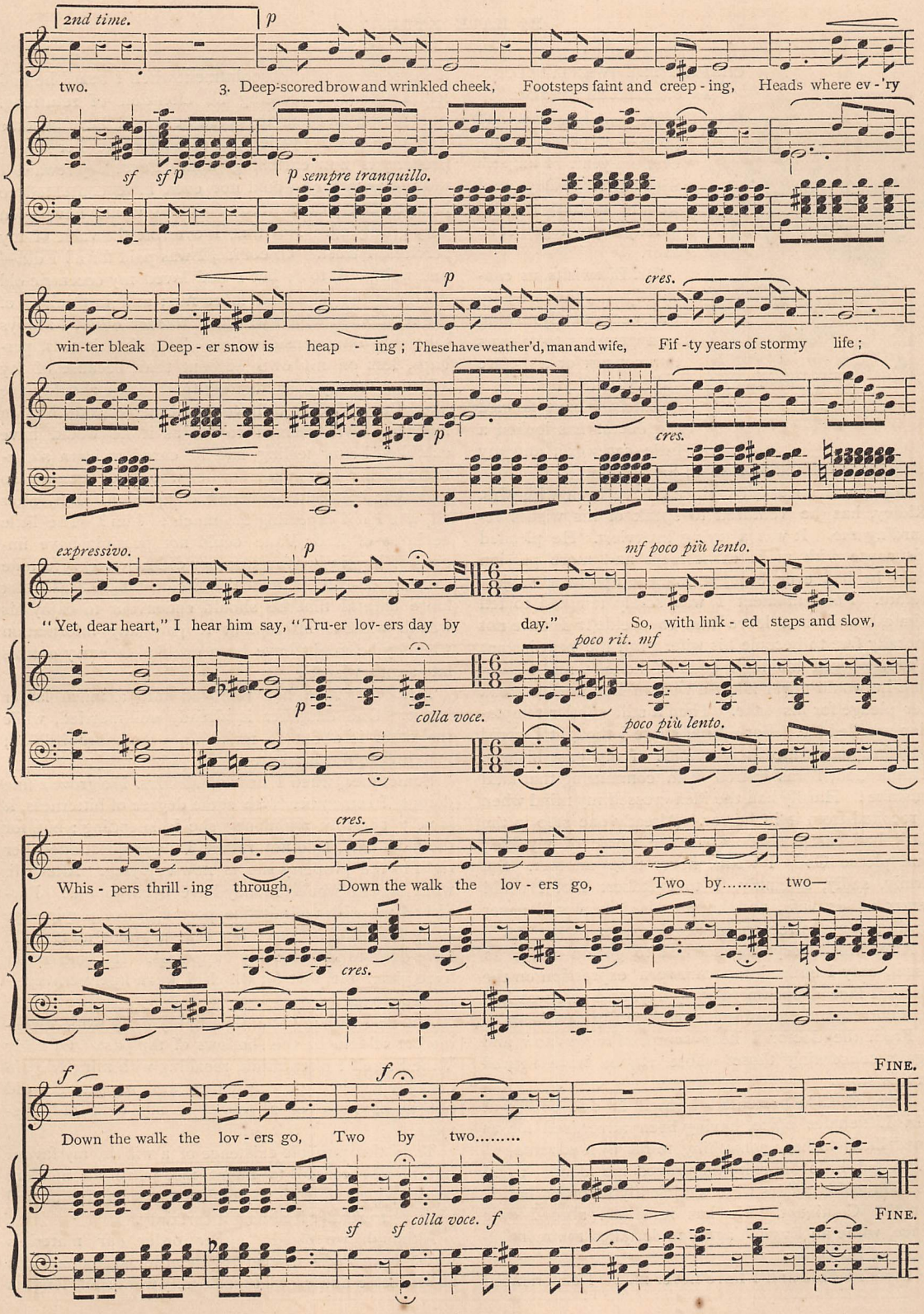
In May, 1863, the Confederate Congress decided that the national flag should be a plain white field with the "Southern Cross" as a union. By some this beautiful flag was called the "Whiteman's Flag," and it was hoped that it would soon take rank among the proudest ensigns of the earth. At a distance it might be mistaken for the English white ensign, and it too much resembled a flag of truce. These objections were obviated in February, 1865, when the last change in the Southern standard was made, by a broad red stripe along its outer edge.

"The past is past . . . . . why not the cause forget,
And have, while battle-stains fade out 'neath Heaven's pitying tears,
One land, one flag, one brotherhood, throughout the coming years?"

The Lovers' Walk.

Words by FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE. *Music by* COTSFORD DICK.




2nd time.
p
two.
3. Deep-scored brow and wrinkled cheek, Footsteps faint and creep - ing, Heads where ev - 'ry
sf sf p
p sempre tranquillo.
p
cres.
win-ter bleak Deep - er snow is heap - ing; These have weather'd, man and wife, Fif - ty years of stormy life;
p
cres.
expressivo.
p
mf poco più lento.
"Yet, dear heart," I hear him say, "Tru-er lov- ers day by day." So, with link - ed steps and slow,
poco rit. mf
p
colla voce.
poco più lento.
cres.
Whis - pers thrill - ing through, Down the walk the lov - ers go, Two by..... two—
cres.
f
f
FINE.
Down the walk the lov - ers go, Two by two.....
sf sf colla voce. f
FINE.

A STEP IN THE DARK.

By KATE EYRE.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

ANOTHER year has come and gone — a peaceful, uneventful year. I am still with Mrs. Ridley, and we are as busy and as quietly happy together as ever.

Dr. Birt visits us constantly in the friendly way, occasionally making arrangements to take us to a concert or a picture gallery as of yore.

Lately I have fancied the doctor has looked a little careworn, and my conscience feels ill-at-ease on his account.

Once, and once only, since I have been with Mrs. Ridley, has he ventured to speak of his wishes regarding me. It was a trying interview. He pleaded his cause with more earnestness and more passion than he had ever brought to bear upon the subject before. For a moment I was sorely tempted to tell him all, and then leave him to decide if I were not morally free to become his wife. But the next instant I remembered his high code of honour, and I knew that he would never allow a woman he loved to break her pledge for his sake. Then a still subtler temptation assailed me. For a brief space I thought I would let him marry me in ignorance of my past history. Thank God, I was spared from committing that fatal mistake! Hardly had the idea crossed my mind when I recoiled from it in horror. Already one step in the dark had cast a shadow over the whole of my life; but, please God, I would never take another. So, firmly, sadly, solemnly, I told Robert Birt I could *never* be his wife, and he promised he would never again ask me to reconsider my decision.

After this everything seemed to go on much as usual, only I noticed the careworn expression on the doctor's face deepening day by day, and as I watched it, a corresponding sadness stole into my own heart.

From the doctor I hear scraps of news now and again concerning those whose names have figured in this story.

Bernard Cole presented himself in due course at Mr. Littlehales' office, having been advertised for as one "likely to hear something to his own advantage." With but little difficulty he proved his identity; and as soon as his affairs were sufficiently in order, he left for the Continent. He has remained abroad ever since, while an English agent undertakes the management of his estate.

Bernard Cole and I have never met. I experienced a vague sense of disappointment when I heard he had left England, expressing no intention of returning. Somehow I had half expected he would have in some way recognised my length of service to her whose property is now enriching him. Pecuniary reward I did not wish for—would not even have consented to accept; but just a word of thanks would have been very gratifying. Not that I overrate the value of my services, I trust. Of course, I was paid for all I did—and well paid, too; but I had loved my eccentric old mistress, and she had loved me; and in thinking of the relation in which we stood to each other, I always take this into consideration. Therefore it was, perhaps, less on my own account than because of my affection for my dear mistress that I felt I should have liked Bernard Cole to have asked me to grant him an interview. It seemed to me as if he would have exhibited better feeling had he cared to learn something of his half-aunt from her who had been for so long that half-aunt's constant companion. But, after all, was I not expecting too much of him? The little he knew of Lady Vane could not possibly have impressed him in her favour; nor did he owe his fortune to her good-will. Under the circumstances, was it not more natural that he should endeavour to enjoy his wealth without attempting to gain any information whereby he might have been enabled to carry out his late aunt's wishes?

Mrs. Melgrove has removed into a much larger house. One daughter is already well married, while the other is about to make an even more brilliant match than did her sister.

Sometimes, when I hear of all Mrs. Melgrove's fine doings, I remember, with some degree of bitterness, it is very possibly *my* money she is spending; but, for the most part, I do not regret I never questioned her right to the property she is now enjoying. After all, what benefit would money have been to me? Furnished me with unlimited opportunities of playing the Lady Bountiful? Yes; but that is about all it could have done to increase my happiness. It could never have given me that for which I have lately craved—my freedom.

And so I turn my attention to my daily work, dwelling but seldom on the shadows of the past. Of Lady Vane herself I often think, recalling with mingled pain and joy her many eccentricities, and regretting I did not make more of a *friend* of my dear old mistress.

Thus the possible existence of a will in my favour has almost ceased to haunt me, when an incident occurs which so tends to confirm my suspicion of foul play, as to render it almost a certainty.

Although we usually either order our materials direct from Paris, or else buy them in large quantities at wholesale houses, we occasionally want short lengths

of choice satins, which we are obliged to purchase at fashionable West-end shops. One afternoon, just as I have, with some little difficulty, succeeded in matching various satins, and am about to put away my change, preparatory to leaving a celebrated shop in Regent Street, the sound of a well-known voice attracts my attention. I catch all peculiarities of voice and step very quickly, and my memory in this particular can generally be relied upon as a safe guide. Consequently, although the (to me) startling sounds proceed from a handsomely dressed woman sitting with her back to me, I feel positive that Carter—Lady

"Miss Glanville, madam."

"She lives at 17, Park Lane, does she not?"

"Yes, madam."

"Thank you. Good afternoon."

I follow Miss Glanville as quickly as I can, and gain Regent Street just in time to see Lady Vane's former parlour-maid step into an elegant carriage drawn by a pair of thoroughbreds.

I stand watching the carriage grow smaller in the distance, too thoroughly mystified to remember where I am, or what I ought to be doing.

"Why, Adrianne, whatever are you staring at? Is

"THE SOLICITOR LISTENS TO MY STORY WITH GRAVE ATTENTION" (*p.* 354).

Vane's former parlour-maid—is speaking. I listen breathlessly.

"You know my address—17, Park Lane. Mind that you get the gloves to match well, or else I shall send them back. I must have the things before seven to-morrow evening."

"Certainly, madam; you shall have them, madam. Is there nothing else that I can show you to-day, madam?"

"No; that's all, thanks."

The speaker rises. Eagerly I glance at her face. Yes, it is Carter, without doubt. Well and becomingly dressed, with just a touch of art to assist nature, she looks very different from what she did eighteen months ago, when she was in Lady Vane's service. Still, there can be no question as to her identity. I rise also.

"Who is that lady?" I have the presence of mind to ask the shopman who has been serving me.

there some weird figure in the distance invisible to all eyes but your own?"

I look up in glad surprise, to find Dr. Birt smiling down on me.

"Oh, I am so pleased to see you! How came you here?"

"I have booked seats for the Philharmonic this evening. Mrs. Ridley told me you had gone to Regent Street, so I thought I would come and meet you, in case you should loiter, and so be too late to go with us. But what is the matter with you? You look quite scared."

"I have seen Carter."

"Carter! Who's Carter?"

"Lady Vane's parlour-maid. The girl who was with her ladyship when she died."

"Well, what of that?"

The doctor looks so thoroughly puzzled that I

suddenly remember how I decided not to tell him my suspicion of Carter and her mother. It seems so natural to turn to him in every difficulty, I forgot for the moment I was talking to him in enigmas. As concisely as possible I lay the whole story before him, and conclude by asking him what I had better do.

"Communicate with Mr. Littlehales at once, is my advice, Adrianne."

"I seem to shrink so from raking up the whole story again. After all, the chances are, we shall never be able to prove anything."

"Mr. Littlehales will be the better judge of the strength of your case. You may be quite sure he will not advise you to put in a claim to the property unless he thinks you stand a fair chance of gaining the day."

"I am not at all certain, Dr. Birt, that I even want to succeed. There is a charm about the bread and butter bought with one's own earnings."

"True; a greater charm than those who have never worked for their living can understand. Although I have too high an opinion of you, Adrianne, to believe the possession of money would spoil you, still I am not at all sure I should feel happier on your behalf if all Lady Vane's property were yours. But it seems to me the question is not one which personal feeling ought to decide. If Lady Vane left her money to you, you—and you only—should inherit it. It cannot be right it should fall into the hands of an unscrupulous woman like Mrs. Melgrove and a man against whom Lady Vane herself had a strong prejudice."

In accordance with Dr. Birt's wishes, I present myself at Mr. Littlehales' office the following morning. The solicitor receives me very graciously, and listens to my story with grave attention, taking occasional notes.

"I don't remember Carter and her mother leaving. Did you mention the matter to me at the time, Miss Temple?"

"Very possibly not. Carter left in the morning, while you came in the afternoon, and I think it likely I did not attach sufficient importance to the matter to draw your attention to it. My suspicion was not aroused until some time after."

"Did Mrs. Melgrove have any opportunities of conversing with Carter while she was in Lady Vane's service?"

"I believe Mrs. Melgrove had a short conversation with Carter the last day she was admitted into Lady Vane's presence."

"I think you said it was at Carter's suggestion that her mother came to nurse Lady Vane?"

"Yes; we did not know of a suitable person, and Lady Vane was only too pleased to have some one who was not quite a stranger."

"Exactly. This happened after Mrs. Melgrove's short conversation with Carter?"

"Yes, the next day."

"Lady Vane was, up to the time of her death, capable of executing a will herself, I think I understood you to say."

"Yes; she was quite clear-headed about current events, and could write a tolerably firm hand."

The solicitor pauses, and appears to be deeply engrossed with his notes.

"I suppose, if a will ever did exist, it has probably long since been destroyed," at length I venture to suggest.

Mr. Littlehales goes on studying his notes for two or three minutes without appearing to have heard my remark. Presently he looks up.

"No, Miss Temple, I don't think the will has been destroyed. Carter can't dress handsomely, keep a carriage and pair, and live in Park Lane, for nothing. It strikes me she has kept the will, and that she produces it periodically in order to extort money from Mrs. Melgrove."

"But," I say hesitatingly, "even supposing Carter is still in possession of Lady Vane's will, she is not likely to quietly hand it over to us, do you think?"

Instead of answering my question, Mr. Littlehales inquires—

"I presume, Miss Temple, that if the missing will were produced, and you benefited by it without further trouble, you would not be anxious to put Carter into prison?"

"Certainly not. I should have a very strong objection to my name figuring in the daily papers. The fact, too, of Lady Vane's niece being implicated would tend to make me wish to have the affair settled amicably."

"I doubt if Lady Vane during her lifetime would have been very chary of her niece's reputation," replies Mr. Littlehales, smiling. "Still, I agree with you in thinking the secrets of well-known personages should not be dragged before the public if such exposure can possibly be avoided."

"Do you think, then, that there is any chance of Carter voluntarily giving up the will?"

"I have great faith in the force of significant warning with persons like Carter and her mother. I shall, however, give the matter my very serious consideration, and I will inform you of my decision. Probably Mrs. Carter is residing with her daughter. A few inquiries will settle this point. I shall then have all the facts before me, and shall be in a position to think the case out in all its bearings."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

THE FULFILMENT OF MY SOLEMN PROMISE IS AT LENGTH REQUIRED OF ME.

SOMETHING has at length come to pass—something that seemed not so very strange when seen dimly through the mist of mere possibility, but wonderful beyond expression now it has become an established fact. I am Lady Vane's acknowledged heiress—the actual owner of the whole of her ladyship's immense wealth, and, without doubt, one of the richest women in London.

Mr. Littlehales' plan answered admirably. He discovered Nurse Carter and her daughter were living together, and thinking the elder lady would probably be the more ignorant of the two, and therefore the more likely to fall a victim to his stratagem, he interviewed

her, throwing out broad hints to the effect that he was already aware she had stolen the will, and urging her, if she wished not to have to pay the penalty of her crime, to make a full confession and restore the missing document. This she did with many tears and entreaties.

The will Mrs. Carter delivered up to Mr. Littlehales was short, to the point, and perfectly legal.

"I bequeath all my real and personal estate to my companion, Adrianne Temple, as a proof of the love I have always borne her.

"I make no provision for my servants, having every confidence that Adrianne Temple will act generously by them."

This, duly signed, and witnessed by Carter and her mother, constituted Lady Vane's will.

On being informed by Mr. Littlehales of the result of his interview with Nurse Carter, Mrs. Melgrove admitted my claim with fear and trembling, expressing boundless gratitude on hearing no steps would be taken either to punish her or to compel her to make good that part of the money left by Lady Vane which she had already spent. How much of her gratitude was real, and how much was feigned, I will not commit myself by attempting to guess.

I may as well anticipate events by stating that Mrs. Melgrove and her unmarried daughters went to live at Southsea, where they both ultimately married retired naval men ; the eligible son-in-law, whom Mrs. Melgrove had been so eager to secure, having made off as soon as he learnt his *fiancée's* fortune had melted into air.

The only thing that now remains to be done before I enter into possession of my property, is to apprise Bernard Cole of the existence of Lady Vane's will. This Mr. Littlehales has undertaken to do ; and I have authorised him to inform Lady Vane's half-nephew he will be treated with the same leniency that has been extended to Mrs. Melgrove in the matter of past liabilities. Capable of intriguing in order to further his own interests, as I believe him to be, I do not suspect him of intentional dishonesty in reference to Lady Vane's property. It is, I think, very improbable Mrs. Melgrove ventured to take him into her confidence respecting her diabolical scheme for getting possession of part of her aunt's money.

Thus I wait day after day expecting to hear from Mr. Littlehales of Bernard Cole having relinquished his claim.

Meanwhile I remain with Mrs. Ridley, who is in the wildest possible spirits on account of my good fortune, as she is pleased to call it. The dear little woman will not let me put a stitch into anything, and does her very best to spoil me in every way.

Once she ventures to ask me if, now that I am such a rich woman, I do not intend rewarding Dr. Birt for his long waiting. With tears in my eyes I tell her I can never be Dr. Birt's wife, and that, unless she wishes to make me thoroughly wretched, she is never to allude to the matter again. She looks very puzzled, but kissing me affectionately on both cheeks, she promises it shall henceforth be a forbidden subject between us.

Mrs. Ridley's introduction of Dr. Birt's name sets me wondering if the doctor will continue so true a friend to me now that, in a pecuniary sense, I am so well provided for. Is there no danger he may shrink from seeking one whose wealth has made her a prize well worth the winning in the eyes of the world ?

The anxiety with which I look forward to my first meeting, after I have become Lady Vane's acknowledged heiress, with my very dear and much-tried friend, startles me by making me conscious of the priceless value that I have learned to attach to the doctor's friendship. My newly-acquired treasure seems so poor a possession compared to his love. If at this moment I were told I must forfeit either the one or the other, should I hesitate as to my choice ? Ah ! no, no. And yet, is it not selfish in me to desire so earnestly to keep Dr. Birt ever by my side, when I can never be more to him than I am now ? I shrink from answering that question ; I cannot bear the thought of being less dear to him.

In imagining my acquisition of wealth could possibly influence Robert Birt's bearing towards me, I wronged him. I might have known him better ; I might have divined that the man who, when I was homeless and penniless, had hastened to remind me that, rich or poor, I must ever be the one dear woman in all the world to him, would not be less my friend because fortune had favoured me. Dr. Birt was simply indifferent to money ; it had no power either to repel or to attract him. Adrianne Temple rich, or Adrianne Temple poor, was equally dear to him.

If the anxiety I felt, when I dreaded detecting a change in Robert Birt's manner, revealed to me something of the depth of my regard for him, the joyful reaction I experience on discovering my fears to have been groundless, brings that knowledge home to me more forcibly still. It is useless to attempt to deceive myself any longer. I love Robert Birt : not with the passionate rapture I once lavished on Clive Aspinell ; but with a deep, earnest, womanly love, which admiration of his many noble qualities has called forth.

Perhaps it is because I have so suddenly become aware of the true state of my feelings towards Robert Birt, that just now I seem to be constantly thinking of my eventful visit to Brighton, with its dire result. Be that as it may, my past sorrow has haunted me lately more persistently than, I had hoped, it would ever again have the power to do. Not only do my waking thoughts wander back to that memorable day when I solemnly pledged myself to become Clive Aspinell's wife, should he ever claim from me the fulfilment of my promise ; but even in my dreams I am never free from the dread of some impending calamity.

Night after night I see Clive Aspinell's face, his features relaxing into a supercilious smile as I plead for that freedom which he sneeringly tells me can never again be mine. Sometimes I fancy I offer him all my newly-acquired wealth, if he will but remove my bonds ; but the same cold satirical smile meets my every endeavour to shake off my fetters.

It is after an even more than usually vivid dream of

"'MY LENTEN LILY HAS NOT CHANGED,' HE SAYS" (*p.* 357).

this description that, as Mrs. Ridley and I are sitting together at breakfast, Susan brings me in a letter.

Glancing at the handwriting, which is, alas! familiar to me, I break the seal with much trepidation. I am in such a nervous state, the shock has set me trembling.

"Good gracious, Adrianne! whatever is the matter?" exclaims Mrs. Ridley, as she observes the sudden pallor which I can *feel* is spreading over my face. "Has your newly-found fortune taken to itself wings and flown?"

"Oh, no; nothing of that kind has happened," I reply, making a mighty effort to speak in my natural voice.

"But you have heard bad news of some kind, have you not?" persists Mrs. Ridley, too thoroughly alarmed on my account to hesitate to cross-question me.

"I don't know that I ought to call it bad news exactly," I say, trying my hardest to force up a smile. "The truth is, the gentleman to whom I am engaged to be married is coming to see me to-day."

"You *can't* mean Dr. Birt?" queries Mrs. Ridley incredulously, her face beaming with satisfaction at the bare suggestion.

"No, no, no!" I cry, my cheeks flushing with a sudden sense of shame. "Dear Mrs. Ridley, you must never again couple the doctor's name with mine. The gentleman whose promised wife I am is Clive Aspinell. Ours is an engagement of long standing."

"You had better get on with your breakfast, Adrianne," says Mrs. Ridley, almost sternly. Doubtless she is hurt that I have never alluded to the subject before.

"Mr. Aspinell wished me to keep our engagement a secret until such a time as there might be a reasonable chance of our marriage not being far distant," I say, by way of explanation.

"Of course in this instance, Adrianne, I am too ignorant of the circumstances which led you to consent to a clandestine engagement, to form an opinion as to whether you were justified in doing so; but I must say, as a rule, I do not approve of secrecy in such matters."

"Nor do I," I reply, trying to speak with dignity; but the attempt is a miserable failure. "Oh, Mrs. Ridley," I add, "don't be too hard on me! However foolishly I may have acted in the past, I have paid dearly enough for my folly."

"There, there, dear," says Mrs. Ridley, soothingly, her quick sympathy roused at once by the sight of the distress I am powerless to hide. "I, at all events, have no right to upbraid you. When do you say this gentleman is coming?"

"This morning; he says he shall arrive soon after his letter."

"Then I had better tell Susan to light the fire in the front room." So saying, Mrs. Ridley goes into the kitchen to give the necessary order, leaving me free to re-peruse my letter.

It is all a girl, long alienated from her lover, should rejoice to receive. In it Clive explains that his long silence was due to a series of misfortunes, which so disheartened him that, in his despair, he resolved not to write to me, hoping his not doing so might induce me to accept a brighter fate; but that just as his affairs were at their worst, came a sudden change for the better. Satisfied with having secured only a very small fortune, he hastened to England, being all impatience to ascertain if I had kept my pledge. Then he goes on to speak at some length of the rapture he experienced on discovering I was Adrianne Temple still, and free to fulfil my solemn promise by becoming his own sweet wife. And with many expressions of fondness he concludes by saying he envies the paper on which he is writing, inasmuch as it will be in my dear presence a short time before he will dare to present himself; but that it shall not have more than one hour's advantage of him.

A foolish, loving letter; and yet it does not touch my heart. Surely, I must be more fickle than other women—I tell myself—to read unmoved such words of passionate fondness, penned by the man I once professed to love so dearly!

Half an hour later I am waiting, with the handle of the front room door in my hand, trying to summon up courage to turn it. In another moment I am standing in the presence of Clive Aspinell.

"At last!" he says, and folds me in his arms.

Gently I try to extricate myself from his embrace.

"Are you not pleased to see me, dear one?" he whispers.

"I want to look at you, Clive; it is so long since we met."

He puts both his hands on my shoulders as he draws himself up to his full height, and gazes into my face.

"My Lenten lily has not changed," he says, scrutinising me narrowly; "or if she has, it is only to become more beautiful."

I do not blush at the compliment.

"Let us sit down, Clive, and talk matters over quietly," I say.

I motion him to a seat near the fire, sinking into the opposite one myself. An awkward silence follows, and I take to studying the burning embers. Then we both speak at once. He says—

"My word, Adrianne, you are giving me a cool sort of welcome, considering all I have suffered for your sake!" while I ask—

"How did you discover my address, Clive?"

"I had no end of a bother to find you; but that is too long a story to entertain you with now. How came you to leave Lady Vane?"

"Lady Vane has been dead over a year," I reply gravely. I am too confused to think how very unlikely it is Clive should have been able to ascertain my whereabouts without hearing of her ladyship's death.

"Dead! Is she, though? Well, we can none of us live for ever. What's become of her money, then?"

"Lady Vane left me the whole of her property, as a proof of her love," I answer solemnly, almost sternly. Clive's manner of receiving the news of my dear old mistress' death jars upon me.

"Good gracious, Adrianne! why, you're the luckiest girl in England!"

"Do you think so?"

"How can there be two opinions on the subject? But there, I can understand *now* why you are giving me such a cool reception. I little thought, when I forfeited my father's estate for your sake, that you would one day come into a fortune and hesitate to share it with me."

"My fortune has nothing whatever to do with it, Clive, and you know it hasn't," I answer hotly, with something of my old impetuosity.

"Then you do admit your feelings have undergone a change? It is only when the cause of that change comes up for discussion you are prepared to defend yourself."

"I am not prepared to defend myself at all, Clive. All I say is that my wealth has nothing whatever to do with it. The change in my feelings has been very gradual, and began long before I inherited Lady Vane's money. Why, the will in my favour has only just been proved; in fact, I have not yet entered into formal possession of my property."

"My darling, forgive me; I am treating you unfairly. I have not made sufficient allowance for the chilling effect my long silence must naturally have had on you. But I am so terribly disappointed. Ever since my affairs began to mend, I kept on hoping against hope that I might still be able to claim from you the fulfilment of your promise. Then, when I set out for England, knowing nothing need ever again stand between us, I did my best to keep my spirits in check, lest on landing I should learn you were no longer free to be my wife. But directly I discovered you were still unmarried, I gave full vent to my joy, for I did not doubt that you had been true to me in thought as well as deed. I even reproached myself for ever having dared for one moment to think you *could* have been false to me, and to your own higher nature, after having pledged yourself so solemnly."

"Oh, Clive! you thought too well of me."

"But I do not despair, even though you tell me the long years have to some extent effaced my memory from your mind. Now we are together again, dear one, to part nevermore, I will teach you to love me as dearly as you did in those madly happy days when first we met. Say, dearest, shall it not be so?"

Clive has risen from his seat, and is standing bending over me. I look up at his dark, handsome face, but somehow I miss something in it—something that my lover's face did either once possess, or else I deceived myself by fancying I could trace it.

"Oh, Clive, forgive me, forgive me! but I do not believe I shall ever again love you as I once loved you."

A swift angry gleam flashes out from the dark eyes. It is gone in a second.

"But you will let me try to win you back? I shall be quite satisfied if you fulfil your promise by becoming my wife; the rest will, I feel convinced, follow as a natural consequence."

"If you *insist* on claiming from me the fulfilment of my promise, I cannot refuse."

"That's said like my own brave girl! Darling, I have no fear for the future."

He bends down and kisses my forehead.

Involuntarily I shrink into myself. I think Clive notices it, although he says nothing.

There is a slight pause. I am hesitating as to what to say next. If Clive insists upon keeping me bound to my promise, I will not attempt to break my pledge; but there is still something I feel he ought to know: a further explanation which it behoves me to offer, let it cost me what it may to do so.

"Oh, Clive! for pity's sake wait a moment before you take me at my word; for I have not yet fully explained to you the position in which I am placed."

"What do you mean, Adrianne?"

"I think you ought to know that although I have kept my vow, inasmuch as I have refused to listen to the overtures of one who, I cannot doubt, loves me dearly, my heart has gone from me, I scarce know how."

I clasp my hands together nervously as I make this admission, and am painfully conscious of averted eyes and burning cheeks.

I feel for my locket. Surely Clive will demand the

return of that curious love-token now that he knows the whole truth.

"The locket! You wear it still, Adrianne?"

"Was I not pledged never to remove it? But you will take it off now, will you not? And oh, Clive! how can I tell you of my grief at my own weakness? I feel so bowed down with sorrow when I remember the bitter disappointment I have occasioned you: so heartily ashamed of myself."

"It will all come right in the end, dear: I have no fear of that. You'll see we shall 'live happily ever afterwards,' as the story-books have it."

It is my turn now to ask Clive what he means.

"Simply that I do not intend to let some feeling of mere sentimentalism stand between us. You loved me in the past, Adrianne, and I have no doubt that when we are husband and wife you will love me in the future. At all events, it will not be my fault if you don't."

"Then you will not release me from my promise?" I ask in dismay.

"I love you so passionately, sweetest, I *cannot* let you go."

"Clive, I solemnly pledged myself to become your wife, should you ever claim me. That pledge I feel my honour forces me to keep. I will, therefore, marry you where and when you will. But I have told you I no longer love you as a woman should love her future husband; that my heart does, in fact, incline towards another. I may also add I cannot understand the nature of the love you are so ready to profess when it permits you to accept from me so cruel a sacrifice."

I bury my face in my hands, bowed down with shame and sorrow. Am I more fickle than other women that six long years of silence should have wrought so great a change in my feelings towards my absent lover?

"Sweetest, dearest, so that you come to me, I care not what cruel words you add to your consent. How we shall smile, pretty one, when we are old married folk, over this interview! I fancy I can hear you say, 'Clive, how happy I am you did not take me at my word!'"

I dry my eyes, and drawing myself up to my full height, I exclaim—

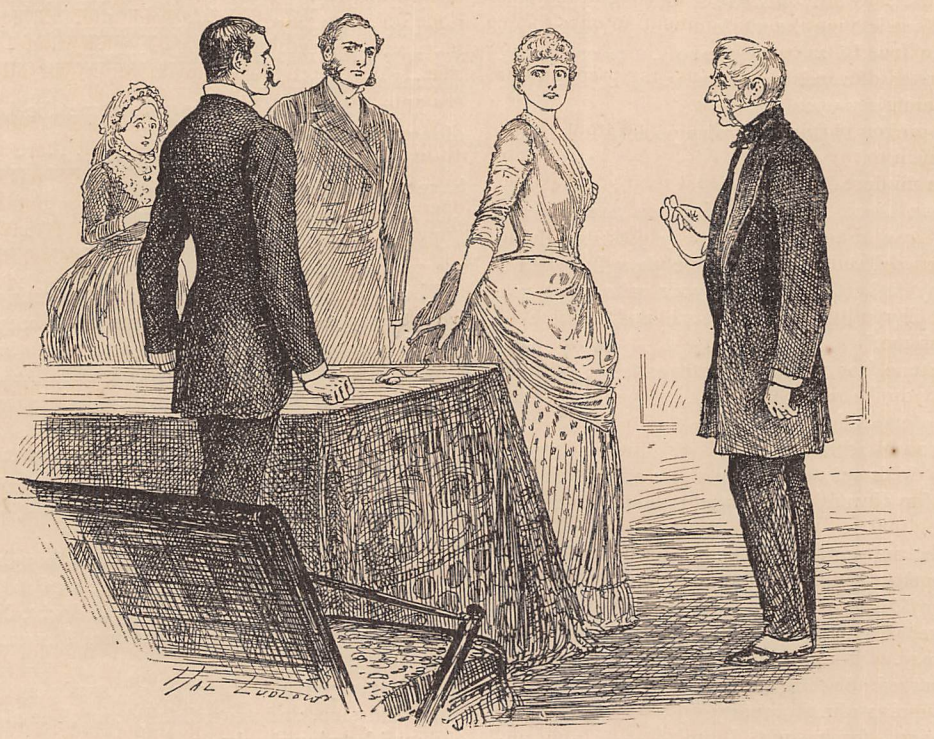
"I do not think you will live to hear me say that, Clive; nevertheless, I promise you no word of complaint shall ever pass my lips. You force me to become your wife, although you know I have ceased to love you; but when I *am* your wife, I will honestly endeavour to do my duty by you, short of the most important duty of all, that of loving you as my husband."

The flippancy with which my future husband replied to my earnest appeal has stung me deeply.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

CONCLUSION.

I AM to be married in a fortnight. Clive pleads for no further delay. If the fulfilment of my promise is



"FLINGING THE BROKEN LOVE-TOKEN ON THE TABLE" (*p.* 363).

to be required of me, I would as soon become Adrianne Aspinell in a fortnight as in a year, therefore I yield to my future husband's wishes.

Mrs. Ridley is astonished in a subdued way. She always speaks of my approaching marriage under her breath, much in the same tone as people discuss the repulsive details of a sensational tragedy.

I feel Mrs. Ridley's many kindnesses to me have laid an obligation on me to be frank with her. I therefore give her a brief outline of my meeting with Clive Aspinell, our hasty engagement, and romantic parting. She listens in silence for the most part, looking very grave. One question, and one only, she asks—

"Did Lady Vane know nothing at all of what was going on?"

"Nothing at all."

"I think, Adrianne, you should have taken her into your confidence."

"I do not think about it, Mrs. Ridley: I am sure I ought to have told her everything; and now the time for doing so has gone by, I know I have by my silence prepared for myself a life-long regret." Tears fill my eyes as I speak.

"Well, Adrianne dear," says Mrs. Ridley, as she crosses over to where I am sitting, "if your married life is as happy as I wish it may be, you will indeed be blessed."

Then she kisses me affectionately. She is trying to speak cheerfully now; nevertheless, her manner conveys to me the impression that her wishes and her convictions do not run in the same groove.

This is the only attempt made at congratulations. Mrs. Ridley is evidently in no humour to offer them, nor am I anxious to receive them.

Then Mrs. Ridley begins to discuss the preparations for my wedding.

"Where do you purpose being married from?" she asks me, much to my surprise.

"Why, from here, of course: that is, if you have no objection."

"From *here?* Fancy the greatest heiress in London being married from Hope Cottage, New Street, Chelsea!"

"It will be reality, not fancy: that is, with your kind permission."

"My dear Adrianne, I shall only be too pleased; but do you think Mr. Aspinell will like the arrangement?"

"Yes, I think so. He and I are quite agreed in wishing the wedding to be as quiet as possible."

Then I horrify Mrs. Ridley by informing her I intend being married in my travelling dress.

Although I have not entered into formal possession of my property, Mr. Littlehales has placed sufficient money at my disposal to enable me to make very extensive purchases in the way of trousseau, &c. Womanlike, Mrs. Ridley is anxious I should lay in a stock of garments large enough to suggest I must be labouring under the impression all drapers and ladies' outfitters intend giving up business immediately after my marriage. I cannot, however, force myself to feel any interest in such preparations. Were it not for Mrs. Ridley, I should not make a single extra purchase in honour of the occasion.

"Why, Adrianne, here's Dr. Birt, I declare!" exclaims Mrs. Ridley.

It is not that there is anything unusual in Dr. Birt's calling at Hope Cottage. On the contrary, he never stays away longer than a few days. Rather is it the dread of breaking to him the news of my approaching marriage that causes Mrs. Ridley and me to stare at each other in blank dismay.

"Oh, do let me go up-stairs," I say; "and, Mrs. Ridley, I think perhaps you had better tell the doctor what my future plans are."

"He must be told, that's certain; so if you don't like to tell him yourself, I suppose I had better do so, dear;" and Mrs. Ridley heaves a resigned sigh.

I creep up to my room, feeling like a guilty creature. I did not tell Mrs. Ridley I had long ceased to love my future husband; I knew by instinct all such information was better kept to myself. When, therefore, she tells Dr. Birt I am about to be married, she will not hasten to add it is honour—not love—which is forcing me to become Clive Aspinell's wife; and the doctor will naturally believe that all through the long years he has been trying to win me, my heart has been true to my absent lover. I cannot bear he should think this of me. I can see so clearly now how one deception has led to another: how by one step in the dark I have placed myself in such a position that, do what I may, I cannot possibly be true to the promptings of my higher nature. Oh, if Clive would only release me from my solemn promise! But I dare not hope for such deliverance. And, after all, has he not sacrificed everything for me? Ungrateful woman that I am, not to love him in return for all he has relinquished for my sake!

What an interminable time they are! Surely Mrs. Ridley must have told the doctor all there is to tell over and over again. Yes, I hear the parlour-door open at last. I lean over the banisters, but I hardly know why I do so; perhaps it is that I may see the top of the doctor's head as he makes for the front door. In another second Mrs. Ridley is coming up-stairs.

"Adrianne dear, Dr. Birt wishes to speak to you," she says, looking very troubled.

"Oh, Mrs. Ridley, he doesn't want to reproach me, surely?"

"Reproach you, child! You little know the doctor, or you would not ask such a question. His every thought is for your happiness. There never was a man so unselfish in his love. Oh, my darling girl, how I wish it had been he to whom you had given your heart!"

Then Mrs. Ridley kisses me in her kind, motherly way.

"There, go down now, dear; it is only for your own good the doctor wishes to see you."

Dr. Birt dispenses with all greeting, as is his usual practice when anything of importance is under discussion.

"Mrs. Ridley tells me, Adrianne, you are about to take a very serious step."

I glance up at the doctor. He is very pale, and his brow is contracted, almost as if he were in physical pain; but he is perfectly self-possessed, nevertheless.

"Yes, Dr. Birt," is all I can manage to say, as I withdraw my eyes from his face.

"I need not use any stereotyped form of words to convey my congratulations, because I think you understand me sufficiently well to know your happiness is of more importance to me than any other consideration in the world."

Again I merely answer, "Yes, Dr. Birt."

"You will not, I know, dear, think I am presuming too much on our long friendship, if I venture to offer you some advice."

"Oh, no."

"Mrs. Ridley tells me you do not purpose having a marriage settlement executed. That, in short, you intend the immense fortune of which you are now mistress to be under your future husband's entire control."

"I do not seem to care anything about my money," I say indifferently. I might have added, "Nor about myself either."

"Your engagement is one of long standing, is it not, Adrianne?" asks the doctor, suddenly, as if the question had been suggested by something in the tone of my previous remark.

"Yes; I was engaged to Mr. Aspinell two years before I met you, Dr. Birt." I cannot resist the temptation of letting the doctor know my heart did not first incline towards another *after* I knew him. Then I wonder if he follows my meaning.

"You loved this Mr. Aspinell when you promised to be his wife?" There is no mistaking the deep anxiety in the doctor's tone as he puts this question.

"Yes, I loved him *then* with all my heart."

"And now?"

"It is so long since we parted, I find it difficult to realise he is the lover who left me years ago," I reply evasively.

The doctor looks uneasy. He would, I fancy, question me more closely on this subject, were it not that he is placed in so delicate a position. As it is, he takes a turn round the room, then stopping short, he asks abruptly—

"This Mr. Aspinell never even spoke to Lady Vane about wishing to make you his wife, did he?"

"No; he thought it probable our engagement would be a long one, and it would be therefore better not to mention it. You must remember, Dr. Birt, when Clive Aspinell first asked me to be his wife, he was the heir-apparent of a large estate, while I was but a penniless companion. Since then, Mr. Aspinell senior has died, leaving all his property to a nephew, simply because his son would not be untrue to me." I offer this explanation, feeling that justice demands it.

Again the doctor paces up and down the room. That my explanation has not set his doubts at rest I can plainly see. I fancy he is divided between an ardent desire to protect my interests and a dread lest his affection for me is causing him to be unjust to his successful rival.

"Well, well, Adrianne, to return to what we were saying: I feel it is my duty to impress upon you the necessity for having a part at least of your property settled upon yourself. What is your objection to doing so?"

"I promised to marry Clive Aspinell when I was penniless; and now I am rich, I do not care to take precautions to protect my property."

"But surely Mr. Aspinell would prefer you to do so? I cannot understand any man of honour allowing a woman to risk so much."

"I really think, Dr. Birt, you are being unjust to Mr. Aspinell. I believe he is as indifferent to money as I am. He did not even know I had inherited Lady Vane's property when on his return to England he again sought me."

"Well, dear, I have advised you for the best. Think over what I have said quietly; and if at the eleventh hour you should decide to do as I suggest, remember I am quite willing to act as your trustee, if my doing so would be any convenience to you."

"Thank you, Dr. Birt. You are, and always have been, very kind to me."

"Your happiness has been my first thought for many a long year. God bless you; and now good-bye."

It was no exaggeration when I told Dr. Birt I was indifferent concerning my money. Being about to give myself into Clive Aspinell's keeping, and knowing, moreover, I must do so without feeling that reverential love for my husband which can alone sanctify such an act, I cannot bring myself to trouble about matters of less importance. Nor do I even so much as mention the doctor's suggestion to Clive. In fact, Dr. Birt is only once discussed between us.

"By-the-by, Adrianne," says my future husband, "who is going to give you away?"

I name one of Mrs. Ridley's old friends, who will, I think, kindly consent to do so.

"But you know next to nothing of the man. Why don't you ask Dr. Birt? An old personal friend, such as he is, would be far more suitable."

"Oh, no, no; not Dr. Birt!" I exclaim quickly. To be given away by the man I love would, I feel, be more than I could bear.

Clive looks at me keenly.

"Surely, Adrianne, you had not that old fogey in your mind when you spoke about not having been true to me in my absence?"

"Whether Dr. Birt is an old fogey or not, I love him with all the strength of which I am capable," I say desperately, making one last effort to escape from the penalty of the rash vow I took so long ago. "Oh, Clive! be generous, and give me back my freedom. Think how you are forcing me to commence my married life with a lie on my lips."

"What, allow myself to be beaten out of the field by a grey-haired old buffer like Dr. Birt? Not if I

"NOT UNMINDFUL OF HER WHO DID NOT LIVE TO SEE THE FULFILMENT OF HER HEART'S DESIRE" (*p.* 363)

know it. Dearest, I have waited for you too long to give you up so easily. I shall take pretty good care, too, he does not come to our dove-cot very often. He might interrupt our billing and cooing if he did."

There is an attempt at tenderness in Clive's tone, which does not, however, prevent me from being painfully alive to the coarseness of his remarks.

Thus matters go on until the day before the one fixed for my wedding. Then Dr. Birt again calls at Hope Cottage, and asks for me.

"Adrianne," he says, speaking with some agitation, "at the risk of incurring your displeasure, I have again come to urge you to have some provision made for yourself in the future. I cannot tell you how deeply I have this matter at heart."

"Dr. Birt, indeed it does not signify."

"But I think it does. To my mind it is of the very greatest importance. Ever so small an amount would be better than absolutely nothing. If you would have only five hundred a year settled on yourself, I think I could rest satisfied. Remember, Adrianne, the day *may* come when you will have nothing for yourself, and possibly for other dearer selves. As a personal favour to me, will you consent to a small settlement?"

"There is so little time now."

"That does not matter in the least. Will you be seeing Mr. Aspinell to-day?"

"He is coming here this evening."

"Very well, then; Mr. Littlehales and I will be here to meet him."

"But do you think Mr. Littlehales will be able to draw up an agreement at so short a notice?"

"He will be only too pleased to do so. I have just come from him, and he is even more horrified than I am at what he terms your inexplicable folly."

"You are both very complimentary," I say, trying to smile. Then I add, "Since you so earnestly wish it, Dr. Birt, I will give way, although I am sure I don't know how I shall broach the subject to Mr. Aspinell."

"That's right, Adrianne; now you are acting like a sensible woman." And then the doctor hurriedly takes his leave, having to make the final arrangements with Mr. Littlehales.

Mrs. Ridley receives the news with great favour. Evidently she is quite of the doctor's way of thinking.

All day long I am in a state of nervous excitement. What if Clive should be seriously annoyed at the arrangement? And yet it is, comparatively speaking, such a small amount. Surely he ought not to mind.

In the evening the solicitor and the doctor are the

first to arrive. Then we all—Mrs. Ridley, Dr. Birt, Mr. Littlehales, and myself—sit anxiously awaiting Clive's appearance upon the scene. There is a vacant seat by my side, left for my future husband to fill. On me will devolve the necessity of explaining to him the meaning of the strange assembly.

I am getting more nervous as the minutes fly by. It seems to me the clock has never ticked so loudly before. One or two spasmodic attempts are made to keep up a conversation, but I cannot collect my thoughts sufficiently to join in, nor can I disabuse my mind of the idea that the voices sound strange and far away.

Mr. Littlehales is the only one who is at all at his ease; and even he keeps rolling and unrolling a bundle of papers, although, apparently, he has no particular object in doing so.

I take in every detail of his appearance, little as he interests me. His thin bottle-green overcoat, his dark trousers, his broad-brimmed gold eye-glasses, suspended by an old-fashioned black watered ribbon; his lank hair, which is neither light nor dark, and seems incapable of ever becoming grey; his cold, expressionless eyes; his sallow, opaque-looking skin, which is so suggestive of parchment that a piece of red tape stretched across his face would not look out of place. These, and a dozen other details, I notice, while all the time I am rehearsing the simple little explanation with which, in a few minutes, I shall have to furnish my future husband.

Clive's knock at last! I give a start. Then I listen as Susan goes to the door. "Good evening," I hear Clive say, as he makes his way to our usual sitting-room.

"Oh, please, sir, Miss Temple told me to tell you she was in the front room," Susan explains.

In another second Clive has opened the door, and is standing in our midst.

He advances a step or two, then he halts suddenly. Mr. Littlehales has risen, and the two men are confronting each other. For a moment neither speak, yet we all feel *something* unexpected has happened.

The silence is at length broken by Mr. Littlehales.

"Miss Temple," he says—and although he is addressing me, he does not remove his eyes from Clive's face—"you have not introduced me to this gentleman. May I call upon you to do so?"

Falteringly I endeavour to comply with his request.

"Mr. *Aspinell*, did you say?" queries Mr. Littlehales, still, I presume, addressing me, although he does not cease to keep his eyes fixed on my future husband.

"Yes, yes," I say hurriedly, glancing from one to the other. "Is anything the matter?"

Then Mr. Littlehales turns to me. He is about to speak, when something in my face causes him to stop. Gently forcing me into a chair, he puts his hand protectingly on my shoulder.

"My dear young lady," he commences, and the tones of his voice express a degree of sympathy of which I have hitherto thought him incapable, "I am afraid a great shock is in store for you."

"Only tell me what it is; I can bear anything better than suspense."

Mr. Littlehales hesitates a moment, as if he were doubtful as to the words in which to convey his information. Then he says, very slowly and very distinctly, perhaps because he is afraid I shall not understand him—

"The gentleman who is standing before us and Bernard Cole, the late Lady Vane's half-nephew, are one and the same person. Do I make my meaning clear to you?"

I do not answer. I am conscious of the confused hum of voices, while everything in the room seems to be turning round. Every one is talking at once; and although Mrs. Ridley and Dr. Birt are bending over me, I am but vaguely aware of their presence, and I do not attempt to listen to what they are saying.

The first words that convey an intelligible meaning to my mind proceed from the man whose promised wife I am.

"Sir, you will be called upon to prove your assertion," he is saying, in a voice of suppressed fury.

As he speaks I bend forward to look at him. If ever guilt was written on a human face, it is written on Clive Aspinell's. But stop; Clive Aspinell does not exist; and the man who wooed and won me so long ago is Bernard Cole. I press my hands to my forehead, trying to make it all out.

Suddenly I spring to my feet, and, clutching hold of Mr. Littlehales' arm, I exclaim—

"If Clive Aspinell is Bernard Cole, he could not have left England when he told me he did. He must, in fact, have been in possession of Lady Vane's property until the will in my favour was found."

"The gentleman who now stands before us is certainly he who proved his identity as the late Lady Vane's half-nephew at the time of her ladyship's decease."

"Then he has deceived me from beginning to end; and I am free! free! free! Oh! I never even dared to hope for such deliverance as this."

In my sudden joy I break away from Mr. Littlehales and burst into a shrill, hysterical laugh, which the four corners of the room echo.

"My dear Miss Temple, do pray try to calm yourself. It is undoubtedly a fact that this gentleman and Mr. Bernard Cole are one and the same person. But why this circumstance should——"

"Then I am not forced to become his wife at all. How can I ever be thankful enough I have discovered the deception that has been practised on me, in time!"

Mr. Littlehales turns a perplexed face to me—"Surely, my dear young lady," he says, "nobody ever did talk of forcing you into a marriage against your will?"

"Yes, he did; he did! He forced me to keep the vow I had taken to become his wife, even although I not only told him I had ceased to love him, but I even went so far as to confess I loved some one else."

Wildly excited as I am, the sudden look of joy on Dr. Birt's face does not escape my notice.

"Am I to understand, Miss Temple, you intend refusing to perform your part in the ceremony which has been arranged to take place to-morrow?" It is Bernard Cole who is speaking.

"I will answer your question, sir, by putting another. From the first did you not view me in the light of a tool you could use to further your own ends?"

"Frankly—yes. But why dwell on this unpleasant little episode in our joint lives? You have pledged yourself to become my wife. Surely your sense of honour will prevent you from refusing to keep that pledge?"

As he speaks I tear off the locket and chain which he fastened round my neck so long ago, and flinging the broken love-token on the table, I exclaim—

"I have as little compunction in breaking my vow as I have in breaking the locket which you gave me as a pledge of your—love." Then I add, "I suppose I am to gather that you persuaded me into a clandestine engagement in order to double your chances of ultimately gaining possession of Lady Vane's money?"

Evidently Bernard Cole feels he has no longer a part to play. A look of deep hatred steals over his face as he replies—

"Precisely. Your mastery of details does equal credit to the clearness of your own perception, and the lucidness of Mr. Littlehales' explanation. Deeply as I regret the failure of my little scheme, I still have one cause left for self-congratulation. I shall now forfeit all claim to that inestimable privilege which the law of the land would have given me had to-morrow's ceremony been completed, viz., the pleasure of your society. I know you will agree with me that, however many noble traits of character we may each possess, we are perhaps hardly suited to each other."

But I will not linger longer over this painful interview.

At first Bernard Cole threatens me with exposure if I still persist in refusing to marry him. Mr. Littlehales and Dr. Birt, however, do their best to point out to him that he has far more to lose by such exposure than have I.

At length Mr. Littlehales draws me aside, and suggests that I should offer Lady Vane's half-nephew a small annuity, on the condition that he leaves England for ever, and abstains from all public mention of my name.

To this arrangement he eagerly agrees; and when the amount of the proposed annuity comes up for discussion, I offer to make it double the one hundred pounds per annum which Mr. Littlehales suggests. The solicitor rather demurs, but eventually he gives way with a fairly good grace. After all, Bernard Cole's handsome face did once catch my girlish fancy, and although not a vestige of the old love remains, I am inclined to act generously by him for the sake of past memories.

No sooner are Mrs. Ridley and I left alone than that best of little women insists on treating me as an invalid. For two or three days I am made to sit in the easiest of easy-chairs, or else rest on the softest of soft sofas. I am also forced to swallow new-laid eggs enough, beaten up in milk, &c., to stock a dairy. Nor am I allowed to talk on any but the most impersonal subjects.

Up to the afternoon of the third day I am very patient under this treatment. Then I venture to put a question.

"Isn't Dr. Birt coming to see me?" I ask shyly, trying my hardest to keep down my rising colour.

"He is only waiting to be asked, Adrianne. My dear, you have no idea how impatient he is to see you."

"Oh, Mrs. Ridley! why didn't you tell me so before?" I say reproachfully.

"Now, dear, don't scold me, because I did it all for the best; I was so afraid of any further excitement for you at present. And besides," adds Mrs. Ridley archly, "I dare say you will find opportunities for seeing a good deal of each other in the future."

I do not have to wait long before Robert Birt comes to me.

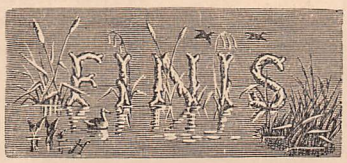
Only three words he utters as he folds me in his arms: *Adrianne, my darling!* But they are enough. What need is there for the man whose every act for the last four years has proved his devotion, to tell me that he loves me?

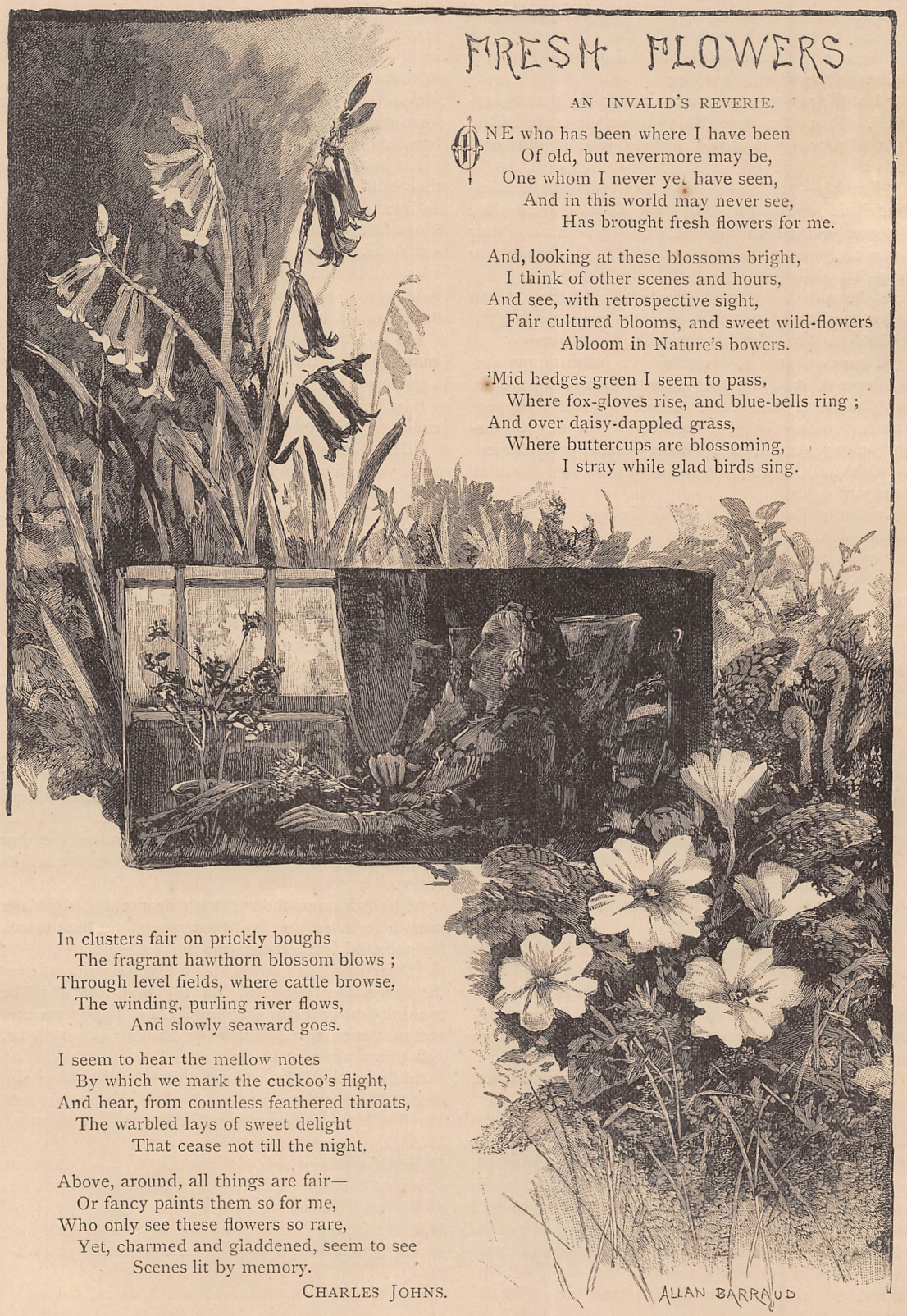
And in our happiness we are not unmindful of her who did not live to see the fulfilment of her heart's desire.

"Oh, Adrianne, how I wish dear old Lady Vane were here to wish us joy!" are almost the first words my accepted lover says to me.

"Dear Robert," I reply, and I linger a moment over the new name I am using for the first time, "I like to think that perhaps she knows how happy we are, and that even now she may be smiling down on us, although we cannot see her."

And who shall say it is not so?





FRESH FLOWERS

AN INVALID'S REVERIE.

ONE who has been where I have been
Of old, but nevermore may be,
One whom I never yet have seen,
And in this world may never see,
Has brought fresh flowers for me.

And, looking at these blossoms bright,
I think of other scenes and hours,
And see, with retrospective sight,
Fair cultured blooms, and sweet wild-flowers
Abloom in Nature's bowers.

'Mid hedges green I seem to pass,
Where fox-gloves rise, and blue-bells ring;
And over daisy-dappled grass,
Where buttercups are blossoming,
I stray while glad birds sing.

In clusters fair on prickly boughs
The fragrant hawthorn blossom blows;
Through level fields, where cattle browse,
The winding, purling river flows,
And slowly seaward goes.

I seem to hear the mellow notes
By which we mark the cuckoo's flight,
And hear, from countless feathered throats,
The warbled lays of sweet delight
That cease not till the night.

Above, around, all things are fair—
Or fancy paints them so for me,
Who only see these flowers so rare,
Yet, charmed and gladdened, seem to see
Scenes lit by memory.

CHARLES JOHNS.

ALLAN BARRAUD

THE BRUNSWICK GHOST.

BY THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

IN Brunswick is a college—the Carolinum — about which a curious ghost story was told in 1748, which created a good deal of stir, not only in the little capital itself, but throughout Germany. In 1746 there died in the college one of the masters, Dorien by name, a worthy man, who had always conducted himself well, and had discharged his duties conscientiously. He was a quiet, amiable man, who gave no offence to any one ; a man generally respected, alike by the masters and the pupils, and also by those few who knew him in the town.

On the night that he died he sent word to another master, named Hofer, that he particularly desired to speak to him. Hofer was roused from sleep, jumped from bed, hastily dressed, but arrived too late in the sick man's room to receive his communication. Dorien was at his last gasp. He recognised his friend, clasped his hand, and tried to speak ; but his words failed. He died without having been able to give his parting communication to his friend.

Shortly after the death of Dorien, the rumour spread that the dead man had been seen in the passages. But as those who pretended to have seen him were only pupils of the college, no importance was attached to the matter. Their testimony was regarded, and justly, on such a matter as this, to be undeserving of notice by the masters and professors. Nevertheless, the rumour continually broke out again, after short subsidence. The masters were vexed, and wished that the innocent and blameless memory of Dorien should be left untrifled with, and also undisturbed by idle tongues. If any man deserved to rest in his grave that man was Dorien.

However, in October, 1748, something occurred which roused attention seriously, and made the masters of the college suspect there was something real at the bottom of the strange reports that had reached them.

Mr. Hofer was walking, between eleven and twelve, through the dormitory corridor, to see that all the pupils were in bed in their several cubicles, and that all was quiet, when, as he approached the door of a room occupied by Mr. Lampadius, one of the professors, he saw the dead man sitting there on a chair, in his old dressing-gown, with a white night-cap on his head, the lappets of which he held together under his chin with his right hand, and so pulled the cap down as only to show the eyes and nose, mouth and chin. Mr. Hofer was so astonished that he stood still and looked attentively at the apparition, unable to trust his eyes, or realise that he saw old Dorien in spirit. He was somewhat frightened, and had to struggle with himself before he could resolve to pass ; but he did this, and went into the room of Mr. Lampadius, and shut the door behind him. He did not rouse the sleeper, but paused within a minute, and then opened the door and went out again. Then he saw the apparition seated as he had seen it before. He raised his lantern, and threw the light full on the face of the spectre ; but at the same moment such a sense of horror and faintness came over him, that he was for a moment unable to draw back his hand. After this event for several months the hand remained swollen and painful, and he had difficulty in using it.

Next day Hofer related what had happened to Mr. Oedern, professor of mathematics. Oedern, as a philosopher, and a man of plain common sense, laughed at it, and insisted that Hofer was either the dupe of a practical joke, played by one of the scholars, or that he had dreamt the whole concern. When, however, he was unable to persuade Hofer that this was the case, he offered to accompany him on his round next night, and either discover the author of the deception or convince his fellow-master that he had seen nothing.

Next night, between eleven and twelve, the two men made the circuit of the college dormitories together. As they approached the door of Lampadius' room, the professor of mathematics started, and exclaimed—

"Hallo ! that's Dorien !" Hofer said nothing, but opened the door, and went into the room. As he came out again, he saw the same apparition in the same position as the night before, and Oedern stood with his hand to his brow, looking at it open-eyed and with an expression of utter bewilderment. They both studied the figure for some time. The face was deadly pale, making the black beard look blacker than it was in life. Neither had the courage to address the spectre, and, without a word to each other or to it, they retreated along the corridor to Hofer's room.

Both spoke of the apparition next day, and several of the professors sat up the next and following nights in hopes of seeing Dorien's ghost ; but their expectations were disappointed ; they saw nothing. Oedern himself revisited the passage at midnight, but he saw the guest no more there, and he said impatiently to the others—

"Come, I've done my best to see the spirit ; if he wants me now, he must come for me. I will go after him no more."

A fortnight later, he was roused in his bed at an early hour, but at what hour he was uncertain, except that it was between three a.m. and six a.m. He felt himself shaken as if taken by the shoulder. When he opened his eyes he saw the same figure of Dorien, in his white night-cap and dressing-gown, standing between his bed and a cupboard which was about two paces off, against the wall. We are not told how Mr. Oedern saw it, whether by its own phosphorescent light, or by the light of the moon shining into his room. There are many small particulars in the story which are not detailed, and which might help us to

explain it. He raised himself in bed and fixed his eyes steadfastly on the apparition, which remained visible for about eight minutes and then faded. On the following night, at about the same hour, he was again aroused; but there was this fact, he observed, which had escaped him previously, and which, to our mind, is significant. He heard the doors of the cupboard creak, and sound exactly as if some heavy person were leaning against them. The figure he saw as before. This time he addressed it with the words—

"Go forth, thou evil spirit! Wherefore comest thou here to disturb me?"

When he said this the figure made signs of distress, shaking its head, wringing its hands, and moving its feet. Then Oedern began to repeat some of the hymns in the Lutheran psalm-book. The ghost disappeared whilst he was thus occupied. After that, Professor Oedern was left undisturbed for a full week; but again, at the end of that time, he was roused about three o'clock in the morning by a feeling of cold horror, and he saw the ghost apparently issue from the cupboard, and come to him, and lean over his bed. This was more than he could bear; the professor jumped out of bed, striking as he did so at the figure, which recoiled before him towards the cupboard, and then came on again. Oedern now observed that the spirit—like a true German—*had his pipe in his mouth.* The figure did not make any threatening signs, but nodded its head, and appeared to be friendly disposed.

Then Oedern, plucking up courage, asked—

"Have you left any debts unpaid?"

It was well known that poor Dorien had died owing small sums, and this caused the professor to ask the question. At these words the phantom drew back, raised itself aloft, and made signs as if it wanted to draw special attention to what it was about to say or do, or as if it wanted to give particular attention to what was being asked it. Oedern repeated his question, and then the spectre passed a thin white hand over its mouth forward and backward. The black beard, which was very prominently seen against the deathly-pale face, caused Oedern to ask further—

"Had you not paid your barber?" Then the figure slowly shook its head.

Oedern further inquired, "Were you in debt for the pipe, or for tobacco?" Then the ghost, without a reply, went back towards the cupboard, and disappeared.

Next day Professor Oedern related his interview to Councillor Erath, who was one of the four curators of the Collegium Carolinum, and in whose house lodged the sister of the deceased Dorien. He at once said that he would inquire into the matter, and if he found

"THEY BOTH STUDIED THE FIGURE FOR SOME TIME" (*p.* 365).

that there were small debts of this nature he would pay them.

The matter now became much talked about among the masters of the college, who, however, were careful to say nothing about it to the pupils. Professor Seidler, who had known and respected the deceased, and was a friend of Oedern, then volunteered to sit up the night with the latter. Seidler was a man of some note, who was chosen tutor of the Dukes Charles Augustus and Frederick Ferdinand of Saxe-Weimar. He died as consistorial councillor at Weimar, about 1778.

About five o'clock in the morning Oedern woke suddenly, and saw his unbidden guest standing, not as before, by the cupboard, but against the whitewashed wall. He did not remain long stationary, but walked up and down the room—if that can be called walking when his legs did not apparently move, nor was there any sound of a footfall. Presently he drew near the bed, when Oedern cried out, "Voyez! voyez!" Seidler, who was awake, looked intently in the direction indicated, but though he saw something vaporous and white, could distinguish nothing clearly. Then Oeder exclaimed, "He is vanished!"

The friends then talked together about what had happened, and Oedern asked Seidler if he might refer to him as an eye-witness; but this Seidler would not allow. He had seen nothing sufficiently to justify his being quoted as having beheld the ghost. Then Oedern said no more, but laid himself down again; and Seidler did not talk, because he supposed his friend wanted to go to sleep again. Indeed, he did doze off, but almost immediately was roused, started up in bed, began to beat about him with his fists, and cried—

"Go away! You have tormented me long enough! If you want anything of me, tell me so at once, and leave me at rest."

When Oedern was somewhat pacified, Seidler asked him to explain his conduct. The professor of mathematics replied that he had seen the spectre again, which had approached the bed, leaned over it, and then thrown itself across his body, so that he felt the weight oppress him. From this night forward Oedern always had some one in the room with him. He was afraid to sleep alone. Moreover, he now had a light always burning, which he had not been accustomed to have before.

This so far answered that he saw the ghost no more; nevertheless, every morning about the same early hour at which it had been wont to appear to him, he was conscious of a peculiar sensation over his whole body, exactly as if a feather-brush were passed over him. He felt no pain, but a tickling sensation. Also, occasionally he heard a creaking and brushing against the cupboard doors, or a tapping at his door; but these manifestations became less frequent, and at last ceased so completely that the professor thought he was entirely freed from his troublesome and uncanny visitor, and that he could dispense with an attendant and a night-light.

Two nights had passed without disturbance after he had given up these precautions, when on the third night he saw the spectre again, which roused him at the usual hour. It was not so distinct as before; it held in its hand something like a picture with a hole in it, and thrust its hand several times through this hole. Oedern plucked up courage to address it, and said that he was unable to comprehend its meaning.

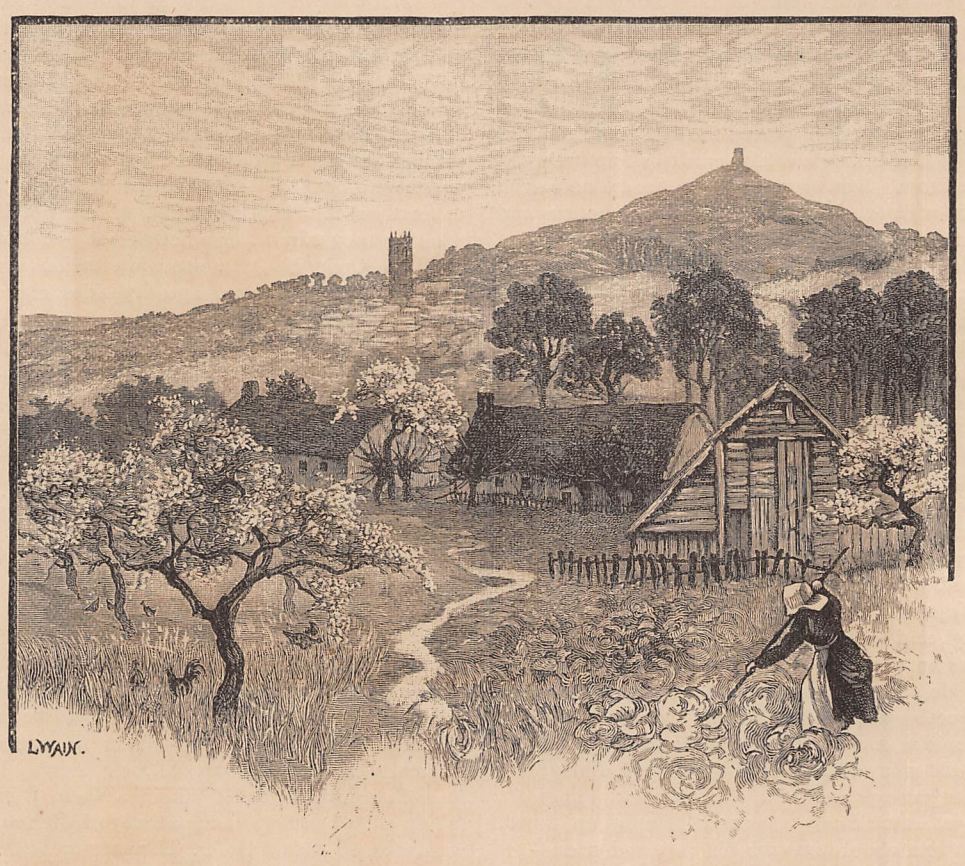
Again some of the masters of the Carolinum sat up through the night with Oedern, and the spirit again appeared two or three times, but never so as to be more distinctly seen. Unfortunately, we are not informed whether they saw it, or whether the vision was confined to Oedern. After some discussion among the masters and professors, and inquiries made of his sister and others, it was ascertained that shortly before his death Dorien had had several magic-lantern slides sent him on approval from an optician, and that these had neither been paid for nor returned.

The slides were sought out, and sent to the maker. After this Professor Oedern was no more troubled.

Professor Oedern told his story, and, indeed, it was well thrashed out by the learned of Brunswick. It was talked of in the Court, and Oedern was questioned by the Duke about it. His account was taken down by the Provost Jerusalem, by Professor Gebauer, of the University of Göttingen, and by Professor Segner. It was published, discussed, and was disputed by Professor Hennings, of Jena, who asserted that the ghost was no other than one of the scholars of the college in disguise. He pointed out the suspicious fact of the supposed ghost holding his night-cap about his face so as to conceal a considerable part of it, and keeping his hand in such a position as to retain a sham beard from falling off, when he first appeared to Hofer, and afterwards to Oedern and Hofer. Then again, the pretended ghost seemed to have a suspicious attachment for the cupboard, and the professor of mathematics had admitted that he heard the cupboard creak and stir when the ghost went back to it, also he allowed that he had on one occasion seen it come out of it.

It is possible enough that the first starting of the ghost was due to a practical joke; but clearly afterwards the mathematical professor laboured under indigestion and nightmare, and the nightmare took the form of the spectre he supposed he had seen, and which oppressed his mind. His sudden starts from sleep, the time at which he was roused, his beating about him with his arms, his notion that a heavy body lay across the bed and on his body, all clearly indicate nightmare. Oedern was himself so worthy and upright a man, so lacking in imagination, that no one supposed he was fabricating a story to frighten his fellows. Moreover, it was to the interest of the masters not to allow the college to fall under suspicion of being haunted—a suspicion which might affect its prosperity and their incomes. It was so clearly against his own good that Oedern admitted the story, that all who heard him believed in his veracity, though they might doubt whether he had been visited by a ghost.

It is remarkable how very few ghost stories will bear to be closely examined, and how often, in well-authenticated stories, just those special particulars are not detailed which ought to be told, so as to enable us properly to judge of the story.

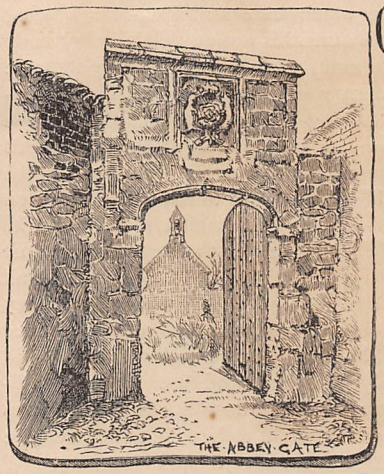


THE VALLEY OF APPLES, FROM THE VICINITY OF THE STATION.

THE VALLEY OF APPLES.

——"The island valley of Avilion
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea."

TENNYSON.



ON one of the fairest of May-days in the whole of the merry month I had my first view of the "Valley of Apples." As the train which carried me through the smiling fields of Somerset neared the quaint old-world town of Glastonbury, and crossed the little river Brue which encircles the valley, and gives to it the claim to be called an "island," I fell into a dreamy reverie, and indulged myself in the idea that I was in a sort of enchanted ground, where at any moment I might espy King Arthur wearing his magic sword *Excalibur*, and escorted by a score of noble Knights of the Round Table.

Nor was the spell broken when I left the little wooden structure which does duty for Glastonbury railway-station, for the railway does not in the least obtrude itself, being overshadowed by the world-famous *Wirrall* or *Weary-all-Hill*. Of course I climbed this hill as far as the spot where Joseph of Arimathea, careworn and weary, planted, according to the legend, his hawthorn staff from which sprang the "holy thorn," which blossoms every Christmas Day. I seemed to see the irate Puritan, who, in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," cut down a part of what he termed "this popish relic," and would have demolished the remainder but for some flying chips which sorely wounded him in the eye. I could picture the zeal with which the Bristol merchants, who had done a

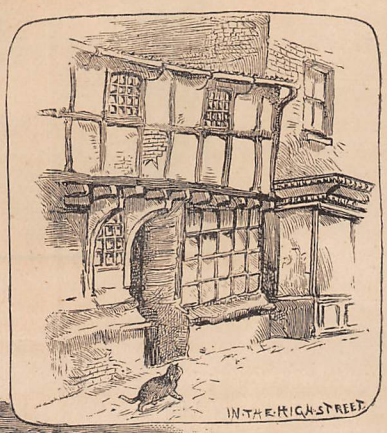
GLASTONBURY, FROM THE APPLE ORCHARDS.

right profitable business in blossoms and leaves from the "holy thorn," set to work and propagated in sundry parts of Glastonbury buds and grafts from the remaining trunk. And I could easily imagine the grim-visaged Cromwellian soldier who fiercely hacked away and totally destroyed the last relic of Joseph's rod that budded on the brow of Weary-all-Hill.

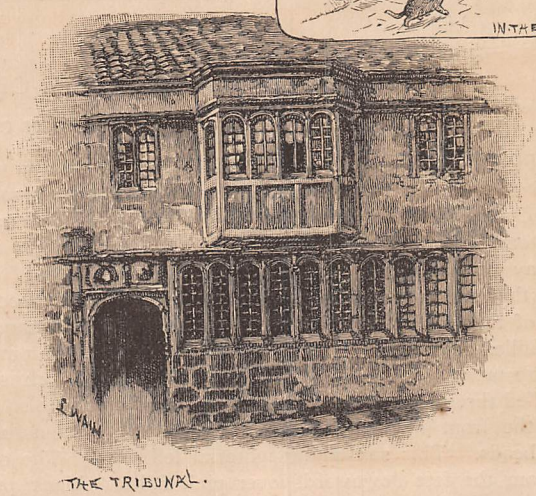
Looking from Wirrall across to the neighbouring hill of Tor, I was at no loss to discover why our forefathers had given to the intervening valley a name borrowed from *Aval*, the Celtic word for apple, for were not my eyes feasted with a glory of pink and white in those "happy orchard lawns"? I, who saw the valley only in its flower-time, could well imagine the delight of quaint old Camden, who seeing it in its fruitage, sang—

> "The fertile plains with corn and herds are proud,
> And golden apples smile in every wood."

Very quaint, with a decided ecclesiastical tone, are the buildings which line the scrupulously clean white streets of St. Benedict, and the High Street which led me to the not unwelcome "Pilgrim's Inn." How penitent must have been some of the earlier pilgrims to this old fragment of the abbey, judging from the relics of sundry devices for the mortification of the flesh, which are still to be seen! My own experiences of the inn were of the most pleasant nature, and the hospitality of "mine host" added to the zest with which I viewed the ancient circular stone staircase, and plucked a leaf from the "holy thorn," a veritable living chip from the old block, at the corner of the inn garden.



For a velvet lawn of the

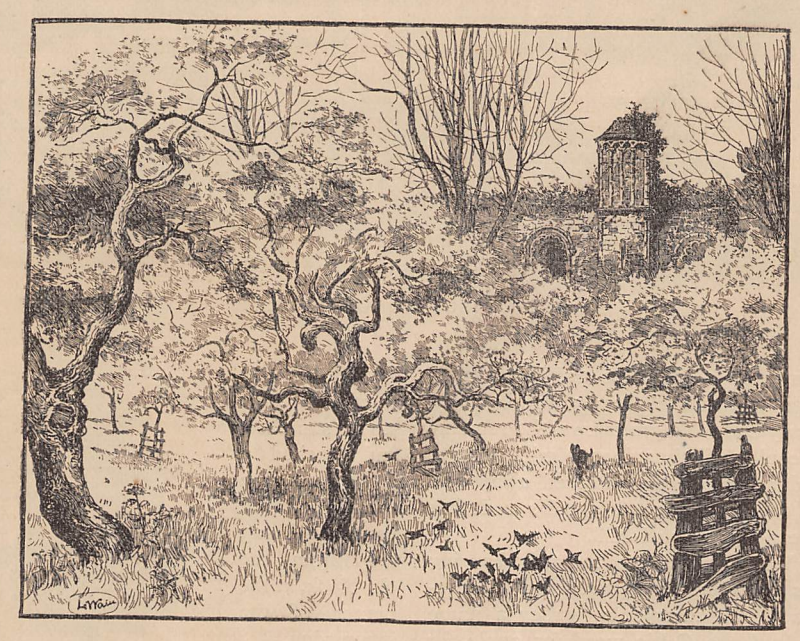


richest emerald, commend me to the sixty acres in which are enclosed the stately ruins of England's earliest Christian shrine. Some of the old oaks which spread their bare and withered arms, appear to vie in age with the ruins which they seem to watch and guard.

Beautiful and majestic as are the fragments which remain to tell of the olden glories of the Abbey of Glastonbury, its great attraction to the modern pilgrim is its traditionary, or, if you like the phrase better, its legendary lore. An enthusiast in art may, it is true, find many a sermon in the stones piled here in the elder days when "builders wrought with curious care," but what would avail to the average pilgrim to St. Joseph's Chapel, the richly-moulded windows, the interlacing arcade, and the Purbeck marble shafts, were it not for the fond belief that in the vaults below lie the remains of Joseph of Arimathea, of King Arthur, and his guilty but repentant Queen Guinevere?

Not many yards from St. Joseph's Chapel, in a quiet shady corner, flourishes a "holy thorn," which, on account of its position, is the most esteemed of all the holy thorn-trees now in Glastonbury. I was assured that it duly blossomed on last Christmas Day, and, not from any superstitious feeling, but as a simple souvenir, I could not refuse the offer of a tiny sprig, which I still cherish as a pleasant reminder of my somewhat sentimental journey to the "Valley of Apples."

J. C. TILDESLEY.



ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

FROM OUR PARIS AND LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS makers have been making some beautiful dresses lately for the English firms and customers who patronise them. Two I saw the other day were simple and at the same time so elegant that they are worth talking about.

One was of the faintest tint of reseda made in a soft supple faille, which has a brilliant sheen upon it, and much substance, yet it is so soft it looks as if it could be pulled through a ring. The skirt was quite plain, and the front opened over pink crêpe lisse worked in beads. This soft-falling material fell in tiny folds from the feet downwards over pink faille, and at the side and front there was a bouillonné of the same so arranged as to look like a ruche. The two side breadths were piped and cut up to the depth of four or five inches into narrow strips, an inch wide, with tassels of beads between, the bouillonnés of crêpe lisse peeping from beneath; the bodice was high, with a square wide Medicis collar just at the back, lined with pink, and beaded, as was the front of the bodice, which showed no fastening whatever. The colours were so cleverly blended, and the make so simple, that the dress was particularly pleasing.

The other was a more serviceable gown, made in black peau de soie; the front worked with blue

steel beads, festoons of a larger-sized bead coming down the centre; the vest cut in one with the front of the skirt, the back flowing.

Beads are the great feature in all Parisian trimmings at the present moment. The iridescent galons are quite works of art; they are now made in a compact surface of beads, sometimes with pendent drops; the groundwork is rarely visible, though occasionally gold-threaded tambour-work appears between the lines of beads. Some of the most beautiful specimens of these show a mixed colouring of beads, and have a truly Oriental aspect. Occasionally a frisé of silk in different colouring serves to throw the beads into still greater prominence.

I have seen some beautiful dresses trimmed with interplaited straw, worked with gold; and many of the handsomest gold trimmings have the pattern outlined with fine cordonnets of straw, which are almost imperceptible, yet considerably heighten the effect. The very finest cut-steel beads, which really resemble silver in their sheen, are among quite the most fashionable class of trimmings.

Chenilles blended with beads add to their richness, and are specially beautiful in light electric, carpeaux, and Gobelines-blue tones. Galons of cloth perforated and bordered with beads and cord are much used on the early spring dresses now being worn. But jet is quite the most fashionable of all trimmings, and is now costly when good; it is well worked and well cut.

The new tea-gowns and dressing-gowns have one notable feature in Paris—they are cut as for a low bodice, and filled in round the throat either with lace over material, or with a contrasting colour. It is not a particularly pretty style, but is new, and is sure to find its way to England.

Lovely silk guipure like Irish point is a fashionable trimming, also much soft silky lace. Quite a new kind, of a less costly character, has the appearance of seaweed or coral in a heavy make on a thinner ground.

There is a great deal of change in the make of sleeves. For children they are cut in one puff to the elbow, and straight to the wrist. For grown-up people, morning and tea-gowns have often large pendent sleeves; while others, again, are gathered into a band above the wrist, and to this band a revers cuff is attached.

There is a very large business done between Paris and England in children's clothing, and a number of good stuffs have recently been brought out for the frocks of little ones. The washing dresses are nearly all guipure—beautiful work which covers the entire fabric. Children of all ages, from infants upwards, are now having frocks of the threaded serge. This is finer and lighter than ordinary serge; it is covered either with stripes or spots, laid on or threaded through the surface of the material, which imparts to it a bright and silky effect.

There is another most acceptable novelty for children, a fabric called "Garni," a soft make of silk, thicker than gauze, strong and durable, but so soft that a ribbon of it more than a quarter of a yard wide will go into half an inch compass. The fashionable ribbon with picot edge is apt to rub and irritate the tender skin of a young child, while this "Garni" is extremely soft. It can be had in all colours, and appears to have a universal application. Gathered into a series of leaflets, it is applied as a trimming to edge frocks and capes; it makes admirable hat and bonnet strings; soft hats and bonnets are made of it, and it is extensively used in juvenile millinery for trimming. As a ribbon with a narrow cord edge it does not appear to be very silky; but when it is used for the bonnets themselves, it has all the sheen of a silk gauze; it washes well, and meets so many requirements of nursery wardrobes, that it is sure to be in demand.

The new parasols are more curious than pretty. They are to be made for the hot summer days of muslin, crêpe lisse, and lace, gathered and puffed on the frames both inside and out. The shapes are not

A LAST GLANCE.

large, but are often quaint. The flat round Oriental form and the double square are, perhaps, the newest. The handles are made of thistle-wood, and of bois bouilli, both light and dull-looking. The Japanese flat bone handles, the designs painted in black on an indented surface, please the Parisians, and will no doubt find approval in England.

The bonnets become more pointed and higher over the face; but, apparently, their height and narrowness do not impress the general public with a sense of ridicule. The fashion, absurd as it is, is likely to last.

There are many novel points in a French bride's dress, therefore we have illustrated one, that will be found becoming to a tall, graceful figure. It is composed of cream faille, pearl beads, and lace. The faille skirt is mounted with a Moyen Âge pleat on the left side, the lace tunic being draped on the right. Beading ornaments the cuffs, the plastron, the pleat, and the border to the skirt. A drapery of faille crosses the bodice as an order, and this is balanced on the opposite side with a spray of orange-blossoms. The square train terminates with lace ruches, and the plain tulle veil leaves the face uncovered, but envelops the back of the figure. This graceful toilette could also be carried out in French moire and satin.

II.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

The seasons are so changed that the Merrie Month of May, of which the poets write, is, as often as not, cold and wintry in England, though we do occasionally have a week of summer weather therein; sometimes almost unnaturally warm. When May comes upon us, accordingly, it is necessary to prepare for all emergencies.

Those who know, or think they do, assert that silk once more has come to the fore. For myself I do not see it much used without an admixture of woollens or stripes, in which velvet is the dominant idea. I will describe some of the newest introductions, and readers can decide for themselves as to their merits. Silk and poult-de-soie have both been brought out with a thicker visible cord, in a number of lovely shades for evening, and more useful ones for day wear; but they are not used alone. There is such a variety of fancy silks, it is difficult to know where to begin to describe them. Brocades have not gone out, but, with very few exceptions, they appear in stripes; and some of the most beautiful show patterns in velvet, or velvet frisé, or both. Gold and silver still appear on silk and satin grounds in floral stripes and very large brocades; but the special revival of the year which has been most worn at Court ceremonies as yet is the Louis XVI. brocade, with the cream or light stone ground covered with flowers, in those faint colourings to which, apparently, the subduing touch of Time has lent additional beauty; but their dispersion is regulated mostly by interwoven stripes. A brocade of this kind can certainly be handed down for a generation or two; so also could the Jubilee brocade, made in cream and colours, with the Star of India, the rose, shamrock, and thistle, interwoven.

Another class of handsome fabric is the striped velvet and gauze, the velvet dark, the gauze light, and the stripes formed of upstanding silky knots on the surface. It is used for dresses and for mantles. But the world in general needs less costly fabrics, and there are plenty of all kinds to meet its requirements.

A number of dresses this spring are being made up on a foundation with perfectly plain petticoats made full, either of velvet, covered with cross-bars of lighter tones, or of a faille-grounded material with stripes in velvet of different colours and different widths, edged with a silk stripe of a lighter shade, a kind of shadow; for example, a stone ground, with brown, red, and grey stripes. These stuffs appear on the bodice, made principally, as are the draperies, of woollen material, cloth, and cashmere.

For young ladies there are some good-looking inexpensive silks, such as self-grounded serge silk with a line check, cream on violet, or red on stone. They make up well with wool. Thin makes of silk such as Sunshing have been brought out this year printed in attractive patterns both bright and graceful; these make entire dresses, and are intermixed with plain colours.

Tussores are the most durable of all cheap gowns, and this year they are to be had with coloured stripes blended with a narrow stripe formed of brocaded roses, or some other flowers, and are extremely good-looking and durable.

For evening dress a great deal of soft silk is used in all the lightest tones: eau de Nil, pêche, pink, blue, and cream. They drape well, and are interblended with lace; the bodices are cut low back and front, with a bordering of lace sometimes; they are more stylish draped in classic fashion, the material itself forming folds about the bust. Ribbon bows and epaulettes of flowers look well on the shoulders.

A word or two more as to fashionable silks. Many plain grounds are almost covered with corded stripes, the width of a strand of three-thread wool. Soft serge-like grounds are scattered over with brocaded horse-shoes, and satin grounds have most lace-like stripes on cream or red, mousse or brown ground. There is a large variety in these Cluny patterns; stripes, plain, corded, brocaded, and with frisé and velvet. Motifs are to be had in endless variety and many combinations of tone, but the fashionable colours, speaking generally, are browns, mousse, heliotropes, stone, and greys, with dark blues for serviceable wear.

There is a good leather-silk of the Rhadamese order just brought out, which will be a durable black silk, not expensive. It has not a bright surface, but a firm rich-looking one, and does not become glossy in wear. A satisfactory black silk is difficult to get, and for town wear there is nothing like it.

The width of skirts is increased, and they are draped in such a fashion as to appear far more important-looking than last season. Most bodices are made with side seams at the back. The fronts have waistcoats plain and full, revers, and corselet lacings in front; indeed, the variety is great, but points

in front and short basques at the back are the prevailing style.

Buttons play an important feature in the make of gowns now, and some of the tunics are buttoned down each side. There is very little new under the sun, with all our desire for novelty, and the most fashionable buttons for this spring are the bullet-shape crocheted ones, revived from twenty years ago. They are durable, and can be had to match every tone exactly. Even the coloured pearl buttons are encased in crochet. Large buttons are happily going out. Fringes are the favourite trimmings, but they are more used on mantles than on dresses.

The newest mantles have nothing very novel about them. They are of the mantelette order, fit the figure comfortably, and are high in the throat. They are nearly all trimmed with jet collars, front and back, trimmings and epaulettes all in one, so that they present the appearance of a glittering mass of jet. There are a number of close-fitting jackets for young girls, short in the basque, and covert jackets with loose fronts falling straight. Putty-coloured cloth is a most fashionable material.

Simplicity characterises many of the best-worn outdoor costumes, as will be gathered from our illustrations. The young lady who is reading wears a brown woollen gown, with full waistcoat of cardinal serge silk. Beaded brown galon forms the trimming both to skirt and polonaise. The stringless bonnet shows the same colouring. The second costume is for a slim figure, and illustrates a favourite style for making up one of the large checked woollens now so popular. The waistcoat, collar, cuffs, and skirt may be either velveteen or silk in the darkest shade of the pattern; but whatever the material selected may be, it should be self-coloured. Our model shows several shades of brown. The hat is brown straw, and the wing with which it is ornamented is dark cardinal.

CONSULTING THE GUIDE.

BEN BIGGINS' FOREIGN SERVICE.

UP at the Hall there was a general commotion. Mr. Westley, the owner of Westley Grange, had come pretty nearly to the end of his tether. He had but lately succeeded to the estate, and it had come to him very heavily encumbered; and now, with reduced rents, irregularly paid, he found it impossible to go on. He had, therefore, determined to spend a couple of years on the Continent, during which time he hoped that the agricultural depression would pass away.

The establishment at the Hall was not a large one by any means for a country bachelor squire, but it was larger than he could afford to keep up under existing circumstances. So one evening he called his servants together, and told them how matters were with him, bidding them seek other situations at once.

His personal servant, Ben Biggins, was not included in the general dismissal, but was destined to accompany his master abroad. Ben was one of those men not unfrequently met with in this country—a man who could turn his hand to most things, though he might not be good at any. The position he held at Westley Grange was a cross between a valet and a gamekeeper, but at odd times he had been known to cook his master's dinner and make his master's bed. This was during a grousing expedition on the Welsh hills, but the rumour of it had travelled to Westley. Ben was in high spirits when he was told of the journey in store for him.

"I'll teach those foreigners a thing or two," he said to the cook one night; to which she replied, "You be very careful, Mr. Ben, that they don't teach you more than you teach them."

"Them!" he cried; "them teach me! Why, I could wallop the lot on 'em, if I wanted to."

"Then you mind you don't want to," she answered.

"Why, you knows very well," continued Ben, "that I set your watch a-going after James, the watchmaker, had had it a month, and couldn't make nothing of it; and I stopped the blue bed-room chimbly smoking, when the smoke had nearly druv you all out of the place."

"Rubbish!" she said. "The watch only wanted winding; and as for the chimbly, it smoked because there was a bag of straw in it. You needn't crow over them things, young man."

Yes, there *was* a little ill-feeling on the part of the cook towards Ben. She had claimed him for her own originally, but Ben had fought shy; and latterly he had been paying a good deal of attention to Anna, the housemaid at the Rectory. Either fault alone, on Ben's part, would have made the cook somewhat aggrieved towards him, but the two combined were more than culinary flesh and blood could stand. Thus it happened that her tongue had an access of acerbity when moving at Ben.

Down at the Rectory the commotion was nearly as general. The servants discussed the situation from morning till night, and Anna received many unpleasant jeers.

"Stick to you!" said the coachman; "not he. Them sort never sticks to nothing but their baccy. When you says good-bye to Ben, you says good-bye for ever, my lass."

"He can please himself," she said; "but if he thinks I shall die broken-hearted because he takes on with some foreign girl, he's very much mistook."

"That's always the way with you women-folk. You talks as big as big, and when it comes to, you doubles up to nothing. There was that gal o' Simmonds's—her as kept company with that keeper fellow. Look how her brazened it out when they found he'd left a wife in Wales, and her died of consumption in less than a year."

"But Ben and me's different," said Anna. "If he's not in earnest, no more aren't I." Which was, perhaps, consolatory.

The time slipped rapidly by, and it wanted but a day till Ben and his master should start for the Continent. That night Ben repaired to the Rectory, and had a parting interview with Anna. His last words were, "You'll not forget me, Anna, while I am parted from you? I'm a-coming back for you some day. Till then, ho river!"

"Till what?"

"That's a bit of French, my dear. I've bin learning the langwidge lately. It's something like 'Good-bye,' only more so. Ho river!" And so they parted.

In the course of a few weeks Ben and his master were comfortably settled in a small German village near Bonn. The house where they had made their home was an old farmhouse that had once belonged to a noble family, but was now partly fallen to decay. It was inhabited by the present owner, who carried on the business of a small farmer and wine-grower. He had neither wife nor child, the domestic functions being superintended, and in a great measure performed, by a sister. Naturally, therefore, it came about that Ben and Fräulein Schmidt were often in each other's company, and, naturally also, Ben improved the occasion. If the Fräulein, with womanly curiosity, asked about the Herr Westley, Ben was careful to explain to her that the Herr Westley was a great baron at home, dwelling in a mansion with marble halls and gilded ceilings; that he, Benjamin Biggins, was the confidential companion of this said great baron; and that, though he (Benjamin) now appeared in the *rôle* of a servant, he had a remarkably good position amongst the gentlemen of his native land. And the Fräulein would listen with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. Sometimes, in the evening, before the farmer had come home, as they sat together by the house-place fire, Ben would delight his listener with stories of the wonders of London. He had spent a few hours there one day while attending upon his master, and he therefore felt competent to describe its principal sights, and where his knowledge failed his invention came to the rescue.

True, he mixed things up a trifle. He got the National Gallery and the Houses of Parliament under the same roof, Westminster Abbey and the Tower within a stone's-throw of each other, while the way to the Crystal Palace was over London Bridge, and up the river, past Battersea Park. But this made no difference at all to his listener. Like Desdemona, she drank in all his descriptions—

> "But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
> Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
> She'd come again."

All this was, I fear, on Ben's part, a matter of calculation rather than sentiment. That he wished to stand well, for the standing's sake, in the eyes of his landlady goes without saying, but the standing well brought with it and after it some advantages that were of infinitely more value to Ben. There were many things dear to Ben's heart, but none more dear than poached eggs and hot buttered toast; and though those were "not in the contract," they were almost daily incidents of Ben's life. At first, it is true, he had not got on so well with his landlady, for notwithstanding the best intentions, neither had been able to comprehend a word said by the other. Time, however, which works wonders in so many cases, brought amelioration in this, for Ben got a smattering of German, and the Fräulein picked up a few words of English, and from that time Ben was, to use his own expression, "a made man." Though not endowed with a large amount of wisdom, he knew "which side his bread was buttered," and he resolved to keep on good terms with the Fräulein, no matter who else might be offended. And the Fräulein herself grew really to like the big, boastful Englishman, and did her best to make both of her lodgers contented with

their temporary home. This was about the position of affairs when, some eighteen months after they had left England, Mr. Westley told Ben he should soon be returning. This was a sad blow to Ben. No more poached eggs on hot buttered toast, no more tempting Rhine wine, no more idle days. He told the Fräulein what the Herr had said, and she, too, grieved. No more *stories* about London ; no more leaves from the stately genealogical tree ; no more pleasant evenings.

"And you must go?" she asked. "And I shall never you no more see?"

This set him thinking. Why should he go back? And the thinking ended in resolution : he would not go back. It came out in words at the first opportunity :—"I do not mean to go back to England, Fräulein, but shall settle down in Germany, if I can get any work."

"There is plenty of work on the farm," said the Fräulein.

This did not altogether chime in with Ben's view of life. Work was a thing to be endured, not courted. Plenty to eat and to drink, and nothing to do, was Ben's domestic creed. Still, he could work, and not work very hard ; and if he married the Fräulein the farm would be as good as his at once, and absolutely his some day. He might do worse ; he feared he could not do better.

"I've had some news from home, Ben, that ought to please you. Your old sweetheart at the Rectory has had a couple of thousand pounds left her by her uncle, the miller."

"Two thousand pounds!" said Ben to himself. "Two thousand pounds! Why, that's a fortune. Things is becoming extremely complicated. I think I shall go back with master."

That night a letter was despatched to England bearing on the envelope the name of Miss Anna Robinson, at the Rectory, Westley, Shropshire. This was the letter :

"MY DEEREST ANNER,—I ope this will fine, you in good elth as it leeves me at present. My deerest Anner, it his a long time sense, I rote to yew, but their have been so much to do as I have, no time. I hop this will fine you, in good helth, my deerest Anner. This is a very quite plase, their is no, sports nor nothink, I orphan sy, for deer old Englan an the swete fases, spechially one, I left behind, I ope to see, it soon, so know more at present from your trew lover, "BEN."

What the Fräulein thought of it when she heard that Ben had changed his mind I hardly know, but he made some plausible excuse, I have no doubt, and promised (to soothe her wounded feelings) that he would soon return.

Once more at Westley! The first evening after his arrival Ben went down to the Rectory. Anna was out —but the coachman was in!

"Yo' back again, my lad! Yo're just like a bobby, a-turning up when you are not wanted."

That was the coachman's welcome, and Ben resented it.

"Perhaps, if you don't want me, there's some one else as does."

"Then perhaps there's two on 'em, for I see two on 'em together not five minutes ago."

"Hey!" ejaculated Ben.

"As much hay as yo' like, my lad. We gies it to the 'osses, and can spare a bit for a donkey."

Clearly, there was no friendly feeling on the part of the coachman for Ben.

Then the cook tackled him. "You've made a fine mess of it, Ben. Have you heard what she's had left her?"

"Left her!" exclaimed the humbug.

"Yes, left her—two thousand pound ; and she's going for it on Monday. It'll make them very comfortable."

"Her and her mother," suggested Ben.

"Ho, ho, ho, ho!" roared the coachman.

"Hi, hi, hi, hi!" laughed the cook.

"Hee, hee, hee, hee!" sang the kitchen-maid—all in chorus.

"Her and her mother!" and then they went off again.

"It's very funny," said the victim, "but I don't see where the fun comes in."

"Don't 'e now? Then I'll tell yer. Yo're come back to make it up wi' her because yo' an heard as her's got some money. But it's bespoke already for —her and her mother."

Coachman, cook, and kitchen-maid repeat chorus.

"I'll not take it," said Ben, "from no one's lips but hers. Her said her'd stick to me, and I've stuck to her, and I expect her'll stick to me, and that's all about it."

"Then you can take it from her lips now, Mr. Benjamin," said Anna, coming in at the moment. "You never wrote to me for more than twelve months, though I wrote to you twice, and then, when I had some money left me, you sent me a letter pretending as how as you was very fond of me. Afore you went away I said to the coachman, 'If he's not in earnest then I'm not in earnest,' and that's all about it."

"Never mind," said Ben to himself that night. "If one door shuts another door opens."

Yes, the door was open when Ben got there, some six weeks after he had left. He entered the house with the air of a master, pausing a moment to look round on the vineyards which would so soon be his. He opened an inner door ; there sat Fräulein, busy with her needle.

"I am back again," said he ; "give me a welcome."

"Then you can go back *again*," she replied.

"But I am come to stay and work on the farm."

"The farm does not want you, neither do I," she answered.

Then Benjamin waxed furious. He called her fickle and unkind, told her that no good could come to a double-dealing person, and left her with the somewhat double-edged remark that "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush!"

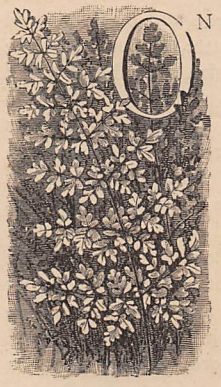
I think I ought to explain the Fräulein's behaviour. The old cook at Westley wrote to her to warn her against "that presumin' villun."

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

"IT CAME OUT IN WORDS AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY" (*p.* 375).

THE MAKING OF ENTRÉES.

BY A. G. PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE PAPERS ON COOKERY," "CHOICE DISHES AT SMALL COST," "THE HOUSEKEEPER'S GUIDE," ETC.



ON former occasions I have called attention to the fact that as a rule ladies take more interest in the preparation of "sweets" than in what may be called the more essential part of a dinner, viz., soup, fish, entrées, joints, and game.

We probably all of us know houses at which we visit where we can depend upon finding everything arranged to perfection so far as mere appearances go. The cloth will be properly laid, the table will be ornamented with flowers, fruit, and ice, in the arrangement of which probably as much good taste has been displayed as is seen in the toilettes of the ladies themselves.

We must, however, remember that true hospitality consists in gratifying not only the sense of sight and smell, but the sense of taste in relation to the palate. Good fruit and flowers, ices and creams are no excuse for soup like ditch-water, over-boiled fish, greasy entrées, half-cold joints, and game which was rather over-done about the time the soup was served. On the present occasion I will confine myself to that part of the dinner known as the entrées. Now with many persons who are fond of good living, but who are not blessed with robust appetites, very often the entrée course is the chief part of their meal. Ladies, not being compelled to cook, very often interfere for the sake of amusement; and I would remind these ladies of how great a treat they could give, at any rate to the male portion of their guests, if they would exercise their superior sense of "taste" in every sense of the word, and confine their attention to the entrées rather than the sweets. By way of encouragement, I can assure them that there is probably more scope for the exhibition of taste in ornamenting in entrées than in any other part of the dinner.

I will illustrate what I mean by ornamenting entrées, by giving a case in point. First we will suppose the dish to be that very common one, *Tête de veau en tortue.* We all know this dish to be composed of calf's head served in a rich brown gravy, with mushrooms, fried eggs, olives, and on great occasions, truffles. The dish is always popular, and is easy to make. Very much, however, depends on the appearance of dishes, and I will therefore describe how to ornament it. Probably the dish has been made from half a calf's head. Remove the brains immediately the head is sent home, and throw them into cold water slightly acidulated with vinegar. This assists in cleaning the brains and also helps to make them look whiter after they are boiled. The half-head must be boiled till it is quite tender, and the liquor in which it is boiled must be reduced to assist in making the gravy. Next get a few small round red ripe tomatoes, the smaller the better, the largest not being bigger than a bagatelle-ball. These tomatoes should be placed in a small tin with a little butter in the oven to cook through, care being taken that they do not break. The brains after being boiled should be formed into little round white lumps the same size as the tomatoes; a black truffle should be picked out and cut into thin slices about the size of a shilling; the red tomatoes and white brains should be placed alternately round the base of the dish, and the small pieces of black truffle should be neatly pressed into each little white ball of brains. The ear should stand up in the middle of the dish, and should be made to look like fresh French-polished mahogany by means of a little bright glaze. This bright glaze is very easily made, and I will explain how to do it by-and-by. In adding mushrooms to the dish, I of course presume that the cook has used a tin of mushrooms. Some of the largest of these should have been put by to ornament the dish. They should be kept hot, but at the last moment before the dish is sent to table, the tops of these mushrooms should be dipped in the same glaze that was used for the ear. We have now for ornamenting purposes the command of the three colours, red, white, and black. To these we may add the colour green. Stoned French olives are used in making the dish, and there is no harm in adding a little fresh bright green parsley, if the parsley is properly fried and not over-cooked or burnt up, with a little ingenuity, the sprigs may be stuck in the stoned olive, the stalk going into the empty place where the stone had been.

Any lady who possesses the requisite taste for arranging flowers (and we all know how very rarely this can be done properly by the ordinary run of servants) will have no difficulty whatever in making an exceedingly handsome dish if she acts on the suggestions I have thrown out with regard to colour. I think that this dish is a very good illustration of a large class of entrées dependent upon that great base in cooking, good brown gravy. In the first place, the expense is not great, with perhaps the exception of the truffles. Half a calf's head can generally be obtained for from half-a-crown to three-and-sixpence. Tins of mushrooms are now exceedingly cheap. Ripe red tomatoes can be obtained fresh during the greater part of the year, and when they cannot, they can always be procured preserved whole in tins. The best part of the calf's head can be used for making the entrée one day, but all the bones, trimmings, &c., can be utilised for mock-turtle soup the day after, and all the meat that is left from the entrée can be put in the soup as well as the gravy used in making it. With regard to

the truffles, cooks must remember that when they are used for ornamental purposes only, a very little will go a very great way. I do not know what is the smallest quantity of truffle that can be bought at a time, but it is wonderful what an enormous show can be made with a single truffle no bigger than a child's marble, if this truffle be cut with a very sharp knife into thin slices—of course, the thinner the slice the greater the show. These black round truffles are very effective in ornamenting dishes, especially if we have any red to contrast with them. Indeed, in ornamenting entrées, I should never wish for more colours than red, white, black, and green. Black truffle can always be introduced as an ornament in conjunction with any kind of white forcemeat.

In making *Tête de veau en tortue*, some persons add fried eggs. When these are used, care must be taken that the eggs are fried a nice golden-brown colour on both sides. Sometimes, instead of fried eggs, egg balls are used. The yokes of hard-boiled eggs by themselves are very good for the purpose, but are rather expensive unless eggs are very plentiful.

Another ornament that can be used for this dish, as well as many other entrées, is cocks' combs. Cocks' combs are sold in bottles, and can be obtained fairly cheap. They are already cooked and simply want warming up in some good gravy. These combs, owing to their shape, are very useful for ornamental purposes. Suppose, for instance, to carry out my system of ornamenting with red, white, and black, we take four cocks' combs, and from the centre of a red tongue cut out four pieces with a stamp or knife exactly the same shape as the comb, and also take a large black truffle and cut four slices out of it, and make them all alike both in shape and size. These now placed alternately round any dish would have a very pretty appearance. The cocks' combs and red tongue are made hot in some bright clear glaze, which of course improves their appearance, just as a piece of polished mahogany is superior to a piece of plain wood.

Probably many of you will say that the cost of a truffle sufficiently big to cut slices from as large as a cocks' comb would be very considerable. This is undoubtedly the case; and supposing you cannot afford to buy more than what are called quarter-bottles of truffles, the price of which is about two shillings, you can proceed as follows; but remember, that a two-shilling bottle, if the truffles are used only for ornamental purposes, ought to last a long time and not be all used up for one dish. Take a little piece of truffle and cut a thin piece as finely as possible with a very sharp knife, so as to make a quantity of little black specks as big round as a small pea, and as thin, say, as a five-pound note. You will find it is wonderful how many "black specks" you can make out of one small piece.

Now place the red tongue and white cocks' combs round the dish alternately, and take these little black specks and place one on the middle of each round on the outer edge of the comb. They will, so to speak, resemble the eyes in a peacock's tail.

Again, supposing you do not feel justified in running into the expense of buying a bottle of cocks' combs. If you have the remains of a tongue in the house, or even the lean part of a ham, and also the remains of a cold chicken or turkey, or even a piece of roast or boiled veal, by means of a tin cutter, which can be bought for a few pence, you can stamp out pieces of thin white chicken, turkey, or veal, and pieces of red ham or tongue. If you use a cutter, of course all the pieces will be exactly the same size, and the dish will look very neat.

In order to bring myself down to the requirements of all families, I would suggest to the housekeeper to make a preliminary experiment with a dish, say, of minced beef. Suppose you have by you the remains of a piece of boiled salt beef and a bit of veal cutlet. The outside of the beef is red, the inside of the cutlet is white. With a sharp knife cut some thin slices of red beef and white veal. Take your cutter and stamp them out, mince up the remains of the beef and veal together, flavour it in the ordinary way with a little chopped onion, or what I would personally prefer, a bead of garlic. Make the mince of a proper consistency, that is, like properly prepared mortar, and not little lumps of meat swimming in gravy. Now place your little stamped pieces of red and white round the edge of the dish. Make the mince oval on the top and pile it up, and use two pieces of red and two white of these cut-up shapes as a centre ornament. A tiny piece of green parsley might be placed in the middle.

Of course these little red and white imitation cocks' combs would look a great deal nicer if we had little black pieces of truffle round the edge, but in a dish of this kind of course truffle is out of the question. But there is a very simple substitute; in fact, for a dish of hash or mince it is, if anything, superior in flavour. Take a pickled walnut, and pick out rather a hard one, then the outside of the walnut can be used for making black specks. Pickled walnuts are often used to flavour hashed beef; and in a dish of hash or mince, a few whole pickled walnuts may be placed round the edge as an ornament; or the pickled walnuts can be cut in half, as too much is to be avoided. Take the walnuts out of the pickle half an hour before they are used and place them on a cloth or piece of blotting paper, and let them drain, as you must avoid making the hash or mince acid.

In almost all entrées we should be perfectly helpless unless we had some good brown gravy to start with. This must be always made the day before. It is no use attempting to make an entrée and beginning to make the gravy on the same day as the entrée is required to be served. In making good brown gravy the first thing necessary is a piece of knuckle of veal. Suppose you take, say, three pounds of knuckle of veal; chop it up, bone and all, with a chopper, and place it in a good-sized saucepan with an onion, a carrot, the trimmings of a head of celery, and a handful of parsley—the onion may be stuck with a few cloves, say six. Fill the saucepan with cold water, and let it simmer by the side of the fire. If possible, add to it the trimmings of a ham, a small ham-bone, or

even a bacon-bone that contains no fat. After the whole has boiled or simmered (for it does not matter allowing it to boil after the first two hours) for the best part of a day, let it boil away till there is only a quart of liquor left. Then strain it off into a basin, cover it over with a cloth, and let it settle. I would advise the cook now to add a quart of fresh water to what is left in the saucepan, and put it on, and make what is called a "second stock." When the quart of gravy that has been poured off is quite cold, it will be a firm jelly with a good deal of sediment at the bottom, but the top part will be bright enough for practical purposes after the fat has been removed. Of course it can be cleared with white of egg. The upper part of the stock should be used for the bright glaze, and the bottom part for the brown gravy. The brown gravy should be thickened with brown flour, or better still, flour made brown by being fried in butter, which is called brown roux. The clear gravy can be made sufficiently thick with a very little arrowroot. It is, of course, better to make it thick by boiling it away, but this is rather expensive. It will be observed that, although I have used knuckle of veal, I have not recommended any gravy beef. The reason of this is that extract of meat will be found cheaper and better when veal is used. The veal is sufficient to make the gravy a firm jelly when it is cold; the extract of meat gives it flavour and colour. When these two gravies have got cold and the fat has been carefully removed from both, the brown gravy should be the colour of Spanish mahogany. The bright gravy, or as I have called it, glaze, should have the appearance of bright golden sherry.

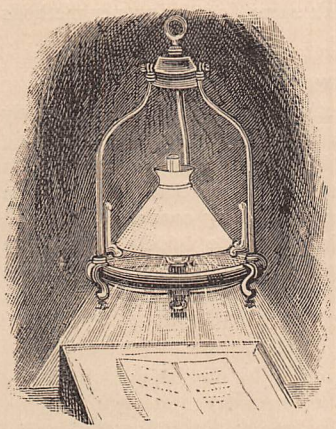
A brimming tea-spoonful of extract of meat should be added to each pint of gravy. When the brown gravy has been thickened with brown flour or brown roux, it should be passed, after boiling, through a fine sieve.

In large establishments, of course, extract of meat would never be required, as the stock which is made in very considerable quantity is boiled down to a glaze, and the glaze is allowed to acquire colour over the fire before water is added. Extract of meat saves housekeepers in small establishments this troublesome operation.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

A Shadowless Hanging Lamp.



A pendent lamp which is designed to cast no shadow is illustrated by the accompanying woodcut. The design of the lamp, as may be seen, is such that the solid, opaque supports beneath the flame are reduced to a very small size so as not to obstruct the light of the flame below. The ring shown is the oil-holder, and the oil passes to the wick by the fine tubular supports of the central portion of the lamp. Brackets on the side of the framework support the shade. The lamp is intended to burn petroleum or other oils.

The Power of a Whale's Tail.

A Glasgow engineer, Mr. John Henderson, has calculated the horse-power of a blow from the tail of a large whale, and finds it to be 145 horse-power when the whale is propelled by it at the rate of twelve miles an hour. His calculations were based on a "finner" whale eighty feet long, and weighing seventy-four tons. The width of the tail, between the tips of the flanges, was about twenty feet. These great leviathans sometimes come into British waters, a well-known specimen being that seen at Longniddry, in Scotland. They are believed to attain a speed of twelve knots an hour. Greenland whales can go at the rate of eight or nine knots an hour.

Sheet-Brass Bells.

Small bells are now manufactured out of sheet-metal instead of being cast. They are formed by a single stroke of the die or press, and are quite as resonant as the cast-metal ones for household use and telephone call-bells. As many as twenty-five to thirty per minute can be turned out in this way, and, the surface being smooth, they require little polishing.

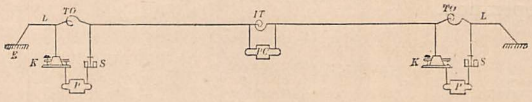
The Life of the Sun.

Sir William Thomson, the well-known physicist, has calculated, on the theory of Helmholtz, as to the maintenance of solar heat, that the sun has been capable of supplying heat to the earth sufficient to sustain life for twenty million years, and that it is capable of continuing to do so for ten millions more. The theory of Helmholtz is to the effect that solar heat is kept up

by the shrinkage of the sun as its glowing mass cools. Whether this is the true and only source of solar heat supply is, of course, not absolutely known ; and, until it is, any calculation such as the above must be accepted with reserve, however interesting it may be to attempt the reckoning. And even if the above result were approximately correct, as far as it goes, we cannot assume that in that vast space of time other conditions will not arise which would falsify the estimate.

The Phonopore Telegraph.

Experiments of a successful order have recently been made with the new telegraph of Mr. Langdon Davies, which is designed to operate on telephone lines simultaneously with the telephone, or on ordinary telegraph lines simultaneously with the ordinary telegraph, without interference. The apparatus has been tried for some time past between London and Folkestone. The phonopore, in its simple form, has been



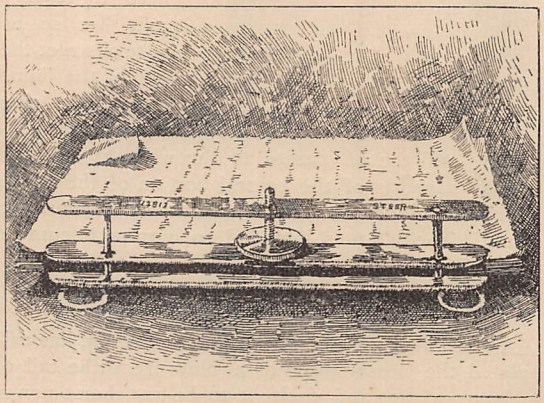
before referred to in the GATHERER. It can be made by taking two lengths, say 500 yards each, of No. 50 copper wire, covered with silk, and binding them side by side. The double wire is then wound on a bobbin, and if one is connected to a telephone, and the other to a telegraph line, the other ends of the wires being "free," or insulated, the telephonic message will pass between them into the line, although the silk covering insulates one wire from the other. There are other ways of making a phonopore, but this is the simplest of all. Its peculiar property is that while telephonic currents, and short vibrating currents, or electric impulses pass across it from one wire to the other, apparently as if there was a metallic circuit between them, continuous currents, such as the signal currents of an ordinary telegraph, do not pass. Hence Mr. Davies is able, by its means, to superpose telephonic and vibratory currents on an ordinary telegraph line, and thus make it convey these in addition to the ordinary telegraphic currents. The telephonic and vibratory currents are comparatively feeble, and do not interfere with the working of the ordinary telegraph instruments, while at the same time they are capable, by means of the phonopore, of actuating telephones and other telegraph apparatus specially made to receive and record the messages of the vibratory current. The figure shows, for example, a telegraph line, L L, working three sets of ordinary telegraph instruments, T O, I T, and T O, while at the same time there is working a vibratory or phonoporic telegraph, P P. The phonopore itself is inserted at P, P C, and P; that at P C being simply used to bridge over the telegraph instrument I T, and convey the vibratory currents beyond it. It will be seen that the phonopore acts like a "condenser," conveying vibratory currents and stopping steady currents. The telephone itself, as is well known, produces vibratory or undulatory currents, hence we need not dwell on the telephonic part; but we ought to say that the vibratory currents which work the phonoporic telegraph are produced by a vibrating reed interrupting the current of a small battery. These vibratory currents are passed into the line through a phonopore, and received at the other end in the coil of an electro-magnet, which in turn sets a similar reed into vibration in a well-known manner. This reed interrupts the current of a local battery in the electro-magnet of a relay which operates a "sounder," or other telegraph instrument, by means of another local battery. It is to be understood that the vibratory currents are broken into telegraphic signals by a Morse key. Thus if in the figure S represents the phonoporic apparatus generating vibratory currents, K will be the Morse key interrupting them, and E the "earth" connection. The apparatus is, of course, complicated, and we need not enter into the details which show how the feeble vibratory impulses are caused by means of the reed and relay at the receiving end to work ordinary sounders or Morse printers.

Teaching a Dog to Read.

Sir John Lubbock, M.P., has succeeded in teaching a black poodle dog "a little light reading." He took pieces of cardboard and painted on them the words "food," "out," "bone," "tea," and so on. Then by associating food in the animal's mind with the card bearing the word "food," he succeeded in getting it to pick out the card bearing that word. Again, when asked if he wanted to go out, he fished "out" the card bearing that word, and so forth. The teaching took a long time, and, though to a large extent futile, it shows what may be done with some dogs by proper methods of training.

A New Paper Binder.

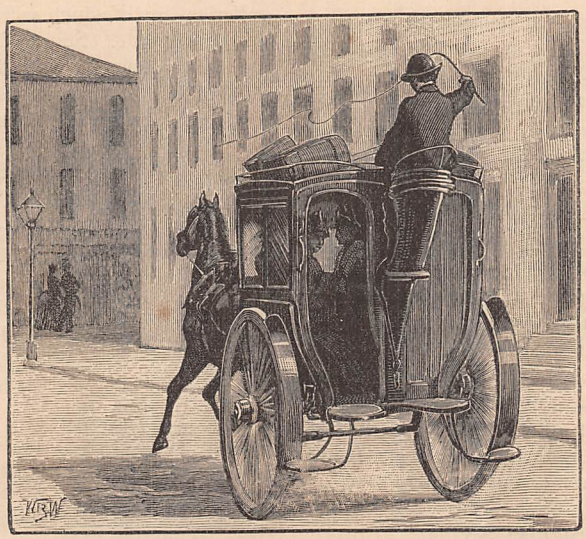
A simple but effective paper binder has recently been patented, and is illustrated in the accompanying woodcut, from which its form will be readily seen. It consists of three plates of brass about six inches in length, the two outer plates being connected by small brass guides on which runs the middle plate. To this moving middle plate is secured a screw which is



threaded in the top plate in such a manner that, by turning it one way or the other, the middle plate is raised or lowered. Papers being placed between the two bottom plates are tightly secured, without any damage to their edges, by screwing down the middle plate. A smaller form of the apparatus, acting on one corner of the papers to be secured, is made for the use of public speakers and others.

The Air-Brush.

A new artistic brush or colour applier has been invented in America, and won high recommendation from a Committee of Science and Art of the well-known Franklin Institute. The instrument does not make up for lack of artistic skill, but it shortens the time required to lay on colour in certain cases. The tints appear equally well whether the light falls on them from one side or the other. This is not the case with crayon colouring; but the air-brush throws the colour down into the pores of the paper. It consists of a spoon-like reservoir, which contains a little of the colour to be applied. Through this liquid a fine needle darts rapidly backwards and forwards; its wetted point projecting each time beyond the edge of the spoon. A strong current of air from bellows, which can be manipulated by the foot of the artist, blows past the point, and carries the paint in spray against the paper. If the needle-point is held near the paper, the result is a fine line on the paper, which, however, can be broadened by withdrawing the point from the paper. All the operations are said to be completely under the control of the colourist.



A DOUBLE-SEATED HANSOM.

A Double-Seated Hansom.

The above illustration shows a new type of hansom which has recently been introduced. It is intended to seat four persons, and is provided with two seats, while at the same time it includes the advantages of a hansom in point of speed, and so on. The driver sits behind, as in the ordinary hansom; but the passengers enter at the back from either side. The driver can open and close the doors without leaving his perch, or losing control of the horse. Communication with the driver is made through a trap in the roof.

A Perspective Microscope.

Mr. G. J. Burch has discovered that when two lenses are separated by a distance equal to the sum of their focal lengths, the magnitude of the image bears a constant ratio to the object, no matter where the latter is situated on the optic axis. The ratio in question is that of the focal lengths of the two lenses. A displacement of the object along the axis causes a displacement of the image in the same direction, but in the square of the ratio. Moreover, a picture taken with the camera lucida under these conditions has the perspective of the object magnified in the square of the ratio, when it is brought within proper distance of the eye. On these principles he has constructed a perspective microscope, which he recently exhibited at the Royal Society with a piece of moss under it, which, on being looked at, was seen in magnified perspective.

Artificial Pumice.

Prof. J. W. Judd, in a recent paper on the volcanic rocks of North-Eastern Fife, observed that natural glass, or obsidian, frequently contained enough volatile matter to bubble up into a pumice when subjected to the heat of the blowpipe. This happened to the "dacite" glass of Fife, and the obsidian of Krakatao, the volcano which erupted in August, 1883. The obsidian, in fact, became like the pumice which was thrown out by the volcano. This fact accounts for the round natural glass balls, or *lithophysæ*, of the Obsidian Cliffs in the Yellowstone Natural Park. They are probably natural glass bubbles.

Spiders and the Electric Light.

Some time ago electric lights were placed in front of the Treasury and other public buildings in Washington, and a curious result has been an extraordinary congregation of spiders' webs. These cunning animals have discovered that game, in the form of flies, moths, and so on, is very abundant near the electric light, owing to the attraction it has for some insects, and hence their webs are in some parts so thick that portions of the architectural ornamentation are no longer visible.

Natural Smelted Iron.

Along the banks of the North Saskatchewan River, near Edmonton, in the North-Western territory of

Canada, there are beds of lignite to be seen overlaid with clayey sandstone containing nodules of clay iron ore, which is probably a carbonate of iron. At some time or other the lignite has been burnt, and the beds are now, in part at least, turned into ashes and cinders, amongst which are found lumps of pure iron which have been smelted from the nodules of ore by the burning lignite. Some of these pieces weigh twelve pounds or more, and they are much rusted. A thicket of trees is now growing on the old lignite beds. The phenomenon may be an instance of how the reduction of iron was first discovered by primitive man. It reminds us of the old iron-workings of our Saxon ancestors in Sussex.

Glass-Paper.

Powdered glass is now used instead of sand for lining "sand-paper." The glass is pulverised by heating it red-hot and throwing it into water, then braying the grains in an iron mortar. It is then sifted, and fixed on the paper by a strong glue. Muslin is also used instead of the paper, and is said to last longer.

A New Life-Buoy.

Mr. Alexander Smith, President of the Arbroath Swimming Club, has devised a new life-buoy, which obviates some disadvantages of the old ring form. It can be gripped at any part by means of a hand-rope round it. The shape is longitudinal, and in the centre is a handle with a buoy at each end. These buoys are of an oval or other shape, and can be filled either by air or cork. The mode of using is to pass both arms over the centre until it rests under the armpits, and can there be to a certain extent controlled.

Measuring Irregular Solids.

Herr R. Kleemann, of Halle, has devised a useful little instrument for measuring the volume of bodies of any shape without bringing them into contact with water or weighing them. It consists, as shown in the figure, of a cylindrical copper box six centimetres high, and ten centimetres in diameter. A long graduated tube is jointed into the top of this, the diameter of the tube being three centimetres. It can be closed by an india-rubber cork. The base of the box is removable, and has a sharp point on it to support the solid to be measured. The apparatus is used as follows:—Fine sand is poured down the tube into the box until its level reaches the zero mark of the instrument. The cork is then put in, and the instrument inverted. When the solid is in place the sand is turned back again, and the difference of level reached gives the volume of the body, since it shows the displacement which the latter has produced.

A Telephone Palace.

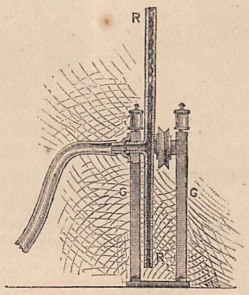
In Stockholm the telephone is much used, and a large central station is now in course of erection for this purpose. It is called "the Telephone Palace." It is intended to meet the wants of 4,000 telephone subscribers at present, and 7,000 in future. The main room is 110 feet long by 30 feet wide, and here the telephonic communications are made and unmade, enabling any part of Stockholm to speak to any other part. There are twenty connecting and disconnecting tables in the room, each comprising 16,000 connections; and there are no less than 160 Swedish miles of connecting wire within the room. The whole is worked by eighty clerks.

A Wooden Tower.

An international industrial exhibition is to be held at Brussels in 1888, and one of its features will be a gigantic tower 900 feet high, and built entirely of wood. The tower will be surrounded by three galleries, one of which will be used as a concert-hall and promenade. Seven lifts will convey people to the top, from whence a view for 72 miles round will be obtainable. It is estimated that the building of the tower will occupy 1,000 workmen for a year.

A Pneumatic Speed Indicator.

Captain Rung, of the Danish Royal Artillery, has recently brought out an ingenious pneumatic rotation indicator, which enables the speed of an engine to be read at a distance, and is thus useful on board ship. If a piece of india-rubber hose is swung round by hand, centrifugal force will cause the air in it to rarefy if the tube is closed at one end. This fact is made use of by the inventor. When the rotary hose is connected to a vacuum gauge the hand on the latter takes a fixed position when the speed of the hose is uniform, and the position of the hand bears a certain relation to the speed. The actual apparatus consists of two chief parts: first, a rotator, R (see woodcut), which takes the place of the hose, and consists of a hollow gas-pipe which revolves on an axis driven by a belt or cord from the engine-shaft. This is connected at the middle by a pneumatic tube, which is in turn connected to an indicator. The whole is mounted on supports, G G, and free to rotate. The indicator, or second part of the apparatus, is a pressure gauge of some kind, and need not be described in detail. Of course, the tube connecting the rotator and indicator may be of considerable length. Experiments have been made with the appliance on board a Danish war-ship, the distance between rotator and indicator being 100 feet; and a new iron-clad is being fitted out with eight of these attachments. They have also been successfully used for testing cream separators of high speed; and it is intended to make a special size for use in centrifugal dairies.



Timing Bicycles by Electricity.

The timing of bicycle races by electricity is, we believe, to be practised by the Massachusetts Bicycle

Club. The device consists of a strip of india-rubber about 3 inches wide and $\frac{1}{16}$ inch thick, to be laid across the track, and having two thin strips of sheet-brass or copper sewed to one side, and these are to be connected with a voltaic battery and an electric bell. The whole is to be so arranged across the track that the pressure of the front wheel of the bicycle brings the two brass strips into contact, completes the electric circuit. and rings the signal bell. The device is operated both at the start and the finish of the race.

Puddling with Dry Clay.

A Scotch engineer has discovered that it is preferable to puddle reservoirs, in order to prevent leakage, with dry clay. The wet clay contains so much water that it is at about its full power of expansion. The dry clay is reduced to powder, then applied to the bed of the reservoir, or any place to be rendered water-tight. The clay absorbs water, expands, and is said to prevent filtration.

Mosquitoes and Trout.

According to a recent bulletin of the United States Fish Commission, mosquitoes are a deadly enemy to young brook trout. An observer states that in June, 1882, while sitting by the Tumichie Creek in Gunnison Valley, Colorado, where the water was clear and shallow, he saw a number of newly-hatched mountain brook trout swimming about. When one of these came to the surface of the water, a mosquito would fly at him and drive his trunk into the little creature's brain. When the mosquito flew away the little fish turned over dead. In the course of half an hour, the observer saw some twenty trout were killed in this way. The locality was near the snow line, and the water cold. It is possible that other infant fish may be killed by the same harpy.

Preserving Iron by Electricity.

Electricity has been applied by a French electrician to the coating of iron with a protective skin of magnetic oxide of iron. The iron is placed in distilled water at a temperature of 158° to 170° Fahr., and an electric current is sent through the water, sufficiently strong to decompose it. The oxygen unites with the iron to form black oxide, which in the course of an hour or two forms a skin on the iron, thick enough to be polished. The current must not be too strong, else the coat will not form. It is thought that the process will supersede the Bower-Barff process, and also galvanising to some extent. Even rusty iron subjected to the bath is said to have its rust converted into the magnetic oxide.

A Belgian Bone Cave.

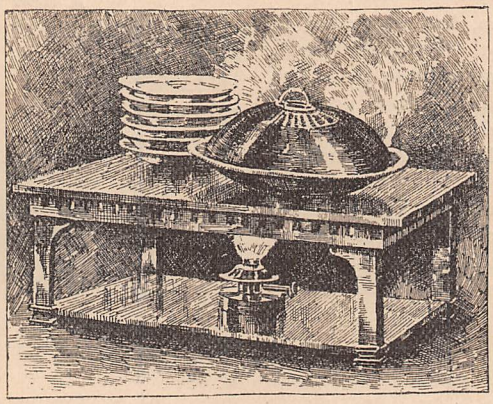
A bone cave of great interest was recently discovered in Belgium, near the Meuse. The floor consisted of several separate beds of clay and calcareous matter, containing flint weapons, fragments of pottery, bone weapons, and tablets of the mammoth ivory. Among these signs of the elephant, mammoth, and deer were also found human skeletons in one of the under beds of earth. They had evidently been laid there for sepulture. The shape of the skulls was similar to that of the famous Neanderthal skull, the bone being thick, and the ridge over the eyes marked. This type of skull is said to be not incompatible with a high degree of intelligence, and to survive in Europe until this day.

Wood-Wool.

Very thin, slender shavings of wood are now used in France, not only for packing, but for filling mattresses, littering cattle, filtering liquids, stuffing horse-collars, and so on. The material is known as "wood-wool," and when derived from resinous wood is said to be preferable to hair for bedding, the resin preventing it from absorbing moisture. In workshops the wood-wool is even replacing cotton waste for cleaning machinery, as it costs far less.

A Table Heater.

A universal heater for plates, liquids, food, and so on, is illustrated in the accompanying woodcut. It is made in the form of a small table, on which the thing to be heated is placed. A lamp below serves as the source of warmth. The heater consists essentially of a hot air chamber, which distributes the heat. This is supported on non-conducting feet, so that it can be set upon an ordinary table, without injuring the latter. The lamp supplied is a methylated spirit lamp of the safety order, so as to prevent fire risks. The heater is made in several metals : for instance, electro-plate, nickelled copper, copper, and tin, the price of the apparatus, of course, varying with the material and size.



A TABLE HEATER.

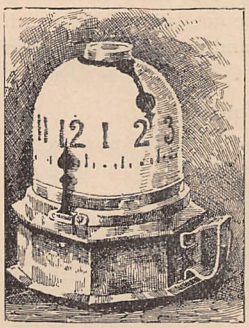
Prescribing by Cable.

The Atlantic Cable was recently used to prescribe treatment in a case of illness. A lady from New York, while travelling on the Continent, was taken ill

of fever in a German town, and her relatives being distrustful of the local medical attendance, cabled every day to the family physician in New York, and received in reply full particulars of the treatment to be pursued. On one occasion a consultation was held, and the result telegraphed. The patient recovered, and returned to America. This use of the telegraph deserves to be well known, as family doctors are more likely to inspire confidence and to know a patient's constitution than strangers.

A Clock Night-Lamp.

The figure illustrates a little night or day lamp provided with a clock. The clockwork is placed in the bottom of the lamp, and the hour spindle passes through the top and is secured to a plate which is revolved once in twelve hours. Resting on the plate and turning with it is a dome of white glass having the hours and quarters marked on it in a circle as shown. Fixed to the side of the base is a pointer which, as the dome revolves, indicates the hour. A second pointer above can be set in advance of the other to tell the time of an engagement or the administering of medicine. The lamp-flame within the dome illuminates it at night and serves as a lamp.



Projecting Microscopic Views.

Professor Stricker, of Vienna, has succeeded in projecting, on a white screen, the views of objects, as seen in the microscope, magnified from 6 to 8,000 times, according to the power used. It is done by means of an arc lamp, enclosed in a camera having powerful magnifying lenses. The light of the arc lamp, of 4,000 candle-power, is sent through the objects, which are placed on glass plates like microscopic slides, and by means of the lenses is projected on a white screen. In this way it is possible to teach to a whole class at once the secrets of anatomical structure, as disclosed by the microscope.

A Pouched Lion.

In the Wellington Caves of Australia, a fossil jawbone has been discovered, and submitted to Sir Richard Owen, the well-known palæontologist. He has pronounced it to be that of a lion, an animal which was not supposed to have existed on the Australian continent. The peculiarity of this lion is, however, one which belongs to that part of the world. It is believed to have been a pouched lion —that is to say, provided with a pouch, after the fashion of the kangaroo, in which it could convey its young.

An Explosive from Wood.

Wood powder has recently been introduced into the Belgian army instead of dynamite. The powder is made by treating ordinary sawdust with a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids. It is afterwards formed into cartridges by powerful presses, and these are covered with paraffin paper to keep out the damp. The instantaneous production of gases in the explosion renders the substance a rival of dynamite.

Sponge in Water-Pipes.

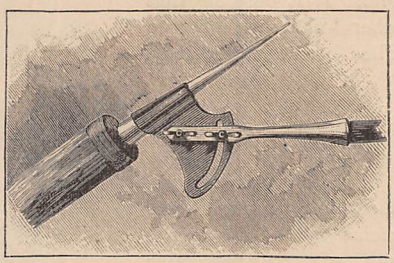
Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald has been making researches on the growth of the sponge, *Spongia lacustris*, in water-pipes. Pieces of this plant, or rather animal, find their way into the pipes from lake sources of supply in America, and by their propagation and decay give what is described as a "cucumber-fishy" taste to the water. Even large mains under a pressure of 100 feet have been filled up with masses of the sponge, which cannot be removed by flushing the pipes, but require the use of scrapers and wire brushes.

A Gigantic Flame.

A volcano of hot mud and earth recently broke out at Lok Batan, in South Russia, accompanied with flames estimated to have been 350 feet high. The whole country was lighted up like day, and the heat could be felt nearly a mile from the crater. The volume of muddy liquid ejected by the eruption has spread itself over a square mile round the crater, to a depth varying from seven to fourteen feet.

A New Brush-Holder.

The woodcut illustrates a new device for enabling places out of reach to be painted. The staff of the holder is fitted with a kind of adjustable sector, which carries the brush-holder as shown; and the sector enables the brush to be adjusted to any required angle by means of the slot and clamps which are provided. Such a device is more advantageous than the ordinary plan of tying the brush on the end of a stick.



£75 STORY COMPETITION.

The MSS. sent for this Competition are still under consideration, and the Award will be announced next month, if possible.

A MAN OF THE NAME OF JOHN.

By FLORENCE M. KING.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

ASHLEIGH PLACE LOSES ITS MASTER.

A PERFECT April day, with a hazy blue sky overhead, and masses of white clouds faintly tinged with pink on the far horizon; sunshine on the rolling glades of the open park; flickering lights and shadows in the great double avenue, where the inner line of trees wore a faint pinkish hue, as if the young buds blushed at their first appearance in the world; and the outer line of beeches had clothed themselves already in fresh, vivid green.

Here and there across the park a blackthorn showed white and clear against the prevailing hues of soft greens and browns; a distant clump of firs stood out almost black by contrast. Primroses shone like stars among the dead brown leaves under the trees; bluebells and anemones lifted their graceful heads among the long grass; violets covered the short turf with a carpet of blue and white. The birds sang merrily among the budding branches, the call of the cuckoo sounded faintly from the distant woods. The tinkling of the sheep-bells mingled with the bleating of the young lambs, and the deeper answering voices of their mothers, as the flocks moved slowly across the sunny turf. A herd of deer came slowly over the crest of a sloping hill, and, pausing for a moment, with their pretty heads held high in air, bounded away swift as arrows, alarmed at a sudden bark from the faithful sheep-dog.

So much beauty, so much to rejoice in on this sweet spring day—and the man who owned it all but yesterday would never see it more!—mused Gypsy Marchmont, turning her gaze towards the long grey house at the head of the avenue, where every blind was closely drawn.

They made a pretty picture standing together, girl and dog, in the wide avenue: Gypsy in her soft green dress, and her hands full of golden daffodils. Yet Gypsy was hardly considered pretty; her features were too pronounced and irregular for that. Her face depended on expression for its charm. When the deep grey eyes were lit with laughter, and the proud mouth curved in smiles, she was very fascinating. When she was tired or out of humour, she was almost plain. Her dark hair, cut quite short, and curling all over her head, gave her a quaint, boyish look; but somehow its rough untidiness suited with the air of wild easy grace that had gained her in early childhood her pet name.

"Tired of waiting, Crona? So am I," she said aloud, laying a hand on the handsome collie's head. "Such dull work as it is, too, for there is no exciting news to wait for. Sir Charles was much too uninteresting a person to provide us with a little sensation at his death."

A sudden eager movement on the dog's part interrupted her musings. Two figures appeared on the steps in front of the house, and as one hastened down the long flight, and crossed the wide sweep of gravel that lay at the end of the avenue, Gypsy advanced slowly to meet her father.

"Tired of waiting, Gypsy? Have I been long?" he called, as he approached.

"No, not longer than I expected," she answered. "I know what a tiresome old daddy you are when once Mr. Fortescue gets hold of you."

"I am very sorry, really. I said good-bye once, but just as I was coming away Freeman arrived, so I stopped to speak to him," Mr. Marchmont explained, as they left the shadowy avenue and turned off across the turf.

"Oh, I am glad you have seen him. Now you will know all about everything. Is there a will?" questioned Gypsy eagerly.

"Why, of course there is a will."

"Oh, dear!" and she sighed deeply. "And I have been cherishing visions of excitement, and romance, and long-lost heirs, in defiance of my better judgment, and they all hinged upon a missing will."

Mr. Marchmont looked at his daughter and laughed.

"You silly child! Sir Charles was far too good a man of business to have left his will to the last minute. It was made some time ago, and the old man told Fortescue what was in it. All the real estate goes to Freeman, and the personal property to various charities, with the exception of a legacy to Fortescue. Sir Charles added a codicil in his favour not long ago. I hope he has left him something handsome."

"So do I," said Gypsy, with a little smile.

"He really deserves it, too," went on Mr. Marchmont. "He has been quite a son to the old man for the last two or three years. He seems honestly sorry for the poor old fellow's death—about the only person in the world who is, I should fancy."

"I suppose so," assented Gypsy absently. "But oh, daddy!"—with sudden animation—"do you really mean Mr. Freeman has come into it all? He will never think of coming to live up here;" and Gypsy's face expressed blank incredulity at the idea.

"Oh, he will probably sell it. In fact, I should

think he would sell all the property, if he can. What would Freeman do with a lot of land on his hands?" said Mr. Marchmont.

"Or any one else, in these days," remarked Gypsy. "Still, it does seem odd to think of his coming into it all."

"Well, really, I don't see how the old man could have done better, if he was determined not to remember his own relations. Freeman has been a very good friend to him."

"Had he any relations to remember?"

"Yes, I suppose so. I always understood his brother married and had a family. It was a pity Sir Charles never kept up his family connections."

"I suppose if he had relations, one of them would come in for the baronetcy?" remarked Gypsy.

"Yes, of course; but it would be an empty honour without the property, not worth advertising. If no one claims it, I suppose the name will die out, and we shall see some *parvenu* master here—a man who made his money in cotton."

"Or screws," suggested Gypsy mischievously.

Mr. Marchmont was off now at full tilt, and enlarged on his favourite subject of the political situation to his heart's content, as they crossed the park and descended the hill towards the village. Ashleigh Church and vicarage lay nestled in the hollow below them, and a few cottages straggled along the invisible road that led up the opposite hill, to where the red-tiled roof of Ashleigh Manor showed among the trees.

As they neared the park boundary, Mr. Marchmont drew a key from his pocket, and opened a gate in the paling. Gypsy paused, and looked back with sudden regret.

"I wonder if we shall be free to wander here as we choose next spring," she said, sighing. "After all, I am really sorry Sir Charles is dead. Nell will be sorry too, I think."

"What is that about Nell?" asked her father. "Did you hear from her to-day, Gypsy?"

"Yes; didn't I tell you? She wants to run down for a Sunday. I hope she will before things are altered."

Something in her present train of thought seemed to have saddened the girl; she passed silently out through the open gate, and went listlessly up the road, her eyes bent on the ground. Mr. Marchmont followed, calling to the dog, and talking to it in his cheery way. Gypsy's varying moods were well known in the family, and generally respected, if not understood.

A turn in the road brought them in sight of the tall yew hedge, on the opposite side of the way, that bounded the vicarage garden.

A young fellow mounted on a bright bay had halted opposite the gate, and was deep in converse with two of the vicar's daughters. Joyce Kendall, the eldest of the family, who acted mother to all the motherless children, stood on the path, basket in hand, just returned from district-visiting. She was a tall girl, with a clever face and a beautiful figure, that made her old navy-blue dress look fit for a princess. One of her younger sisters, a tall, lanky girl of thirteen, hatless and gloveless, with yellow hair streaming over her shoulders, leant over the gate from the inside, brandishing a tennis racquet, and talking in a bright, but somewhat loud, tone.

"Only fancy your not knowing! I should have thought you would have heard it long ago," she cried. "Holloa! There's Gypsy!"

In another moment Meg had cleared the gate, and was tearing down the road, a confused mass of flying hair, arms, and legs, to meet her friend.

"Steady, Meg! Queen Bess will be all over the place if you frighten her like that!" cried her rider, in a tone of annoyance, as the mare plunged across the road in a way that would have proved trying to a less sure seat than Cecil Crawford's. "Steady, lass! To heel, Rags! Gypsy, please call Crona off!" he continued to ejaculate, as fox-terrier and collie rushed at one another, and rolled in the dust together, snapping and barking, under the mare's very nose.

"Is that your new purchase, Cecil?" demanded Gypsy, when order was restored. "Because, if so, I think she is one too many for you."

Gypsy stood on the pathway, Meg hanging on her arm, looking very mischievous and provoking.

"Meg and the dogs together are enough to frighten any horse that ever stepped," returned Cecil, good-temperedly. "I told you to be careful, Meg; you nearly got kicked then."

"I never knew before that horses kicked with their heads," remarked Gypsy coolly.

"That's a fine animal of yours, Cecil. Is that the mare Fortescue was speaking of last week?" asked Mr. Marchmont, standing in the road, and surveying her with the air of a critic.

"Yes, sir; I gave eighty guineas for her, and I think she is cheap at the price," said Cecil, with satisfaction. "She is a splendid fencer——"

"Walks on her hind legs, waltzes, and eats sugar out of the proprietor's hand!" went on Gypsy, in a sing-song tone. "Walk up, ladies and gentlemen! The show's just agoin' to begin!"

"By the way, talking of Fortescue," continued Cecil, without noticing the interruption, "Miss Kendall was just telling me that Sir Charles Hurst is dead at last. I had no idea he was any worse lately. I saw Fortescue yesterday, and he said nothing about it then."

"It was very sudden," said Mr. Marchmont. "He was particularly well all yesterday, and was talking to Fortescue after dinner as usual, when he was suddenly seized with another stroke. They sent for the doctor at once, but there was nothing to be done; he only lived for a couple of hours afterwards."

"Poor old chap! It seems odd to think he is really gone, though he has been nothing but a myth for so long," remarked Cecil. "It must be ten years at least since I saw him last. It will be rather a blow to Fortescue, though. I wonder what he will do."

"The dad says Sir Charles has remembered Mr. Fortescue handsomely in his will; and I am sure he deserves it," remarked Gypsy to Joyce, without looking at her.

"I hope he won't have to go away just as all the tennis and cricket are coming on," said Meg anxiously.

"Father would miss him very much," said Joyce thoughtfully. "He was so good about those cottages in the forest, you know, and he always got such handsome subscriptions out of Sir Charles for us. No one else ever got a penny out of him before."

She fell into a brown study, totally oblivious of Meg and Gypsy's mutual banter, till Gypsy roused her from it, calling out, in her clear ringing voice—

"Daddy dear, don't wait for me. I am going to stop to tea with Meg."

"I say, Gypsy, wait a moment," cried Cecil Crawford, springing up into the path. He had dismounted, in order to show off better the points of his new acquisition, and now stood with the bridle over his arm—a model specimen of a young Englishman, as far as looks went.

Six foot two in his stockings, but too well-proportioned for his height to be obtrusive; with a handsome head, well set on his shoulders, golden-haired and blue-eyed, and carrying himself with a thorough-bred air, it was small wonder that Cecil Crawford presumed on his attractions, and fancied himself irresistible. The only son of his mother, and she a widow, he had been systematically spoilt from early youth, and the marvel was that his conceit was his worst fault. He was a thoroughly good fellow at heart, and very popular, not only amongst the fair sex, but—what spoke better for him—with men also.

The only person who persistently teased and snubbed him was Gypsy Marchmont; but a certain licence had always been accorded her, on the plea that they had been playmates from childhood. Whether they would ever be anything more to each other had been at one time taken for granted. Now that she was three-and-twenty, and the snubbing still went on, though he was two years her senior, and a man of importance in his own county, speculation began to be entertained on the subject.

"I say, how about the primrosing party you talked of? Sybil wants to know when it is to be," he asked eagerly.

"I am sure I don't know," answered Gypsy carelessly. "What day would suit you, Joy?"

"Any day you like; but—I don't know—when do you think the funeral is likely to be?" asked Joyce.

"Oh, I never thought of that," said Cecil, turning to Mr. Marchmont. "I suppose one ought to go, sir?"

"Yes, certainly; I shall go," was the reply. "It seems only neighbourly, though there is no one to feel the compliment. What is to-day? Thursday? Well, fix your party for to-day week, and you can't go wrong."

"We ought to make haste, for the flowers are going over," put in Meg.

"Well, Thursday be it, then," said Gypsy. "I will let Sybil know particulars of time and place. You are coming, Cecil?"

"Of course."

"I'm afraid Mr. Fortescue won't be able to join us now. What a bore!" said Gypsy, carefully arranging a single daffodil in her button-hole. "There! Do I look æsthetic? I feel limp and dejected enough at this sad thought."

"THEY MADE A PRETTY PICTURE STANDING TOGETHER" (*p.* 385).

Cecil made no reply; he had his foot in the stirrup, and mounted in a second, in spite of the mare's refusal to stand still. Perfectly at ease, and regardless of her plunging at starting, he turned in his saddle to take off his hat to the girls. "Good-bye till Thursday, then. Don't forget to tell Roger about the rabbits, Meg," he cried, as he rode off.

"After all, you know," remarked Gypsy, as they watched him cantering down the turf by the road-side, "Cecil has one point in his favour. He does know how to ride."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP——"

IT is a mournful reflection that a man can live ninety years in this world of hopes and fears, of joys and sorrows, and yet keep so absolutely aloof from the interests of his fellow-men, that no single human being is the poorer or the sadder for his death. Yet this was literally the case with Sir Charles Hurst. Neither friend nor relation grieved for his loss. None but the agent, whose only tie to him was a paid salary, even pretended to miss or regret him. And even Alan Fortescue felt an uneasy sensation of duty unfulfilled, now that there was no one for him to amuse and take

care of, rather than any definite sorrow for the old man's loss.

It was not only that Sir Charles had outlived his generation, but he had never had any friends to outlive, and his only brother had parted from him in wrath long years ago. Always of a reserved, unsociable disposition, as years rolled on the old man became more and more retired and exclusive in his habits, till at last the lawyer from the neighbouring town, who had succeeded his father in the management of Sir Charles's affairs, was the only man who was ever suffered to cross the threshold of Ashleigh Place.

This state of affairs might have continued till his death, had not the loss of his old bailiff, followed by a paralytic stroke which rendered him almost helpless, forced Sir Charles, long after he had passed his eightieth year, to engage a young and active agent.

Alan Fortescue, a distant connection of Mr. Freeman's, obtained the post, and for five years now he had lived in the great desolate house, faithfully doing his duty by the old man. He had gradually acquired great influence over him, and was virtually free to manage the property as he chose; and never had it been better looked after, nor the tenants better satisfied. Some people began to speculate if he would eventually be the old man's heir, but Sir Charles had no such intention. He explained to Alan one day the exact terms of his will, and added that he would find himself remembered in a codicil to the tune of a thousand pounds or so, but that he need never look for anything more.

Alan did not look for anything more, but he understood the old man's ways well enough to know that the thousand pounds might well be two or three; and in the last few days a glorious castle in the air had raised itself on the foundation of this legacy.

There was a certain farm, not a mile from Ashleigh, prettily situated, with a comfortable old-fashioned house, capable of being made a charming home with the aid of a moderate outlay and a little good taste. The lease had just fallen in, and the present tenant declined to renew it. For some weeks Alan had been debating whether he could afford to take it himself. Now that all the property was likely to be sold, the idea had flashed upon him that he would do far better to buy it.

He was not afraid of not making it pay; it was good land, and he understood its capabilities thoroughly, and he had a little capital to fall back on. There was a good thing to be made out of it, he was certain. At nine-and-twenty he was beginning to want to make a home for himself, and where could he make it better than in Ashleigh, as master of High Beeches, with fair Joyce Kendall as its young mistress?

But before his golden dreams could take shape he must be sure of his legacy, and at present neither he nor Mr. Freeman had been able to find the old man's will. At first the lawyer laughed at the careful way in which Sir Charles had hidden it, but as time went on he became absolutely annoyed, and grumbled heartily at his client's folly, as he termed it.

The funeral was fixed for Tuesday, and when Alan Fortescue went in to supper at the vicarage after service on Sunday night, his reply to the vicar's question was still—

"No, we cannot find the will anywhere."

"Perhaps there is none," suggested Meg, charmed at the prospect of some excitement. "What would you do then?"

"But we know there is one," answered Alan, smiling at her. "We have only to look till we find it; it must turn up in time."

Later on, when supper was over, and he was strolling up and down the garden with Mr. Kendall enjoying a quiet pipe, they paused by the open drawing-room window. Joyce sat on a low chair, gazing out into the soft twilight; further in the room Kitty, the musician of the family, was playing from memory in the flickering firelight some of Mendelssohn's loveliest airs.

"What are you thinking of, Miss Kendall?" said a voice in her ear.

Mr. Kendall was strolling further on to the lawn to catch a glimpse of some particular star, and they were practically alone.

"My thoughts are governed by Kitty's music—'and He shall give thee thy heart's desire,'" sang Joyce, under her breath. "I was wondering how many people get their heart's desire in this world."

"It depends partly on the desire, I suppose. I hope, I trust, I may get mine before long."

It was spoken very softly; there was more in the tone than in the words; but Joyce flushed in the sheltering twilight, and flew away on the wings of Kitty's music into a world that lies open only to love and youth.

The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon. There was a great gathering of neighbours, and the whole village turned out to stare. Mourners, in the true sense of the word, there were none.

Curiosity and speculation were rife concerning the missing will. Some thought it had been destroyed; others that it had been placed by Sir Charles in some hiding-place, the secret of which had died with him. As soon as the funeral was over, a more thorough search was commenced, extending to the deceased's private rooms. Alan Fortescue was as busy as ever, and reluctantly obliged to decline at all events to start with the primrosing party on Thursday. If he could, he would join them afterwards, he said, but he was afraid he should be unable to get away.

About half-past four that afternoon, however, a sudden order came down to the stables that the dog-cart was to be got ready immediately. The groom scanned his face narrowly as Alan came down the steps and took his place.

"There's something gone wrong," was his shrewd comment, as he watched the young man's set expression, and the unusually tight hand he kept upon the reins.

They had driven rapidly for about two miles between the bright green hedges, vivid in their spring beauty, when a turn in the road brought Alan in sight of his friends. A sloping bank at one side of the lane led up

to a little copse, whence the underwood had been lately cleared, and among the sycamore shoots and saplings the whole party of girls and children were flitting about in search of floral spoil, laughing, singing, and calling excitedly to one another as they hit on some new treasure. The Marchmonts' little pony-cart stood in the middle of the road, and Kitty Kendall held the reins, while Cecil Crawford transferred the contents of several baskets to the hampers over which she was keeping guard.

Alan drew up, and watched the happy, unconscious party with an odd pain at his heart. A moment's observation revealed Joyce lingering rather behind the others, and absorbed over a cluster of primroses

"DEEP IN CONVERSE WITH TWO OF THE VICAR'S DAUGHTERS" (*p.* 386).

at the foot of a young beech. He threw the reins to the groom, and dismissed the dog-cart, and springing up the bank, he stood the next moment by her side, unobserved by the rest of the party.

Joyce looked up as she heard his footsteps rustling through the dead leaves, but did not move from her kneeling position when she recognised him. "So you have been able to get away, after all?" she said. "Isn't it a lovely afternoon?"

"Beautiful," he assented, leaning against the tree.

"We had given up all hopes of seeing you," she went on. "I suppose, as you were able to come, that your task is over, and the will is found?"

"Yes, we have found the will," he said quietly.

"And it is just what you expected, I suppose?"

"Yes, just what we expected."

"And did he—has—I mean," stammered Joyce, with flushing cheeks, "I hope Sir Charles has remembered you in his will?"

"He did indeed," in the same calm, unmoved tone. "He left me five thousand pounds."

Joyce rose with a sudden look of delight.

"I am very glad," she said. "I congratulate you with all my heart. But—but—you don't seem very much pleased yourself," she went on doubtfully. She could not understand the expression of his face.

"There is a trifling informality in the will which affects the bequest, that is all," he said, slowly. "It is not signed."

Joyce felt her heart stand still, and wondered vaguely if her ears had heard aright.

"The will not signed? Do you mean the codicil or the will itself?" she asked, blankly incredulous.

"Both. The whole thing is invalid. It has never been signed at all."

Joyce's eyes fell. There was a dead, a dangerous silence.

"You don't think he left it unsigned on purpose?" she ventured softly.

"No, I don't; I don't indeed," he said earnestly.

Nor did he. He did not believe the old man had purposely destroyed the hopes that had been built on this legacy. It was only, he was sure, the strange, incomprehensible feeling that leads men to shrink from signing their wills as though they were their own death-warrants. But for that firm conviction, the blow would have been too hard to bear.

To have seen it down in black and white that the sum of five thousand pounds—a larger sum than he had ever dared to dream of—was left him "in recognition of his faithful service," and then to find that the whole thing was useless, invalid, the mere scratching

of a pen upon a piece of paper, was a shock indeed. For one second he had seen his wildest hopes fulfilled, his wife and home standing before his eyes; and now he stood beside Joyce's real, living presence, and felt that honour forbade him to speak the words that had been in his heart so long.

Joyce's gaze was fixed on the flowers at her feet that she no longer saw; Alan's eyes rested on her. Even in that moment of bitter disappointment there was a sweet sense of sympathy and mutual loss that was very tempting. The birds sang round them, the bright sunshine filtered through the leaves overhead, happy voices and laughter rang through the air, everything rejoiced and was glad but those two young hearts. What more natural than that they should comfort one another? In another moment the thought would have shaped itself into speech, when, even as Alan moved a step nearer, Gypsy's clear voice called from the field close by—

"Joyce! Joy! Where are you? We have found a lark's nest, and Giles wants just one egg!"

The spell was broken. Alan pulled himself together with a mental effort, and turned to meet Gypsy. She made her way between the bushes, a golden-haired sailor-boy clinging to her side, and her flow of nonsense running on to him as she came.

"I promise you, Gillie, larks are very bad for small boys. Oh, Mr. Fortescue! when did you arrive? I did not see you come."

"I have only just come," he answered, coming forward to shake hands with her. "Well, Giles, where is this nest?"

"I thought you were up to your eyes in musty papers," said Gypsy. "Have you found the will at last?"

"Yes," he said, and then hurrying on to make the news known once for all—"But it is not signed."

"Not signed? You mean it is of no use, then?" cried Gypsy.

"Absolutely of no use. It is only so much waste paper."

"And your legacy?" she demanded quickly.

"It remains a good intention. It was far larger than I expected. I shall always be grateful to Sir Charles; he meant well."

Gypsy's eyes fell on Joyce standing in the background, and she took in the position of affairs at a glance.

"I am very sorry," she said gravely, moving on to join her friend. "It is a disappointment to us all, Mr. Fortescue; we should all have been glad to hear of your good fortune."

"You are very good," he said simply.

"But how did it happen? Why didn't Mr. Freeman see to its being signed?" cried Gypsy. "Oh, how stupid lawyers are! There never was a will yet that they did not make some mistake over."

"It was not Mr. Freeman's fault; he quite thought it had been signed two years ago, when the codicil was added, and so did I. We found the will in the secret drawer, where I can't help thinking Sir Charles must have forgotten it."

Gypsy had no comfort to offer. "But what shall you do now?" she asked abruptly.

"Try and get a berth with Sir Charles's successor, I think. He won't easily find a man who knows more about the land than I do," said Alan, with a short nervous laugh.

"His successor?" said Joyce, looking up.

"Yes; Freeman will advertise for an heir now. There must be some nephews or great-nephews somewhere."

"Poor Mr. Freeman! This must be a great blow to him," said Gypsy. "It almost serves him right for his carelessness, but still I suppose he is dreadfully disappointed?"

"Honestly, I think he is more sorry for me than for himself," said Alan. "He is very kind about it, and much annoyed with himself."

"So he ought to be," said Gypsy.

"But for that," went on Alan, "I really believe he is almost glad. It seems he has always been urging Sir Charles to remember his relations, though without avail. But he is very sorry for me, and I am certain of continuing in my present position if his interest is of any use."

"I think that is a very practical idea of yours," said Gypsy. "Any stranger coming here must be glad of your local knowledge and experience. Oh, I am sure we shall not lose you yet, after all; and besides," as a bright idea struck her, "if the new-comer is a gentleman he will be sure to carry out Sir Charles's intentions."

"Charities and all?" asked Alan.

"No, no, only as far as you are concerned. Mr. Freeman doesn't matter, for he has plenty of money and no children. But see if you don't get your legacy some day! Mark my words, for I am a splendid prophet! And now," went on Gypsy, "let us go and look after our young ornithologist, for I'll be bound he has rifled that nest by now."

Her sanguine spirit was infectious; the other two laughed and followed her, feeling that, after all, their misfortune was not absolutely crushing, and that life might yet have better things in store for them.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

"HIS NAME IS JOHN."

"WELL, girls, have you heard the news?"

The speaker was Mr. Marchmont, as he entered a room at the Manor once known as the schoolroom, and now appropriated to his daughters' special use. It was a warm May morning, some ten days after the primrosing party, and he was hot and fatigued by his ride in the sun. The room, which had just been arranged for the summer, looked cool and pleasant after the glare outside. Molly, the youngest daughter of the house, was adding finishing touches, in the shape of quaint jars and bowls full of flowers in odd corners. Lena, with a cluster of white narcissus in her fresh spring dress, was writing letters in one mullioned window; while lazy Gypsy had laid a cushion on the

sill of the other, which opened almost to the ground, and reclined at her ease in a picturesque attitude, with two or three dogs lying comfortably on the skirt of her old winter gown.

She turned her head as her father entered the room, and repeated his question saucily—

"Have we heard the news? Why, of course we haven't! And haven't you cantered all the way home from Hengston on purpose to tell it to us? What a dear, transparent old dad you are! Come and sit in the big chair at once, and let us hear all particulars."

"It is so late, I really haven't time to stop, or I shan't be ready for lunch," objected Mr. Marchmont. But all the same, he took possession, with a sigh of satisfaction, of the massive arm-chair specially retained in the room for his use. "You don't deserve to hear any news at all, you ungrateful, mocking girl!" he went on. "The idea of supposing I should canter along the hard roads on a day like this!"

"Never mind Gyp, Daddy; tell us the news!" coaxed Lena. "What is it? Have they found the missing heir?"

For some days now advertisements had been appearing in various papers, requesting the descendants of Humphrey Hurst, younger son of the late Sir James Hurst, to apply at the office of Messrs. Freeman and Wild in London, where they would hear of something to their advantage; and all the neighbourhood was very keen to see who would answer the appeal.

"I met Freeman in Hengston to-day," said Mr. Marchmont; "and he tells me that a claimant has turned up at his cousin's office already. There, girls, isn't that news?"

"Thrilling news, papa! Do go on! Who is he? What is he like?" cried Molly, waving a fern aloft in her excitement.

"He is a grandson of the original Humphrey—his only grandson, in fact—and he is a clerk in a Liverpool house."

"What?" groaned Gypsy. "Daddy, how awful!"

"Well, poor fellow, I suppose he could not help it," said Mr. Marchmont apologetically. "It seems his father was a doctor with a very good practice; but he died suddenly, leaving his family almost unprovided for. His son was only too glad to get a berth in the office of a former patient."

"And his mother?" asked Lena.

"She is dead, too: died some years ago."

"Do you think he is the right man?" asked Gypsy.

"There is no doubt of it; he brought all needful certificates with him. I suppose we shall see him down here before long."

Gypsy sat silent, stroking Crona's silky head, while the other two girls plied their father with questions, receiving, it must be owned, rather unsatisfactory replies. Only as he rose to go, she asked suddenly—

"One moment, Daddy; what is the gentleman's name?"

"His name? I am sure I heard it. What was it? George? Bob? John?—Ay, that was it, Sir John Hurst."

There was a dead silence after the door had closed behind Mr. Marchmont. Gypsy was the first to break it. Sitting bolt upright, with her hands folded in her lap, she surveyed her sisters solemnly, and soliloquised aloud—

"A clerk in a Liverpool house! I can see him! 'A commonplace type, with a stick and a pipe, and a half-bred black-and-tan!' He will ride like a tailor, shoot like a cockney, and probably be unsound on his h's. Girls, it is awful to contemplate!"

"Oh, Gyp, it may be better than you expect. Some clerks are gentlemen," expostulated Molly.

"My dear, he won't be one; I feel it coming on. I shall loathe him entirely! I shall hate him! I shall detest him! A man of the name of John!"

It is impossible to describe the scorn with which Gypsy pronounced that not uncommon name.

"I wish men could leave their titles to their agents," sighed Lena. "Think how well Sir Alan Fortescue would sound!"

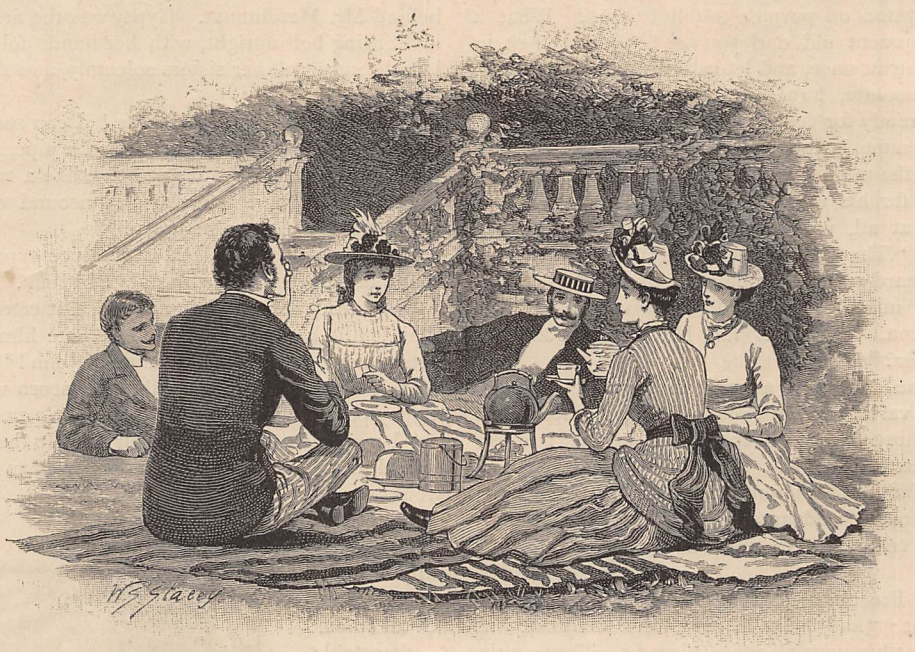
"Or Sir Anybody Anything—except John! Of all odious—detestable names!" cried Gypsy.

"'WE HAVE FOUND THE WILL,' HE SAID QUIETLY" (*p.* 389).

"Oh, how I shall hate him! Mr. Fortescue shall not stop to be his agent. Fancy having anything to do with a man of the name of John!"

"You all seem very much excited. What is the matter?" said a pleasant voice in the background.

Gypsy's hair was a sore point. She had cut it off one day in a sudden freak; because it was growing thin, according to her own showing; from laziness and a love of singularity, according to her mother. There was some truth in this last accusation. Gypsy was in that



"GYPSY SAT BY HER SISTER'S SIDE" (*p.* 394).

Lena turned to answer a tall, still pretty woman, of middle age, whose likeness to herself was sufficiently marked to stamp them as mother and daughter.

"Oh, mother, they have found the heir! And his name is John, and he is a Liverpool clerk! Isn't it dreadful?" cried Lena.

"Why? If he is a Hurst, I suppose he is a gentleman; and what objection can you have to the name of John?"

"It is loathsome," murmured Gypsy.

"Gypsy declares she knows she shall hate him," added Molly.

"I hope you won't take one of your silly prejudices against a person you know nothing of. Wait till he comes," said Mrs. Marchmont, approaching the window.

"I don't need to; I hate him now," said Gypsy, looking up at her mother tranquilly.

"How can you let those dogs lie on you like that Gypsy? What a mess your gown will be in!"

"It is a very old one, and Crona loves me so," said Gypsy cheerfully, jumping up as the luncheon gong sounded. "Is my hair fit to be seen, Molly?"

"It never is," remarked Mrs. Marchmont conclusively, as she turned to leave the room.

uncomfortable frame of mind which leads one to commit any act that may serve as a bar between one's self and one's neighbours. Her present restless, unsatisfied humour made her desire, beyond all things, to be let alone to take her own way.

She occupied rather a lonely position in the family, which made her wayward and discontented. Her elder brothers were abroad with their regiments; her favourite sister was married, and living in London. "The children," as Molly, Lena, and Gerald were still called, were below her in age, and looked on the world with different eyes from her own. Gypsy had lived through the phase of life that they represented. Gerald's Cambridge stories, which roused his younger sisters' deepest interest, seemed to her mere boyish folly. Their conversation was full of hope for the future; Gypsy's intercourse with her chosen friends already began: "Do you remember?"

Moreover, the position of affairs between herself and Cecil Crawford was very unsettling and trying. She had refused him years ago, though no one knew it but herself and her sister Nell; but she had given him to understand then, that though she was too young to think of matrimony at present, she might be of a different mind in time to come.

His intentions had never altered; she knew she had only to lift a finger to bring him to her side again. But though she liked him very well for old friendship's sake, she could not make up her mind to give up her freedom for him yet. Sometimes she wondered if she should be happier if they were really engaged; at others she felt that an engagement would be intolerable bondage. One day she was kind to him, the next she would do nothing but jeer; and the more she tried his never-failing patience, the more she felt that she was weaving round herself the meshes of a net that would surely hold her fast at last.

She was happiest alone with her father, who thought her perfection, and whom she loved devotedly, in spite of her teasing ways. Mrs. Marchmont could not understand her, and slightly resented the intense reserve that forbade all sympathy, and found vent in strange whims and fancies. Gypsy was an excellent elder sister, as she gladly gave up the lion's share of gaieties and entertainments to Molly and Lena—an arrangement especially delightful to eighteen-year-old Molly, just free from the schoolroom, and bent on enjoying life to the utmost.

Joyce Kendall was her sole remaining friend of her own age, and to Joyce she betook herself that afternoon to talk over the thrilling news.

Joyce had heard it already. Mr. Fortescue had been lunching with them, she said, and had given them all the information he possessed on the subject, which, after all, was not very much. Sir John was a young man, about thirty, he believed, and a very pleasant, gentlemanly man to deal with, so the London lawyer reported.

"A gentlemanly young man!" said Gypsy, with scorn. "That is just how one speaks of a clerk! I wonder if this Liverpool gent will show himself down here soon."

But the "Liverpool gent," *alias* Sir John, had no intention of showing himself in Ashleigh at present. He was going abroad at once, and he could not put off his journey to come down and see his new possessions. It was very uncertain when he would be back; perhaps in the autumn, perhaps not till next spring. Meanwhile, he requested Alan Fortescue to continue to act as his agent, and to go on living at his expense at Ashleigh Place.

There was a great deal to be done to the old house, which had fallen into a very bad state of repair, and the gardens were to be thoroughly put in order after their long neglect. Alan was to engage gardeners and superintend workmen, and, in fact, had a busy summer before him.

He had recovered his usual spirits, and considered his present prospects very fairly good. After all, he argued, he was no worse off than he had been when he was intending to rent the farm just before the old man's death. It was only a case of patience, and the few days of his golden hopes formed only a little interlude, better forgotten. In the meantime he was farming the land round High Beeches for Sir John's benefit, and learning its capabilities more fully. All further negotiation he was content to leave till he should have made the new-comer's personal acquaintance.

The excitement concerning the old man's will died away slowly, as it became apparent how little his heir's possession of the property would affect the neighbourhood. Visions of tennis-parties and entertainments on a hitherto unknown scale had floated in the air at first, but this Sir John, who was going abroad for an indefinite period, and could only be addressed through his lawyer, was a very mythical and uninteresting person.

The whole affair was a nine days' wonder, and then it died out, as is the habit of such things, in the presence of more engrossing personal interests.

"It is strange how soon one gets used to things. But for the fact that the shutters are up in Sir Charles's room, I could fancy nothing had ever happened. Do you think that dreadful John would be vexed if he knew how little excitement he had caused?"

It was Gypsy who spoke, strolling in the gardens at Ashleigh Place one hot Sunday afternoon. Her sister, Mrs. Lawson, who had come down for a couple of days to carry off Gypsy, was with her, and the girl was happier and quieter than usual.

"Wait till the place is put in order. We shall have Sir John asking you to come and see the improve ments before long, Gyp."

"Never!" cried Gypsy, laughing.

Her antipathy to the unknown Sir John was a perfect joke against her now. Her sister called him "Gypsy's bugbear," and teased her unmercifully about him.

"Nell, I've got an idea," went on Gypsy, after a moment's silence. "I want you to ask Kitty Kendall to come and stay with you."

"Very well. How old is she now—seventeen? Is she old for her age?"

"She has a head on her shoulders, and I want to bring her along. She is older than Joyce was when she became head of the household."

The sisters looked at each other and laughed.

"How is that affair going on?" asked Mrs. Lawson.

"It progresses, I think. This will was a great blow to them, but they seem to have got over it again. I fancy he is waiting till he knows what his position will be with Sir John."

"Is Joyce coming up this afternoon?"

"Yes, after school, in time for tea. It must be getting on for five now. Let us go back to the others."

They strolled slowly back to the old terrace that ran behind the house. Molly and Lena leant over the balustrade, talking to their brother-in-law and Alan Fortescue. They were particularly pleased with the world just now, as they had just been promised a visit to Cambridge to see their brother in the May week.

"How nice it is to be young!" said Gypsy, catching the sound of their laughter.

"Poor old patriarch! You will grow young again some day!" laughed Mrs. Lawson.

Tea was ready, and she prepared to pour it out. The gay rugs spread about, and the girls' bright dresses, were thrown into relief by the grey stone of

wall and terrace. Gypsy sat by her sister's side, laughing, and hindering rather than helping her. Everything seemed peaceful and harmonious, when Joyce appeared round the corner of the house, escorted by Cecil Crawford.

Gypsy's face took a defiant expression at once.

"Bother the boy! Who on earth asked him to come?" she said petulantly, dropping the sugar-tongs with a gesture of disgust.

He was as charming and agreeable as she was trying. He apologised for appearing without an invitation, and explained that he had been on his way to the Manor to ask the girls to tennis next day, when he met Joyce.

Gypsy liked tennis at Crawhatch, but she took a malicious pleasure in stating at once that she was going away.

"And when will you be back?" he asked.

"This year—next year—some time—never," said Gypsy carelessly.

"In time for the bazaar at least, I hope?" he said.

"Bother the bazaar! I am sick of the sound of it," she cried.

Now, this was ungrateful of Gypsy, for the Crawfords, though not in the parish, were working hard for the bazaar, which was for Ashleigh Church.

"Besides, August is a long way off. Who knows what may happen before then? I may be dead, or you either! Nell, do give me some tea."

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

WHAT I KNOW.

I KNOW the summer's day is sweet;
I know that love is sweeter still;
I know that bliss is ne'er complete;
I know of no perpetual ill.
I know that life has many sides,
That some things here seem hardly meet;
I know that baseness often rides,
While virtue walks with weary feet;
Yet often want and wealth, I know,
But for each other's mask have stood;
And men, I know, where'er we go,
Are mostly happy when they're good.
I know that life, upon the whole,
Is well worth all we have to give;
And that the grander is the goal,
So much the grander 'tis to live.
I know that death is very nigh,
That evil shrinks before his breath;
That only goodness gives "good-bye"
A rainbow in the cloud of death.

WILFRED B. WOOLLAM.

BUNCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY, THOUGH MARRIED."

SPEAKING of his domestic arrangements when he became the rector of a country parish, Sydney Smith said:—"A man-servant was too expensive; so I caught up a little garden-girl, made like a milestone, put a napkin in her hand, christened her Bunch, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals. Bunch became the best butler in the county." If servants are not what they used to be, and the race of Bunch has disappeared, may it not be because employers are not what they used to be, and do not take as much trouble with the training of their servants as was taken by Sydney Smith, his wife, and daughters? These sensible people wanted a good servant, so they set about making one, and Bunch was the by no means despicable result.

If we give the servant difficulty a little unprejudiced consideration, most of us will come to Mr. Ruskin's conclusion: that the only way to have good servants is to be worthy of being well served. "All nature and all humanity will serve a good master, and rebel against an ignoble one. And there is no surer test of the quality of a nation than the quality of its servants, for they are their masters' shadows, and distort their faults in a flattened mimicry. A wise nation will have philosophers in its servants' hall; a knavish nation will have knaves there."

In the training of Bunch, her master and each member of his family took an interest and had a share. The girls taught her to read. As a rule, there is too little of this mutual help and sympathy between the young ladies of a house and the young servant-girls. Too often the former look upon the latter as beings of different flesh and blood from themselves. They do not teach them anything improving; but only, by their example, to dress extravagantly and with bad taste, to be fast and rude in manner, to be selfish, indolent, and often irreligious.

Mrs. Sydney Smith taught Bunch to wait at table, but mistresses nowadays are too fine, too indolent, or too ignorant to teach their servants this or any other domestic accomplishment. It is often advocated that training-schools should be established for domestic servants; but improvement must begin at the head. If we are to have training-schools for domestic servants,

the servants may very well say there ought to be a training-school for mistresses. To rule well is even more difficult than to serve well. Every woman who has a house to govern should know what the duties are of every one she employs, how to do them, and when to do them. Unless she does, she will never be really mistress of her own house. "Knowledge is power" in this case, as in every other; and the servant who really does know her work very soon detects whether her mistress has any knowledge of the same or not, and becomes mistress of the situation in a very literal manner where she finds that her nominal mistress is ignorant.

Sydney Smith himself looked after the morals of Bunch. Certainly, the head of a house is its natural priest, but he must do more for the religion and morals of those whom he employs than merely read or say prayers to them, and give them opportunity to attend public worship. A little real interest in and sympathy with the recreation, friendships, and perhaps homely tragedy, of a servant's life will do more for her morals than acres of lectures and tons of sermons—sermons generally are heavy. But if religion and morality are not taught merely by catechisms and formal acts of worship, then it is the example of each member of a family that makes or mars the morals of such an one as Bunch. She will copy everything the young ladies do, and a word of encouragement from them will be much appreciated. If they rise early, so will she; if they show a pattern of order, neatness, and cleanliness, so will she; if they are conscientious in reference to little things, so will she be. In a word, if the ladies of a house look after their own morals, they cannot but improve those of Bunch. Here, then, is a work you young ladies may do as holy and useful as the most painstaking district-visiting without going beyond the door of your father's house. Teach girls like Bunch to become good servants, and therefore in time to become good wives and mothers, and you will be doing a work for God and man of quite inestimable value.

"Senex," which every schoolboy knows is Latin for "Old Fogey," lately wrote to a daily paper as follows:—

"My wife advertised in a well-known journal for a nurse, and received, among many applications, one in which the mother of the girl objected to her daughter wearing caps and print dresses, and also said she must hold herself as a 'young lady.' What are the unemployed coming to? Is the School Board at fault?"

It would lessen the indignation of mistresses who read the objection of this foolishly fond mother, if they were to ask themselves whether they do not like their own offspring to better themselves or get into "society" where perhaps even they are not always welcome.

But should a servant "hold herself as a young lady?" Certainly, unless she believes, as we do, that the word "girl" or "woman" is higher and better than "lady"—a title which is now so soiled with ignoble use that it is more respectable not to be called by it. It is true that we cannot imagine the mother of Bunch insisting on her daughter being called "a young lady." Probably old Mrs. Bunch was too much of nature's gentlewoman to have to insist upon her rights, and had enough Christian instruction to know that the greatest is not he or she who serves least, but he or she who serves most. Respecting herself and her position, and bringing up Bunch to do the same, she would be quite indifferent about the title given to her daughter.

"Are you resolved?" asks Mr. Ruskin, "that you will never have any but your inferiors to serve you? or shall Ænid ever lay your trencher with tender little thumb, and Cinderella sweep your hearth, and be cherished there? It *might* come to that in time, and plate and hearth be the brighter; but if your servants are to be held your inferiors, at least be sure they *are so*, and that you are indeed wiser, and better-tempered, and more useful than they. Determine what their education ought to be, and organise proper servants' schools, and then give it them. So they will be fit for their position, and will do honour to it, and stay in it: let the masters be as sure they do honour to theirs, and are as willing to stay in that. And for the rest, the dearth of good service—if such there be—may perhaps wholesomely teach us that, if we were all a little more in the habit of serving ourselves in many matters, we should be none the worse, or the less happy."

Perhaps some of our readers would like to see what more is said in the "Memoir of Sydney Smith" about Bunch. Here is her little biography.

"Bunch was a very robust and broad-set girl, and doubtless that fact accounts for the sobriquet she received from her master. Her real name was Rachel Masterman, and her duties were to wait on Sydney Smith at table, to attend to the justice-room, to bring the hot water in the morning, and, in a word, to make herself generally useful. In process of time Bunch became cook, and married the coachman. Her last days were spent in York, and she died there a considerable time ago." When Bunch was promoted to the position of cook, another little girl was "caught up," and installed in the vacant place. Two years ago she was living in old age near York, and related to Sydney Smith's last biographer characteristic acts of kindness, which explain the attachment which the servants of the witty Canon of St. Paul's felt for their master. Their allegiance to him was close and loyal, and such as mere money can never obtain.

We have nothing more to add, except that kindness to servants, as to children, means not simply indulgence, but care and thought for their best interests. If employers and servants were to learn the lessons contained in the original meaning of the two words "domestic" and "family," it would go far to settle the servant difficulty. By derivation, "domestic" means "home-like," and "family" one's servants, not one's children. The fashion of changing places as easily as clothes is, we see, quite a new discovery on the part of servants. Before we blame them, however, let us reflect that we, their employers, are very far from being at rest and contented, and that no class has escaped the fever of modern change.

SOME OLD SCHOOL BOOKS.

THERE is not much to interest the general reader in a parcel of old school books. If we pick up an old school book by chance, whether it be upon a bookstall or upon our library table, we are apt to toss it impatiently aside, as we do the newspaper of last month. And yet school books have an interest and a value of their own, since they are in some way an index to our educational progress, and they are among the first influences which are brought to bear upon the minds of our children.

The most ancient, and to antiquarians the most interesting of school books, is the Horn-Book. Some scholars believe it to be of classic origin; but whether this be true or not, it is certainly very ancient. It has many points of resemblance to the present-day Reading Sheet; enough to show that the one has descended in a direct line from the other, though of course in the matter of size the difference is great. Notwithstanding the thousands of horn-books that must have been in existence in the days of our great-grandfathers, there are very few existing now. Perhaps the most perfect one in a public collection is that in the British Museum, dated 1750, and a description of that is a description of horn-books generally.

It consists of a small square tablet of oak, with a handle, its shape being something like that of a common hand-mirror. Upon the tablet is a printed sheet, containing the alphabet, the vowels, words of one syllable, an invocation to the Trinity, and the Lord's Prayer. Round the edges of the sheet are nailed narrow strips of brass, which serve to hold it in its place, and at one time held the plate of horn that covered it. The plate in this, as in most other specimens, is, however, missing. The handle was usually pierced, in order that it might be suspended from the child's girdle, but the handle of this is imperforate. There is also a quarto horn-book in the Museum with the plate of horn remaining, but this is regarded as a forged specimen.

English literature is full of references to the horn-book. Shakspere, Ben Jonson, Shenstone, and Cowper, all speak of it, while Tickell has a long poem in praise of it, which he wrote during a fit of the gout. By far the most accurate description of the horn-book is that given by Cowper in his "Tirocinium, or a Review of Schools," a poem published in 1784:—

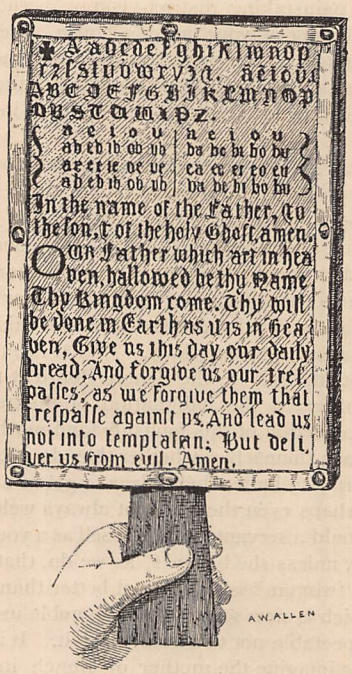
> "Neatly secur'd from being soil'd or torn,
> Beneath a pane of thin translucent horn,
> A book (to please us at a tender age
> 'Tis call'd a book, though but a single page)
> Presents the prayer the Saviour deign'd to teach,
> Which children use, and parsons—when they preach

The horn-book was often called Christ Cross Row, which eventually became corrupted to Criss Cross Row, from the fact that the alphabet was always prefixed with a cross. In a document to be found in Earl de la Warr's collection of manuscripts, dated 1623, which contains a commission for the rating and valuing of goods, horn-books are quoted at threepence a dozen, and grammars at five shillings a dozen. The difference in the value of money then and now must be remembered in this connection.

Next in order comes the grammar book, and one of the earliest of these is "Grammar Questions, by John Stockwood, sometime schoolmaster at Tonbridge, and minister of the Word of God," published in 1590.

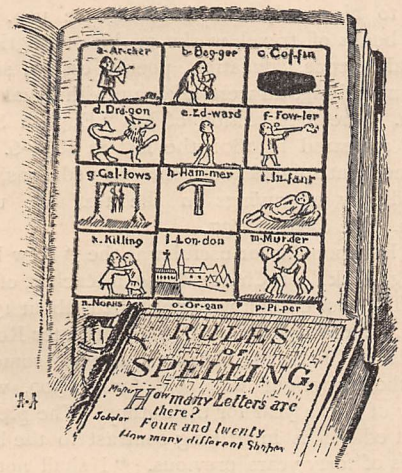
The glimpse we get of school life in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is the reverse of pleasant. Roger Ascham, in his book of the "Schoolmaster," and Thomas Ingeland, in his "Disobedient Childe," give us evidence of the cruelty common in boys' schools. Nicholas Udal, author of our first English comedy, who was master of Eton, was described as the "best schoolmaster and the greatest beater of our time."

Milton's "Tractate on Education," published in 1644, is well known, but another book throwing light



HORN-BOOK IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

on school life is not. On November 10, 1669, there was published "The Children's Petition, or a modest remonstrance of that intolerable grievance our youth be under in the accustomed severities of the School-discipline of this Nation." In it the gravest charges are brought against schoolmasters, and an appeal



"THE LONDON SPELLING BOOK" (1710).

is made to Parliament, "wherein are so many gentlemen of excellent parts and ingenuous reflections, and who some of them are not so old as to forget what was unhandsome, and yet we never hear of something tendered for the regulation of schools." The Parliament of 1669, however, was busy considering whether it would be safe and wise to give toleration to Catholics, and "The Children's Petition" fell upon deaf ears.

Another book, "Education with respect to Grammar Schools," published in 1701, makes it manifest that there were few good school books, much useless knowledge, and that the acquirement of such knowledge as there was, was made as dreary and uninviting as possible. Says the writer, "And further that that learning which is acquired at grammar schools is of little or no use to such as are set to ordinary trades, and consequently that time might be better spent in attaining some useful knowledge, nay, much more profitably in learning to write a good hand, arithmetick, and many other things of this nature."

The belief that good boys, who did their tasks regularly, and performed all the duties of life in a proper manner, would inevitably rise to wealth and distinction, was a very popular one in the eighteenth century. It has its comic side, but the service which this idea rendered to society was, that it taught men to value steady perseverance and honest work. It was made popular by Hogarth, in his "Industrious and Idle Apprentice," but it did not originate with him. The story of the two apprentices is found in a play called "Eastward Ho," from which he borrowed it, and the scenes of which are chiefly laid in East London. Its reputed authors were Ben Jonson, George Chapman, and John Marston.

This belief took a firm hold on the popular imagination, and it is very apparent in an admirable school play, written by Thomas Spateman, and published in 1742. Spateman says in his preface that it is to be read and acted only in schools, and therefore it may be fairly classed among school books. Father Time is a prominent character in it, and lectures the boys in a kindly fashion on the misfortunes that will befall them if they do not take him by the forelock. A certain number of school-boys, who neglect their lessons, treat the old gentleman with much disrespect, and threaten to cast stones at him. These all die in workhouses or gaols. Four others, who act in a perfectly correct and proper manner, and who never by any chance forget their tasks, become a bishop, a judge, a prime minister, and a courtier, respectively.

The story is well told, is full of vigorous dialogue, and contains many fine scenes, though it may be doubted if it was ever well acted, seeing that it was acted by school-boys. Father Time proses occasionally, but there is sound wisdom in his counsels, and the influence of the play could not have been other than good.

It is impossible to avoid noticing how frequently mothers object to their children being sent to school. When the brutality of school punishment is considered, there is something to be said for the maternal attitude. Foolish fondness may have had its influence, no doubt, but a woman's natural desire to protect

FRONTISPIECE TO "THE CHILD'S BEST INSTRUCTOR" (1757).

her child from cruelty must have been a powerful influence too.

Spelling books begin to get into general use at the beginning of the eighteenth century. One of the best of the early manuals is the "London Spelling Book," by John Urmston, a schoolmaster at Kensington, published in 1710. It contains a curious frontispiece, and a wonderful illustrated alphabet, in which G stands for gallows, a picture of the same, with two malefactors suspended thereon, being published for the edification of the youthful mind. M stands for murder, and is illustrated by a drawing of two individuals in deadly combat, one plunging a knife into the body of the other. Urmston was a terrible pedant, like the majority of dominies in the reign of Queen Anne, but he realised the needs of his time, and did his best to meet them.

Henry Dixon, a schoolmaster at Bath, Thomas Dyche, Thomas Dilworth, Jean Palairet, and John Kirkby, the arithmetician, all published books for schools with more or less success. Those of the first three remained in use for nearly a century, but Palairet's, although popular for a time, do not seem to have remained in use very long. In 1755 appeared the "Critical Spelling Book." The author, with a charming modesty, informs us that his book "is incomparably better than any that have yet been offered to the nation," and criticises with severity all others that are in use. He refers incidentally to the fear parents have of severe schoolmasters, and advertises himself as one of the most amiable of men. The pretty frontispiece to the "Child's Best Instructor," an edition of which appeared in 1757, illustrates the progress that had been made in the art of engraving as applied to children's books, when it is compared with the grotesque drawing which faces the title-page of Urmston's work. It is a neat and orderly schoolroom, filled with chubby little boys, all absorbed in their studies. A kindly-faced old man presides over them, and through the open doorway are seen the quaint buildings of a country town, while in the distance rises the spire of the church.

As time went on the field became full of workers, and school books multiplied with marvellous rapidity. Mrs. Barbauld, Francis Fox, and Hannah More, were busy each in their own sphere, while in 1741 was born at Ipswich, Sarah Kirby, who afterwards became Mrs. Trimmer; and in 1758, William Fordyce Mavor. Sydney Smith describes Mrs. Trimmer as "a lady who has gained considerable reputation at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard; who flames in the van of Mr. Newberry's shop; and is upon the whole dearer to mothers and aunts than any other author who pours the milk of science into the mouths of babes and sucklings." He also sneers at her as a writer of "sixpenny books," though he is careful to tell us he has never seen one of them. But the witty Edinburgh Reviewer's criticisms will not alter the fact that, during her forty years of literary life, Mrs. Trimmer did a useful work for her day and generation. Her books are of no value now, but they supplied a pressing need then. Her "Charity School Spelling Book" is amusing enough from the present-day point of view, but it is full of genuine piety and sound common sense.

William Fordyce Mavor is known chiefly by his "Spelling Book," but he was one of the busiest of men in the production of popular literature. He was a Scotchman by birth, but entered the English Church, and became a clergyman. Nothing seemed to come amiss to his ready and indefatigable pen. Guide books, books of travel, works on history, agriculture, physical science, education, poems, essays, sermons, magazine editing, all were taken up with equal facility by him. The first edition of his "English Spelling Book" appeared in 1801, the last in 1885–6. Some very fine frontispieces adorn the early editions, though the ordinary engravings in the text are uncouth enough. He died in 1837.

Not less popular or useful was the "New London Spelling Book" of Charles Vyse, a teacher, of Vauxhall. The first edition was published about 1777, by Messrs. G. and J. Robinson, of Paternoster Row. At the sale of Messrs. Robinson's effects, some years later, the copyright was sold for £2,500, with an annuity of £50 a year for the author. The preface to the first edition is in striking contrast to the boastful prefaces of forty years previous. "I shall not," says the author, "follow the ungenerous, though common maxim, of endeavouring to raise the merit of my own performance by depreciating the labours of those who have written on the same subject. They have all used their best endeavours to promote the education of youth, and have, therefore, deserved well of the public."

No account of school books would be complete without reference to the swarm of little primers that were issued by Newberry, Crowder, Wilkinson, and others. Spelling primers, with Cinderella or Red Riding Hood attached, were very common, and so also were "Royal Primers," "authorised by His Majesty." The gallows did not go out of school books till near the middle of the present century, since in primers published in 1840 children were informed that—

> "R stands for robber, who died by the rope,"

and were taught the proverb, "Name not a rope to him whose father was hanged." The natural history, too, was of a remarkable character, a primer published in 1818 giving the following information about the whale:—

> "The whale is monarch of the main,
> As is the lion of the plain;
> He keeps the lesser fish in awe,
> And tyrant-like, his will is law."

The "Reader" will eventually supersede the old-fashioned spelling book in school education, but the spelling manuals will still have their value in home teaching. And this is as it should be, for with all their shortcomings they have done good work, since they have helped to form the minds and characters of the men and women that we know.

FREDERICK ROGERS.

CHEAP DELICACIES FOR SMALL APPETITES.

IT falls to the lot of most people to cater, if only occasionally, for the possessors of small appetites, who are not necessarily invalids, but who require food in small quantities, daintily prepared and served.

In the hope of aiding such in their endeavours to provide little dishes that embody economy, nutriment, and variety, these few hints are given.

Restaurants where dinners *maigre* only are to be had are on the increase, and many of their patrons would enjoy similar fare in their own homes by way of a change in cases where abstinence from flesh is not practised from other motives; hence we commence with a few dainties *à la* vegetarian.

Egg Cutlets.—Cut small a firmly-boiled egg; add a table-spoonful of bread-crumbs, the same quantity of grated cheese, with a pinch of curry powder, salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg. Mix the whole with the yolk of a raw egg, and shape like a mutton cutlet. Dip it in the white of the egg, then into bread-crumbs, and fry brown; garnish with fried parsley.

Egg Rissoles.—The above mixture, with the addition of chopped parsley and thyme, can be enclosed in very thin pastry, shaped into balls or rolls, and fried or baked; they are very delicious, and any scraps of pastry may be used, but *must* be thin.

Celery à la Parisienne.—Cut the white part of a head of celery into equal lengths, tie in a bundle, and boil in water—just to cover, with salt and a bit of butter in—until tender. Keep the celery warm, thicken the liquor with an ounce each of flour and butter, and at the last moment put in a few drops of lemon-juice or white vinegar. Lay the celery on toast, and pour the sauce over it.

Macaroni Mould.—An ounce of well-boiled macaroni, cut small, and the same weight of bread-crumbs and sliced cheese, are to be mixed with a table-spoonful each of cream and tomato sauce or conserve, one egg, salt, and cayenne. Fifteen minutes in a greased tin—a small cake-tin—in a moderate oven, will convert this into a tasty dish.

Macaroni with Tomato Sauce.—Boil some macaroni in the ordinary way, *i.e.*, drop it into boiling water, with a little salt and butter, then drain, and cut it up. Butter a shallow dish, line it with the macaroni, then pour over some nicely-seasoned tomato sauce—or the conserve will do instead; either should be made hot. Just mask the surface with browned crumbs and grated cheese, and brown before the fire; garnish with fried or toasted sippets.

Savoury Rice.—This is a popular dish. Boil two ounces of Patna rice, dry it as if for curry, return it to the saucepan with a tea-spoonful of curry paste mixed with half a gill of cream, add a small onion and an apple, both chopped and fried, and a little salt. Stir gently for a few minutes and serve in a pyramid. Chopped raisins are sometimes added, and a *suspicion* of garlic.

Haricots with Tomatoes.—Put a cupful of nicely boiled haricot beans into a small dish, pour over some parsley sauce, and garnish with a tomato thinly sliced and grilled. Previous to grilling spread each slice with a dash of mustard and butter.

Haricots with onion sauce or fried onions are very tasty and nutritious.

Hominy is not much used in England, indeed many have never tasted it, and while delicious in the form of porridge, &c., it is equally so in the place of a vegetable. It makes a most pleasant change from ordinary diet, and is said to be excellent for brain-workers. We give below a good mode of preparing it as a savoury.

Sprinkle and stir two to three ounces (for one person) into a quarter-pint of fast-boiling water, salted a little; let it swell and cook gradually for an hour, then add the same measure of milk and a slice of butter, and cook for another hour. Flavour with herbs and grated cheese, with salt and cayenne to suit the palate.

A word by the way to recommend hominy as a thickening medium for soups and stews generally; it can be used in place of rice, barley, &c., and is improved by preliminary soaking for every purpose. The undermentioned is one of the cheapest and nicest soups we know.

Half a pint of water, a table-spoonful each of hominy, minced celery, onion, or leek, and one potato, to be cooked until the whole can be passed through a sieve. Re-boil this with a quarter of a pint of milk, and serve with some fried bread cut into dice. A little lemon-juice or white vinegar, added at the last moment, improves this and most other white soups.

Chops and steaks naturally suggest themselves in connection with small appetites, and we are forcibly reminded that they become intensely wearisome to many people owing to the lack of variety in the mode of cooking and serving. Yet how easy it is to avoid monotony and ring the changes in this respect! Indeed, the modes are so multitudinous, one hardly knows which to select for recommendation.

Braised Cutlets are very tender and savoury, though this mode of cooking is best known in connection with larger pieces of meat. The cutlets should first be fried a light brown in a little hot fat, then laid in the braising-pan (or stewpan) with a very little stock, and a bunch of herbs and any vegetables available, such as carrots, turnips, onions, leeks, shallots, mushrooms, tomatoes, &c. Half an hour will cook them, and the gravy should be strained *round* them.

Another way:—Use plain stock only, and just before

serving put in some nicely-boiled green peas; serve in a small dish, the cutlets on the top of the peas.

Cutlet with Rice is another variation. Braise as in the first mode, and serve with a border of boiled rice seasoned with curry powder.

Cutlets à la Parmesan are very delicious. The best end of the neck should be used, and nicely trimmed, then dipped into flour, beaten egg, grated Parmesan, and plain biscuit-crumbs, when the cutlets may be fried, or wrapped in buttered paper, and carefully grilled; they need no sauce, but *must* be served hot.

Veal Cutlets may be prepared as above. Take a slice from the fillet, half an inch thick, and cut into rounds; serve with tiny rolls of fried bacon and sprigs of fried parsley. The trimmings of veal will make a tasty mince.

A Steak with Mushroom Mince is a popular dish. Cook as many mushrooms as required in a little butter and lemon-juice until tender, then mince them; add an equal bulk of bread-crumbs, a little salt, cayenne, and a grate of nutmeg, with some of the mushroom liquor; spread this on the steak, roll and skewer it, and cook in a Dutch oven, on a gridiron, or in a good oven. Serve the rest of the mushroom liquor with the steak.

Potato chips or ribbons are a suitable accompaniment to the above, or cold potatoes may be re-dressed by slicing them a quarter of an inch thick, and tossing them in a little butter melted in a stewpan until lightly browned. The last thing, put in some chopped parsley and a few drops of lemon-juice or vinegar.

An apple grated, and stewed with meat of any sort, will insure its being tender, and vinegar has the same effect. Vinegar or lemon-juice is also useful in removing the strong flavour from beef kidney; if sliced, and soaked for a time in the acid, it becomes almost as mild as a sheep's kidney.

The heart of a calf, lamb, or sheep, if stuffed with tomato pulp, then stewed, will be much more likely to agree with those who partake of it than if stuffed with veal forcemeat and baked; the acid of the tomato having a softening effect.

A most enjoyable "snack" can be had for a few pence by boiling a pig's foot until very soft, then taking out the bones, which must be put back in the liquor and simmered until there is about a tea-cupful, when a minced onion and a grated carrot should be put in; when done, lay the foot in to get hot through, then serve. A sheep's or calf's foot is equally good so cooked.

Another way:—When the foot is cold after boiling and boning, dip it in milk and bread-crumbs; then grill it over a clear fire. For the sauce, melt half an ounce of butter, fry in it a tea-spoonful each of flour and sugar, then add a morsel of chopped parsley, a table-spoonful of vinegar and stock, and a dash of mustard.

In cooking fish, the chief aim is, or should be, to keep in the flavour and nutriment; for this reason it is better to bake or steam than to boil it. One method that has the merit of simplicity is to butter a baking-tin, lay on it any small fish, or a slice, or one or two fillets from cod, sole, and the like, cover with a sheet of paper buttered, and cook in a moderate oven, when the usual sauces can accompany it. A sauce often served in France with many kinds of white fish is made by putting chopped capers, a few drops of anchovy essence and lemon-juice, with a little parsley or tarragon, into ordinary melted butter; the combination of flavours is acceptable to most palates.

Cold fish is nice flaked, and fried in batter; or mixed with cold potatoes and some sauce, then put in a pyramid on a flat dish, roughed with a fork, and sprinkled with browned crumbs. It can be made hot before the fire or in a sharp oven. Beetroot is often served with this.

A very dainty salad is made of equal quantities of *boiled* beetroot and Spanish onion, *raw* tomatoes, and cucumber; the dressing is oil, vinegar, cayenne, salt, and a pinch of sugar and mustard.

We would remind our readers that when celery is scarce and the flavour is desired for any dish, a cheap substitute can be found in celery-salt or celery-seed; the last-named is very strong and must be used with caution. It is best to tie a little in a muslin bag and simmer in the liquid, whatever it may be, until a sufficiently strong flavour is obtained.

"MISS CHANCE."

BY E. ADAIR.

ND there are the Chances—you must know the Chances?" Harry Belford's manner was always brisk, but at mention of the Chances' name it became even brisker.

"I have no objection," was the reply.

"Right-down good sort of girls—no nonsense about them, you know. I say, Fort"—Harry lowered his legs from their comfortable elevation on his friend's mantelpiece, and bent forward eagerly to make his proposition, his hands in his pockets, his elbows sticking out squarely—"let us go round there now."

"Now?" repeated Fort, in astonishment. "It is close on eight o'clock. Is it Tessleton form to drop in casually at eight o'clock in the evening to make your first call?"

"Bless you!" returned Harry, with an easy laugh; "you have no idea how casual the Chances are them-

selves. This is their regular reception evening, and some other fellows are sure to be there, so come along."

After a moment's consideration, Fort assented. He had just been appointed to a mastership in Tessleton

"Seven chances to one against your remaining a bachelor, Harry."

"What a wretched joke! I hope you are ashamed of it? I see you are. However, many a true word is spoken in jest; I may make one of them mistress of

"'CAN NOTHING BE DONE?'" (*p.* 405).

School, and had arrived in that town only a couple of days previously, whereas Harry was a native of the place, and might, therefore, fairly be considered a good authority on its manners and customs.

"How many Miss Chances are there?" asked Fort, as they turned out into the street. It was a keen, frosty night, with a moon overhead that looked like a white sickle, sharply defined against a deep-hued sky.

"Six—six, seven."

Crosslands one of these days. It is only four to one against me, though, for the two youngest girls are still in the school-room."

"Two from seven leaves five."

"Ah! but nobody counts Miss Chance. They call her the mischance of the family here," Harry said, with his usual laugh.

"What is wrong with her?"

"Nothing in particular. She seems an inoffensive

kind of girl enough. I don't dislike her, but she is older than the others, and they rather laugh at her. Here we are; you'll feel at home in a jiffy."

Which statement proved to be strictly correct. Fort soon found himself one of a merry group of young people in Colonel Chance's hospitable drawing-room. He looked round with some curiosity. Colonel and Mrs. Chance were playing chess near the fire, leaving the entertainment of their guests to their daughters—an arrangement which seemed thoroughly satisfactory to all concerned. The four Miss Chances, who "counted," struck him as being like four robins, brown-haired, red-cheeked, pretty, plump, and piquante; the eldest sister was quite unlike them, taller, and—Fort found a word that exactly defined her to his own mind—quiet-looking.

"Are you going to the bazaar, Harry?" asked the four robins, in chorus, of Belford.

"Yes; are you, Kate?" Harry directed his question to one in particular.

"Of course; we take the flower-stall—three of us, Sara and I"—and here came a short pause, followed by a laugh that jarred on Fort—"and Lollie."

Two or three youths of tender years, who were also of the party, gave themselves up to suppressed amusement; there was evidently a good joke somewhere, though Fort could not see it at once—not till he noticed a pained flush on Miss Chance's usually pale face.

"I am not likely to be of much use," she remarked gently. "One of you must take my place."

"We could not think of such a thing," declared Katie maliciously. "Mrs. L'Estrange particularly named you. She says Lollie leads too retired a life for a young girl," she added, with an air of simplicity, yet looking round at her audience with a glance that somehow evoked responsive smiles from most of them.

Lollie said no more, but withdrew to the other side of the room; the action was full of unobtrusive dignity, which Fort pronounced to be "good." The next moment he was taken possession of by Miss Sara Chance, and led away to look at some photographs, but in the pauses of his conversation with that attractive young woman, he could not avoid hearing something of the talk between Katie and Harry, who sat close by.

"So absurd of Mrs. L'Estrange to insist on Lollie's being at the flower-stall," the girl was saying. "I cannot fancy her proving a very successful saleswoman."

"Oh! I'll buy no end of chrysanthemums and pansies from her," volunteered Harry, with conscious generosity.

"You are always good-natured, Harry, but one swallow does not make a summer," she replied; then catching Fort's eye, she added, in an altered voice and manner, "Poor old Lollie! I am sorry for her. She would have done better selling her own hard work."

"What has she made for the bazaar? Art needlework?"

Again there was clearly an understood joke, for Katie laughed.

"For shame, Harry! No; she has made any quantity of coarse underclothing; she says the poor people will be glad to buy it instead of ornamental things. I'm sure I hope they may."

Fort rose abruptly—he could bear this no longer—and crossed the room to Miss Chance's side. She was carefully folding some pretty fancy-work.

"Your work?" asked Fort, touching it.

"Oh, no; Sara's," she answered, opening the piece. "She works beautifully; they are all so clever at this kind of thing."

She seemed pleased and proud to tell him of it. He took a chair near her as he asked—

"Are they your step-sisters?"

"Oh, no; but many people ask that question. I am so different and—and older."

"Not much older, I should judge."

"Five years older than Katie," she said, with determined candour.

"But you *are* different—quite."

Fort spoke with meaning. She raised her grey eyes quickly to his face, then dropped them, the still aspect that distinguished her changing. For one short instant he believed he saw her as she looked when alone, with sad lines about her mouth, that told their own tale of unhappiness.

"What are you two talking about?" Katie stood before them in a pretty attitude.

"Mr. Fort was saying how very unlike sisters we are," returned Lollie tranquilly, and rose to leave the room.

Katie's bright face wore a mildly meditative air as she looked after her.

"Lollie has a hard nature, I sometimes think," she said, with well-assumed innocence. "She does not seem to mind being quite apart from us as a family."

Fort made no reply, but his grave eyes left an uncomfortable impression on Katie's mind. He was older, and therefore more interesting, than most of their admirers, she reflected. Lollie could not call him a "tennis young man," which term she had once declared to be exhaustively descriptive of Harry Belford and his kind; no, he was quite thirty, a tall, grave, strong-looking man, of whom any girl might be proud; and he had begun his career at Edenmount Lodge in quite an original way, by singling out Lollie for attention.

"Pretty girl, Katie, eh?" said Harry to his friend before they parted, after leaving the Chances'.

"You consider her so, I can see."

"I know what it is, Fort," discontentedly: "you thought her rather hard on Lollie about the bazaar."

"Frankly, yes."

"Well, she always *is* rather hard on her, I'll admit, but, as she says herself, every true woman has a pinch of spite in her composition."

"Then I should say Miss Chance is not a true woman. By the way, Belford, where is this bazaar to be held?"

"You go to a bazaar? You don't mean to say you are going in for reckless dissipation of that kind in your old age?"

"Why should I not, pray? Where is it to be held?"

"At the Town-hall. Good night. I despair of you."

Next time Harry met Katie Chance he confided to her that he believed old Fort was going to the bazaar for the express purpose of meeting Lollie.

Katie smiled mysteriously. "We shall see," she said.

Fort often recalled the look of pathetic surprise with which Lollie had greeted the little commendatory phrase as to her being unlike her sisters, that he had dared to utter the evening they first met. He often saw her in the streets of Tessleton before the day of the bazaar came, and he as often spoke to her, or walked a little way beside her. But she met him with coldness, and parted from him without regret. Her heart had been too long starved for want of love and approbation, to readily accept or to return a friendliness to which she was so entirely unaccustomed.

When the day of the bazaar came, Fort and Harry went down to the Town-hall together. The flower-stall was evidently popular, for many customers, chiefly young men, stood about it. Katie and Sara, in coquettish and becoming caps and aprons, and looking particularly bright and sparkling, were busily selling their wares, while Lollie stood unemployed at her end of the stall, now and then handing tissue-paper, wire, or scissors to her sisters.

Harry went straight up to her, and fulfilled his promise by buying an ungainly button-hole in the shape of a huge chrysanthemum. It was Harry's own choice, but the general laugh that greeted it seemed to reflect some of the ridicule on the blameless seller, whose quiet face slowly crimsoned.

"How could you let him have such a thing, Lollie?" cried Kate, pointing the laugh.

But Lollie made no defence.

Fort felt very indignant, but Tessleton society was no wiser or kinder than other societies. It accepted the prevailing opinion of Lollie's uninterestingness and incapability to be as charming as her sisters, without troubling itself to find out whether it were well-founded or just. Mrs. L'Estrange was clearly alone in her rebellion against the family verdict.

He was roused from these thoughts by Katie's voice.

"Mr. Fort." She was holding up a lovely camellia. "Only sixpence. Let me put it in for you."

"Thanks, no; I never deck myself with garlands," returned Fort, with a grave smile, and allowed himself to be elbowed away by the crush.

When he looked again, Lollie had disappeared, and another girl had taken her place. He searched for her for some time fruitlessly. At last he found her in a sheltered corner, engaged in tying up parcels that could not be put together by the busy stall-keepers. She seemed quite content, although she looked tired.

Fort wondered at her—wondered at the dignity with which she accepted the position her sisters had chosen to thrust her into, prematurely depriving her of girlhood's privileges and reasonable pleasures.

"I hope you will allow me to help you?" said he, making his way to her side.

"Thanks; I have not very much to do. But Katie or Sara will be glad of your——"

"I should infinitely prefer to stay here, if I may," he interrupted.

A flush rose to her face; she looked almost pretty. Again her eyes met his, with the same half-troubled astonishment he had found so pathetic once before. It seemed incredible that any one should want to talk to her, especially Mr. Fort, who was reported to be so clever, and to have won all sorts of honours at Oxford.

"I know nearly every one here, so please ask me the names of all that interest you," she said, with a nervous smile.

"Why are you called Lollie?" he rejoined, with a directness of meaning that disturbed her for a moment.

"My real name is Charlotte—such an ugly name; but I was called Lottie at first, then the children, when they were babies, altered it to Lollie."

"The babies were fond of you?"

"Yes, they all were. You can't think how sorry I was when they grew older."

"They became more companionable, surely?"

"Not to me. They are naturally more with Katie now," she said quite simply.

Fort was not a man of ready words. He did not know how to express his ideas about the isolated position she accepted so calmly. It must be hard for her, he knew; even her parents cared nothing for the plain, unpopular elder daughter. He vainly wished that he could alter the conditions of her life, and make them right and natural, and happier for her.

"What do you do with yourself all day long?" he asked, after a prolonged pause.

"Nothing, or as nearly nothing as it is possible for a human being to do and to exist at the same time. I can do nothing clever or amusing, and very little that is useful. I have not any hidden virtues, such as I see you are trying to make me confess to," she said, smiling sadly. "Most girls like me are redeemed by being excellent, are they not? But I am not excellent; I am merely a nonentity that feels she is alive, and——"

She stopped short. She had never spoken like this to any one before. For once the long control of years had given way under the softening influence of his persistent kindliness.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Fort." She spoke again in her usual even tones.

He looked down at her with steady, kindly eyes, and said—

"Please finish that sentence. I am interested in what you were saying——'and'——"

"And is conscious of the misery of living," she ended; then added, with a hard laugh, "It is very kind of you to be interested in the sort of life I am describing. I don't find it very interesting myself."

"What is not interesting?" Katie said, suddenly appearing at her sister's side.

"My life," replied Lollie defiantly.

She had the mental strength, the unflinching courage, that deals simply and directly with facts at all costs.

Fort believed he should have evaded giving that

answer rather than have met the raised eyebrows and meaning shrug with which Katie greeted it, and yet he believed himself to possess some moral courage. He had pitied Lollie before, now he admired her. She seemed to be a plant with vigorous inner life, but nipped and pruned back at all points. There could be no sweet blossom, no fair fruit. But the stem was sound, and strong, and healthy, and surely possessed rare capabitities yet to be developed.

"Girls," said Katie next morning, when the sisters were discussing the events of the bazaar, "ask Lollie what she was saying to Mr. Fort last evening."

"I shall not tell you," declared Lollie, walking straight out of the room.

As she went up-stairs, however, she could hear the sound of Katie's voice, followed by a burst of merriment. She ran up and locked herself in her room. It was too unkind, too hard. Could not Katie be happy, and leave her to live out her unloved, empty life alone?

At this moment she saw on her dressing-table a small paper parcel, with a note. It was a man's writing. She turned it over breathlessly in her shaking hands. Who would write to her? Interesting little missives often came to Edenmount in manly scrawls for her sisters, but none had ever come before directed to Miss Chance.

At length she opened it. A very short note it was, that ran as follows :—

"DEAR MISS CHANCE,

"I have just been reading the enclosed, and found it interesting, so have taken the liberty of sending it on to you, thinking you might care to see it.

"Yours very truly,

"BLACKBURN FORT."

Lollie read over the words several times, then she looked at the book—a French story. She understood at once his motive in sending it, and the counsel thus indirectly given. Her life might be barren, but her mind need not therefore lie fallow. She took no time to bemoan the unhappiness resulting from Katie's teasing, but straightway went to the school-room, sought out the best French dictionary there, and, wrapping her shawl round her, sat down at once to the work of translation.

Once, as she worked, she caught sight of her own face in the glass.

"Lollie," she said, gravely addressing herself, "you are quite plain and nearly thirty; do not fancy Mr. Fort has any interest in you—nothing like Harry Belford's in Katie, for instance—beyond that of a good man who tries to rectify the faults and failures of the human beings about him. I am much obliged to Mr. Fort for his advice; he is kind, but"—she set her lips and went on with her reading. But, alas! hearts are not always under head control, and "a dream cometh through the multitude of business." Certain vague thoughts and desires, as vain as they were vague, came to her that bright winter afternoon, that nevermore could be persuaded to leave her.

After this Mr. Fort met her in the streets. He often came to Edenmount. But although he found she was following his unspoken advice, and working hard at various subjects, she did not seem to grow any happier. Her demeanour was still as reserved as ever; but he noticed her too closely not to see that the old listlessness had deepened to depression, and negative merged into active wretchedness. He was dismayed at his own work. He had meant to do good, but the result was evil. Soon she began to avoid him quietly, but steadily; indeed, she could do nothing else under Katie's laughing but keen-sighted eyes. Fort asked himself what he could do for her now? The answer, though disheartening, was final: Nothing!

Meanwhile, Lollie's awakening nature had budded and borne fruit at last. She had not followed her own advice; the needs of the human heart once called forth are imperious in their hunger. She felt keenly, bitterly, all that her life lacked, and although she never for an instant dreamt of return, she had the miserable knowledge of a hopeless love within her. The slights and ridicule of former days had hurt and worried her, but now, with the keen sensitiveness born of her new feelings, they became absolutely intolerable. Her slow-moving nature once set in motion bore down all opposition. She determined to leave home, and, to her surprise, Katie actually helped her to carry out her plans. She undertook to fill temporarily the post of superintendent in a Nurses' Home. She was not a qualified nurse; but, being rather in a dilemma for want of some one to fill the post, the Institute accepted her services for the time.

The Home was situated in a remote town in the North of England, far from Tessleton, and Lollie felt the change to the new lonely life. The nurses were usually absent, and although she had a good deal to do, and characteristically did her work thoroughly, still there were times when memory was too vivid, and the longing to see Blackburn Fort once more almost too strong to be resisted. In the long winter dusk she used to sit and picture the doings at home: the merry voices; Katie's pretty, glowing face; Mr. Fort's step in the hall, the sound of which she had learnt to know so well. Was he beginning to love Katie? She imagined over and over again how beautiful, how true, how grand a thing his love could be. Happy Katie!

It was hard to force herself to go through her duties. The thought of all that might have been was a perpetual heart-sickness. Many an impatient short sigh she heaved over her account-books and the household linen. For awhile her power of self-command failed her, but there would surely come a time when she should care less than she cared now, when useless regrets and desires, grown feeble, would cease to poison and spoil existence. Her sore heart, in its suffering, almost longed for the old days of ignorance and deadness to return. It sometimes seemed impossible to "teach her trial patience," to go on living her methodical, monotonous life, far away from the sight of events which, indeed, she could have no power to alter, but which so keenly and intimately interested her. Katie's letters were feverishly expected; they were suggestive, and the mention of Fort's name grew

more and more frequent. He had done and said this and that. They seemed to have grown confidential, for one day Katie wrote—"You must have been a source of amusement to him at one time. He often speaks of you." The very vagueness of this was its torment. What had she, Lollie, done? What had he said? Was he base enough to have dissected her heart and life for mere amusement?

And so two weary months slipped by. It was January now, and the weather cold and raw. One evening, when the light was almost gone, and the lamps were lit in the street, Lollie sat in her usual chair, looking out, and giving herself her daily indulgence of half an hour of idle thought. The rain pattered dismally on the wet pavements, and all else was silent, save the footfall of an occasional passer-by. Suddenly, as a tall man passed, something in his gait or appearance reminded Lollie of Blackburn Fort. Her heart leaped and sank as he disappeared from sight up the street. Had she ever known before how passionately dear he was to her? The pang of recollection quivered through her like physical pain.

A step—a knock. The servant had gone out; she must open the door herself. She drew back the latch. Blackburn Fort stood before her.

"Is anything the matter at home?" she panted.

"No; they are all as well as can be," he replied, entering, and shutting the door behind him. "Won't you ask me how *I* am, Miss Chance?"

She murmured something unintelligible, for her heart was fluttering in her throat.

"I have something very serious the matter with me. I am hopelessly ill," he said quietly.

How tall and strong he seemed in that narrow hall! And he was looking so gravely at her. In a moment the reserve and self-consciousness faded from her mind. Yet he was ill, although he looked so strong—dying, perhaps! She sprang towards him, with hands outstretched, and a face that told him her secret only too plainly.

"Don't say that! Can nothing be done?"

He caught her in his arms, and held her there.

"Yes, my darling, and you have done it! You love me, Lollie, and that is all I need."

PHASES OF A WOMAN'S LIFE.—SPINSTERHOOD AND WIDOWHOOD.

IT is evident that in the present state of this old world of ours all women cannot marry, and the proportion of spinsters is very large. Yet even a casual observer cannot but realise that the single woman of uncertain age is now-a-days a very different kind of being from the silly, timid, useless, crotchety individual of five-and-twenty years ago. In fact, specimens of that race are fast dying out, and only a few still linger in such places as Bath, Cheltenham, and Buxton, or pass a nomad existence between one boarding-house and another, according to the time of year, and the state of their resources.

The truth is that women are better educated in our days, and more employments are open to them. So many noble-hearted spinsters have adopted some definite profession that the tide of fashion has turned in that direction, and it is now considered as right and honourable to earn money as it was formerly thought disgraceful.

The good work done in the world by spinsters is almost incalculable. Florence Nightingale and Sister Dora, to whose memory a statue was so recently erected at Walsall, are notable examples, and they have opened the way for many to follow, at however humble a distance, in their steps. Since the Crimean War nursing has become an honourable profession, and when we remember the thousands of devoted women who nurse at King's College and University College Hospitals—to say nothing of those scattered in provincial institutions of the kind—we must recognise that the great army of women who were formerly idle and useless, because no womanly sphere of work was open to them, has been marvellously reduced in numbers.

And what kind of women are these skilful, self-reliant, gentle nurses, to whom the sick and suffering owe so much of the comfort they enjoy in our hospitals and infirmaries? They are precisely the women who would have made the best wives and mothers, had it been their lot to marry and have little ones clinging round their knees. Love comes into every woman's life, and though it may not end in wedded happiness, it transmutes all it touches into gold. It is those who have loved and lost, or who have loved the unattainable, or, it may be, who have loved and of their own free will renounced the object of their affections, who learn the utter abnegation of self that enables them to spend and be spent in the service of others. The hidden history of most such women as these is that once upon a time—

> "Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
> Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

There is a stage of bitter suffering, of darkness that may be felt, and then what a little-known poet has

called "the resurrection of the heart," and a life of self-denying usefulness, follow.

But many other paths are open to the spinsters of the nineteenth century besides nursing. Have we not our lady-doctors?—some of whom indeed are married, though the majority are single. They have their special vocation in attending women and children, and some of them are veritable angels of healing in such countries as China and India, where women have for centuries suffered, pined, and died for lack of the skilled medical assistance which national custom forbade so long as it could only be rendered to them by men.

The picture of spinsterhood most familiar to the majority is that of the maiden aunt, always ready to come to the rescue of her married sisters and friends in any pressure of trouble or access of business. Who but Aunt Fanny nurses little Tom and Annie through the measles, or some worse form of infantile disorder? Who makes up jingles, and sings songs, and invents games when those young people are well enough to be naughty and restless, and yet not well enough to go out for a walk or play in the garden? It is always Aunt Fanny; and she it is, too, who refuses that pleasant invitation for a trip to the Lakes or Switzerland, because the doctor says her young nieces and nephews must go to prosaic Margate or Ramsgate, on account of the special quality of the breeze that blows in from the German Ocean, and there is no one to take charge of and "mother" them but herself.

And in after-years, who is it that turns and re-trims her old black silk, that she may be able to buy Annie a party dress in which she will look as well as any other girl? or lives in stuffy apartments in a dingy part of town, when she could afford to reside in the country or at the seaside, just because Tom must have a home and some one to take care of him in London while he is walking "Guy's"? It is always Aunt Fanny, and though she often errs in the direction of being too strict or too lenient, it is a heart of gold that prompts her tender mending of his socks and provision of his favourite dinner on Sundays, and of the wherewithal for him to have a holiday jaunt with his friends and companions.

Again, there are spinsters who devote themselves to art, to literature, or to the daily grind of teaching any accomplishment in which they may excel, in order to supply a beloved parent or sister with the comforts and luxuries without which existence would be a dreary blank. Thus Miss Mitford wrote, and reaped the fruits of her industry, and laid all at the feet of the brilliant father who was, perhaps, all the dearer to her for his shortcomings. And in our day women have not been wanting who by pen and voice have supported parents who, but for them, would have and lonely and uncared for.

The spinster, whether rich or poor, has never known either the trials or the sweetness of a dual existence—such as exists between man and wife—and therefore her life is materially different from that of a widow, because it is less rich in experience.

A woman who has tasted the joys of wifehood and motherhood, has known all that life has to give of happiness. It may have been short-lived, or it may have turned to bitterness, or have become dust and ashes in her grasp; but still she has lived her life, and made trial of its most splendid, and perhaps of its most grievous possibilities.

One of the saddest feelings of a widow who has been a happy wife is, that when her husband is dead she is no longer any one's first object and interest. Her children may be dear, and they may need her, but she is not first and foremost in their hearts—or very rarely. It may be selfish, but human nature is human nature, and it is very sweet to feel that one's health, well-being, and comfort are the first consideration of one other being in the world, and, whether wife or husband is called away first into the silent land, the survivor feels that terrible loss in all its intensity.

Widowhood does not always rob a woman of all her interests, even where she has truly loved her husband. The woman who is an ardent lover of nature, or who has her own special pursuits, usually turns to them again when the first pressure of bereavement is over. She may not necessarily forget the past even if she becomes absorbed in her occupation, but the remembrance may be as thunder on distant hills, deepening thenceforth all the echoes of the soul.

It is sad to know that there are cases where widowhood is a positive relief, and the lifting of an intolerable burden of continued pain. But there are women who would rather bear that pain to the very end of their pilgrimage than lose the husband who is the cause of it, because their love is of the kind that outlives respect, and survives neglect and ill-treatment. This is not at all uncommon, as every one who studies the police reports, or has intimate acquaintance with the poor, is aware; and a knowledge of this tenacity of love is at the root of the old rhyme—

> "A woman, a dog, and a walnut-tree,
> The more you beat them the better they be."

Widows who in losing their husbands lose their all are widows indeed. Not to speak of the material loss where the husband has been the bread-winner and the wife is unprovided for, there are some couples so completely one in thought, word, and deed, that each is only the complement of the other. When the husband dies the wife is utterly broken down, and though grief seldom kills, it maims, and the rest of her existence is spiritless and sad.

Widowhood sometimes is a calm autumn of life succeeding a busy maturity, and is a fitting prelude to eternity. The woman who has had her share of happiness need not sit aside in selfish repining for her lost joys, but is far more blest if she can put her own griefs aside and sympathise with others. If she have children and grandchildren there is much to interest her, and often much to consider for their sakes. It is sometimes said that grandparents enjoy their children's children more than they ever did their own, because they are without the sense of parental responsibility. Be this as it may, they often spoil the little creatures by indulgences that they never granted to their own at the same age. These are injudicious

grandparents, who do not put themselves in the places of the young father and mother, and merely give way to their own feelings of the moment without any regard to the future or to the child's welfare.

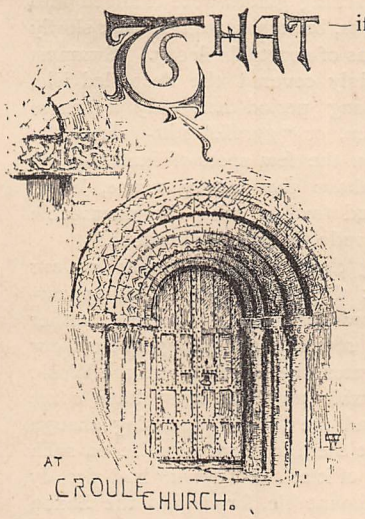
A widow who had lost every one of her own six children, found after a few months that the little boys of her two dead daughters were entirely dependent on her, their fathers having been lost at sea. She said it was an extremely strange experience to begin again almost at the beginning, without any one to speak to about her young charges or herself; but she did her duty unflinchingly, and had her reward, for the lads obeyed her implicitly, and seemed to love her with a double love, as if it were their own and their mother's too. "Granny" also became young again, at least in heart, for their sakes, and would go on long excursions with them, spend whole days on the seashore, or toil slowly along a mountain path while they scaled the rocks and unpacked the provision basket, and made a meal ready by the time she and the maid made their appearance. Of course this grandmother was an unusually strong woman, or at all events she rose to the occasion, for in her youth she had been considered delicate.

A sympathetic widow frequently has dear young friends not of her own kith and kin, but who love and reverence her, and sit metaphorically at her feet, as they never do at those of their own mother. Parents and children do not invariably understand one another, and an outsider can sometimes render valuable aid to both, because not being personally concerned, she can judge dispassionately of situations that blind the actors in them by excess of emotion. Then there are always orphans and friendless ones to be mothered, and those who are wealthy often need an old woman's kindness and guidance quite as much, and even more than the actually destitute.

How deeply widows feel for widows may be seen by the conduct of our beloved Queen. She has known what it was to lose an ideal husband in the prime of life, while her sons were young, and several of her children mere infants; and her sympathy is never so vivid as when her friends are widowed. Then her deeds and her letters are from "heart to heart," and we feel that in the depths of sorrow and regret she is a woman among women. No higher title could she wish; and, indeed, in well fulfilling every phase of woman's life is our Sovereign's chief glory.

AN ISLE OF OUR ISLAND.

BY ALICE PRICE.

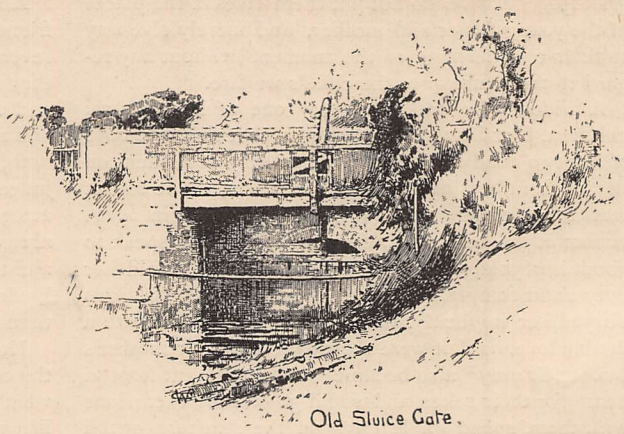


THAT—if euphony does not forbid it—seems to me the best way of introducing the particular spot called "Axholme" to our readers—a spot so little known that it is said, out of some hundred and odd candidates at a recent Civil Service examination, only one (and he, by good hap, a native of the part) could answer to its whereabouts, or even knew of its existence. And yet it is thoroughly well worth knowing: a locality abounding in interest, a region on which every step of our country's civilisation has left clearly-defined footmarks for those who have eyes to see, and just enough imagination to enjoy the story of this tiny bit of our great kingdom's growth.

Axholme, then—presuming that our readers, like the majority of our student friends, exclaim, "Where on earth is the place?" and presuming further that they wish to know a little more about it than the name—Axholme is the north-west corner of Lincolnshire, which county is not divided from Yorkshire in that direction by the river Trent, as some of us may have been erroneously taught in our childhood, but owns a seventeen-mile-long strip of land west of that wide stream, and this strip, some five miles broad, had many and many a year ago for its westernmost boundary a sinuous course of sluggish streams—the Don, the Torn, the Idle, and others, which completed the watery girdle, and made of Axholme a veritable island.

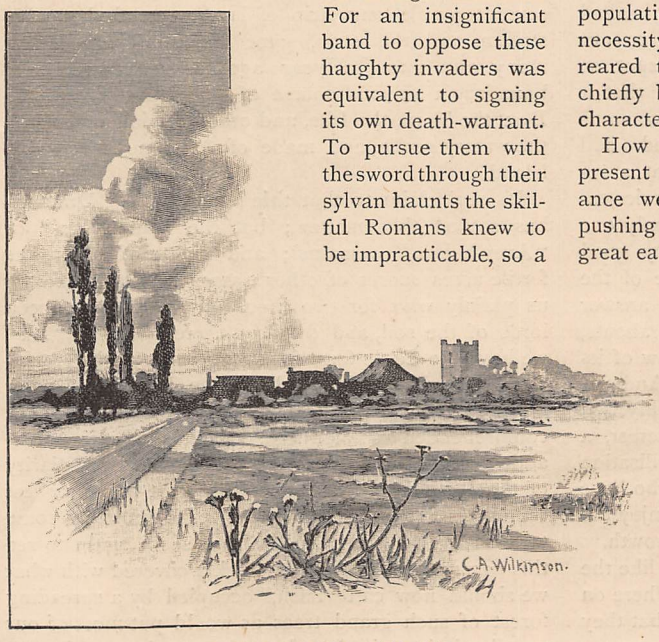
Its real claim to that title is now gone. Drainage has settled that matter; but the name "Ax-" or "Axey-holme" remains; and scattered about its fertile acres scores of other names remain which tell us plainly who, for two thousand years, have been lords of the soil, and dwellers thereupon. In "Ax" we have the Celtic form for *water*, in "ey" the Anglo-Saxon for *island*, in "holme" the Danish form for *island*, which philological tautology being not yet comprehended of later folk, "the isle of" was superadded, the better to describe the physical peculiarity of the territory alluded to. Taking it at its earliest time, then, when it was "Ax," with probably some termination now lost sight of, we seem again to see this narrow strip of Britain thickly covered with what we should now call "bush," occupied by a spreading forest of such grand trees as would put most of our woodland giants in these later days to shame; for one

Abraham de la Pryme, a careful chronicler of the seventeenth century, then measured some oaks and firs just disinterred from their peat graves, and found that many trunks of the former must have been from sixty to eighty yards in length; of the latter, from thirty-five to fifty yards. That this is not exaggeration a boat lately discovered at Brigg testifies, this antique and curious vessel—a wooden gem to archæologists—having been hewn solely out of one monarch of these ancient glades.



Old Sluice Gate.

Among the interlacing arches, the dim lights, the solemn stillness of these forest depths, we naturally look for traces of those mystic rites which the earliest known dwellers in the island called religion. At once place-names point out to us chapter and line. In that region, where leafy woods must once have been most dense, we come upon a group of words seemingly the last surviving shrine of the old Druidic god: *Bel*ton, Temple *Bel*wood (because afterwards belonging to the Knights Templars), *Bel*shaw, *Bel*toft, the *Bel*graves, and *Bel*gathome Hill. These villages, hamlets, or dwellings—all within a very circumscribed area—appear to denote plainly a locality consecrated to that great "Bel" whom, as we know, our Celtic forefathers worshipped. But this god, and the groves wherein his weird ceremonies were perpetrated, were doomed alike to fall. In the early centuries of Christianity the world's great schoolmaster came that way. From the Celtic "Lindun," or *hill fort by the pool* (Latinised into Lindum), to Danum, or Doncaster, the Romans desired an open, unmolested road, and this was not to be had while unconquered Celts could herd together in the adjoining forest, and thence issuing at will, harass the foreign intruders. For an insignificant band to oppose these haughty invaders was equivalent to signing its own death-warrant. To pursue them with the sword through their sylvan haunts the skilful Romans knew to be impracticable, so a mightier weapon was called into the uneven warfare. The forest was fired, the axe helping in the wholesale destruction, and this hornets' nest of proud Rome's enemies was burnt out. This done, and the miserable isle-dwellers scattered and fled, the conquerors troubled themselves no more with Axholme. Not a name on the island denotes a single Roman settlement, but the scar on its face, long adorned by glorious verdure, was deep indeed, and altered its features, physical and moral, to the present day. The charred trees, pityingly impelled by a strong south-west wind, fell all in huge toppling masses towards the north-east, choked up the lesser river-courses, and those glorious far-reaching glades were changed into mere morass. Boughs, branches, trunks, sank slowly in ages' accumulations of vegetable decay. Swamps, fens, and caves mainly covered the despoiled isle, which now for a long period had only a sparse population of fen-men, or "gyrvii," stilt-walkers, by necessity dwelling on the few spots of land that yet reared themselves above the watery waste, living chiefly by fishing and fowling, with the unenviable character of being "rude, uncivil, and curious."



MEADOW LAND—AXHOLME.

How soon among these rough forbears of our present body politic the Saxons put in an appearance we cannot now tell; but, assuredly, either pushing up from the south, or straggling up from our great eastern water-gates, the Humber and the Wash, considerable numbers must have come and found the island promising enough to induce them to share or seize on such portions of it as the "gyrvii" had already proved tenantable, for we find the Saxon stamp more or less on every mile of Axholme. In Epworth we have the *worth*—*manor*, or *close*—of the *aspen;* in Hurst, the *thick wood;* in the "ey" of Haxey (the first syllable of which—"Haxa"—signifies, moreover, a Saxon goddess); in *Ham*, the fold, or enclosure, or—sweetest gloss of all—"the home"; and in other names, too many to mention here, we get unquestionable Teuton

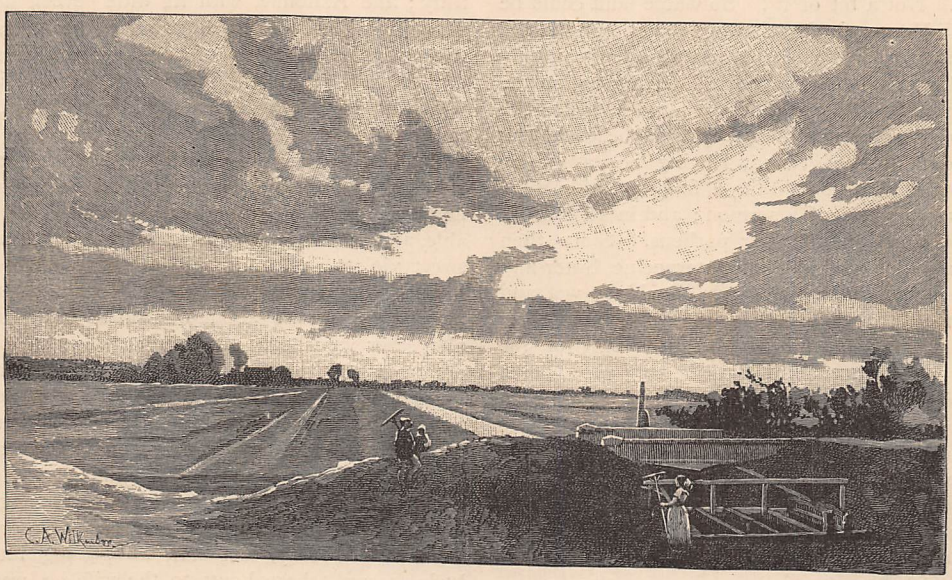
derivations. That they prospered fairly many "tons" planted on the driest spots obtainable seem to speak; and that they forgot not to be rightly grateful we mark by their early acceptance of Christianity. At Croule are yet remains of the Saxon church, dedicated to St. Oswald, the Saxon king, who, for steadfastness to his new creed, was slain by the fierce champion of idolatry, Penda; and at Melwood were three vast oblong barrows, denoting the burial-place of unnumbered dead, who fell on what was for years the very arena of contention between the two faiths.

Towards the close of the eighth century our Saxons had, maybe rudely, drained and delved—at any rate, had shaped out their "stocks" and "stows"—and introduced sufficient improvements to make Axholme both habitable and important, for it attracted the attention of certain people who swept our shores just then, on the look-out for anything good to be had for the fighting. In 787, an ancient chronicle tells us, "unknown men came in three vessels to the Lincolnshire coast. A Saxon magistrate went down to the beach, asking who they were. The strangers let him draw nigh, then fell on him and slew him, plundered the neighbourhood, and returned over the sea with great joy." This was the characteristic *début* of the Danes, who for three more centuries paid Lincolnshire frequent visits, now of war, now of peace, the former traceable in Axholme by many a find of murderous weapons, the latter by the titles of numerous villages, bestowed, according to Danish custom, in honour of some hero. Among these we have the "thorpes," or farm-houses, of Hubla, Gunno, Gerulf, Armin, and Ali, now corrupted into Upperthorpe, Gunthorpe, Garthorpe, Armthorpe, and Althorpe; sundry "tofts," or groves, tacked on to earlier prefixes—Beltoft, Sandtoft, to wit; Butterwick, "the village of Buthas," a famous Viking; with "byes," "leams," "nesses," and "garths," scattered freely among older forms of nomenclature.

It was as friends and allies of the Saxons that the Danes were found in Axholme by William the Conqueror. He, with his natural mixture of wiliness and high-handedness, first bribed these latest settlers to depart, then gave the Saxons and their water-fenced territory—which by now boasted seven manors—bodily over to a follower of his own, one Geoffrey de Wirce. Possibly the gift may have been somewhat of a white elephant, for rather later on it passed into the hands of Nigel d'Albine, the founder of the renowned Mowbray family, who for three centuries retained pre-eminent rank and much land in the isle.

With the Norman rule came abundant, and in some cases abiding, changes, domestic and legal. These the curious can trace for themselves in customs and documents still extant; but, strange to say, it effected no change whatever in the name of a single village or town in Axholme. One small hamlet only, "Tetley"—debased from "Tête la Haie," a head or rising ground hedged in—bespeaks its isolated origin.

Under the strong wing of the noble family planted in Axholme, ecclesiasticism flourished and grew strong. By gift or bequest much of the land became the property of religious houses, Selby alone having a large share. Many of the endowments, notably Haxey and Croule, are of very early date; four chapels or oratories were established, and a splendid Carthusian monastery was erected at Low Melwood. But as time swept by, this aggregated wealth, with its attendant benefits and ills, was ruthlessly dispersed. In the general spoliation of the Church, under Henry VIII., a clean sweep was made of all its possessions in Axholme. The benefices became crown property, and the land heretofore attached to them was disposed of by sale among an immense number of



WESTWOOD FROM THE BANKS OF TRENT.

very small freeholders—a class which to this day forms a special and almost unique feature of the isle, one which was further increased somewhat later on by another important change in Axholme.

In the reign of James I., it chanced that his son, Prince Henry, came a-hunting in Hatfield Chase, just over the island's western boundary. In his train was one Vermuyden, a Dutchman, who, having been born and having lived his youth through at the mouth of the Scheldt, may have almost fancied himself back among native scenes when gazing on the low-lying, river-permeated stretch of land on the Lincolnshire border. At any rate, a Dutch-like spirit of engineering stirred within him. He conceived the idea of draining the whole of the "levels," stopping the vagaries of the streams, which overflooded for miles, and intermingled, at their own, or the different seasons' will, bringing their waters under the control of banks, sluices, and pumps, and carrying away all superfluity thereof westward to the Trent. Permission being gained from Charles I., Vermuyden set to work, on the understanding that one-third of the land reclaimed was to belong to the crown, one-third to himself, and the remaining third to those individuals—henceforth to be called "Participants"—on whose property the redeemed acres abutted.

In 1643 the energetic Dutchman brought over a little colony of workers—compatriot Protestants and persecuted French Walloons—a thrifty, industrious horde, who built themselves a miniature church at Sandtoft, and made ready to work diligently, and thankfully to look upon the island as a harbour of refuge. But such they were not to find it: the islanders had yet a taint of their early character—"rude, uncivil, curious"; their lands might be inundated and their crops destroyed by natural causes, which their own weak attempts at engineering had as yet failed to amend; but they were not going to be benefited in this masterful manner by a pack of strangers. Not a bit of it! So where fault could be found with Vermuyden's scheme, it *was* found. His great work was hindered, hampered, often wantonly destroyed, was only carried on and carried out in the very teeth of the angry islanders, who never rested till, after many grievous cruelties, they razed the foreigners' small church to the ground, leaving not a vestige of the imported worship save a fragment of a Bible and a page or two of a sermon; and in 1686 drove the Walloons clean off their purlieus. Since then their quarrels have been purely internecine, bitter and fierce at first, as to whose lands should be wet and whose should be dry, but losing by degrees their intensity of rancour, till by the beginning of the present century they seem happily to have calmed down entirely on the question of those drains, which all who understand such things must acknowledge to be an enormous benefit to the isle.

The shares of regained property apportioned to Vermuyden and the crown were speedily in the market, and greedily bought up by yet more would-be proprietors, in whose families much of it remains to the present day.

The enclosure and sale of commons in 1800 completed the list of what may be called peasant land-owners, so that a labourer, or one who works exclusively for hire, is now almost unknown on the island. The arrangement of these holdings never fails to strike visitors as singular, for instead of little enclosed patches hedged or fenced about, as they would be in other counties, we find here far-reaching "open fields," as they are called, where, with never a ditch or rail between, the narrow strips of property, all variously cropped, run right across, separated only by a furrow, and joining the road without division of any sort.

And time was—within living memory, too—when these same roads were non-existent. Before the year 1800 there was no reliable thoroughfare whatever across or along the island; but farm produce being high-priced at that date, land-owners combined and made raised causeways, one "flag" wide, of Yorkshire stone, from one town or village to another; and along these pack-horses carried all goods, corn included, the importance of the service being recognised by the rule that "whosoever should meet a laden horse along the way should step off, into the slush if needs be," and let the animal proceed at ease. Within the last thirty years, however, very excellent roads have been made by the land proprietors, so that the wives and daughters of the isle dwellers no longer need ride pillion, or order out a waggon and stout team if they want to take a cup of tea with a friend a mile off. In fact, drainage, farming, and "warping" have changed the island marvellously in the last century. Where the Idle and the Don, and their companions, once meandered is now only discernible by the extra fertility, and in parts slight depression of their former courses. The "warp," or deposit of the Trent, whose waters are periodically permitted, by a system of sluices, to overflow the land, produces spontaneous crops of white clover and a generally superb fertility; and Axholme, with its wide levels, its pretty villages and hamlets, its singular irrigation, its grassy roadsides, where herds of cows graze peacefully all day, to be driven or tugged home at even-fall, is a spot where any lover of true rusticity might satisfy his taste to the full.

But, not to weary our reader with more details, we will ask him to take some three or four days, when holiday is peremptory, and a longer trip not obtainable, and journey thitherward for himself. In spring sweet violets and primroses are thick in the hedgerows; later, bright yellow irises, cuckoo-flowers, and blossoming rushes abound. Wild-fowl have not altogether vanished. At Haxey quaint customs still obtain in the two feasts of Haxey-midsummer and Haxey-hood. In the church are pillars of Stephen's time; and there, upon an ancient cross, are yet visible the arms of the Mowbrays. Epworth abounds with associations of the Wesley family. At Idle-stop (suggestive name) one hears of the "parting cross," now unhappily destroyed, put up in memory of Thomas Mowbray, last earl, who, going into exile, bade farewell thereabouts to the wife he was never

to see again. At Althorpe a goodly church stands most picturesquely upon Trent's bank, its graveyard reaching close out to the water; within, the most beautiful sedilia; without, a series of finely-carved corbels of kings and ecclesiastics, with relics of a yet earlier building in bits of Norman tombstones embedded in the walls. At Amcoats, so thick was the depth of peat some hundred and odd years ago, that the skeleton of a woman was dug thereout upright, clad in garments of the third Edward's time, her life probably lost in the treacherous morass, which kept its fatal secret well. Scattered about with almost comical irregularity are beds of gypsum, of which floors of stone-like solidity are formed. At the church of Croule are a profoundly interesting Saxon doorway, with strange figures carved thereon; a south door of Henry I.'s time, with capitals similar to those of Holy Trinity, Caen; a noticeable string course alternately plain and carved, and a window in the ashlar tower which shows well the transition from Saxon to Norman.

In fact, philologist, antiquarian, whom you will, all may find amusement after their sort in this aforetime land of swamps, while yet another taste may go there and be gratified. For when the evening sun goes down, transforming the long drains, all travelling Trentwards straight as a dart, into bars of living gold, rich emerald-tinted lands luxuriously lying in between, a soft tender haze overhanging all, then let any painter watch the scene, and he will assuredly tell you in words, if not on canvas (for those tints are none of the easiest), that a peculiar beauty is not lacking among its other possessions, and that fashion or fancy has often exalted far unlovelier spots on earth than this little-known and seldom-visited region, the "Isle of Axholme."

ALTHORPE.

AN ENGLISHMAN ON AMERICANISMS.

A GLOSSARY is sometimes needed to explain the peculiar phrases, idioms, and colloquialisms in which our American cousins indulge. They display a marvellous fertility of invention in this respect. Their political nomenclature is constantly receiving additions which English readers are often at a loss to understand. It is impossible to take up an American newspaper without reading of certain persons who are designated by such terms as scallawags, kickers, bolters, mud-slingers, cranks, dudes, bulldozers, deadheads, loafers, roustabouts, mugwumps, &c. The origin of some of these epithets is purely conjectural, but they have come to possess a greater or less degree of currency, and some of them are to be found in recent issues of popular dictionaries. Whether the purity of the language is thereby maintained, is open to doubt; but the Americans appear to delight in coining expressive and forcible phrases and epithets, especially for political purposes. Thus, the word "bolter" was freely used a year or two ago in connection with a movement of a section of the Republican party, who, being dissatisfied with the nomination of Mr. Blaine for President, supported the Democratic candidate, Mr. Cleveland. This was stigmatised as "bolting" from the party, just as a horse will sometimes rush away before the signal is given to commence a race. A "mud-slinger" is a man who searches over and rakes through the record of a politician, in order to discover something to his prejudice, which may be thrown at him, and yet without risking an action for libel. It

is surprising to an Englishman how much of this is done with public men in America, for they seem to be targets at which anything can be aimed, and all is regarded as fair in political strife. A "crank" is a man with a twist, or the rider of a troublesome hobby; and a "dude," in a political sense, is an exquisite and a theorist, whose views are utterly impracticable. To "bulldoze" is to intimidate, and the word was originally used respecting the alleged interference with negro voters in Louisiana. A "deadhead" is one who obtains something of commercial value without specific payment, and particularly refers to a politician who receives free passes on railroads, and free entertainment at hotels; so that the term has come to have an opprobrious political meaning. A "loafer" is an idle vagabond who obtains a precarious livelihood by "hanging around;" and there are too many such waiting upon officials for what may be picked up in the way of emoluments. "Roustabout" is a Southern phrase, originally referring to those who clustered in the vicinity of docks for any light job that might turn up; and it is used also for loafers, but in a stronger and more emphatic sense. A "scallawag" is a miserable scamp, partaking of the nature of loafer and tramp. All these words, and many others of a similar kind, are continually heard in political conversation, and are met with even in the best newspapers; just as during the Civil War such epithets as "copperheads," "green-backers," and "carpet-baggers," were constantly applied, with others equally expressive and even more offensive.

The whole question of Americanisms is interesting and curious, and English visitors are sometimes informed, in a perfectly polite and good-humoured way, that they do not know their own language, either in its meaning or in its pronunciation. A man is said to be "smart" who indulges in a piece of sharp practice in the way of business, and "clever" is often employed in the same sense of deceiving and taking advantage. "Cunning" is mostly used in its secondary and worse meaning, although young ladies, by way of expressing admiration for some pretty object or contrivance, will often say, "It is real cunning," or "It is too cunning for anything;" the latter being intended to express the superlative degree of admiration. The word "elegant" is sometimes applied to describe the weather, or a dish at table; although, in justice to American proprieties, it must be owned that the phrase, "It is elegant eating," though occasionally heard, is not general. Nor must it be supposed that educated and refined Americans fall into the habit of using the peculiar phrases yet to be mentioned. Some of these are restricted to places and classes, and are as provincial as the dialects and idioms common in Yorkshire or Somerset. A New Englander, a Western man, a Southerner, or a "Down-Easter" from Maine, can usually be detected by certain expressions and tones, and much innocent fun is often to be got out of these. In New England, for example, everybody "guesses," just as the New Yorker "reckons," and the Western people "calculate." New England also abounds in such phrases as "mebbe" for "maybe;" "Now, I wawnt ter know," or "Dew tell," when some surprising news has just been imparted; "Come right in," as a response to a knock at a door; and "kinder lonesome," or "kind-er hungry." The denizens of the great mushroom city of the West pronounce it "Chickawgo," with a peculiar jerk of the first syllable. Even an educated Bostonian will call the centre of the universe as if it were spelt "Bawsun." Southerners often interject into a conversation the phrases, "Is that so?" and "That's so." The nasal twang is a sore point with many Americans, even where they use it; but all these peculiarities, whether of speech or in the signification of words, must be taken with numerous exceptions. None of them are mentioned here in an offensive sense, but simply as they strike an Englishman; just as, doubtless, some of his expressions appear odd to Americans. In some respects they may be said to use prepositions with special accuracy, as when they speak of a house being "on" the street, or of meeting a person "on" instead of "in" the street. A letter in a newspaper is said to be written "over" a certain signature. A visit is paid to the "seashore," not to the seaside.

Many familiar objects and acts are described in a way that sounds droll at first. The railway is always called the "railroad," and the line of rails is the "track." The station is the "depôt," (pronounced in three ways, "day'po," "dep'o," and "de'po"); the guard is a "conductor," and a telegraph clerk is an "operator." Discrimination is made between "steam-cars" and "horse-cars," and when the conductor is about to start the train he shouts, "All aboard," and the conductor of a horse-car will desire the passengers to "hurry up" if they are not quick enough. If a train arrives punctually it is said to be "on time": a phrase which a man will use when he promises to keep an appointment. Instead of saying "a quarter to twelve," most Americans would say "a quarter of twelve"; and they call a keyless watch a "stem-winder." The place for foot-passengers is the "side-walk"; shops are "stores"; a draper sells "dry goods"; a butcher styles his shop a "meat market"; a purchaser says that he "traded with" so-and-so, meaning the person who served him; the domestics in a house and the labourers on a farm are "helps"; the adjuncts to a meal are "fixings" (often pronounced without the "g," as is the case with many other words); a substantial repast is "a good square meal"; and if you are in a difficulty, or want something done, a volunteer will offer to "fix you up." Kind wishes for one about to go on a journey or to a party of pleasure are conveyed by the expression that he may have "a real good time," or "a good high time"; while gushing girls sum up their sense of enjoyment in the phrase "perfectly splendid"; or, if the catalogue of eulogy seems exhausted, they will affirm that such a one, or a certain object, is "too good for anything." A common answer to the inquiry, "How do you feel?" is "good"; and the word "sick" is applied to every ailment except actual sickness, which is distinctly described as being "sick in the stomach." Inquiry after an absent acquaintance is apt to be met by the

reply that he is "quite sick," or "verra sick"; the precise fact being, perhaps, that he has the toothache or a cold. A fellow-guest at a hotel, wishful to know whether he can have a newspaper, asks, "Are you through?" and a waiter will put the same formula as to whether you have ended a meal. If a remark be lost, or misunderstood, the listener will probably say, "How?" instead of "Excuse me," or "I did not understand"; and if he has met some statement with a flat contradiction—a circumstance not uncommon—and afterwards discovers his error, he will probably say, "I take back what I said." A jug is always a "pitcher"; and in some sections of society people have no legs, for these are alluded to as "limbs," and a guest is asked whether he will take the "second wing" of a fowl. Yet the word "bug" is freely applied to insects of all descriptions; and an elegant young lady will say that she is "mad" when she is vexed or disappointed. If she wishes to refer to the garment usually known as the bodice, she calls it her "waist"; her overshoes are "rubbers"; what is understood in England as print, she styles "calico," and a piece of the latter is asked for as "a web of muslin." Her mantle is a "sacque," and she unhesitatingly describes the unmentionable garments of her husband or brother as "pants," while the braces are "suspenders," or, in vulgar parlance, "gallowses."

Diversities of pronunciation have often been commented on, and the criticism is sometimes heard, "He speaks the English language very well—for an Englishman." Apart from local dialects, already referred to, there seems to be in the United States a national fashion in the open sounds given to the vowels, in the use of the rising inflection, in the abrupt and jerky way of dividing sentences, and in the pronunciation of many words. In the public schools, children are taught to utter what may be described as the American sounds of certain letters, involving peculiar action of the mouth and lips, which cannot be said to impart grace or beauty to young ladies. Concerning many of these it may be remarked that they are accustomed to speak in loud, pronounced, and ringing tones, which might even be called strident. Doubtless this is acquired unconsciously from the sterner sex, whose public and domestic utterances are not, as a rule, characterised by mellifluous tones. Life in America seems too busy and urgent to permit the cultivation of graces of style. It sounds strange to English ears to have to listen to such tones, and to observe the peculiar orthography and pronunciation given to familiar words. For example, "traveller" is spelt with one "l"; but "skilful" often appears with four. "Meagre," "centre," and similar words have the last two letters transposed. A "cheque," for money, is spelt "check," and the letter "u" is always omitted from such words as "honour" and "favour." "Schedule" is spelt and pronounced "skedule;" the accent is placed on the initial letters of such words as "Arabs" and "Italians"; the indefinite article "a" receives special attention in speaking and reading; and, happily, much care is bestowed upon poor letter "h." In many places such words as "first" and "mercy" are pronounced with a peculiar and almost indescribable twist of the tongue, producing sounds like "fur-eest," "mer-ee-cy." The accent is often placed on the first syllable of words like "inquiry"; a "vase" is made to rhyme with "case"; and the sound of "ay" is heard in "tomatoes" and "charades." "Cannot" is always uttered as if it were the name of Kant, the German metaphysician; "psalm" is hard to recognise in "sam"; and for "half-past" the hour one is informed that it is "haf-paast." All good Americans long to go to "Parrus"; and a young lady calls her parents "popper" and "mommer."

Such are some of the colloquialisms and pronunciations which strike an English visitor to America, although, of course, the ear soon becomes accustomed to them, and he may even unconsciously acquire them himself.

THE GARDEN IN THE LEAFY MONTH.

"LEAFY June"—perhaps, after all, the most enjoyable month in the year — is certainly in the garden the time when everything clamours for attention at once. There is nothing, however, very novel in the statement that we are only capable of doing one thing at a time. But yet if we are fairly active and observant, and have plenty of *system* in our gardening routine, we shall find that in twenty-four hours a large and very varied amount of work can be got through.

Briefly let us sketch a representative day's gardening in June. Up with the lark then, we naturally turn at once to the green-house, and to the cucumber and melon frames, and quickly open our glass and doors. Probably the next thing that will call for our attention will be some careful watering in both houses and frames, for a little moisture will certainly be most essential in order to enable the occupants not only to face but to gain benefit from the midsummer sun. Another early morning operation, though not a daily, but a weekly one at the least, will be an hour with the mowing machine, and very invaluable just at this time is that short grass which is gradually filling our wheelbarrow. When your heap of grass has been lying two or three hours in any corner in which you have temporarily perhaps deposited it, thrust your hand deep into it and you will soon see its value as a help in lining hot-beds. Or again we shall find another great use for this

short lawn grass at this time, and that will be on our strawberry beds. We strew it, then, carefully and pretty thickly around and among our strawberry plants for the purpose of keeping the now forming fruit from injury from the soil. It is a very unpleasant thing to find just as we have put a melting and rosy strawberry between our lips that we are biting a number of small grits, and perhaps chipping a tooth over a tiny flint stone. Yet if we do not take some precautions and protect our ripening fruit in some way, we shall be liable probably to the experience

of the disagreeable adventure at which we have hinted. A load of tan is better than grass, for slugs strongly disapprove of the tan ; yet, on the other hand, a load of grass costs us nothing at all, and tan may not very easily be had in some localities. Moreover, the colour of a slug is more or less the colour of the tan, but the fresh green grass is in strong contrast with the dusky brown body of a slug, and thus we are able, perhaps,

on the grass to capture him more readily than on the tan.

And in the next place, we are doubtless busy in the full completion and decoration of our flower-beds. Hardly by the end of May, at all events in some cold localities, is the bedding out quite finished, but an English summer is short enough as it is, and the most must therefore be made of it; and the bedding out system, without any other ingenuity in the garden to come to its assistance, makes summer terribly short in the flower-beds. Tall-growing flowers, then, that want support should be carefully tied to stakes: any early-flowering annuals that are well past their best may be taken up, and some new and bright substitutes from the green-house that we have, perhaps, been forcing on, should come in their place. By these means, by successional sowing, and with the aid of a good assortment of perennials, we shall keep our flower-beds gay for a large part of the year. The lately bedded-out plants will require a careful watering; feeble, early or imperfectly developed blooms should be pinched off, and as far as possible have the plants themselves pegged down, so as to allow of the whole growing finally uniform in height.

A capital and elegant creeper or climber, good for training either to hide an eye-sore in the rear of the garden, or to grow over trellis-work, or by a wall, is the Japanese hop—*Humulus japonicus*: it grows vigorously, is fairly hardy, and gives very little trouble: plenty of sweet-peas, too, as low-growing climbers, there should always be in the garden; but as in a dry season they are not very long-lived, the successional sowing of them is important where their gaiety, brilliancy, and delicious perfume are properly appreciated.

Thus far, then, we shall find that these operations will make a very large hole in any one morning's work, and yet we have not touched upon the fruit and kitchen garden, saving only the strawberry bed. The currants and gooseberries perhaps are occasioning us some trouble by the presence of the caterpillar. If you had time and patience for it, when you find that the caterpillar has really made its appearance, hand-picking, carefully done, is perhaps the most effectual remedy: a bowl of hot water placed on the ground under the tree during the operation will give you both hands free, and the caterpillars will be instantaneously killed as they drop into it.

Coming finally to our vegetable crop we will notice, as first in order, those that may be growing immediately under the wall fruit of which we have just been speaking, and for the sake of the latter see that the vegetable crops, within a foot or two of the wall, are of a small and light character. Have, then, near the wall no crop that quite covers the surface of the soil, but merely perhaps a few lettuces, radishes, small salad, or at most some French beans.

Early in June, too, sow on rich ground, and if after a long wet night so much the better, your turnip crop: a second and a third successional sowing might be made of them this month. To be thoroughly serviceable, turnips ought to be quickly grown. The potatoes will, too, now require constant earthing up; if this be not done you will soon see their produce exposed on the surface of the soil; and bear in mind that all which are so exposed, and even those which are imperfectly covered by the soil, will be quite useless for anything but seed. The onion bed will want weeding, and another sowing made for small drawing. Altogether, then, we have had a heavy day in the garden, and "the labouring man" who has accomplished it will be entitled to his "sweet sleep."

SUMMER SKETCHING.

DARK cloudlets trail across the sky,
Like home-bound cranes, in line extend
The fires of sunset flare and die,
In pageant brief and splendid.
The rippling gold is darkening grey,
Save where white foam-breaks fleck the bay;
And sky and ocean far away
Are softly blended.

She haunts that salt-aired heathy seat;
She loves to sink her feet in grasses,
And hear the long waves roll and beat,
And watch the great cloud-masses,
And strive, with ardour over-bold,
Some lovely look to catch and hold;
Some violet shade, some gleam of gold,
That peeps and passes.

"Ah me!" she sighs, "to make my own
Those mystic shades that evening etches!
To catch that wistful twilight tone
O'er all the dim sea-stretches!"
Nay, lovely dreamer, clear your look,
And haste to yonder leafy nook,
Where some one waits to take the book
And praise the sketches.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.

SUMMER SKETCHING.

(*See page* 415.)

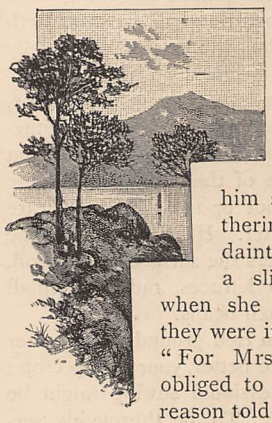
VERE THORNLEIGH'S INHERITANCE;

OR, "LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER."

By ARABELLA M. HOPKINSON, Author of "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," "Pardoned," &c.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

"DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A DAUB?"



MABEL TRESIDDER stood musing on the lawn at Torworthy, looking at her father, who was rapidly disappearing in the direction of Thornleigh. She had come upon him suddenly, whilst he was gathering roses, arranging them daintily in a basket, and showing a slight confusion of manner when she had asked him for whom they were intended. He had answered, "For Mrs. Meredyth," and she was obliged to believe him, although her reason told her otherwise.

It was now ten days since Mrs. Meredyth and Mrs. Bradshaw had arrived, and every day regularly Mr. Tresidder repaired to the Farmhouse for tea. As yet, no one had given the circumstance a thought, but this afternoon a sudden illumination had flashed across Mabel, causing the unusual tears to spring to her eyes. Had she not been sufficient for her father, then, that he must be thinking of a third wife? Had he really meant all those grumblings about being a cipher in his own house? Had she been a neglectful daughter? Truthfully—for she was truth itself—she did not think she had, although her conscience told her that she had been self-absorbed, absent, and forgetful lately to an unusual degree.

"And he does not care for me one bit, one little tiny bit," she said aloud, whilst a bitter smile passed over her face. "He went on with Miss Ackworth in just the same way yesterday. It seems to me that everything is going wrong."

Poor Mabel! Things were indeed looking black, even to her rose-coloured mind, at this moment, and at this point in her reflections the tear that had been standing in her eye brimmed over and fell with a splash on to her dress, whilst, at the same time, she heard a whistle, and some one approached her from behind. She would not look or move; she would show him that she did not care for him one straw.

"Is it possible that Miss Mabel Tresidder is actually standing still?" asked Cosby's mocking voice, as he walked round and faced her. "May I venture to ask," taking out his watch and looking at it, "what can have brought you to an anchor for quite ten minutes?"

"How do you know what I have been doing for ten minutes?"

"I saw you from the library window, from whence also I spied the pater gathering roses."

"Why should not pater gather roses?" defiantly.

"There is no earthly reason why he should not, except that they have thorns."

"I suppose you mean something very clever by that remark; but I am too stupid to see it."

"Come, come! you wrong yourself; you are not really at all stupid."

"Yes, I am desperately stupid."

"If I had been asked, now, I should have said you were a very sharp little girl."

"You would, I dare say, have said a great many impertinent things. You are always very rude to me."

Cosby smiled a most irritating smile, as one would at a spoilt child. "Look," he said, "here comes the Empress," pointing towards the slope. "She seems to be in a prodigious hurry."

In truth, Vere was ascending the hill at a pace that showed her lungs to be in good order, and as Mabel advanced to meet her, "Mab," she cried, with a radiant countenance, "it is all right. They will come. Mrs. Bradshaw is wonderfully well to-day. Aren't you glad she is able to come?"

"Hush! I don't want Cosby to hear. Yes, I shall be pleased to see Mrs. Bradshaw, although I must confess I am by no means so bewitched with her as you are."

Vere smiled a beatified smile. "I love her," she said. "Look!" she continued, displaying a basket full of ferns and wild-flowers, "I gathered all these as I came up. Shall you have tea in there?"

"No, on the lawn; and afterwards we will invite the company to assist at the opening of Miss Thornleigh's sitting-room. I wonder what they will say to it, and whether they will admire it as we do."

Mabel had recovered from her fleeting ill-humour, and passing her arm through Vere's, she now drew her towards the lawn, where Mr. Savile was busily engaged in cutting off dead geranium trusses.

"Cosby," she said, "Mrs. Meredyth and Mrs. Bradshaw are coming to tea this afternoon. Will you give us the pleasure of your company at that meal?"

"I shall be delighted," he answered. "It is quite a week since I saw the interesting Mrs. Bradshaw. I am glad she is well enough to come up here."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Vere, with the radiant smile that Mrs. Bradshaw's name so often conjured up on her countenance, "she is ever so much better. Now I must take these flowers in, and arrange them. Mab, are you coming?"

Mab was looking dismally round the garden. "Pater has taken all my roses," she cried, "and I wanted them so much to-day. Never mind; I must make the best of the flowers he has left. Did you—did you meet him, Vere? I think he went to Thornleigh this morning."

"No. He always goes the long round, you know, whilst I take the short cut."

"Ah, yes, of course; I forgot. Now you go in and put your flowers in water, whilst I see what I can find here," and Mabel returned to the flower-beds, where

years; Miss Vere is hopelessly enamoured of her; Paul speaks of her with bated breath; and you were, at one time, inclined to join in the general worship."

"Was I? I forget. I am not now, at any rate. I

"'WHO? WHO? TELL ME,' SHE STAMMERED OUT" (*p.* 420).

Cosby joined her, holding out the bare fruits of his industry for inspection.

"What havoc that mournful-faced woman must have done in her palmy days!" he remarked, somewhat irrelevantly, as he continued his occupation.

"Who?" asked Mabel.

"Our interesting friend, Mrs. Bradshaw. She appears to bewitch every one who approaches her. She very successfully bewitched Mrs. Meredyth in former

am not at all sure that she is not a dangerous woman."

Cosby laughed a long silent laugh, then he grew grave, and a softened look passed over his features.

"Poor soul!" he said; "however dangerous she may have been in by-gone years, I do not think any one need fear her now."

"What do you mean, Cosby?" turning to him a face as bright as a sunbeam.

"Why, I mean what I fancy both she and Mrs. Meredyth very well know—that her days are numbered."

"I am sure you must be mistaken, Cosby. She is so very much better than she was."

"A flash in the pan, that is all. I may of course be wrong—I hope I am—but I very much doubt whether next year will see her alive. The conviction forced itself upon me last time I was down at Thornleigh. I was struck by an indescribable look in her face, that told me she is not long for this world."

Mabel was quite silent; her warm, sympathetic heart was inexpressibly shocked; and to think that a few minutes ago she had been harbouring resentment against a dying woman!

"I trust with all my heart that you are wrong, Cosby," she cried, after a minute's pause.

"So do I," he answered; "and when just now I spoke of her bewitching every one, I was not in earnest. I think both Mrs. Meredyth and Paul know the state of the case; and as to Miss Vere, why, here is one of those youthful enthusiasms in which young ladies are so fond of indulging."

That same afternoon, Vere and Mabel shut themselves up in what Cosby called Bluebeard's Chamber, and remained there busily at work until they heard the sound of Mrs. Meredyth's carriage-wheels. In spite of any amount of teasing, and of desperate efforts on the part of Mr. Savile to penetrate its secrets, Vere's new sanctum had not as yet been thrown open to the public. Every day the girls would preach patience, promising that before very long its beauties should be displayed to the admiring gaze of their mankind, but as yet the hour had not arrived. To-day, however, there were certain signs in the air that led Cosby to the conclusion that its inauguration was to be the feature of this afternoon's entertainment, more especially as he saw plants and flowers being conveyed to the house, which certainly were not to be found in the drawing-room. He was the only one who still cherished the faintest curiosity on the subject. Mr. Tresidder was far too absorbed in his own affairs to give a thought to the trivialities of two girls; Hugh, baffled whenever he had attempted it, had long ceased trying to make raids into the room; whilst Paul had his own engrossing business, and his growing love for Vere, to occupy all his energy and attention.

During these three weeks that he had been at Torworthy he had not been idle. Up at five o'clock every morning, he had pursued his researches vigorously, sometimes staying away a day or two at a time, and visiting every church, turning over every register in the county, whilst his correspondence on the same subject was daily growing larger.

That little suspicion that had once crossed his mind, that Mrs. Bradshaw and Vere might have something to do with one another, had quite evaporated under the undoubted ignorance the former displayed of her present abode. Surely, if her husband had any connection with the place, she must know something about it—must, at any rate, recognise the locality; whereas, her utter lack of knowledge of its most obvious features was too complete to be feigned.

Certainly, so far, he had met with no success. Not a trace did he or his agents come upon of any Thornleigh marriage, and he was seriously considering the advisability of returning to town, and commencing operations there, remembering that, according to Hannah, Vere had been brought to Thornleigh, not born there, and that possibly London might have been the scene of her birth. It would be hard work to leave her, to say good-bye to the woods and moors, where he could best enjoy her sweet society; but might not his reward in the future be all the greater for his self-denial in the present? To-day, however, he had been transacting business for and with Mrs. Meredyth, and had promised Mab at luncheon-time that he would be in for tea; "in case Mrs. Bradshaw were to faint, or anything of that kind, Paul, you would be much the strongest of the party to carry her to a sofa," his sister had said; and he had readily acquiesced.

Punctually to the appointed time Mrs. Meredyth's carriage drew up to the door of Torworthy House, where Mabel, her heart completely softened by Cosby's few words, received Mrs. Bradshaw most affectionately, whilst Mr. Tresidder hovered around her, in a way which a few hours ago would have made his daughter angry, but which she now thought very nice of the pater: he was always so kind-hearted.

But Mrs. Bradshaw, gentle and grateful to every one, had eyes only for Vere, and a look of contentment stole over her face as the girl, after arranging the cushion on the wicker sofa that had been brought out expressly for her, sat down by her side.

"Mab thought you would like tea on the lawn, as you are ordered to be in the open air so much; and afterwards, when you are quite rested and refreshed, do you think you would care to see the house?" she asked.

"Oh! I mean to see the house, certainly," she answered. "I am giving up the character of an invalid altogether to-day; I feel so wonderfully better: quite brisk."

Vere was about to express her pleasure, when Mr. Tresidder intervened.

"My dear," he said, in his most paternal manner, "you move away now, and let me have your chair. I mean to do the honours to Mrs. Bradshaw this afternoon, as it is her first visit to my house. I hope it will be by no means the last," he added, turning to his guest.

Mrs. Bradshaw smiled and thanked him, sorry as she felt for the exchange. Try as she would to like Mr. Tresidder, there always remained at the bottom of her heart a substratum of distaste for his company, for which she never failed to reproach herself. Had he not, in spite of his pettiness and foibles, proved himself a most kind friend to her favourite, Vere? And was he not uniformly attentive and polite to her own obscure self, when it was so very plain that his natural inclinations all pointed to the great ones of this world?

So Mrs. Bradshaw smiled, and sipped her tea, and conversed with Mr. Tresidder, whilst Mabel dispensed her hospitalities with her own peculiar charm. Paul and Cosby devoted themselves to Mrs. Meredyth, and Vere sat apart, with her dreamy eyes fixed on her new friend, ready to jump up if she were to want anything.

By-and-by they were joined by little Piangini, who had been roused from his composition by the sound of all the laughing and talking going on under his window.

"Ah! here you are," said Mab, as he strolled on to the lawn with his own peculiar gait, something between a roll and a shuffle; "we have brought you out of your hole at last. You know Mrs. Meredyth, don't you? Now I am going to introduce you to some one else. Mrs. Bradshaw," she said, "I want you to make the acquaintance of an old friend of ours, Signor Piangini; he has been giving Vere singing lessons for some months now."

Mrs. Bradshaw extended her hand to the little fat signor, who stood gazing on her face with puzzled eyes.

"I am sure your pupil must do you a great deal of credit, Signor," she said. "I have seldom heard a more lovely voice than hers is."

"Yes, indeed, Mademoiselle Véra has one beautiful voice. Madame understands music, without doubt?" he said interrogatively.

"I used to sing a great deal in former years, but I have no voice left now."

"Madame will find her voice again when she gets better."

She smiled. "I am afraid not," she answered.

"I am so sorry to disturb your conversation, just after introducing you to one another," Mabel interrupted them; "but if you are quite rested now, Mrs. Bradshaw, shall we adjourn to the house? A new room is to be opened for inspection to-day, that even my father has not seen as yet, and we want you particularly to pronounce an opinion on it, as it is to be Vere's own private sanctum in future."

"I thought as much," said Cosby. "I hope every one is prepared to vow that they have never beheld anything half so perfect before, or Mabel will quarrel with them."

"I never quarrel with my friends," said Mabel.

"Oh, indeed!" responded Mr. Savile; "that is quite a revelation to me."

Miss Tresidder did not condescend to answer him; but rising from her seat, led the way into the house, followed by all the party, except little Piangini, who remained buried in thought on the lawn.

"I have seen dat face before," he murmured to himself, as he watched Mrs. Bradshaw's receding figure. "It must be years and years ago. It is a voice-face—*une voix sympathique, pathétique—mais où donc, où?*" and, angry at not being able to find his clue, the little man struck his forehead vehemently with his hand, and assumed a dramatic attitude, that was a very favourite one with him.

Meanwhile, Mabel was conducting her visitors over the principal rooms of the house, which, though a very comfortable one, was notoriously ugly. The furniture in it was mostly of the time of William IV. or a very early Victorian period, when taste seemed to have been at its lowest ebb, and, beyond a few family portraits, and here and there a Chippendale chair or a bit of oak carving, there was nothing to detain the company from the *bonne-bouche* that she had promised them as a contrast to so much ugliness.

"Come with me, Paul, a minute," she whispered to her brother, beckoning him to follow her. "I want you to push a chest a little more into the corner for me. Make haste, or the others will be here."

He obeyed at once, quite forgetting that by this means he would have the privilege of inspecting Bluebeard's Chamber before any one else. What he had to do was mere child's-play to his strong arms, and when he had accomplished it, he stood up and gazed around him, for as yet there was no appearance of the rest of the party.

"Well?" asked Mabel.

"My child," he answered, "when I have a home, you shall be clerk of the works. I shall not run the risk of quarrelling with you, for I am telling you the real truth when I say it is the prettiest room I have ever seen, though probably you may think that my opinion does not go for much."

In truth, it was a pretty room. All the gems of Thornleigh were there, thrown out and embellished by flowers in every direction, and by the rich draperies over windows and doors, and here and there delicately embroidered Oriental silks, which, with the grand piano, were the only modern things in the room. The cabinets stood full of old china, flanked by the four large jars that had been the glory of the parlour at Thornleigh; the book-case, of books; the old bureau had been converted into a most practical, and at the same time ornamental, writing-table; the erection over the mantelpiece was a miracle of ingenuity and taste, made up of odds and ends of wood-work found in the old farm-house; whilst the walls were covered with pictures, brackets, old-fashioned mirrors, and china, all from the same rich mine.

"Did I not say there were some lovely things at Thornleigh?" asked Mabel, as she watched with delight her brother's genuine admiration. "I can't tell you how much pleased I was when I first penetrated into its parlour. What are you staring at so hard?"

"At that picture," pointing to the portrait of Vere's father. "Did it come from Thornleigh? Who is it?"

"That? Oh! Vere's father. It is not worth looking at. It always annoys me, for it is the one bad thing in the room. Did you ever see such a daub? Of course Vere likes to have it here; but I wish she had hung it in her bed-room."

Paul walked a few steps nearer, and stood gazing at the portrait. A very bad picture it decidedly was, and, as a work of art, of the signboard order; but somehow, when you looked at it, you felt it was a likeness. It puzzled him, for it seemed to him he had seen the face before, or rather one much like it, and

quite lately, too. Suddenly it flashed upon him: it was that photograph of Mrs. Bradshaw's husband that he had held in his hand three weeks ago. Yes, and here was the golden hair that had been wanting in the photograph, the dreamy blue eyes of a gentle boy-face, that might develop into that of rather a weak man.

"Mabel," he cried, turning round; but she was gone. At the same moment came the sound of voices and laughter; the door was thrown open, and, before he could stop her, Mrs. Bradshaw was standing in the middle of the room, followed closely by the rest of the party.

His first impulse was to place himself in the front of the picture, and cover it with his own broad shoulders. If Mrs. Bradshaw were to come upon it suddenly, might it not, in her delicate state of health, lead to serious consequences?

At present she was not looking that way; she was gazing with admiration round and about the room, congratulating the two girls on their success, and Vere on the charming nest she had arranged for herself. Mr. Savile was making teasing, impertinent remarks to Mabel; Mrs. Meredyth and Mr. Tresidder were painstakingly investigating every article of furniture in the room, and there stood Paul immovable, as though he were spell-bound.

"My dear fellow, you are obstructing the gangway," said Cosby. "Don't you see Miss Vere wants to come there?"

"Please, Mr. Paul, I am going to show Mrs. Bradshaw my father's picture."

The sweet voice woke him out of the maze of thought into which his discovery had thrown him. He looked down on the pale golden hair, on the soft brown eyes, and not a doubt remained in his mind. Was she not a wonderful combination of the two faces of Mrs. Bradshaw and Mr. Thornleigh, although in many respects unlike either?

With a smile, as he thought how soon now his love would find a mother, Mrs. Bradshaw a daughter, he moved on one side. After all, perhaps it was as good a way as any in which to bring about the discovery. Come when or how it might, it must be a shock, and the gradual recognition of the picture—for the likeness between the boy and man was not sufficiently striking to carry conviction in a moment—might be as suitable a preparation as any other for the *dénoûment* which was to follow.

"Take care, Mrs. Bradshaw," he exclaimed involuntarily, as he made room for her, remaining close in the vicinity to watch the unfolding of the drama, of which, at this actual moment, he alone held the key.

Wondering vaguely what he meant, Mrs. Bradshaw approached the picture, and stood looking at it, her hand resting on Vere's shoulder. Throughout the little group of three there reigned silence, a silence so complete that Paul could almost hear his own heart beating, whilst the voices of the rest of the party sounded to his ears as through a fog.

At last Mrs. Bradshaw spoke. Turning round suddenly, she seized Vere by the arm, displaying at the same time a face almost terrible in its suppressed excitement.

"Who? who? tell me," she stammered out.

"My father," answered the girl, wondering at the question, and frightened by her manner. "Mrs. Meredyth, will you please come here; I am afraid Mrs. Bradshaw is ill."

"No, no," she gasped, putting a strong constraint upon herself, whilst her colour changed to a chalky white; "not ill, not ill! I can't be ill—for I have found her—found her at last!"

The words came out with a kind of shout, which brought them all round her, Mrs. Meredyth the first.

"What is it, dear?" she said, in her soothing tones. "Try and be calm, Amy. Open the window wide, Mab."

Mabel threw the window open as wide as it would go, whilst Mrs. Bradshaw panted for breath, making a desperate struggle to regain her composure.

"Look," she said, and all eyes followed the direction of her finger, as she pointed to the portrait; "he was—her—father; he—was—my—husband. Don't you see—I have—found her—my child—my child!"

She stopped for a minute, and turned to Vere. When she spoke again, it was in a strange low voice, which sounded as though it belonged to some one else.

"His hair," she murmured, stroking the girl's head, whilst her eyes seemed to be looking past her as at a vision—"his child—my child—Amy, sweetheart, do you not know me? I am your mother!"

Vere was trembling in every limb. There was not one person in the room so much in the dark as she was—the pivot on which the whole mystery turned.

"Oh! dear Mrs. Bradshaw," she answered, hardly knowing what she said, but conscious all the time that Paul was just behind her; "my mother died long and long ago."

"No, no," she cried, "do not say that. It is not true; it cannot be true. Our hearts have spoken to one another. I am your mother!" she reiterated fiercely, almost as though challenging denial. Then her voice sank to a moan, and she would have fallen fainting to the ground, but that Paul rushed forward, and catching her in his arms, laid her on the sofa that Vere wheeled forward.

Then ensued something of a hubbub. What did it mean? What was it all about? Why had Mabel brought Mrs. Bradshaw into the room? Mr. Tresidder was asking these questions in a high unnatural voice, to which no one responded, whilst Mrs. Meredyth and Vere knelt by the sofa, their whole thoughts concentrated on Mrs. Bradshaw, and Mabel relieved her feelings by pouring out a flood of remarks to Paul, none of which he heard.

At last Mrs. Meredyth, rising from her knees to find some eau-de-Cologne, became aware of all the scared faces around her. "Don't look so alarmed, you men," she said; "Mrs. Bradshaw is subject to these attacks. I know how to treat her, and she will come round in time. Meanwhile, please don't think me rude if I ask you to leave me alone with her and

the girls. Now, my child," she continued, turning to Vere, as the door closed on the retreating gentlemen, "you must sit down. This scene has been a shock to you, although you do not fully understand it."

"No, indeed I don't," she answered. "Can you tell me what it all means?"

"Oh, dear Mrs. Meredyth—please—please do!" entreated Mab, in a fever of curiosity.

"I cannot tell you the whole story now," she answered, as she proceeded to minister to Mrs. Bradshaw, who still lay in a death-like swoon; "but, so far, I will explain to you what has just passed," turning directly to Vere. "Eighteen years ago Mrs. Bradshaw lost—literally lost—a little girl of a year old. Throughout these eighteen years she has been searching for this child, who must now be a girl of nineteen, without success. When, then, she finds in your possession the portrait of your father, which she recognises as also that of her dead husband, she very naturally jumps to the conclusion that you are her lost child, more especially when she remembers how from the first your hearts warmed to one another. Do not tremble so, dear, but take my advice and go to your room, and have a cry. It will do you all the good in the world. Nothing can be done or said until Amy has recovered her senses, and that will not be for some time yet, and then, when you are wanted, you will be rested and refreshed. God grant that my poor Amy is right. Somehow I feel as though she were this time; for the more I look at that picture, the more I see the likeness to her husband's photograph."

"And the more I look at Vere," broke in Mabel, who, in spite of the wild excitement she felt, retained all her acuteness, "the more I see her likeness to Mrs. Bradshaw. Indeed, we must all have been idiots not to find it out before."

Mrs. Meredyth smiled, then she took Mabel's arm. "Now, Mab," she said, "take Vere to her room; look after her there, and then come back to me, for I may want you."

"And may not I stay?" asked Vere piteously. "I won't speak or move, if I may only look at her."

"No," said Mrs. Meredyth, "indeed you must not. It would never do for her to see you when she came to herself. But I will let you kiss her, if you like."

Vere knelt down, and put her face against the marble-white one that lay on the cushions. Passionately she kissed the inanimate features, as she murmured, with tears in her eyes, "Good-bye, mother."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

IT was noon the next day. In the same room in which we saw her yesterday, on the same sofa, lay Mrs. Bradshaw. Kneeling by her side was Vere in her favourite attitude, her head leaning against that of the couch, whilst she looked down on the face that had moved her so powerfully from the first moment that she had seen it—the face of her mother. On both countenances shone the same expression of full perfect contentment, too great for words, the satisfied longing of two lives. It was Mrs. Bradshaw who first broke the silence.

"Say it again, darling," she whispered. And, for the twentieth time at least that morning, Vere stooped and kissed the pale face, and murmured, "Mother."

They were alone together. Alone with her mother, Vere was to hear the story of the tragedy that had desolated their two lives, and to try and fit into the puzzle that was, as yet, so sadly incomplete, the missing pieces.

"Come close, sweet; let me see your face whilst I try and tell you of that terrible time that left me without husband or child;" and Vere drew closer, locking her hand in that of Mrs. Bradshaw's, whilst, with wide-open eyes and heaving breath, she listened.

"I will not tell you of my maiden life," began her mother; "I must reserve that for another day, when I am stronger; at present, I will only relate to you the part that concerns yourself: that is to say, from the date of my acquaintance with your father. I had recently come to London from Canada, with very little in the world that I could call my own, except a few pounds and a beautiful voice. I had been very well and carefully brought up, had received an excellent education, and circumstances alone had reduced me to the pass in which I now found myself. From the first moment, however, that I realised that I must look to my own exertions for my support, I resolved to make my living by my voice. I was passionately fond of music; I had had first-rate instruction; and lastly, I had inherited musical traditions from my father, at one time a noted Italian tenor singer. On arriving in London, therefore—I was only nineteen—I went straight to an old friend of his, Signor Romelli, who, I knew, was a famous singing-master there. He received me most kindly, took me into his own house to live with his wife and daughters, and very soon procured me one or two trifling engagements. He had made his fortune himself, and intended the following year to retire, and end his days in his own country. It was at his house that I first met your father. He was then a struggling violinist, playing for so much a night; but gradually rising through the kind offices of Signor Romelli, who recognised his great talent, to better things.

"Well, to cut a long story short, he and I fell in love with one another, and married two days before Romelli and his family left England for Italy, in full confidence that our musical talent would more than suffice for our support."

Mrs. Bradshaw paused, out of breath, and Vere, rising from her knees, fetched her some eau-de-Cologne. Her mother thanked her with a smile.

"His hair was just like yours, darling," she resumed, "and he had a gentle dreamy face, although he could look resolute enough at times. Looking back on those days, I see how very strange it was that at no period of our married life did he tell me anything of his family or his birth-place; and I, unacquainted with England and the English, asked him no questions on these important subjects. We were like two children, both of us music-mad, happy in being together, and

not looking beyond. But even in those early days he would often distress me by his fits of moody despondency, and by the bitter way in which he would then speak of mankind in general, at the same time dropping words to the effect that he was something better than a mere violinist. When, however, I asked him to explain, he would put me off with a joke, implying that he had been talking nonsense."

"But, mother, had he no jewellery, no linen, engraved or marked to show that his name was Thornleigh?"

"Nothing. When he first came to London he had been reduced to such straits that he had parted with all he possessed, and when I married him his linen was not marked at all. For the first year of our married life, we got on very well, earning sufficient for our wants, and even putting by against a rainy day. Then you came, darling, making the cup of our happiness quite full. And that reminds me that when you were a month old we had you christened at the same church in which we were married, and we named you Amy, after both of us, your father being Amyas, and I Amina, although I am always called Amy. How, then, you come now by the name of Vere, is one of the many threads we have to unravel before we get at the bottom of the mystery that transported you from London to Thornleigh."

"I was named Vere by old Mr. Elton, of Torworthy Church. I have often heard him say so."

"And did you ever hear him say how old you were then?"

"No; but I must have been more than a year old, for Hannah told me that I was quite that age when Aunt Barbara brought me to Thornleigh. Now, dear mother, go on; I want so much to hear the rest."

"I was very ill after you were born, very ill indeed, and even when I got better I remained terribly weak, and, as to my poor voice, it quite disappeared. That was the beginning of our troubles, for very soon afterwards your father fell ill, and before very long we were both incapacitated from earning our living. It is not necessary to dwell on the wearing anxiety and misery of those days. Our little nest-egg soon vanished in doctors' bills and medicines, and then we were reduced to selling our property. One after another we had to part with our things, whilst every day your father grew worse. Still he kept up his courage, believing up to the very last that he would undoubtedly recover, and more than once he said to me, 'Amy, when I get well, we will all go down to the old place together. Wait a little bit longer, dear, and it will all come right.' I used to think he was wandering; but looking back now, I fancy his words must have been sober earnest, and that the 'old place' was Thornleigh.

"The end came quite suddenly at last. We had had a very trying cold autumn, culminating in a severe November, and had not seen the sun for weeks. One day, however, he did show his face, and my poor darling was most urgent that I should go out and take a turn. To please him, I consented, intending to go to a shop in the neighbourhood, and return as quickly as I could. I suppose I was not out more than half an hour; but to my vexation I found that the doctor had been and gone during my absence. Amyas, however, was in wonderful spirits, rubbing his poor thin hands together, and startling me by saying, 'It will come right this time, Amy, see if it doesn't.' But I could not get him to explain what he meant; all he would say was, 'Wait, dear, wait; have patience a little longer,' and fearing to worry him, I forbore to press him any further. That night he died in his sleep, so calmly and peacefully that I did not know he had passed away until some minutes after he was gone, and I was left alone with you, without a penny in the world.

"We had moved some months previously to Chelsea—to a lodging-house of the poorest description, but where the landlady was a respectable, good-hearted Irishwoman. She was very kind to me in my troubles, and very fond of you. She would take charge of you for hours together when I was waiting on your father, and you were always happy and good with her. For some time past she had, however, begun to be impatient for her rent, that had been owing for weeks back, and after the funeral I made up my mind that I must seek the assistance of some of our musical friends, or else let you starve. I had no alternative. The next morning I prepared to carry out my resolution. Ah! how well I remember that day? It was the beginning of December, and snow had fallen heavily, accompanied by a dense fog, as is so often the case in London. I had eaten but little food, and was very weak, from all the nursing and from the anxiety I had gone through. I washed and dressed you, and I have never forgotten how sweet you looked that morning, for the cold had given you a colour, and made you very lively. I carried you down to Mrs. Lorrigan, and asked her to take charge of you for a few hours, whilst I went out. She was not as pleasant as she had been formerly, and just as I was closing the door my heart misgave me, and I went back to her. 'Mrs. Lorrigan, you will be good to baby, won't you?' I said. 'I will try and not be out very long.'—'Shure, and I could not be bad to the darlint,' she answered; and kissing you again, I went away comforted. It was the last kiss I was to give you for eighteen years."

"Darling mother, we will make up for lost time now;" and Vere stooped and kissed her mother fondly.

Mrs. Bradshaw smiled softly. "You will think I am never coming to the end of my story, dear," she said; "but, do you know, Vere, it may seem strange, but my misery at losing you was so great that even now, when God has been so good to me, I dread to speak of that time."

"Would you rather Mrs. Meredyth told me?"

"No, no; you must hear it from no one but myself. After kissing you, I hurried away and set out to walk to the centre of the town, in the direction of Oxford Street, feeling, however, as though my legs would never carry me to my destination. Somehow or other—I hardly know how—I got to Regent Street, when I suppose my strength failed me, for, in crossing the road, I was knocked down by an omnibus and stunned. And here stepped in the guardian angel of

my life. Mrs. Meredyth happened to be driving by at the time. On hearing of the accident, with her usual thoughtfulness she had me lifted into her comfortable easy carriage, and took me at once to the hospital where she was in the habit of visiting. Some day, darling, if I—if we go back to London, I will take you there, and introduce you to the nursing sisters. Ah! how pleased they will be to see my child that I have sought for so long, and that they, too, have done their utmost in assisting to find. One of my arms and my ribs were broken, and there was no difficulty in procuring me admission; to say nothing of Mrs. Meredyth's name in itself being a recommendation. Here I lay for two months in delirium, nursed and tended with the greatest care; for, in addition to my injuries, I developed brain fever. When, at last, my senses returned to me, my first thought—as you may imagine—was for you; and I wanted then and there to get out of bed and go to you. This, naturally, was not allowed; but Mrs. Meredyth, who came to see me nearly every day, on hearing of my anxiety—which, as a mother, she fully appreciated—drove straight from the hospital to my address at Chelsea, promising me she would bring you back with her. Imagine, then, her dismay, when she reached the house, to find that you, the landlady, and all my fellow-lodgers, were gone no one knew whither. All that the fresh landlady, who opened the door, could inform her was that she believed her predecessor was gone to America; as for the other people who had been in the house, she was perfectly ignorant of what had become of them. From that day to this, darling, Mrs. Meredyth and I have been searching for you in vain, both in England and America."

Mrs. Bradshaw stopped, and Vere put her arms round her neck.

"Don't go on, dear," she said; "it is too much for you. Lie quite still, whilst I try and think of how I got to Thornleigh. Aunt Barbara, whenever she spoke of him, always used to say that my father was her brother, and that he was dead. I can only remember her speaking of my mother once, and then it was to tell me that she had died when I was born. Of course I believed her, and never asked any further questions. But when she was dying, she evidently had something on her mind, for she made the most terrible efforts to speak—she was paralysed, you know—and yet could not bring out a word. Both Dr. Combe and Mr. Birch thought she had something to reveal. But whatever it was, we shall find it all out now, dear, for we have three men to help us, and Mabel says Mr. Savile is extraordinarily clever. Even if we discover nothing, we *know* that we belong to each other, don't we, mother?"

A smile of intense contentment broke over Mrs. Bradshaw's countenance.

"Oh, my child!" she cried, "how I love you for those words! I could not part with you now. Let me keep you until—I mean, let nothing destroy our belief in each other's identity."

Meanwhile, in the drawing-room, Mrs. Meredyth, with Mrs. Bradshaw's full consent, was relating the same story to the rest of the party, every member of which she had assembled, down to little Piangini, who might know something of Romelli, the singing-master, and perhaps be indirectly instrumental in throwing a ray of light on the mystery that enveloped Vere. All she begged was that no one should interrupt her until she had finished her story. To this reasonable proposition they at once agreed, all of them maintaining absolute silence and stillness, except Mr. Tresidder, who fidgeted ceaselessly in his chair, contriving to throw into his countenance a quite unnecessary amount of astonishment; and little Piangini, who went through a series of such remarkable gestures and contortions, that he completely threw into the shade all Mr. Tresidder's well-meant efforts of surprise. Bursting with excitement, he placed himself in front of Mrs. Meredyth, and at the conclusion of her story, pointing with his forefinger to his breast, exclaimed—

"It was I, madame, I who knew the famous Romelli."

"I thought you might, Signor," she responded calmly. "Do you ever remember meeting Mrs. Bradshaw at his house?"

But here Cosby interposed. "Counsel will question the witnesses in turn, Mrs. Meredyth," he said good-humouredly. "Will you allow me to conduct the case?"

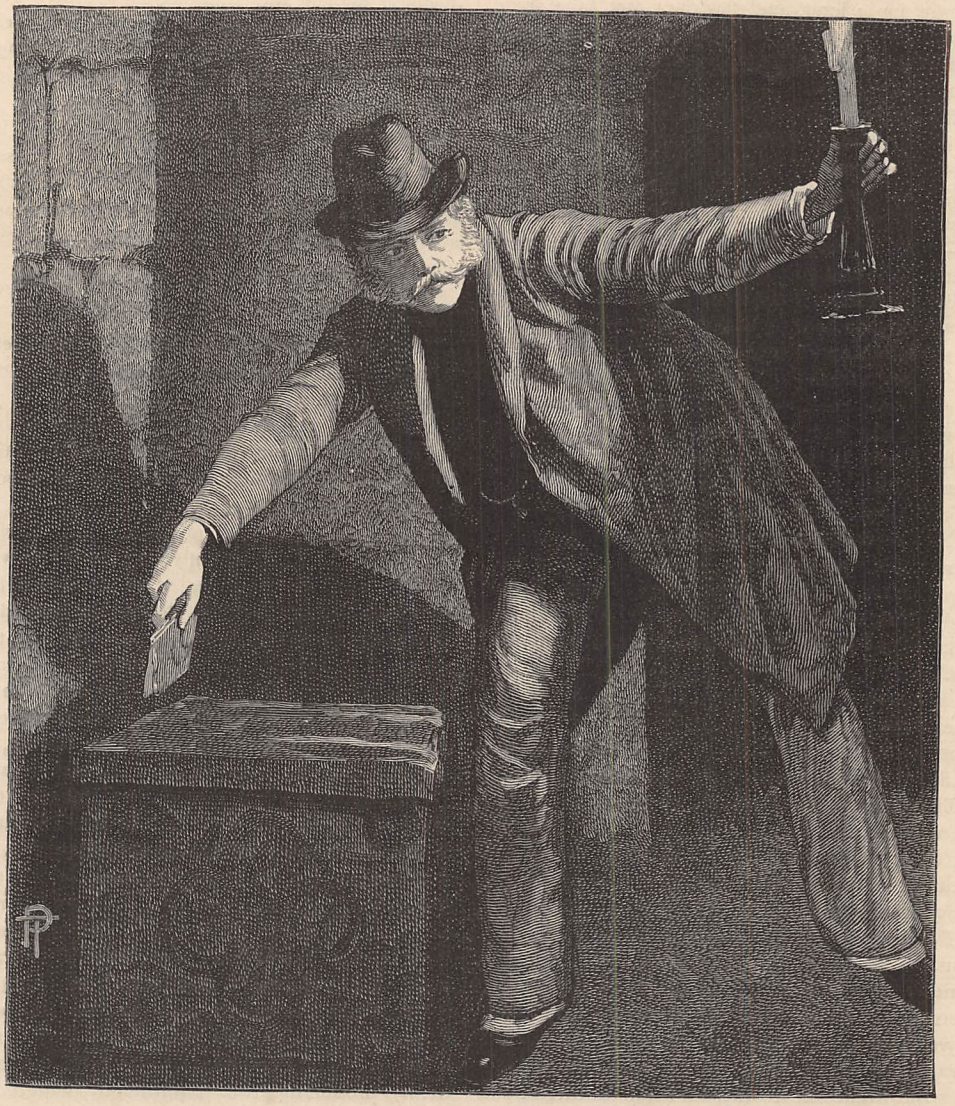
"With the greatest pleasure, Mr. Savile," she answered; "I shall be only too glad if you will."

"You see," he continued, "we are still a long way from establishing without doubt the fact that Vere Thornleigh and Amy Bradshaw are one and the same person. In favour of this argument, we have, first, the identity in age; secondly, the testimony of the picture, said to be the portrait both of Vere Thornleigh's and Amy Bradshaw's father; thirdly, the undoubted likeness between Mrs. Bradshaw and Miss Thornleigh; fourthly, the rather unusual Christian name of Amyas, common both to Mr. Thornleigh and to Mr. Bradshaw; fifthly, the coincidence in dates of the demise of these two gentlemen, joined to that of the arrival, not long after, of Miss Vere Thornleigh at her aunt's house; and sixthly, the undisputed fact that, at the time of her death, Miss Barbara Thornleigh had evidently some secret weighing on her mind, which, owing to paralysis, she was unable to communicate. To this evidence I have one more trifle to add. Perhaps you don't remember"—suddenly producing the Thornleigh pedigree—"that Amyas Thornleigh's second initial was B. In the family Bible, in the genealogy, in his books and letters, he is invariably styled Amyas B. Thornleigh. Now, on searching back in the pedigree, we find—Paul and I—that in the time of Elizabeth there was a Bradshaw Thornleigh, who was a noted buccaneer, as you will see in this 'County History'"—pointing to a book—"that Paul borrowed last night from Mr. Birch. It is just possible that Amyas Thornleigh's second name may have been derived from this hero. This, however, is of course only conjecture, and hardly to be ranked with the other proofs, although it is important

to find the name of Bradshaw occurring in the Thornleigh family. Taking everything together, it seems pretty clear to us that Amyas Bradshaw and Amyas Thornleigh were one and the same person ; but, at the same time, we have not a single document—not so much as a letter—to prove the fact. How it was Miss Barbara got hold of her niece, and transformed her from Amy to Vere ; how it was the sisters-in-law were unacquainted with each other's existence, and that Mrs. Bradshaw was so absolutely ignorant of everything concerning her husband's family as not even to recognise his crest and arms at the farm : all remains to be explained. And it seems to me that, until that is satisfactorily done, there are still grave doubts hanging over the case."

He looked at Paul as he spoke, and his cousin nodded his head.

"They can be removed in ten minutes," he answered, "by searching the registers. This afternoon I will go up to town, when I have heard particulars from Mrs. Bradshaw."



"HE STRETCHED HIS ARM ACROSS THE CHEST AND DROPPED THE BOOK BEHIND IT" (*p.* 426).

"What are you going to do in London, Paul?"

It was Mr. Tresidder who was speaking, in such a thin, shrill voice that Mabel turned round and looked at him.

"Find Mrs. Bradshaw's marriage and Amy Bradshaw's birth certificates," he answered.

"Mr. Saveel," cried little Piangini, taking advantage of the momentary pause, "you have asked me not one question, and yet I knew Romelli."

"I will ask you a dozen, my dear Signor," said Cosby. "You knew Romelli? Good! Did you ever see him in London in the year 18—?"

"*Mais certainement*——"

"Did you ever meet Mrs. Bradshaw, then Miss—Confound it! I actually do not know her maiden name. Mrs. Meredyth, who was Mrs. Bradshaw before she married?"

"Mr. Savile, please don't laugh," answered Mrs. Meredyth, "when I tell you that she had two maiden names: the one her Italian paternal surname; the other bestowed on her by her adopted mother."

"Could you kindly furnish me with both? She is certainly a most abnormal person."

"I forget her real surname. Her adopted one was Grant."

"Under which was she living at the Romellis'?"

"I really do not know."

Cosby's patience was beginning to give way a little.

"Paul, my dear fellow," he said, "you are the trusted confidant of all these ladies. Could you penetrate to Mrs. Bradshaw's presence, and there find out (*a*) What all her maiden names were; (*b*) in what church, and at what date, she was married to Mr. Bradshaw? Then, perhaps, we may get a glimmering of daylight."

Then, as Paul rose with alacrity—

"I, meanwhile, will continue my examination of the witness. Signor, you do remember seeing Mrs. Bradshaw?"

"I will tell you, Mr. Saveel. Romelli was rich. He gave parties—grand parties. He had the *élite* of London to his house——"

"Never mind the *élite* of London."

"But, my dear sair, I am telling you. He gave these in the season, *tous les mois*. He gave then a farewell party. He had made his fortune; he was going back to Italy, away from the fogs to the sunshine——"

"*Revenons à nos moutons*, Signor. He gave a farewell party, and you were there?"

"*Mais naturellement*. I was a friend. Romelli had been as a father to me. Once he said to me----"

"Pardon me, Piangini. Luncheon will be ready directly. Will you tell me what occurred at the farewell party?"

"But I do tell you; do I not? I came vary late. I had been singing at the Countess of——*ah! j'oublie le nom*."

"It is not of the slightest consequence. You arrived late at Romelli's?"

"Yes, vary late. As I did go up the staircase—Romelli had a fine large house——"

"So as you went up the staircase?"

"I did hear a lady singing—*Ah! quelle voix!* I have remembered it ever since. She sang Schubert's 'Addio,' and I—I, Luigi Piangini, who had been through—ladies, I cannot tell you all I had suffered—I, who had supported it all without one tear—I cried: yes, I cried at that voice. I pushed myself up the stairs, and when I reached the door-way I saw a young girl as beautiful as her voice, with black, black hair, like my own *compatriotes*. She had just finished singing, and every one was clapping. I went to Romelli, and I said, 'Who is she? who is she?' He took me by the shoulder, and laughed. 'Ah! *Luigi mio*,' he said; 'she will not sing for thee. To-morrow she is married to an Englishman.' Then there was a great ——what do you call it?"

"Hubbub," suggested Mabel.

"Yes, a great hubbub. Every one came round Romelli, and wished him good night, and a happy life in Italy, and when I looked again for that young girl, she was gone. And now, Mr. Saveel, I will tell you I believe that that young girl must have been Mrs. Bradshaw, for I have wondered and wondered where I had seen her face before, and Mademoiselle Véra's voice is like that voice that I have never forgotten. Did I not say so, *chère Mademoiselle*"—turning to Mabel—"one day when I was teaching Mademoiselle Véra in London?"

"Yes, I remember it quite well. But, Signor, did you never hear anything of this young lady again?"

"No. I believe she married the next day; and two days afterwards I went to Vienna. I was there two years. When I came back, I tried to find her; but, alas! No."

The door opened, and Paul came in. "I have all information, Cosby," he said. "Where is my father?"

"Why, pater has slipped away," cried Mab. "Never mind, Paul. Tell us what was Mrs. Bradshaw's maiden name?"

For all answer her brother went up to Cosby, and whispered something into his ear. Mr. Savile started, then recovering himself at once—

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "the court is closed for to-day. I wish you all a very good morning."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

MR. TRESIDDER MAKES A PROPOSAL.

IT was a glorious August morning, fresh and crisp, very refreshing after the long spell of hot weather, when, as the hall clock was chiming out seven, Mr. Tresidder opened his front door, and stepped out into the garden. He paused for a minute, and glanced up at the house. In all the rooms, except in the servants' apartments, blinds were down; even in Vere's—terribly early riser as she was—this was the case: for, as he suddenly remembered, Mrs. Bradshaw was occupying her domain.

Sure now that there were no curious eyes fixed on him, Mr. Tresidder commenced his walk. His destination was Thornleigh. Ah! how often he had been there of late! What pleasant talks he had held! how many cups of tea he had drunk under the shadow of its spreading chestnut-tree, all of which, he hoped, were destined now to bring forth golden fruit. A smile was on his lips, although the shagreen book lay in his pocket; for he was on his way to make good the wrong he had done, and then he would return to Torworthy, once more an honest man, and ask Mrs.

Bradshaw to be his wife. He did not think of Mabel as he rehearsed his programme; for the time being, even the daughter, whom he really held in higher estimation than any other woman, was submerged in the absorbing interest of his crowning effort to retain the Bellairs' estate.

He felt very confident in the trump card he held in his hand, all the more that he fancied himself genuinely in love with Mrs. Bradshaw. True, her story stuck in his throat a little; but then, would not a woman who had undergone so much misery, almost degradation, ending up by being a dependant on another woman's bounty, jump at the exchange to independence, to position, as his, Lewis Tresidder's wife? Surely there could be no hesitation on her side; the doubts lay all with him.

But the deed must be done that very day, even within a few hours, before ever Paul returned from town laden with the information which would oust Hugh from the Bellairs' estate, and place it in Mrs. Bradshaw's possession. As yet he, Mr. Tresidder, knew nothing of any further discoveries. He had slipped out of the drawing-room window as soon as it became a question of asking Mrs. Bradshaw particulars, and fortunately neither Paul nor Cosby had told him the result of that inquiry. If, to-day, he could only secure a *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Bradshaw, he would woo and win her simply as the widow of Amyas Thornleigh, and the mother of Vere. These reflections brought him to the farm, where Mrs. Gleen stared with surprise as she opened the door to him. Assuming his jocular air: "You are astonished to see me so early, Mrs. Gleen," he said; "but I was tempted out by the beautiful morning; and then I remembered that a few days ago I dropped a trifle off my watch-chain here. I think it must have been in the cellar, when I went there with Mr. Paul to look at the chest. You were busy about your household at the time, I remember. If you will give me the key, I will go and look for it."

"Nu, dun't yu trouble, sir; Gleen or I will have a hunt for it. The cellar is but culd in these fresh mornings."

"Not at all! not at all! There has been enough heat this summer to warm an ice-house. I know you and Gleen are just sitting down to your breakfast, so if you will bring me the key now, I will ask you afterwards to give me a cup of your good tea."

"I shall be proud, sir, I am sure; but are yu just certain yu drupped it in the cellar?"

He shook his head. "I only think so; but, at any rate, fetch me the key and a candle, that is a good woman." If Mrs. Gleen kept him there chattering much longer, Mrs. Meredyth would be beginning to stir.

Thus adjured, the farmer's wife fetched him the key and a light; but that accomplished, nothing would do but she must go down and assist in his search.

"Lor, sir, my eyes they can just see dru a stune-wall. I'll find it if it be there, I'll be bund."

In vain Mr. Tresidder asserted that, if her eyes could see through a stone wall, his could through a house; nothing would content her but to be a partner in his search. In despair, he was on the verge of giving up the cellar in favour of some other part of the house or garden, when, fortunately for him, the Gleen baby began executing a series of infantine howls, which diverted the maternal attention.

"I'll be back in one minute, sir. I must just see what Gleen be about with the children," she said, disappearing in the direction of the kitchen, and heedless of Mr. Tresidder's polite entreaties that she should not on any account hurry herself.

"I'll give that child half-a-crown as soon as I have finished this business," he said to himself, as he hastily took advantage of its mother's absence to turn the key in the lock, and to commence the descent of the steep flight of steps that led down to the cellar. Once or twice he slipped, for he was both hurried and nervous; but when he reached the bottom, he pulled himself together, and stood for a moment, looking around him. The candle made but a tiny oasis of light in the surrounding gloom, the air struck chill and damp, and involuntarily he shuddered. So far he had come, impelled to return to the spot from whence he had taken the pocket-book; now he stood irresolute as to how or where to replace it. Nervously he glanced around him, for to his heated imagination the whole place seemed crowded with witnesses of his tardy act of restitution. He could see Vere's grave face; Mabel's bewildered look of intense horror; Cosby's sarcastic smile; Paul's—he put out his hands to fling away the vision, and then it suddenly came upon him that, had not circumstances forced him to do it, he might never have made restitution; to the end of his days he might have carried about with him the stain of this base act of treachery to a fatherless girl, to whom he had given a spurious protection in the shape of guardianship, withholding from her the rightful protection of her own unsullied descent. The veil of self-deception was lifted for a time from his eyes, and he saw himself as he was—a man who had frittered away his life on its pettiest trifles, who had placed his conscience at the bar of the world's opinion, and who had been on the brink of—— he would not even think the word. Hurriedly he recalled the purpose for which he had come to the cellar, and the imminent danger of Mrs. Gleen's arrival.

The pocket-book—where should he place it? Looking around him for a suitable spot, his eye fell on the iron chest, looming grim and stern in the darkness. Yes; he would secrete it behind the chest, and there, some day, it would be found. Hastily he thrust his hand into his pocket, and drawing from thence the book, he stretched his arm across the chest and dropped it behind it. Then he drew a deep breath, and sinking on his knees on the cold stones, he thanked God that he stood once more an honest gentleman, able to look his ward and his children in the face, and to lift up his head amongst his equals.

Half an hour later, feeling ten years younger than he had the previous evening, he entered the dining-room at Torworthy, where breakfast was going on, with a joke on his lips and an inquiry for Mrs. Bradshaw.

"Oh, she is wonderfully better!" cried Vere. "She hopes to be down-stairs between eleven and twelve, and then she wants very much to see you, please, Mr. Tresidder, and to thank you herself for all your goodness to me."

"Your goodness to me!"

Something approaching a blush rose to Mr. Tresidder's cheek as he helped himself to some cold meat, and recalled what that goodness had been.

"I am at Mrs. Bradshaw's service any time this morning," he answered. "You will find me in my den whenever you like to summon me, and do not hesitate to do so, for I want to see your mother, to congratulate her. Why, I have not had a word with her since *the* discovery."

Could anything be more opportune, more favourable, than this very proper wish on the part of Mrs. Bradshaw—he must school himself to call her Mrs. Thornleigh—to thank him? It showed her to be what she was, in spite of her somewhat unfortunate career—a very well-bred woman.

Throughout the morning, as he sat in his den, making a pretence of writing letters, he was as nervous and excited as any girl expecting her first proposal; and when Vere's summoning knock at the door came, he was still unprepared with even his opening phrases.

"Mother is quite ready for you, Mr. Tresidder," she said; "you will find her in the drawing-room. Mab and I think that she is better there than in my sitting-room, where the smell of paint has not quite disappeared yet;" and, to his relief, Vere slipped out of a window into the garden, leaving him to seek her mother by himself.

She wanted to be alone. For the last forty-eight hours she had scarcely quitted Mrs. Bradshaw's side, and her heart was very full. There was a kind of awe upon her of all the goodness that had been shown her, of the wonderful way in which she and her mother had been brought together.

Hers was a very reverent disposition, as is so often the case with those who live in intimate converse with Nature—their moral eyes undimmed and untarnished by the dust and travel-stains that accumulate amongst men. That, without seeking her, she should have found a mother, seemed too marvellous for words. She was glad she was alone—that not even Mab was with her. It was too beautiful, too sacred, to be talked about; rather would she enshrine it in her inmost heart, as a secret treasure to be looked at twenty times a day, and smiled over.

And, meanwhile, Mr. Tresidder was nerving himself for the coming interview; for, somehow, he did not feel quite so confident of success as he had been a few hours before.

With a rose in his button-hole, and a small bouquet of the same flowers in his hand, he entered the drawing-room, where lay Mrs. Bradshaw on a sofa in the bow-window, with the warm sun streaming in on her through the red blinds.

Any one who saw her on that August morning would have ridiculed Cosby's dismal prognostications of a few days before, such wonders had happiness wrought in her whole aspect. It had won the victory, for the time being, over all these years of wearing anxiety, doubt, and suspense: over, for the moment, the great enemy—or deliverer, as he must be to the many weary, broken hearts in this sad world—himself: and restored the light to her eye, the smile to her lip.

For a second Mr. Tresidder stood amazed at the improvement in her appearance; then, advancing towards her, he leant over her in his most *empressé* manner.

"My dear Mrs. Bradshaw—or Thornleigh I must call you now"—he said, "I cannot tell you how pleased I am to see you looking so much better. I have been longing to congratulate you in person on the restoration of your dear daughter; but I am almost glad I have had to wait, so as to be able fully to appreciate the change your discovery has worked in you. Happiness is, indeed, a wonderful physician!"

She had been knitting when he began to speak; now she laid her work down, and lifted her beautiful eyes to his. There was a tremulous smile hovering round her mouth.

"Ah, Mr. Tresidder!" she said, "where would my happiness have been but for you? If you had not, in your great goodness, befriended my child, we might never have met. How can I ever, ever thank you for giving her such a home, such a guardian as yourself, such a sister as Mabel, and for all your unspeakable kindness to her! She tells me you have been as a father to her."

The tears were standing in her eyes, and impulsively she put out her hand to him.

He was genuinely touched. At that moment he felt that he had behaved most generously, most magnanimously by Vere; in his own eyes he began to assume heroic proportions. And what a fascinating woman was this! How thoroughly she had gauged his generosity; how perfectly she understood him!

In a transport of enthusiasm he took the worn, thin hand, and carried it to his lips.

"Don't mention it, Mrs. Bradshaw," he exclaimed. "It has been the greatest possible pleasure to me to have had Vere with me and my children; a still greater pleasure to think that my small kindness to her has been a satisfaction to her mother. I love your daughter," he continued, "as one of my own children. It would be a great happiness to me if I thought I need not part with her."

"Before you go any further, Mr. Tresidder," she said, "I must thank you again"—with a little smile—"for the way in which you take it for granted that Vere is my daughter. She and I have no doubts whatever on the subject, but we cannot expect others to look on the matter in the same light as ourselves, devoid as we are at present of all black-and-white proofs; and it is a satisfaction, therefore, to me to find that you and your son regard our relationship to each other as quite authentic."

"Oh, perfectly so—perfectly." (Why had she not followed up that nice little lead he had given her just now?) "That is what I meant when I said how hard

it would be to part with Vere. How earnestly I wish that matters might be so arranged that I need not do so!"

Mrs. Bradshaw, thinking of Paul, smiled, but said nothing.

"You do not understand me," he continued, drawing his chair closer to her side. "I have not succeeded in making my meaning plain to you, and yet I thought you must have seen it. You said just now that Vere looked on me as a father. I desire nothing better than to be one to her."

"Ah!" she answered; "so you, too, have perceived it. If it should come to pass—and, for my part, I cannot contemplate a happier future for my child—it is an immense relief to me to think that you will welcome her warmly. My darling has not been brought up as you would perhaps desire that your daughter-in-law——"

"My daughter-in-law! Ah, Mrs. Bradshaw! after all, you do not yet comprehend me. I desire Vere as a daughter. Let her, if you like, become a daughter-in-law afterwards."

Still Mrs. Bradshaw did not seem to apprehend his meaning. With puzzled eyes she looked at him, as though seeking for explanation in his countenance.

"Mrs. Thornleigh," he continued, scattering, in his excitement, the roses he held in his hand partly over her, partly on the carpet, "have I failed so signally to show you my feelings? And yet I have sought by every means in my power" (here he glanced at the roses) "to convey them to you. Surely you cannot have failed to see that, elderly man as I am, I have not been proof against your—your—" he hesitated for a suitable expression. "In one word, I ask you to be my wife. Let me be a father indeed to Vere, a husband to you, a protector to you both."

Still Mrs. Bradshaw stared at him; she could hardly credit her own ears. And yet there was nothing unnatural about it all. A grey-haired, middle-aged gentleman asked a grey-haired, middle-aged lady to be his wife. On the face of it, it looked like rather a sensible arrangement for both parties. At last she found words, and an expression of intense distress passed over her features as the colour mounted to her forehead.

"Mr. Tresidder," she said, "I have been slow to understand your meaning because, owing to circumstances, it seemed to me incredible. I am deeply sensible of the honour you would do me, but it is impossible, quite impossible."

Mr. Tresidder, seeing his last straw escaping from him, grasped at it convulsively.

"Do not say that," he cried, "I beseech you! Think of Vere; how happily she and Mabel have lived together; how grieved they would be to separate. Why should they be parted, when it lies in your power to unite them? I do not plead for myself, although I well might do so, seeing the blow you have just dealt me."

"Oh, do not say that!" she cried. "Indeed, what I said was true. It is impossible."

"Where lies the impossibility? Oh, Mrs. Thornleigh, I entreat of you, re-consider your words."

But she only shook her head. "It is impossible," she reiterated.

Then Mr. Tresidder became dignified. "I do not like to press you against your will," he said, "but it would be a satisfaction to me to know where the objection lies, fearing, as I must, that it is with myself."

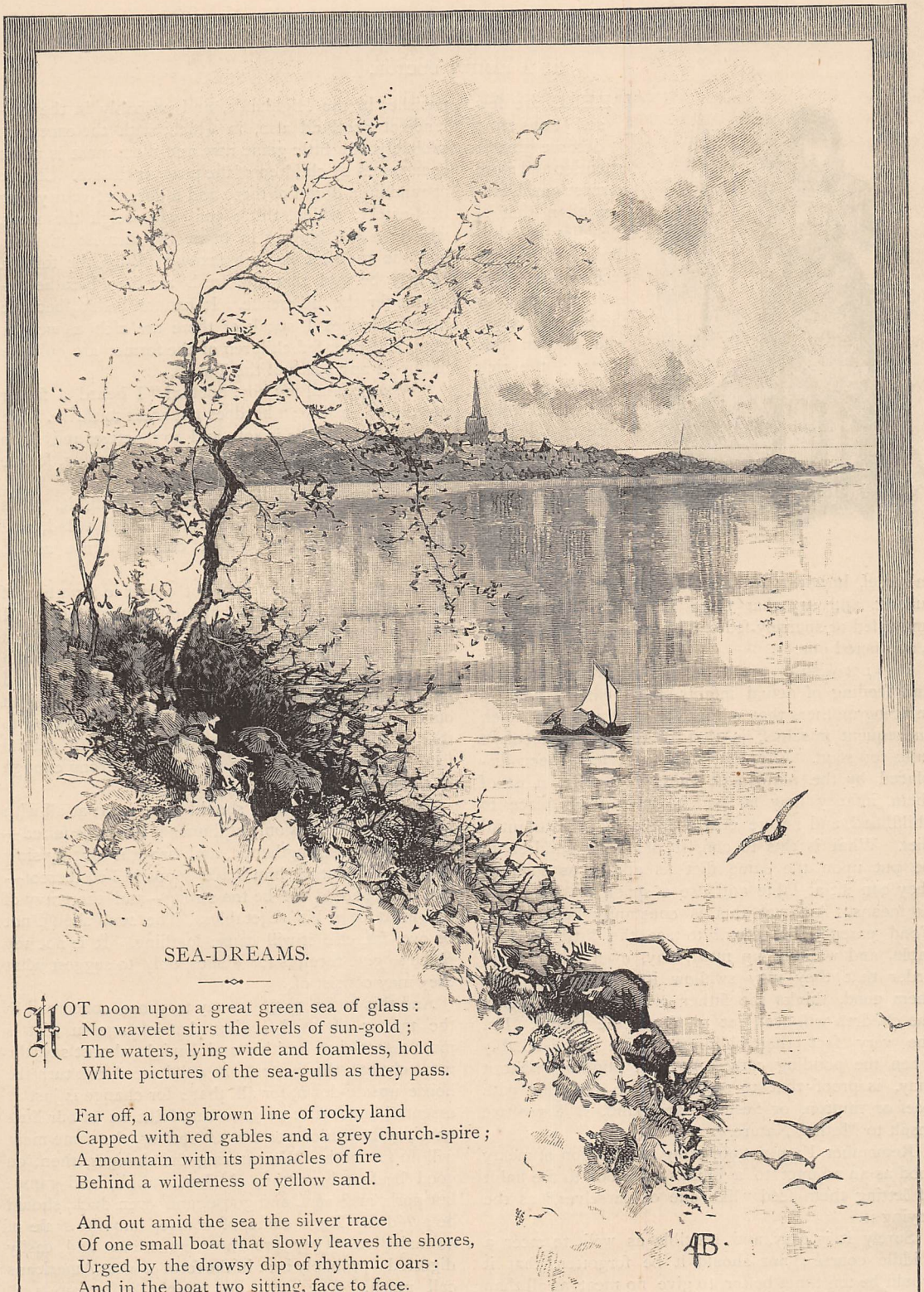
"No," she said, "although, in honesty, I may mention that I should never marry again, even were I well and strong, which I am not."

"It is your health, then?"

"Yes, my health. The reason that I was so slow to apprehend your meaning just now was that it seemed to me impossible that you should be asking an invalid like myself to be your wife. Somehow I fancied that you had found out what I am about to tell you now. The truth will be safe with you, I know. It is that I have not many months to live; I shall soon be where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. But I wish no one to know this, least of all my child, to whom I shall reveal it when I think fit. I have to thank you, in a great measure, that I can leave this world with my heart at rest about her. God bless you a thousand times for all your goodness to her! Believe me, I appreciate the honour you would have done me most fully, and I thank you for it."

She looked at him with her sweet smile so like Vere's, and he tried to smile back, but could not succeed. He was deeply disappointed—more than disappointed. At this moment he felt that he would have given something to call this woman his wife, even had she not been the rightful owner of Torworthy; and it was an intense relief to them both that at this minute the door was thrown open, and Mrs Meredyth announced.

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH



SEA-DREAMS.

HOT noon upon a great green sea of glass :
No wavelet stirs the levels of sun-gold ;
The waters, lying wide and foamless, hold
White pictures of the sea-gulls as they pass.

Far off, a long brown line of rocky land
Capped with red gables and a grey church-spire ;
A mountain with its pinnacles of fire
Behind a wilderness of yellow sand.

And out amid the sea the silver trace
Of one small boat that slowly leaves the shores,
Urged by the drowsy dip of rhythmic oars :
And in the boat two sitting, face to face.

SIDNEY A. ALEXANDER.

COMMON SENSE ABOUT CHILDREN'S DIET.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THERE are few subjects that deserve greater attention and more earnest consideration than that of the diet of children, while few receive less. Nor is it the poor or the ignorant alone who err in this matter; the rich and the educated are just as often quite as much to blame, although the mistakes made differ in the two classes. They may be none the less productive of mischief, however, in after-life; indeed, I would go further, and say that there is more chance of an under-fed or sparsely-fed child growing up hardy than a pampered one.

I do not wish to touch, in this paper, on the food and feeding of actual infants, but I cannot help reminding mothers that a mistake, productive of much subsequent mischief, is that of thickening a baby's milk too soon. After the milk teeth have been displaced by the permanent ones, or at least most of them, infancy may be said to have given place to childhood, and nature craves for a more substantial diet. What is this to consist of? Are children to be put upon the same diet as adults, as soon as they can sit at table and use a spoon or fork? By no means. And yet this is constantly being done. Fond parents are proud to see the little ones at table, and will cut up meat, nay, even mince it, in order that they may swallow it. The meat does them good, thinks the father or mother, and verily the children will even eat to please the parent. But the very fact that children rejoice unmistakably when the pudding comes, be that pudding what it may, is proof that to stuff them to repletion with beef or mutton, or flesh of any kind, is a positive insult to Mother Nature.

Remember, I am not objecting to a portion of meaty food as an adjunct to a child's diet, but to the habit of letting them feed "like one of ourselves," as the saying is.

Surely it is easy, and sensible as well, to steer a middle course; nor should it be forgotten that it would be ten times better to give no meat at all than too much. A proof of this, and a sound one too, may be found in the fact that there are hundreds of parishes in the Highlands, and probably in the lowlands of Scotland also, in which, with the exception probably of a little game now and then, meat is never even tasted by children of the peasant classes. Choose at random a dozen of these and a dozen of your young beef-eaters: which, think you, will weigh the most, which be the biggest in bone, the firmest in flesh, and the ruddiest in complexion? Why, the former. It may be said that the fresh air they breathe accounts for the difference. It cannot be so, because in the parishes I speak of there are rich as well as poor, and over-fed children of the former are quite as flabby as any south of the Tweed.

"What can ail my boy, doctor?" I heard a father say the other day; "he does not seem to thrive. He looks plump, but he is soft, and so inactive, and often drowsy. It can be no fault with his feeding, for we feed him *extra* well."

Yes, and it was the "extra well" that did it. This particular child is still the same lumpish lad, and likely to remain so, because common-sense advice was not acted on.

Now, as I have said, I do not object to a portion of meaty diet, but bring the child on to it gradually. I tell you what it is, reader, and I tell you candidly: if mankind was not by nature about the longest-lived and certainly the hardiest animal in creation, there would be double, aye, triple the number of small graves in our churchyards that there are. And all owing to this mistake of stuffing our little ones with animal food before their digestive powers are strong enough to wrestle with it.

Before, then, the child should have meat at all with his dinner—and it is only at dinner it is ever required—he should be strengthened, and brought to it by slow degrees, by letting him have soups in lieu thereof—and these should not be too strong—and the gravy of the meat over his vegetables. The soup should not be over-fat, else it will cause loathing. It is not my place to give receipts for dishes, only to suggest what they may consist of.

And this is the place to say to those concerned in the matter of child-feeding that change in diet is most essential to health; and I might almost say, the more change the better. A child need not turn the house upside-down, for all that; for change is just as essential in the diet of grown-up folks as in our little ones', and, with one or two exceptions, the same meat will do for both. We can ring the changes, then, on good beef and mutton, chicken, rabbit, and game; but pork, and veal, and goose, and even duck, should be avoided. Eggs come, of course, into the scale of animal diet. They are most nutritious and easily digested—probably best in the form of what Americans call mush. The eggs are simply beaten up well, milk and a little salt added, and the whole turned into an enamelled saucepan—which is placed over

the fire — and stirred till thick, then some butter added. This makes a delicious breakfast dish for the delicate, either young or old.

Milk—which is *the* diet of infants—must be given plentifully to children ; not as a drink, however, but in some form or other with the meals.

Well, the changes in diet should also include fish, and about this I must have a word or two to say by way of caution. While, then, a grown-up person in good health may use any kind, children should be restricted for the most part to white fish, such as haddock, cod, whiting, or even turbot or brill ; but plaice and salmon are indigestible, and so should be given but sparingly. The child may be fond of salmon, but this is no proof that it is good for him. But much depends upon the amount of fresh air and exercise he has.

Tinned fish is much used in some families, but I do not think it is the best thing a child can have for dinner—not by any means.

What I want particularly to warn those who have the care of little ones against is the giving of too much animal food of any kind.

As to condiments, with the exception of salt and a little pepper, children do not need them, and ought not to have them.

Nurses should remind children while having the meat and vegetable part of their dinner that pudding is coming. This may seem simple, and not worth mentioning, but it is most essential, after all, for from the farinaceous food the great bulk of the diet should come. I think that there should nearly always be a good nutritious pudding to follow ; and here again we have got to ring the changes on (say) rice, tapioca, bread, sago, corn-flour, macaroni, &c. The pudding should, of course, be made with milk, and well sweetened.

Sugar is a *sine quâ non* of children's diet. That is no reason, however, why they ought to be glutted with sweets between meals, as they too often are. Nothing tends more to injure digestion than this, to say nothing of the fact that the shop sweets are sometimes vilely and poisonously adulterated.

But it is time I was saying something about vegetables. The potato comes first in the rank. Nearly all children relish this prince of vegetables, and some are inordinately fond of it. Potatoes, however, to be really digestible should be really good, to begin with ; secondly, they ought to be boiled or steamed to perfection ; and thirdly, they ought to be mashed and stirred with a little milk. There is a danger even in the mashing, and it is this : if not thoroughly done, little pellets of potato are left unbruised, and these are swallowed whole by the child, and are apt to set up diarrhœa.

The same may be said about green vegetables : it is better not to give them at all unless they are very tender, and thoroughly mashed. I advise their being mixed with a little good butter while being pulped.

The white portion of cauliflower or brocoli, and vegetable marrows, are wholesome and easy of digestion.

Beans are wholesome and good also—I mean broad beans—but should be given only to children old enough to be able to skin them. Green peas are relished by little folks, but should be given very sparingly, and French beans not at all.

Parsnips and carrots are nutritious, but should be well boiled and given sparingly, especially the former.

No matter how wholesome any vegetable is, I should give it but sparingly, and, as a rule, mashed. This prevents any portion passing out of the stomach undigested, and creating irritation and mischief.

Of course, with his food a child will want drink of some kind. If left alone, and nothing else suggested, he will always be content with water. This is Nature's teaching. But milk may be mixed therewith, or even given without water. As regards tea, young children should not have it at all, and older ones but sparingly and weak ; and the same may be said about coffee.

Cocoatina is wholesome and nutritious, but it must be thinly made, and plenty of milk added.

Were I asked about alcoholic beverages, I should reply that there may be rare exceptions—that under the doctor's advice some one of these may be given ; but as a rule they are one and all poisons to children, and should be withheld *in toto*.

In summer weather pure water is the best drink, or whey or buttermilk sparingly, or sometimes ginger ale or ginger beer; but nothing iced, unless a mere sip.

And talking of summer brings fruit to my mind. Children will have it *nolens volens* on our part, so all we can do is to get them what is most digestible, and to let them have this but sparingly.

Apples and pears should be stewed or baked, and all fruits that have many seeds or too thick skins should be avoided; we might therefore allow the strawberry, the grape, and raspberry, but withhold the gooseberry, currant, and bramble.

As to the best time of day for meals, breakfast ought to be at all events by 8.30, better at 8 o'clock, by which time every child should be out of bed and dressed. Bread and milk, or porridge made with milk, are the best breakfast dishes ; hominy comes next.

About four hours afterwards dinner should come, and supper should be about half-past five.

Early to bed should be the rule. Depend upon it, if a child be not all alive and crowing by seven in the morning, he cannot be in perfect health ; but as he must have had a good night's rest, he ought to be in bed by nine.

Let me add, in conclusion, that one of the most deleterious habits at table is that of eating too fast ; also that the meals ought to be served every day at precisely the same time.

N.B.—All that I have said in this paper applies to the delicate invalid as well as to children, so I have killed two birds with one stone.

ERRATUM.—In my article on Water, in the MAGAZINE for March, p. 243, col. 2, 28 lines from the top, the words "two gallons" are an error for "1,000 gallons."

Words from the German of REINICK, *by* MRS. A. L. MACKECHNIE.

Andante Tranquillo. ♩.=80.

Music by F. G. COLE, L.Mus.

PIANO. *pp e molto delicato.* *p* *pp*

Ped. *

p

Earth, in heav'n-ly rest, is sleep - ing, Moon and stars their watch are keep - ing,

pp

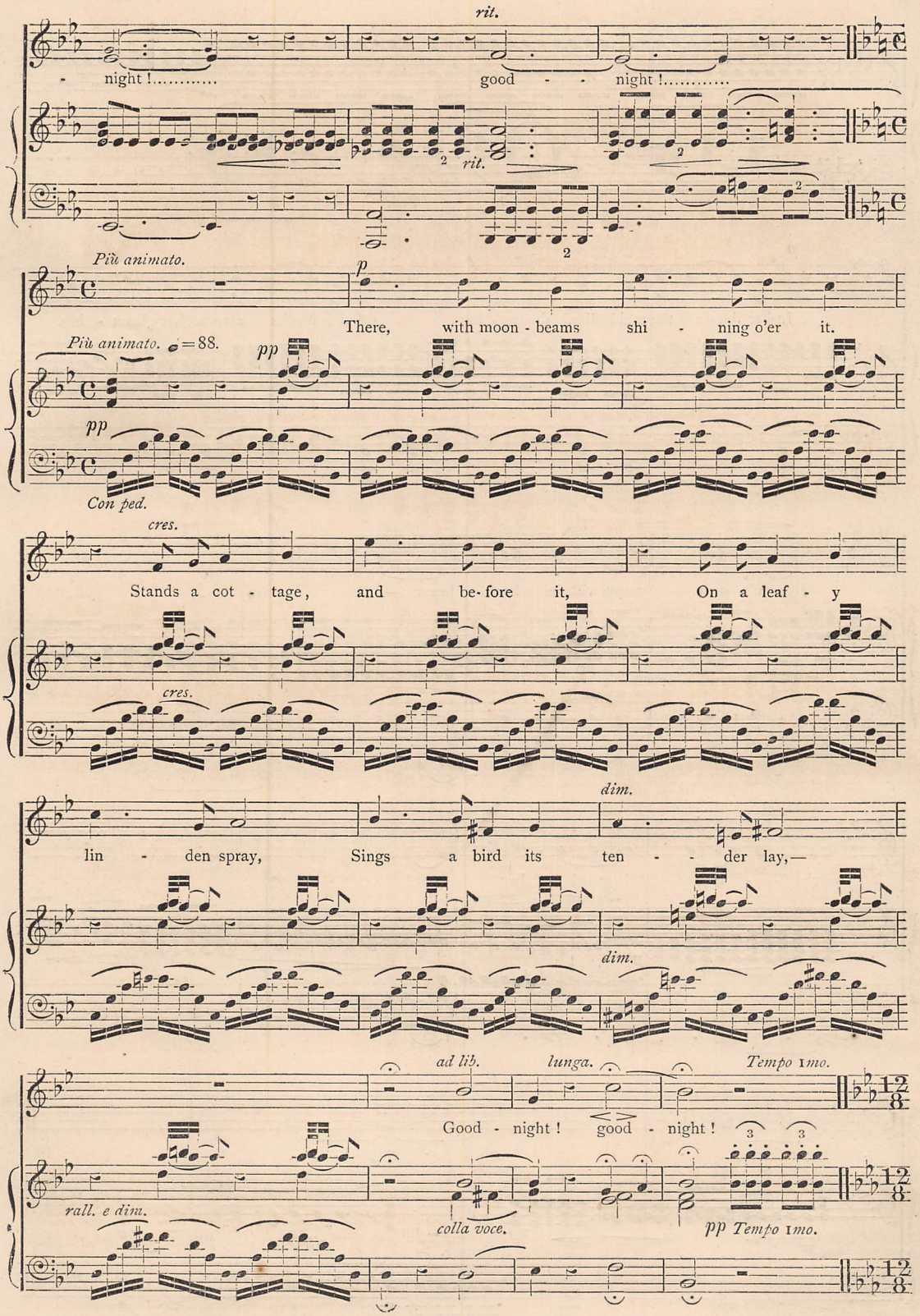
p *cres.* *dim.*

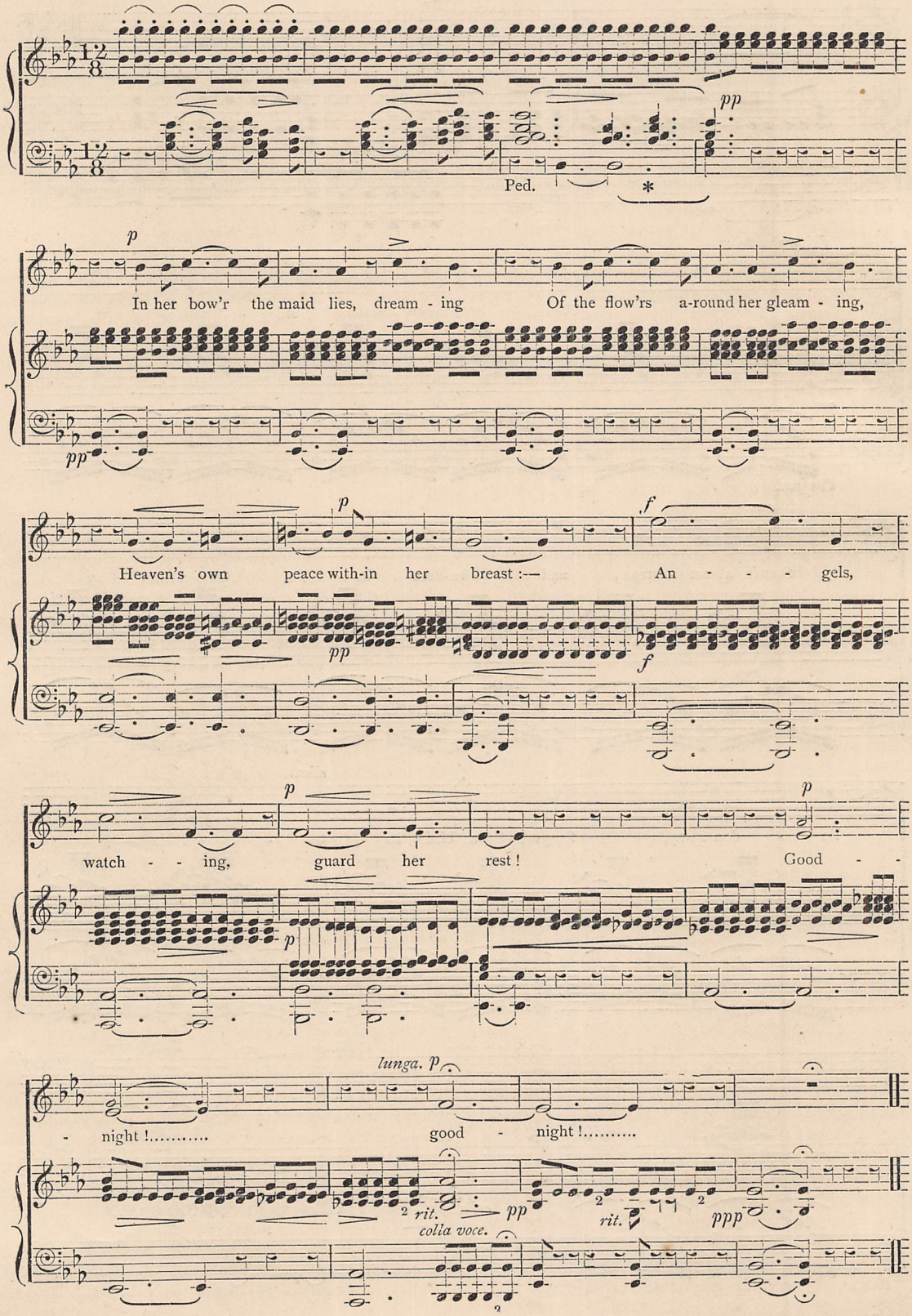
Where a gar - den, bright with flow'rs, Slum - bers through the mid - night hours,

cres. *dim.*

Ped. * Ped.

Slum - bers thro' the mid-night hours. Good - - -


rit.
night !.....
good - - night !.....
rit.
Più animato.
p
There, with moon - beams shi - ning o'er it.
Più animato. ♩=88.
pp
pp
Con ped.
cres.
Stands a cot - tage, and be- fore it, On a leaf - y
cres.
dim.
lin - den spray, Sings a bird its ten - - der lay,—
dim.
ad lib.
lunga.
Tempo 1mo.
Good - night ! good - night !
rall. e dim.
colla voce.
pp Tempo 1mo.


pp
Ped.
*
p
In her bow'r the maid lies, dream - ing Of the flow'rs a-round her gleam - ing,
pp
p
f
Heaven's own peace with-in her breast :— An - - - gels,
pp
f
p
watch - - ing, guard her rest ! Good - -
p
p
lunga. p
- night !..... good - night !.....
2 rit.
pp
colla voce.
2
rit.
ppp

MR. BARNES'S DILEMMA.

(THE CHRONICLES OF CARDEWE MANOR.)

BY LUCY FARMER.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE PRETTY MISS BULMAR.

I DON'T think that Mr. Barnes, our curate, thought much about Miss Alicia after her connection with the Haymann picture robbery. She had attracted him for a while, but his strong good common sense, as well as his strong healthy body and robust habits, soon carried him out of the "blues" he had, for a while, fallen into. Not that he ever went about complaining, not he; he kept his own secret, and made no appearance of any trouble; but, bless you, a woman can always see!

After Miss Katie was married, our lives resumed their usual jog-trot way. Mr. and Mrs. Cardewe remained at home all the autumn, and Captain and Mrs. Martyn-Henry came up. Then all the talk at the Manor—so I heard—was about the new squire, who had built a house near by, and whose two daughters were reported perfectly beautiful. They were so accomplished besides; could play duets upon two guitars—what Charley called genteel banjoes—and sing together like a pair of nightingales by the hour. Their name was Bulmar, and the squire rode to hounds.

They had introductions, and soon made friends; the ladies were so good-natured; no affectations nor conceit; and when the vicar requested the assistance of the two Miss Bulmars for his opening concert in the Working Men's Institute, they went and sang funny duets, until even Tom Maggott, the carpenter, who is always grumbling, declared they did him "a power of good."

"Charley," said I, as we returned home from the concert, "don't those young ladies sing lovely?"

"They do," he replied, "and they look the same. There was one person entirely wrapped up in their music."

"Wrapped up! You mean pleased, I suppose?"

"Yes. Mr. Barnes is musical, and he had eyes and ears for nobody but them two young ladies—or one of them, perhaps I should say."

"Well, Charley, and where's the harm?"

"Harm, Lucy! None at all. Mr. Barnes is a gentleman, a clergyman—and a man too—a *real man*, I call him, and does his work well. I wish he may get one of the new squire's young ladies for his wife."

"Ah, and he isn't the only one, Charley!"

"Most likely not," replied my husband. "It is rather a quiet place to bring such pretty little ladies to," he continued. "They'll not marry here."

"You'll see, Charley. There's another person has his eye on them."

"Who is he, Mistress Wise-acre?"

"Wise-acre, indeed! Don't be so rude, Charley."

Charley stopped and stared at me till I was getting frightened. "Do you *mean* that?" he asked.

"Yes, I do," I said, looking scared, I'm sure, for *he* did.

"I'm sorry for you, Lucy," he replied, "if you are taking to puns like that! Ha! ha! ha! Well, it's not bad—acre—rood—Ha! ha! Now go on."

"I wish *you* wouldn't go on like that," I cried. "What do you mean? There's nothing amusing in being rude! But I *do* mean there's another—the vicar."

"The vicar! Why, he's a widower!" exclaimed my husband.

"Well, he couldn't think of Miss Bulmar if he wasn't, unless a bachelor, could he? The vicar admires the ladies as well as Mr. Barnes, and unless I'm in a way mistaken, we'll have a very nice double wedding in the church one of these days."

"Rather awkward," remarked Charley. "If both our parsons go off honeymooning at once, who will perform the services? Well, Lucy, you sometimes do manage to scent out things; and I dare say you are right; but if I were you I wouldn't say anything to any one—no gossip, mind."

A week or two after this conversation there was a grand party given at the Manor—a garden party. There was tennis, archery, croquet, and battledore and shuttlecock, on the lawns, with many other amusements. The whole country-side was there, and a band from Weymouth. The vicar, and Mr. Barnes, the curate, were there; Mr. Hemphill, Captain and Mrs. Armstrong, the Martyn-Henrys, and to my surprise and pleasure I found Mrs. Morton Fitzgerald, who had been married in the romantic way I told you of. Of course Squire Bulmar and his two daughters were present, and others besides.

In the evening I handed tea round while some of the guests were playing at croquet, and some shooting at targets. The clergymen were both engaged in archery, and so were the Miss Bulmars, to whom the vicar and Mr. Barnes were extremely attentive. After awhile Mr. Verity turned aside with Mr. Bulmar, and I came to hand them tea.

After that I came near the shooters, and could hear their remarks. Mr. Barnes said—

"We are keeping well together, Miss Gwendolen, are not we? I am very glad."

"Yes," she replied. "But why are you glad? There,

I'm in the gold! You see I've deserted you, Mr. Barnes."

"I am sorry for it, but I will try my luck when I get another chance. It is my turn next, I think," he added, looking at her very intently.

"I shall not shoot any more," she said. "You can take my bow, Miss Arnott, I am going in."

Miss Arnott smiled and looked at Mr. Barnes. "That was a random shot," she said, as his arrow flashed beneath the target.

"I thought she meant it," murmured the poor curate, and just then up came the vicar again in high spirits, in his most smiling manner.

"Come along, Miss Bulmar," he said to Miss Dolcie. "We'll have a match. Here, lend me a bow and a couple of arrows. Thank you. Now!"

Miss Bulmar flushed slightly, and advanced to shoot. Her shaft pierced the bull's-eye.

"There's a beauty!" she cried, turning towards the vicar.

"All in keeping," he whispered gallantly.

"Dear me, Mr. Verity, you are extremely complimentary. I wonder where Gwen has gone."

"Never mind Gwen, listen to me. Let me tell you——"

Then I was called away; but in about an hour afterwards I was passing the dimly-lighted conservatory, when Miss Dolcie came out hurriedly. I heard her say, "How dare you, Mr. Barnes—you ought to be ashamed!"—and then I knew she had refused him. But she need not have been so very indignant! After all a proposal is a great compliment. But what about Miss Gwen?

When Charley and I were in the garden, I told him something of this scene in the darkened conservatory, and he laughed. Suddenly we heard voices, and one said in continuation—

"I think, Barnes, under the circumstances you had better leave."

I gripped Charley's arm tightly; it was the vicar's voice, and Mr. Verity resumed—

"I must in fairness tell you that Gwendolen quite agrees with her sister—and me."

"Then I will go, vicar. I assure you—it is—— "

"Yes, it *will* be best," interrupted the vicar—"Things will turn out all right again, I trust. So cheer up, Barnes. Wait a while, they will soon think better of it. I am extremely sorry, my dear fellow. There is nobody —— "

Then we heard no more, for Charley rose and walked away as soon as he could go without being seen; and I had to go too.

"You heard that, Charley?" I whispered. "Now, what did I tell you? You see the vicar and the curate have clashed, and Mr. Barnes must go! I'm very sorry!"

"So am I," replied Charley. "I'm rather inclined to think that the vicar should have given way. He has had his turn, and Mr. Barnes, though only a curate, may be promoted some day. Still, I suppose, Miss Dolcie Bulmar is pleasing herself, and not her father."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE CURATE IS FORGIVEN.

A SUNDAY or two afterwards we all, or nearly all, of us were surprised to hear Mr. Barnes make a reference in his morning sermon to his approaching departure. He said that circumstances of a private nature had occurred which necessitated his relinquishing his curacy; and he bade us farewell in a very touching manner.

I glanced round to see how the Miss Bulmars took it, but neither of them made any sign. Of course they must have known all about it, and I thought one of them might have properly stayed away from service that morning. However, the sermon was ended, and in a few minutes afterwards we were all streaming through the churchyard and up the road and the lane.

Mr. Barnes did not appear. Many waited about, on one excuse or another, to question him; but he didn't come out of the vestry, and the vicar went home alone for once. After a while the congregation dispersed.

By next Sunday Mr. Barnes had gone, and then tongues began to wag. Why had he left? Was the vicar to blame? Had he superseded the curate or undermined him in the affections of Miss Bulmar? It seemed so, for Mr. Barnes did not reappear, and the vicar was more than ever with the squire and his daughters. They looked as pretty and sang as delightfully as ever; Miss Dolcie was radiant, but Miss Gwen was rather paler than she used to be. After a while the secret came out. Mr. Verity had proposed to, and had been accepted by, Miss Bulmar—Miss Dolcie we used to call her—the elder of the young ladies.

"Poor Mr. Barnes! His love affairs don't seem to prosper, Charley," I remarked. "His first sweetheart was arrested from him."

"Wrested you mean, Lucy, I suppose?"

"No, I mean *arrested*. Didn't the young detective take her up with the other Haymann people?" I retorted.

"Well, have it your own way," replied Charley. He always says that when he gets the worst of an argument. "I agree with you that Mr. Barnes is unfortunate — very unfortunate. Hallo! here's Miss Gwendolen Bulmar."

"So she is. Whatever can she want with us, Charley?—Good morning, miss," said I, with a polite dip.

"Good morning, Mrs. Farmer. I dare say you are surprised to see me, Mr. Farmer, but I have a favour to ask your wife."

"Indeed, miss; I am sure we shall both be delighted to serve you," said Charley boldly.

"Thank you," she replied. "Mrs. Cardewe particularly mentioned you, Mrs. Farmer, as a trustworthy and most kind-hearted person—most discreet."

Charley's cough came on so suddenly that he had to retire; but I waited listening.

"Mrs. Cardewe was very kind always," I said.

"She says you are an excellent nurse, Mrs. Farmer, and if you could be persuaded to leave home for a few

"HER SHAFT PIERCED THE BULL'S-EYE" (*p.* 436).

weeks, I am sure *I* should be very grateful. Will you see Mrs. Cardewe? She will tell you what is required. Can you go now?"

"Yes, miss, I will run down at once. If I can arrange about the child, I will go with pleasure, if my good man has no objection. He will let me go, I dare say."

"Thank you," she said again, very sweetly, and off she tripped, looking like an angel in her pink summer costume and straw hat.

I went to see Mrs. Cardewe, and returned quicker than I came out.

"Whatever do you think, Charley? It's Mr. Barnes!"

"What! Mr. Barnes? The sick man? Are you to nurse *him?*"

"Yes; he has a brain fever down Winchester way, and Mrs. Jones said she thinks he's enlisted."

"Enlisted! Nonsense!"

"She said he had got 'an army place with the artillery—a little cannon business.' Those are her very words."

"You are a pair of stupids," replied Charley, with his terrible "guffaw" laugh. "*You* ought to know better, I should think. He's probably a Minor Canon at Winchester. Artillery, indeed! Well, Lucy?"

"Never mind. I'm going to nurse him at Mrs. Cardewe's and Miss Gwendolen's special request, as I can be trusted."

"Whew!" whistled Charley. "Sets the wind in that quarter? I think I can guess something!"

"Do tell me," I pleaded. "Is it about the vicar?"

"No; wait until you come back. You will be home again in a week or two, I suppose. You do manage to get away pretty often, I must say."

"And the money, Charley. Two guineas a week!"

"That's true! Well, you must write, mind."

Off I went next day, and found poor Mr. Barnes in Winchester. He was in lodgings, and quite light-headed; singing tunes and hymns, and occasionally Miss Dolcie's guitar-melodies, as well almost as she sang them herself. Then I knew he was in love with Miss Dolcie, and that she was going to be married to the vicar. No doubt that had given the poor young man fever.

Two days after I had been acting as nurse, who should come in but Miss Gwendolen, to inquire and to bring a few things from the Manor, with Mrs. Cardewe's kind regards. Mrs. Cardewe had always liked Mr. Barnes. I knew that. Miss Gwendolen seemed very much interested in the patient, and even went up-stairs to look at him for a moment. During the following fortnight she came four times, and must have spent a little fortune in railway journeys and cabs.

He chattered a great deal at times, and one night, while I was reading by the little lamp, he quite startled me by calling out—

"I am bound to go. Vicar, I must go—as an honourable man I cannot remain. Dolcie! Gwendolen! advise me."

I jumped up. Mr. Barnes was sitting up and staring about wildly. He had been so much quieter lately that I hoped and believed he was getting better than the doctor said he was.

"There is something on his mind," said the physician; "until we can remove the impression we cannot expect him to be entirely well."

But next day—the day after he had called out for advice—he came to his senses. I saw by his eye he was sane; but he kept looking about him.

"Are you—Mrs.—Mrs. Farmer?" he said faintly.

"Yes, sir; I've been nursing you. You've been very ill."

"Yes, I know, and talked a great deal of nonsense, I dare say. Didn't I see Miss Bulmar sometimes, or was I delirious?"

"You were delirious; but Miss Gwendolen came over many a time with fruit and flowers. Mrs. Cardewe and others called, but Miss Gwendolen oftenest. The vicar and Miss Dolcie came too."

"Miss Gwendolen came then—alone, you say?"

"Sometimes, sir."

"Did she leave any message?"

"No, sir; she came and peeped in at you once or twice, and was rather anxious."

"Really, Mrs. Farmer?"

"Yes, sir, she was; and was most particular about everything."

"When will she come again—to-day?"

"Can't say, sir. Shall I tell her anything? You must really rest now, sir, or you'll be off again."

He laid himself down like a lamb, and was as quiet as a mouse.

* * * * *

Next day Miss Gwendolen and her sister both called. Mr. Barnes was much better. So the time passed, until one day when the clergyman was able to leave his bed-room, and I was thinking I had better go home again, Mrs. Elliot, the lodging-house person, came in and said that the two young ladies and Mrs. Cardewe wished to see Mr. Barnes.

He was sitting reading in an armchair as they came in. I waited for a few minutes, and then went into the adjoining room for a short time, and as I was returning into the drawing-room, Miss Dolcie said to the curate—

"All is forgiven and forgotten, Mr. Barnes. The mistake is evident." Then Miss Gwendolen bade him good-bye—very kindly, I thought—and I let the three ladies out.

There was something in this more than a mere visit to a convalescent friend. "All is forgiven and forgotten!" What was there to forgive and forget? Something which Mr. Barnes had done. It could have been nothing wrong, because if so all his friends would have avoided him; besides, he was a gentleman and a clergyman.

He quickly rallied, and I was soon able to return home again; but I had not fathomed the mystery. In three weeks we heard that Mr. Barnes' uncle had died and left him some money.

"Now, Charley," said I, "he will marry, and the bride will be Miss Gwendolen Bulmar."

"Why, he proposed to the other one," said Charley, with a twinkle in his eye. "Didn't you hear that?"

"Yes," I exclaimed, "I did. Do *you* know the secret then? Do tell me more."

"I think I know as much as any one," he replied, "and more than some people. Mr. Barnes, that very night of the party you remember, proposed to Miss Dolcie Bulmar, who at once refused him, and gave it him well, too!"

"What for, I never could understand," I said.

"Why, for making love to her sister, and proposing to *her* after all! She *was* angry, I can tell you."

"I am sure Mr. Barnes never meant it, Charley. I see how it happened. It was in the conservatory, wasn't it? You remember, it must have been. Yes, I see."

"Very likely. Go on."

"Well, then, I can explain it. *He took Miss Dolcie for her sister!* You know they dress alike, are very much alike when apart, and speak in the very same way exactly! You may depend that he made a mistake in the dark, and Miss Gwendolen heard of it. So he *had* to go! No doubt this brought on his fever. I am sure Miss Gwen is in love with him, as he is with her."

"I dare say you are right, Lucy. Poor Mr. Barnes!"

"It was a bad dilemma, wasn't it? He couldn't propose to Miss Gwendolen, and she wouldn't look at him, of course; but when he was ill she came round quick enough. It will be all right now, Charley."

So it came to pass. Mr. Barnes and Miss Gwendolen were sincerely attached to each other, and they were married after Easter in the following year. He is now the vicar of a large parish, and has quite got over his dilemma. Mr. and Mrs. Verity are still alive, and remain in the old vicarage here near the Manor, as happy as turtle-doves.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

FROM OUR PARIS AND LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

IF in England you are destined to have warm weather, and the delightful sunshine, which has shown itself so coy in coming, should at last appear, I should advise you to wear a foulard gown; those being made in Paris are very pretty, and the material is one that lends itself to all the intricacies of draping, falling in soft and graceful folds. Moreover, if the material is good, it does not crease. Patterns which are not over-complicated are applied to it, and for the veritable Pompadour designs it is unrivalled. Spots, stripes, and Japanese motifs all find acceptance in foulard. Red foulard with black spots, and a light blue spotted in a darker shade, are just now those in favour with Frenchwomen, who have this style of gown made quite simply, with a pleated skirt and a pleated tunic, well caught up on one side with long-looped bows of ribbon; the bodice with full vest of some kind in the front. Checks and spots made thus do not require the admixture of plain material; but when the gown is one in which the gigantic plaids now worn in Paris are employed, the under-skirt is generally plain. Bear in mind that the material must be liberally employed, for foulard demands plenty of stuff.

A cursory glance at the present style of skirt would seem to argue that the arrangement is simple; never perhaps was more skill needed, and I notice that practised French hands rarely drape two sides alike, and on most of the foulards and woollen gowns no trimmings are used. When plain and checked, or striped materials are combined, the one lines the drapery of the other in such a way that it is turned up and shows, or a scarf-like drapery of the two is interblended.

For woollens good effects may be produced by the mingling of checked or striped velvets. They are, however, chiefly applied as plain skirts. Cashmere is so favourite a fabric in Paris that it is never likely to go out of fashion, and many truly charming dresses are made of it, draped over velvet skirts, the stuff fringed at the hem. This fringing by thread-drawing is to be commended to those who desire an effective ornamentation at little cost. The colours for this arrangement which are in the best style are browns, fern, greys, mousse-green, and some deep rich reds; but the wearing of red gowns is an English rather than a French mode, and suits English complexions better than those of ladies on this side of the Channel. The darker tone, whichever tint is chosen, should fall near the feet.

Where the material will admit of it, pinking is once more employed, and many skirts have a gathered flounce thus treated at the hem, but placed there not so much for ornament as to keep out the flow of the skirt, and almost hidden. Plain cloth tunics, pinked at the edge, are simple, but always look well on a slight figure, especially when worn over a velveteen petticoat. Two shades of cloth have been used throughout the spring for the same dress, with no other admixture.

The colourings of the year are new and stylish: navy blue and tan for large checks; but they are amalgamated with rare skill, the tones shading into each other without any abruptness; myrtle-green and eau-de-Nil, brown and amber, appear on the same pattern. The leading tint is "Charles X.," a pink with a dash of red in it. The embroideries prepared for the fronts of gowns in this shade, with gold, are among the most artistic adaptations yet made in dress. The embroidery is raised and accentuated here and there by gems; sometimes the ground is silk, sometimes net-worked all over with gold.

The millinery is altogether charming as seen at our leading French houses, and is very gossamer-like and dainty. The bonnets look as if fingers had never touched them. They are tall, tapering to a point, which is higher above the head than the face of the wearer is long. Many new bonnets are made on wire frames covered with tulle, to be had in any tint. The whole of the back of the head is shown; and, when off, a fashionable bonnet looks a small affair; it is the height which gives it its importance when it is in use.

For June wear, you cannot do wrong in having a tulle bonnet with a bow of lace and an upstanding bunch of flowers. Some are covered all over with leaves, others with grass, and, by way of contrast, a red tulle front is introduced. The fabrics of which the best summer bonnets are made might have been wrought for Queen Mab, so light and yet so lovely are they; toile d'araignée, the French call some of them, and the gauzes are often so beautifully embroidered that they deserve special inspection. The flowers used are chiefly those which we have not hitherto been accustomed to see employed in millinery—puff-balls, dandelions, horse-chestnuts, and the homely "lords and ladies" of the hedgerow.

The Jane Hading hat is the fashion of the moment. It has a large turned-up brim with a good broad piece on the left side, and it has always very prominent

A PAUSE.

tufts of ostrich-feathers. Just at present women display as many plumes as did the Spanish gallants of old; as many as six ostrich-feathers are to be seen on one hat sometimes.

Coloured mantles are worn by young ladies; the tiny mantelettes make the costume very complete. They reach barely below the shoulder-blades, and have long ends in front, which may or may not be tied. They are sometimes untrimmed, sometimes bordered with pleating, while some have pendent balls and loops of ribbon all round. The exceeding richness of the beaded trimmings prepared for mantles might well call for the remarks of would-be satirists; they are generally put on in one-piece strips for back and front, as also the epaulettes radiating from the neck. Some of the evening mantles are just one mass of glittering beads, with no ground visible, and finished off with lace.

The variety of styles in the gowns made by the best houses is great, and, while I cannot find any leading idea permeating the every-day garments which are sold by thousands, in these others they may be counted by hundreds. Many polonaises are made, and I notice a very great change in sleeves. The pagoda, the bishop, and the slashed sleeves are all by degrees superseding the coat shape. They have the advantage of comfort. Few women in a fashionably cut sleeve can raise their arms to their heads without discomfort. The majority put on their bonnets before their bodices, showing the folly of the sex in thus succumbing to the stern mandates of a passing fashion.

Examples, showing how to make up foulards and kindred silks, are given in the illustration on the opposite page, and the same styles might be also adopted for zephyrs and cambrics. The seated figure wears a soft Indian silk, of the favourite tilleul or lime-blossom shade; the yoke bodice is smocked both back and front, and so are the upper portions of the sleeves. The sash, cuffs, and collar are in a darker shade of green. The standing figure wears a foulard polonaise in Gobelines-blue spotted with red; the sash and the box-pleated skirt are in plain blue foulard of the same popular shade. Tilleul-green and Gobelines-blue are decided favourites in colours this season.

II.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

You will be wanting to know how to make up washing and light dresses. You may have a full, simply-hemmed skirt, with or without draperies; if you have them they must be straight and long. The bodice must have a vest or waistcoat, full or plain, with or without revers, ending with the bust or at the waist; and the sleeves are now often gathered into a band with a revers cuff of embroidery or lace. Where it becomes a question of lawn tennis playing, these have the immense advantage that they give free play and comfort to the arm.

White dresses will be much worn over colour—they are in thick heavy work, but sufficiently open to let the tone peep through. Plain materials, washing and otherwise, are being made up with embroidered yokes, the silk embroidery on woollens often closely resembling crochet net-work. Bias bands of silk and velvet are employed rather than lace or muslin; and indeed there is little space for much display of taste, since the collar-band comes up close under the chin. In making dresses at home be very careful that the actual bodice is cut high, for if too low, there will almost certainly be an ugly crease below the collar.

Linen collars and cuffs are worn with woollen gowns as well as the washing neckties like a man's. Sometimes these are supplemented by a coarse linen waistcoat spotted with a colour, and having no revers; but when this is the case, they are placed within a bodice that has them.

Little coloured bows of ribbon are worn at the side of the throat; the best plan is to tie them round the neck before putting the bodice on.

Aprons forming a dress trimming are once more to the fore for country wear and over loose skirts. These can easily be made at home, they need no lining, and

are either fulled into a yoke or have three box-pleats, back and front. Two or three skirts of different colours with white or neutral-tinted dresses make a good many changes, and so give variety without a very extravagant expenditure.

You may buy at any good shop now a number of different-coloured washing embroideries, like cambric, worked in self-colours; and these are most useful trimmings, seeing that they wash well and last long; dark blue linens and pink zephyrs are especially useful.

A number of pretty cotton and soft silk vests may be bought ready to put on, and serve for trimmings to bodices, at little cost or trouble. They are sometimes pleated, sometimes gathered, and only need buttoning round the neck.

The aprons are the same for skirt and bodice, being indeed a bib trimming and square long front tunic. They are made of soft silk and of muslin, and trimmed with lace. I have seen some very pretty ones made of the furniture cottons with blue patterns almost covering them, and of the same spotted muslin in various colourings that so much under-wear has been made of lately.

One fact I am pleased to tell you, because, from an economical point of view, it is certainly a great gain: French kid gloves are beginning once more to be far more used than Suèdes, and in the same beige tones. They may cost a little more to start with; but there is nothing so expensive as a cheap Suède glove.

A new mode of treating an ostrich-feather is to make it into a large bow, out of which some three or four small feathers or an aigrette rise; and these are placed on the fronts of bonnets, and in a smaller size are used in the hair; for some small ornament or feather aigrette is mostly introduced among the fashionable curls and twists with full dress.

The popular soft silk dresses make very becoming toilettes for young girls, and they are frequently very skilfully draped with lace fronts for older women for grand dinners.

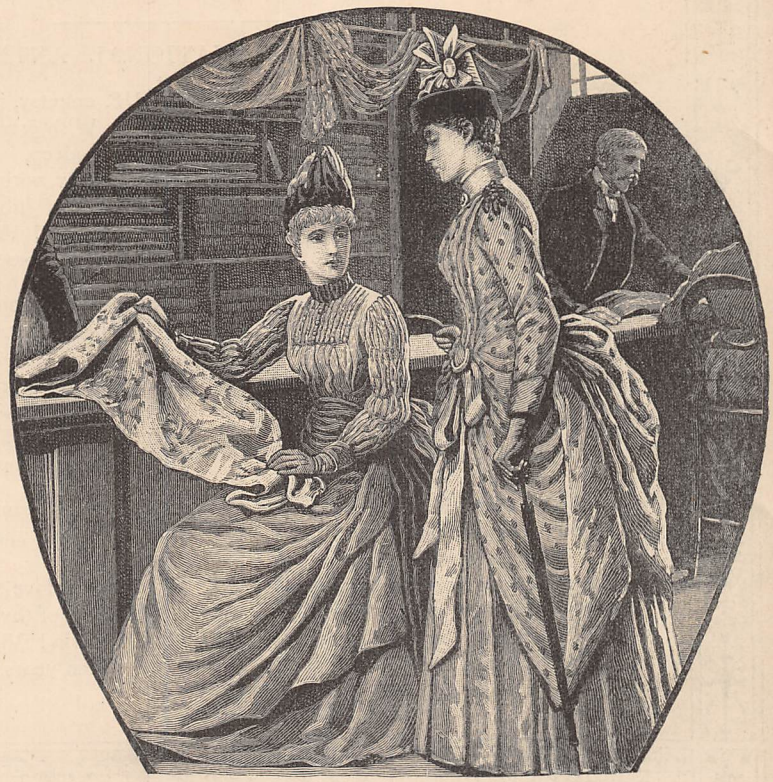
Skeleton stays are finding many patrons; the steels are all covered with webbing and united by a sort of net-work, so that they keep clean a long time and allow the air to pass freely to the body, now considered a great desideratum.

There is a great effort visibly made to produce astonishing novelties; but with the only result that old modes come back to us again; among others the gathering of skirts on the pointed bodices. I have lately seen rich brocades thus treated, the skirt quite plain, but flowery; the sleeve puffed in one long bouillon to the elbow only, and having a close-fitting piece to the wrist.

Small jackets of the Zouave order, in pilot cloth and finer materials, not coming below the waist, have been introduced for wearing over the fashionable skirts when the weather is chilly, as it so often is even at this season of the year.

The prettiest waterproofs have been brought out covered with silk in excellent designs. Most of us well remember how we once longed for night to come, that we might wind our first watch; and some of the purchasers of these new waterproofs will be wanting a shower, that they may put them on. The chances are, in our climate, that their wishes will not be long unfulfilled. The shapes are prettier than of yore, and a new dust-cloak is half a polonaise and half a cloak, and positively they have been made with distinctive epaulettes. Steels are no longer placed in the backs of dresses, but the cushions are considerably larger.

The violinist in our illustration wears a dress that is a pretty combination of checked and plain washing silk. The former is used for the skirt and bodice, the latter for the well-draped tablier and tunic. A novel feature is the panel at the left side arranged to fall in three sashes, that are gathered at the ends and terminate in gimp and chenille tassels. On the opposite side the tablier is draped to the left hip.



"TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE."

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OUR JUBILEE COMPETITION.

OUR readers will remember that under this title we offered a prize of Five Guineas for "the best JUBILEE NATIONAL ANTHEM adapted for use at Jubilee celebrations, and to contain not more than three verses, to be sung to the tune either of 'God Save the Queen' or of 'Rule, Britannia,' at the option of the competitor." The large number of competitors (282), and the option of metre given to them, made the task of awarding the Prize more than usually difficult, and, after careful consideration, the Editor has decided to divide the Prize of Five Guineas between

(Mrs.) MARGARET SCOTT HAYCRAFT, Fairholme, Epsom; and
J. R. EASTWOOD, Woodhey, Rockferry,

whose work was of equal merit.

Mrs. Haycraft's poem is adapted to the air of "God Save the Queen," and Mr. Eastwood's to that of "Rule, Britannia," and both will be found below.

The work of several other competitors was deserving of commendation, and the Editor would specially mention the following:—

Rosetta B. Roebuck, Wolverhampton.
Marianne Davis, Littlemore, Oxon.
K. Owen, Torquay.
Eliza Ellis, Kilkhampton, Cornwall.
A. McCaig, Brannoxtown.
J. G. Small, Renfrew.
J. W. Gardham, Wath, Rotherham.
Edwin T. Turner, Falmouth.
H. G. Keene, C.I.E., St. Helier's.

PRIZE JUBILEE NATIONAL ANTHEMS.

THOU who art God alone,
High to Thy sapphire throne
Praise be outpoured!
Kingdoms and realms are Thine,
Glory and power Divine,
Now let Thy face out-shine,
O God the Lord!

At this Thanksgiving-tide
Joy-bells are pealing wide,
Sweet is their voice;
Sounding afar and near,
Music rings high and clear,
This is the golden year,
O land, rejoice!

Breathe we o'er hill and plain,
Echoed across the main
Like swelling chord:
"Thou who her strength hast been,
Still through each waiting scene
Guard Thou our glorious Queen,
O Christ the Lord!"

MARGARET HAYCRAFT.

OUR country, in her pride of place,
With green fields smiling on the deep,
Makes ready, with a festal grace,
The year of Jubilee to keep.
Hail, Victoria! Victoria, on whose crown
Fifty happy years look down!

Through all the cities of our land
The lighted streets shall mock the day;
On jutting cliffs and headlands grand
The fires of Jubilee shall play.
Hail, Victoria! Victoria, on whose crown
Fifty shining years look down!

O Empress-Queen! From every heart
A blessing shall be breathed for thee—
Thy people's love the brightest part,
The jewel of thy Jubilee!
Hail, Victoria! Victoria, on whose crown
Fifty golden years look down!

J. R. EASTWOOD.

SPECIAL AMERICAN COMPETITION.

The Award in the American Domestic Service Competition will be published in our next number.

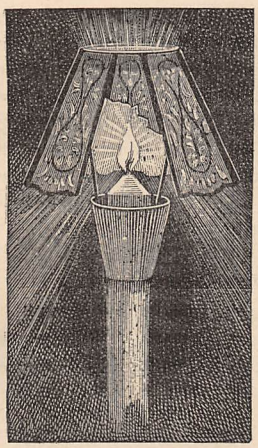
EIGHT-PART STORY COMPETITION AND LETTER COMPETITION.

The MSS. in these Competitions are still under consideration, but the Editor hopes to be able to publish the Awards in an early number of the Magazine.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

A Candle-Guard.



The woodcut illustrates a little device for shielding the flame of a candle against draughts, and for preventing the guttering of the flame and the dropping of grease. Moreover, it serves to extinguish the light when the candle has burnt low. The device consists of a double cylinder of metal or glass, which is fitted on the top of the candle as shown in the figure. The inner cone or cylinder acts as a wall or guard to the flame, and prevents the candle from wasting. For the flow of grease a receptacle is provided which prevents it from dropping on the furniture of a room, or the clothing of the person carrying the light.

Fluted Handles for Saucepans.

Who has not heard of accidents in the kitchen due to the slipping of a pan, because the handle was greasy and its unbroken round surface gave the cook no grip? Saucepans are now being made with fluted handles that will prevent such mishaps in future. The new handles enable the cook to take firm hold of the pan, and even to pour out its contents, without the slightest danger of slipping or of overturning. These new saucepans are also provided with improved lids, in which a simple little arrangement is fitted that allows the escape of steam, and so guards against boiling over.

Heating Cars by Gas.

Mr. W. Foulis, of Glasgow, has devised a system for heating railway carriages by the waste heat from the gas-lamps used to light the roofs of the carriages. This is done by means of water; a boiler being placed over the gas-flame, having two pipes descending from it, and connecting with two annular tubes under the carriage seats. The hot water circulates through these pipes and returns again to the boiler, after having heated the carriage. It is found that the ordinary size of gas-flame is quite sufficient to heat a compartment, though the consumption of gas is less than one cubic foot per hour. Congelation of the water when the carriage is not in use is prevented by mixing a little glycerine with it. The system has been tried successfully during the past winter on the trains of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway in Scotland, and the temperature of the carriage kept at from 52° to 60° Fahrenheit, even in the very cold weather.

A Screw-Lift.

The great height of the Eiffel tower proposed for the Paris Exhibition of 1889, has necessitated the invention of a new lift, by which the whole ascent can be safely made in one journey. This is a kind of spiral railway, the main idea of which is derived from the screw and nut. Below the cage of the lift is placed a truck, or trolley, with three or more wheels running on as many rails which ascend spirally like the threads of a screw. The trolley is to be revolved by an electric motor, or a water-engine, and will thus raise the cage above it. The cage, however, is kept from revolving by fixed guides. Passengers will not feel the spiral motion of the trolley beneath it, and precautions will be taken to guard against accidents or a too rapid descent.

Artificial Rubies.

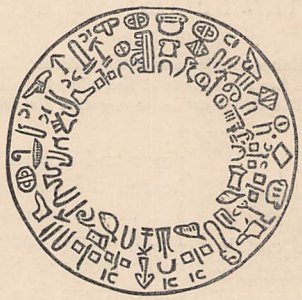
MM. Fremy and Verneuil have made a most interesting discovery from a geological point of view. They have found that fluoride of calcium, when heated to a red heat in contact with moist air, gives off emanations which have the power of changing amorphous alumina into crystals; when a little colouring matter, such as chromic acid, is added these crystals become rubies of accurate form and rose-colour. Some years ago MM. Fremy and Feil made small rubies by a different process, but the new rubies are said to be of a good size.

A Use for the Radiometer.

The radiometer of Mr. Crookes has been applied by M. Frère, manager of the St. Quentin gas-works,

in France, to tell the proper time for putting "night pressure" on the gas. The vanes of the radiometer will keep turning so long as there is a sufficiently intense light falling on them, and by taking note each day of the time at which the radiometer exposed to daylight ceases to turn, the average time of lighting up, or putting on night pressure, can approximately be ascertained for each month of the year. M. Frère is of opinion that the averages obtained in this manner may be found useful to gas managers.

STONE BOWL FOUND AT BABYLON.



INSCRIPTION ON A STONE BOWL.

The Hittite Inscriptions.

The key to the mysterious "Hittite" inscriptions has at last been found by Captain Conder, who will shortly publish translations of them. The inscriptions were found in various parts of Asia Minor; for instance, at Hamath on the Orontes in Syria, and at Jerabis on the Euphrates. They have hitherto been an interesting puzzle to scholars. They are in relief, and may be seen in the accompanying illustrations of specimens found; but Captain Conder some time ago pointed out that they bear some resemblance to the well-known Egyptian hieroglyphics, although the latter are in intaglio, or cut below the surface. The full value of his discovery will not be known until his book is published; but it is supposed that the so-called "Hittite" inscriptions prove to belong to a pre-historic race, evidently of Turanian origin, who occupied Palestine before the Jews, and had affinities with the ancient Assyrians and Babylonians. The discovery, according to Captain Conder, throws an "astonishing" light on the ancient history of that portion of the East.

SILVER BOSS.

A Hand Fire-Extinctor.

The Lewis fire-extinctor which has been adopted by the Marquis of Salisbury at Hatfield, and is also to be used by the Birmingham Fire Brigade, is about the size of a policeman's truncheon. At the upper end is a wire loop by which it is hung from a nail or staple. A sudden pull (of about 10 lbs.) detaches the extinctor from the cap, opens the tube, and scatters the contents on the blazing fire. It contains a liquid which has the property of stifling a fire. Recent experiments with the device at the Crystal Palace on burning timbers soaked with petroleum were entirely successful. While upon this subject we may remind our readers that in a recent GATHERER we referred to the "automatic sprinklers," now in use for extinguishing fires in buildings. We have since been informed that a considerable reduction in the rate of insurance can be obtained where they are in use. We may also state that the temperatures given in our notice are not necessarily the lowest at which the sprinklers will operate, since this can be regulated by the fusible solder employed. The sprinklers can be made to act at lower temperatures than those given. For some works a temperature of 120° or 150° Fahr. will be sufficiently high.

A Steel Cab.

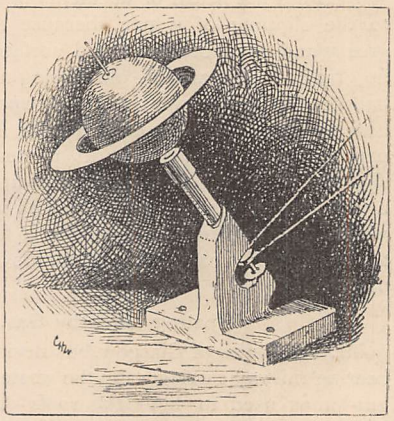
A gain in lightness is obtained by the use of steel for the frames of carriages. This material has recently been introduced for that purpose, and a steel-framed cab is now being constructed. The form is elegant, and the increased lightness of build is said to be accompanied by greater durability than if wood were used. The frame is covered where required with other materials.

Transparent Molten Iron.

Mr. W. Ramsay, a well-known chemist, has observed that molten iron, seen during a casting of several tons, is transparent. He could see bodies through the stream of molten metal, but they appeared to be of a yellowish colour.

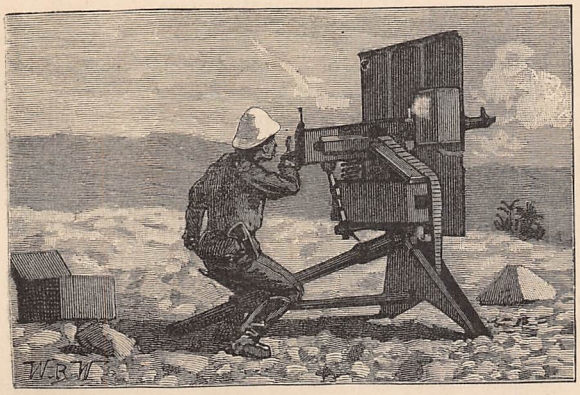
Imitating Saturn.

The figure illustrates a curious experiment recently made by M. Ch. Weyher in imitation of Saturn and his rings. The apparatus consists of a sphere on an inclined axle rapidly rotated by a driving belt. Round the equator of the sphere is placed a flat ring of paper as shown, and this ring, when the sphere is rapidly revolved, is caught in the whirl and forcibly keeps itself in the plane of the equator. Another experiment by the same gentleman is to attract a balloon by a similar arrangement, the rotating sphere having a wire guard round it to keep the balloon from striking it and bounding off.



The Maxim Gun.

Mr. Hiram Maxim, the well-known inventor, has designed a very ingenious gun of the mitrailleuse order, which has the property of loading and firing itself by means of the force derived from the recoil of the gun itself. The cartridges are put side by side in a belt which is fed into the gun by the recoil of the



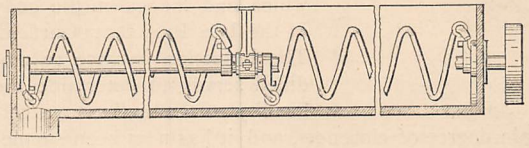
barrel. The barrel is also cooled automatically by means of cold water. We need not go into all the many mechanical details of the invention, but we may mention that it is also provided with a metal shield for the protection of the one operator who is necessary. The British Government ordered one of these guns capable of firing 400 rounds a minute, and 1,000 rounds in four minutes ; but the inventor submitted to them a gun which fired 1,000 rounds in one minute and a half, and no less than 2,115 rounds in three minutes forty-five seconds. This gun only weighed 42 lbs. Our illustration represents one of these guns planted in position. Its mounting was designed for Mr. Stanley, the African traveller, and its rate of firing is from 660 to 670 shots a minute. It weighs 42 lbs., and the tripod without the shield 50 lbs. The swivel connecting the gun and tripod weighs 16 lbs. This gun is of rifle calibre. The belt with its cartridges is shown in the figure.

A Fireproof Ship.

A splendid steamer is now being built at the Arrow Steamship Company's yard, at Alexandria, in Virginia, United States. She is designed to cross the Atlantic within six days. In addition to this high speed, she is intended to be unsinkable and fireproof. If the s.s. *Pocahontas* is as successful as her architect, Mr. Robert M. Fryer, holds out, twelve more vessels of the same type will be built, all carrying the American flag. It is expected that she will be launched next November. The length of her keel, which is practically a solid mass of iron, is 510 feet, and its weight is 710 tons. The walls and decks will be of steel, and she will be built in 1,060 air-tight compartments, of which 500 are below the water-line. These air-tight compartments are to be connected with an air-forcing apparatus, and filled with compressed air under a pressure greater than that of the water outside the vessel, so that if a hole is made the water may be kept out. The engines are expected to develop 28,000 indicated horse-power, and they are to be situated in the bottom of the vessel. The shaft will be 220 feet long, 24 inches in diameter, and weigh over 165 tons, its bearings resting directly on the keel. The diameter of the screw-propeller is to be 24 feet 2 inches. The total length of the ship is 540 feet, her breadth 40 feet, and her depth 46 feet, whilst her draught will be 25 feet 3 inches. With regard to the fireproof arrangements, carbon dioxide gas will be kept in tanks under pressure, and distributed in pipes throughout the ship, so that if a fire should break out, it can be stifled by the gas. Very little wood, however, will be used in her construction, and air-tight sliding doors and shutters of steel will be employed to isolate fires. The floors, of Georgia marble, will be covered with rugs, the steel walls with draperies, and the electric light will be employed. The beds of the state-rooms, of which there are to be 84 on the main deck, will be concealed by day like those of an American sleeping-car. A supply of pure air and water will be provided, and every care seems to have been manifested in the sanitary arrangements of the ship. There will be hot and cold baths in every room, and a buffet at which travellers can have food at any hour of the day. The grand saloon will be 400 feet long, and decorated with ornamental iron-work and mirrors. As the vessel will carry no freight, the return voyage can be made in a very short time. She will be manned by 128 officers and men, and is so built that she can be readily fitted with armour in case of war.

An Anti-Friction Conveyer.

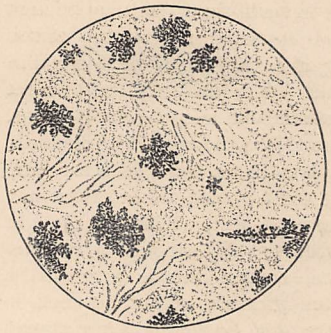
The figure shows a side view of a new "conveyer" for transporting flour and such-like materials on the old principle of the helix or worm. It consists of a tube containing a revolving shaft, which is encircled by a helical or screw rod connected at two or three points to the shaft. The material to be moved forward in the tube is urged onwards by the rotation of the helix, which is made slightly flexible.



There is exceedingly little power lost by friction of the helix as in the older "conveyers," in which the helical rod is replaced by a helical blade. This conveyer has, it is stated, been run at the high speed of 1,500 revolutions a minute.

Tabasheer.

"Tabasheer" is a peculiar stone or mineral found in the stems of certain bamboos. It is, according to Mr. Thistleton Dyer, an "opal," and seems to stand in



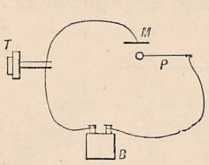
the same relation to the mineral kingdom as amber and pearls. From time immemorial it has enjoyed a high reputation in Eastern countries for medicinal virtues, like those of the fossil teeth of China and the belemnites ("thunderbolts") of this country. The bamboos which produce it contain a clear greenish liquid which, on standing, yields a whitish sediment. The stone is believed to be produced from this liquid, and is commonly found in bamboos which rattle on being shaken. When tabasheer is simply wetted it becomes opaque, but clear and transparent when soaked in water. It consists chiefly of silica, potash, and water, and thus resembles the opal in composition as well as in appearance. Mr. Dyer has recently examined specimens under the microscope, and the accompanying figure shows their peculiar structure. It represents a thin opalescent section of Indian tabasheer seen with a magnifying power of 250 diameters.

Iron Houses.

At the recent Liverpool Exhibition some pretty examples of iron houses, choicely furnished, were exhibited by an English firm of iron-workers, one being a tropical villa. The building itself was of wrought iron, and no masonry foundation was required for the column and main supports, which had self-fixing bases. The interior was of pine and red-wood. The house was so devised that it could be readily bolted together by unskilled natives or workmen.

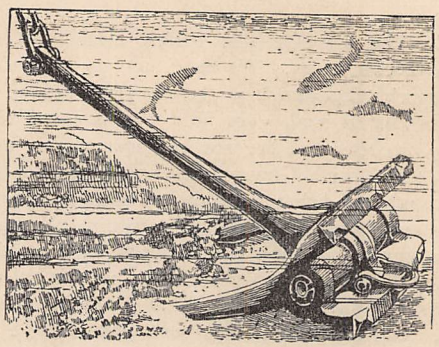
An Electrical Probe.

It will be remembered that Professor Graham Bell, the well-known inventor of the telephone, adapted the induction balance of Professor Hughes to localise the bullet which had lodged in the body of the late President Garfield. The induction balance so modified serves to determine the locality of the bullet to a certain degree of closeness, and it has now been supplemented by another electrical probe, which tells the exact place. This consists of a very fine steel probe, which is inserted into the body within the area indicated by the induction balance as containing the bullet. The probe is in circuit with a battery, a telephone, and a plate of metal, as shown in the figure, where P is the probe, B the battery, T the telephone, and M the metal plate, connected together by wire. With this arrangement, when the metal plate is laid over the surface of the body near which the bullet is hidden, and the probe thrust into the body, a sound is heard in the telephone when the probe touches the bullet. Such is the account furnished us from America of the device, and given by a doctor of that country. Its action is evidently due to the current between the surface of the bullet and the metal plate through the intervening flesh causing the telephone to respond.



Shale Illuminating Gas.

Shale is now being used to a considerable extent in the manufacture of illuminating gas in Scotland. The rich cannel coals of that country keep rising in price, owing to foreign export, and the gas-makers are taking to supplying oil-shales to the retorts. The Dundee Gas Works buy from 12,000 to 15,000 tons of shale yearly, a proportion equal to about one-fourth of the gas-coal consumed. There are large areas of shale and what is called "bastard" cannel in Scotland, and these are expected to supply the place of the richer cannels becoming used up. At Coatbridge nearly as much shale as coal is now used in the gas manufactory.



A New Anchor.

The accompanying illustration shows a new anchor made of cast steel, and so designed that the head compels the flukes to catch the ground when the cable is pulled upon. The flukes are fixed at an angle of 54° to the shank, and being part of the head, they are free to move on the trunnion of the shank. The trunnion and shank are made in one piece. The anchor is "stockless" as will be seen, and can readily be drawn in close to the ship, through the hawse-hole, without lifting it on deck.

Glue for Belts.

A new kind of glue for jointing leather belts has recently been introduced. Its tenacity may be gathered from the statement that a joint in a 4-inch single belt, recently tested, broke in the leather clear of the joint with a stress of 2,174 lbs., which is at the rate of 2,860 lbs. on the square inch of section of the belt.

A Letter-Box Annunciator.

Mr. Arthur Nahood has devised a simple and ingenious plan for substituting the ring of an electric bell for the well-known but sometimes startling

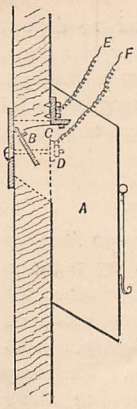


FIG. 1.

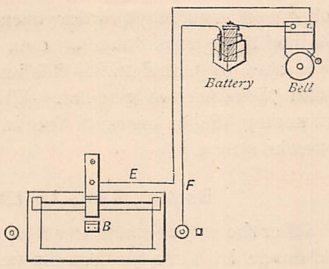


FIG. 2.

postman's knock. Its operation will be understood by a reference to Figs. 1 and 2, which represent a section through the letter-box and door, and a back view of the letter-box with the electric circuit shown. In Fig. 1, A is the letter-box with its metal flap, B, which is pressed open by the postman in dropping a letter into the box. In doing so a metal contact on the back of B touches a steel spring, C, in connection with a wire, E, leading to one pole of the battery through the electric bell. The flap, B, is permanently connected to the other pole of the battery by the wire F, through the bolt D, which fastens the letter-box plate to the door. When the flap, B, touches the spring C, the electric circuit is completed, and the bell rings announcing "letters." When the flap falls back the circuit is broken, and the bell stops. The bell may be at any distance from the letter-box, which can be on the garden-gate.

A Red-Hot Telephone.

Experiments were recently made by Professor George Forbes and Mr. J. Munro, in which a red-hot wire was used as a transmitter of speech by telephone. The wire employed was platinum of very small diameter—namely, from $\frac{1}{1000}$ to $\frac{5}{1000}$ of an inch. The finer of these wires was that known as Wollaston wire, after the maker, who succeeded in drawing platinum wire of great fineness, by enclosing it in a silver tube and drawing out both metals. The silver coating, being dissolved away by acid, leaves the central filament of platinum. A short length of such wire, W (Fig. 1), was joined up in circuit with a charged accumulator or battery, A, and the primary wire, P, of an induction coil, IC; the current being sufficient to heat the wire red-hot. The secondary wire, S, of the induction coil was connected in circuit with an ordinary receiving telephone, T, at a convenient distance. On speaking to the glowing wire through a suitable mouthpiece, M, the words were audible in the telephone. The explanation given of the result is that the sound-waves in the air, passing in quick succession by the heated wire, cooled it in a sympathetic manner, and altered its resistance to the current according to the known change of resistance with temperature. The varying resistance caused variations in the current of the primary circuit, which in turn produced variations of the induced current in the secondary circuit of the induction coil and receiving telephone. These latter variations caused the telephone to respond to the voice. Watch-springs of steel and platinum-iridium were also tried in place of the wire, and a diaphragm was interposed between the voice and the heated filament. While upon this subject, we may mention that a new domestic telephone has been brought out in France by Dr. C. Herz. It is intended, primarily, to take the place of electric bells in houses, so that orders can be given to servants, or other talk carried on, without those engaged having to leave the room in which they happen to be. The apparatus comprises an electric call-bell similar to the ordinary electric bell, a telephone transmitter of the microphonic kind, and a receiving telephone such as was introduced by Mr. Graham Bell. Fig. 2 is a view of

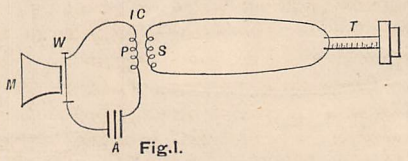


Fig.1.

the new apparatus, which has been called the "microtelephone push-button." It is fixed to the wall at a convenient spot or to any suitable support; and it consists of the push-button, A, for ringing the electric call-bell, the magneto-telephone, B, for hearing with, and the microphone transmitter, C, for speaking to. After ringing the bell by pressing in the push-button, the operator unhitches the telephone, B (Fig. 3), and places it to his ear to get the response of the person called. He (or she) then speaks to the diaphragm, D (Fig. 4), of the microphone transmitter. When the conversation is ended, the telephone, B, is replaced as in Fig. 2, and the apparatus left until it is again required. The telephone, B, serves as a cover to close it up. We need not enter into the details of the apparatus, since they are merely different forms of the well-known Bell telephone, microphone transmitter, induction coil, electric bell, and the necessary connecting wires and switches.

Fig.2.

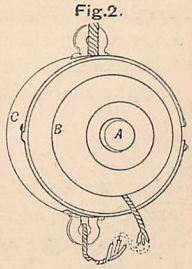


Fig.4.

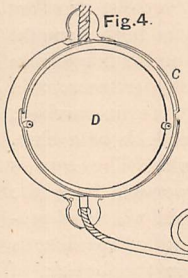
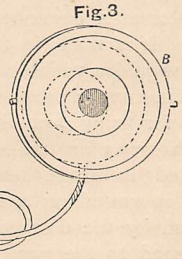


Fig.3.



We may mention, however, that the microphone consists of a plate of carbon, D (Fig. 4), which also serves as the diaphragm to speak to, and a set of carbon pencils lightly pressing against it from behind. The telephone cover, B (Fig. 3), is attached to the rest of the instrument by a bayonet joint, and the whole is of small size and neat appearance.

A Handy Ewer.

The woodcut illustrates a handy form of ewer which has recently been introduced. As will be seen, the handles are flush with the sides, so that they are very

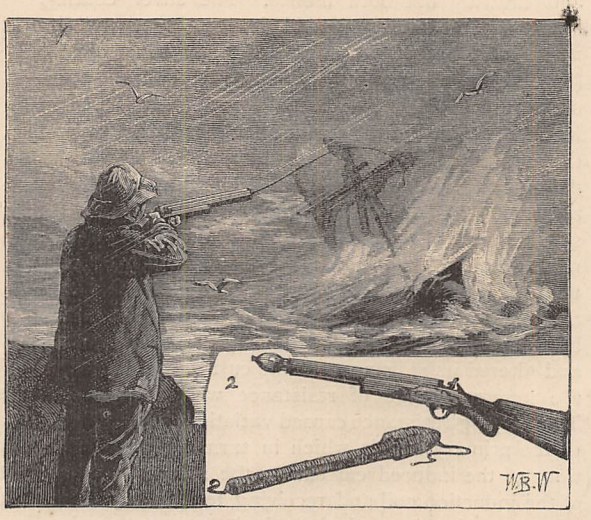
unlikely to be broken off by a blow, as projecting arms are. Moreover, they are on every side of the ewer, which can therefore be grasped in any position. The mouth of the ewer is adapted to the four handles, and the shape of the vessel is artistic and pretty.

An Electric Bellows.

At the works of Messrs. Latimer Clark, Muirhead, and Co., the well-known electrical engineers, there is a homely application of the transmission of power by electricity, in the shape of some blacksmiths' furnaces, of which the fires are blown by electricity. The electric power from the generator rotates a small Gramme machine which works an air propeller, and thereby creates a steady current of air which is directed through the furnace-fire.

A Line-Throwing Gun.

A gun for throwing a line to vessels, or other objects at a distance, has recently been brought out. It is made in two types, one for firing from the shoulder, which we illustrate in the figure, and one in cannon form mounted on a gun-carriage, and for firing from shore or the deck of a ship. Both types are alike in principle. The gun is loaded from the muzzle with powder, and the line is wound on a sort of bobbin which is projected by the discharge. One end of the line is fastened to the gun, so that when the bobbin of coiled line is fired into the air, the line is unwound and paid out behind the projectile. Care is taken to protect the line from getting burnt by the powder. In some recent experiments a line 160 yards long was projected to its full extent from a shoulder-gun of the kind illustrated, and then hauled in again, without damaging the case. The charge of sporting powder used weighed 1¾ drams. A line 460 yards long, or over a quarter of a mile, was also projected to its full length from a ship-gun with 7½ ounces of powder. The gun may be useful in saving life in cases of fire in buildings, as well as wrecks at sea.



A LINE-THROWING GUN.

Beating Time by Electricity.

After the recent manœuvres of the German Army, a serenade by 1,200 performers was given by night in honour of the Emperor. It was pitch-dark, but the movements of the conductor's bâton were rendered visible to the performers by fixing a tiny electric incandescent lamp to the top of the bâton. The lamp was fed by means of insulated wires running along the bâton.

For House and Home.

A London laundryman has invented a new gloss for linen, which he calls Ivorine. The linen is to be ironed in the usual way, after which the Ivorine is applied by means of a pad of linen, and, upon passing the point of a hot iron again over the linen, a good polish is produced.—Some inexhaustible smelling-salts have lately been patented. When the stopper of the bottle is replaced, after the salts have been used, chemical action is at once set up and restores their power to the salts.—From an Oban chemist we have received a handy little medicine-chest, adapted for use either in a family or by any one making a long voyage.—"Musical Dominoes" is the name of a new round game that ought to be popular with lovers and students of music.

An Iron File-Handle.

An iron handle for files, which is claimed to be unbreakable, is now made in Manchester. These new handles are made of thin annealed iron. A short wooden plug is driven into the handle to serve as a bed for the file; and a hole at the butt allows the file and plug to be easily removed.

VERE THORNLEIGH'S INHERITANCE;

OR, "LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER."

By ARABELLA M. HOPKINSON, Author of "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," "Pardoned," &c.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

A LEGACY.

IT was all up with Mr. Tresidder; he had played his last card and failed, and now the whole story was out. Paul had returned from town, with copies of Mrs. Bradshaw's marriage, and her daughter Amy's baptismal registers; a vigorous search had been instituted at Thornleigh, resulting in the discovery of the pocket-book and papers behind the chest, and the relationship between Vere and Mrs. Bradshaw, being thereby indisputably established, had sunk into comparative insignificance before the fresh complication arising from the introduction of the name of Manceschi into the business.

That the heiress who they had all made up their minds was dead should not only be alive, but planted at their very gates in the guise of Mrs. Bradshaw, was a most disagreeable surprise to the Tresidder family.

The facts in her favour were so strong that there was no blinking them, and no sooner had Mabel heard Mrs. Bradshaw's maiden name than, with inconsiderate impetuosity, she jumped at the right conclusion.

"Manceschi!" she exclaimed. "Why, then, Mrs. Bradshaw must be our long-sought-for heiress. Her father's name was Manceschi, and in every respect she answers to the description of Amy Lemesurier's daughter. How in the world was it that she never saw our innumerable advertisements?"

After this speech, made in the presence of the whole family, Mr. Tresidder had no alternative but to prosecute the inquiry, with the view of discovering whether Mrs. Bradshaw were indeed the real Simon Pure or not, inasmuch as she herself seemed to be serenely unconscious of her claims. To this end Cosby, in his character as a barrister, was despatched to Thornleigh, whither she had withdrawn a few hours after Mr. Tresidder's unfortunate proposal, carrying her daughter with her.

He returned at the end of two hours, with a slow and lagging step, for the news he brought would, he knew, be anything but palatable at Torworthy. But it was of no use trying to put off the evil moment, for Mr. Tresidder was waiting for him at the entrance to the woods, with an eager face of expectation.

"Well?"

"Oh, she is the heiress, there is not a shadow of doubt about it. Her father was Camillo Manceschi; her mother, Amy Lemesurier. She had some difficulty in remembering this latter fact, for her memory was impaired by her illness in the hospital; and further, it seems that after her mother's death her name and that of her English relatives were never mentioned. At last, after considerable cogitation, she recollected that she had once heard that it was Lemesurier, and she showed me a remarkably old russia leather workbox, with the initials A. L. on it, that had belonged to her. All the little jewellery she inherited from her was sold during her husband's illness. She absolutely refuses, however, to press her claim, alleging that she has no evidence to prove it.

"Then, did she purposely ignore the advertisements?"

"No, she never saw them. It seems that, at the time they were coming out, she and Mrs. Meredyth were on the high seas, going on a voyage round the world, ordered by the doctors for Mrs. Meredyth after a severe nervous illness. They were absent more than a year, and when they returned to Europe the advertisements must have ceased. I think she is very much annoyed at the discovery, whereby she becomes the instrument to dispossess Hugh, and if it is left to her, things will go on just as they are now."

"That I could not hear of for one moment," returned Mr. Tresidder, with an air of tragic dignity that almost made his irreverent nephew laugh. "I have no wish to remain one day or hour longer in possession of anything that is not legally mine than is absolutely necessary. I therefore commission you, Cosby, to put the whole matter on a business footing, and I beg you will do so without delay;" and with that Mr. Tresidder put an end to the conversation by plunging deeper into the wood.

"He is a good old chap, after all," murmured Mr. Savile to himself, as he pursued his way to the house, "in spite of his tuft-hunting ways. Nevertheless, I cannot help suspecting that my little Mab is at the bottom of this lofty language, for although my worthy uncle does not know it, she is the one who trims the ship."

But whether it was Mab or her father with whom the idea originated, Cosby was duly commissioned to make all investigations, not only for Mr. Tresidder, but also for Mrs. Bradshaw, who sent for him again to consult him as to whether she might not renounce her rights entirely. Such a proceeding he could not sanction.

"Your claim is a substantial one," he said, "and you owe it to your daughter and her possible descendants to make it good."

"Well, Mr. Savile," she answered, "all I can say is that if you will prove it to be quite unfounded, Vere and I will be truly grateful to you. You do not know how it pains us to deprive our kindest friends of their inheritance."

Thus, with full powers from both sides, Cosby was only too pleased to undertake a business so entirely after his own heart. He started for London the next morning, assuring his uncle that he would return as soon as he could, but that he might have to go on to Italy. He left behind him sore hearts ; but the soreness was not altogether for Mrs. Bradshaw and her claims. Mabel bade him adieu with a smile and a joke ; but when he was gone, she retired to her room, where, after a quarter of an hour's meditation, she proceeded to unlock a drawer in her writing-table, and taking out of it two or three sheets of writing-paper, commenced tearing them to shreds.

"There, Cosby Savile !" she said, when she had completed her work of destruction ; "that is what I do with your productions : what I mean to do with everything connected with you. From this moment I will not give you a thought."

In spite of which resolution, she remained there looking at the little heap of paper—all that was left now of the verses Cosby had composed on Torworthy and its party—until a regretful smile stole into her face.

"They were wonderfully clever," she murmured, with a sigh. "I wonder if he kept a copy of them. I think he wanted to squeeze my hand this morning, when he said 'good-bye,' only I would not let him. I am very glad I did not. *Ay di me!* Men were deceivers ever !"

After which mournful sentiment, Miss Tresidder sat down to her table, and, taking pen and paper, commenced writing out from memory those very verses she had just been at such pains to destroy.

But if Mabel was out of humour, Paul was miserable. In one hour, with the discovery of the name of Manceschi, Vere, his queen, had slipped out of his grasp, leaving him to grapple with his overwhelming love for her. Now that she was beyond his reach, he knew how madly he loved her ; how she had become part and parcel of his being, how unbearable life would be without her. A few weeks ago she had been a comparatively insignificant person ; now she was the heiress of Torworthy and Thornleigh, the owner of an important estate. Could he, in honour, knowing her altered circumstances, come forward and ask her to become his wife? No ; the sooner he went back to Canada and tried to forget his brief madness, the better. For the present, however, he must wait on to hear the result of Cosby's researches, bearing the torture of knowing her to be near, and yet avoiding her presence as best he might. He did not know how anxiously his conduct was being scrutinised by one pair of eyes, sharpened by anxiety and love. Mrs. Bradshaw was ill again. The agitation arising from the discovery of her heiress-ship had thrown her back ; the delusive accession of strength and good looks had been, as Cosby had remarked, but a flash in the pan, and Mrs. Meredyth insisted that she should be kept perfectly quiet.

She was very willing to obey. She asked for nothing since she had Vere. To lie all day, and look at her child ; to drink in her beauty and grace, and revel in her affection for herself, was quite enough for her. At the same time, she felt that she must not expect to stand in the same confidential relationship to her as she would had Vere grown up from infancy under her care. She would hit upon depths of reserve in the girl, that she knew not even her finger might sound. Such there lay round Paul Tresidder's name. Vere never spoke of him ; did not seem to notice that, since she had come to Thornleigh, he had not once appeared there, and not even her mother guessed how she lay awake night after night, thinking bitterly how this unwished-for Torworthy estate had come between her and her happiness. They all put down his absence to the same cause, and Mrs. Bradshaw would heave a sigh when Mab would appear in the doorway solitary and alone, no Paul with her.

"Where is Paul?" asked Mrs. Meredyth one afternoon, when this state of things had been going on more than ten days, and Vere had begun to show her anxiety by her restlessness, and to develop dark marks under her eyes. "Tell him I am extremely offended with him. He has not been to see me for nearly a fortnight."

"Oh, Paul !" said Mab, with, for her, a new bitterness. "I suppose, like all men, he is fickle. I see very little of him. He gets up at some unearthly hour in the morning, and is out from sunrise to sunset. He talks of going back to Canada very soon."

"To Canada, so soon ! Why is that? I thought he meant to stay six months, if not a year, in England?" exclaimed Mrs. Bradshaw.

"And why should not he go back earlier, dear mother?" asked Vere, her face rather white. "It is his home, you know."

"Oh ! I don't know," said Mabel, answering Mrs. Bradshaw. "Don't ask me, pray, to account for a man's vagaries."

"Mab, come here," said Mrs. Meredyth ; and the girl obeyed. Mrs. Meredyth drew her face down to hers, and looked into her blue eyes.

"You are not yourself, my pet," she said. "Go and have a scramble on the rocks with Vere."

"Yes, Mab, do come," cried Vere ; "and let us go as high as we can. Darling mother, you won't mind my leaving you for a little while?"

"Certainly not, dear. I wish you would leave me more than you do. I always like you to be with Mab. Ah, Mab !" holding out her hand to the girl, "they say blood is thicker than water ; but how much rather I would that we might remain friends only, and never be proved to be cousins ! How it grieves me to think that a shadow has fallen between your family and Vere!"

Mabel looked astonished. "A shadow, Mrs. Bradshaw !" she exclaimed. "Oh !" she added, comprehending that her recent bitterness might have been put down to the Manceschi business, "I see what

you mean; but there is not the shadow of a shadow, I assure you. If I quarrel with Vere, it will only be because she is so much better at climbing than I am; but to-day I mean to perform wonders."

And climb they did: up and down the boulders, higher and higher; reaching after the blackberries, that, not half ripe yet, hung in clusters over the rocks and the water. They were both in a dare-devil humour, challenging one another to greater and greater feats of prowess, till they were suddenly sobered by Vere slipping and spraining her ankle.

"How very silly we have been!" cried Mabel in dismay. "Fortunately, we are close to Thornleigh. Is it badly sprained, do you think, Vere?"

"I don't know; I will see," and Vere struggled to her feet, only to sit down again immediately: the agony of standing was too great: whereupon, Miss Tresidder bethought herself of shouting for succour. Her cry for help went echoing up the valley amongst the rocks, and before long a masculine figure appeared in sight.

"Oh! it is Paul!" she cried, in a tone of relief. "He will be able to carry you single-handed, he is so strong. Paul," as he advanced quickly, "Vere has sprained her ankle, and cannot move!"

"How did she do that?"

Vere looked up. It was the same Paul that she had known—was it only a fortnight ago? it seemed months—looking down at her with those honest eyes of his; but grown older, thinner, graver.

"Let me see: what shall we do?" he said gently. "Will you let me carry you?"

"Of course you must," said Mabel impetuously; but here Vere interposed.

"Oh, no!" she cried, colouring crimson. "I could not think of troubling Mr. Tresidder. I will hobble home somehow."

Mab gave one quick bird-like glance from Paul to Vere.

"You will do no such thing," she said, with decision. "Do you want to make yourself worse, and worry your mother?" she added. "Come, Paul, don't waste time."

Paul approached. "I am afraid you will have to put up with me as your bearer," he said. "I will carry you as easily as I can, and we shall be there very quickly."

The allusion to her mother had conquered Vere. In silence, she allowed herself to be lifted up; and in another minute Paul was picking his way through the maze of boulders, with his precious burden in his arms, Mab following behind, with the light dancing in her eyes.

"Serves you well right, Master Paul," she was murmuring inwardly. "I wish you had to carry Vere ten miles, to pay you out for your caprice. She can't be very light; she has too fine a physique to be one of your sugar-plum weights. I do hope your arms are aching finely. Poor old Paul!" she continued; "how unkind I am to you! yet, not so unkind as you are to yourself, or to Vere. That is the worst of men: they only look at their own point of a question, leaving us poor women out of their considerations altogether."

Whether Vere proved a sugar-plum weight or not, Paul strode on manfully with her. For twelve long days he had been fasting from the sight of her, and now, here he was, in close proximity to her who was to him all the world. Could he help it that his voice was tender, that his eyes rested continuously on her features, and that, for the time, he was flinging all his resolutions to the winds?

"I am afraid you are very tired, Mr. Tresidder?"—where was the old confidential "Mr. Paul?"—the lovely voice, but cold as an icicle, broke in on his meditations.

"No," he answered, "I am not in the least tired; but I am afraid you are in great pain."

Pain! Yes, she was in pain; but not from any physical cause. The sprained ankle was forgotten, swallowed up in the humiliation of being carried by this man, who had thrown her aside like an old glove because she had involuntarily come between his brother and an estate. All the hot Italian blood in her was at boiling pitch; and the frown on her face that Paul took for an indication of suffering, was only the outward expression of the storm raging within. "For your sake, mother," she kept on repeating to herself. "If it had not been for you, I would have died rather than let him touch me."

"No, I am not in pain; thank you. Here we are," she added, in a tone of unmistakable relief, as the house dawned into sight. "Now for the best plan to spare mother. Ah!" as Mab sped past them up the path, "she is going to find Mrs. Meredyth."

But Mrs. Meredyth had seen them from the window and had already opened the hall door.

"What is it, Mab?" she asked. "Don't speak loudly, for fear Amy should hear. She knows nothing about it."

"Vere has sprained her ankle—that is all," she answered. "Had not Paul better carry her into the dining-room?"

"Yes; I can attend to her there. I am glad it is nothing worse to worry her mother. You foolish child!"—turning to Vere—"how did you come to hurt yourself?"

But Vere was too mortified for speech. It was with difficulty that she could control herself sufficiently to allow Paul to place her gently in an arm-chair, whilst Mrs. Meredyth and Mabel busied themselves with remedies. But he was not going to try her long with his presence.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Meredyth," he said, when he had done all he could. Then casting one long look at Vere, "I had better make myself scarce," he added; "I am only in your way here."

Mrs. Meredyth turned to him quickly.

Why, what had he been doing, that he should look like the shadow of his former self? What did those new lines in his forehead mean?

"You do not think I am going to let you run away, Paul, do you," she said, "after not seeing you for a fortnight? You do not seem to be at all aware that I

am extremely offended with you. You have not been near me for I do not know how long ; and although Mrs. Bradshaw has been very ill again, you have not been once to inquire for her."

"Indeed, I have inquired for her every day from Mab."

"Don't spare him, Mrs. Meredyth," cried the latter. "His conduct has been simply abominable."

"England is a free country," interposed Vere—her face very white and stern. "Why should Mr. Tresidder come to Thornleigh if he prefers to stay away?"

Paul gave a kind of gasp. Truly, this was the unkindest cut of all ; but he managed to control himself, and held his peace.

"Now, Paul," continued Mrs. Meredyth, smiling, "I see you have not a word to say for yourself, so I must pardon you. But you are not to depart. I shall take you in to see Mrs. Bradshaw, to whom you can make your apologies, and at the same time keep her amused, whilst I attend to Vere ;" and so saying, she led the way across the hall, and opened the sitting-room door.

"I have brought you a visitor, Amy," she said; "one who has been such a stranger lately, that I hope you will recognise him. You must entertain him for a few minutes, for I am busy just now ;" and closing the door behind her, Mrs. Meredyth left the two alone together.

"I am very glad to see you again, Mr. Tresidder," said Mrs. Bradshaw, in her sweet, weak voice ; and Paul roused himself from the contemplation of the terrible change this last attack had wrought in the invalid, to approach the sofa and take her proffered hand.

"I began to fear that you were offended with us," she added, looking into his face, and noting his altered appearance.

"Offended, Mrs. Bradshaw?"

"Yes, because of this wretched business that has come between us, and which seems to be estranging our dearest, kindest friends."

He had never thought that they would regard it in that light. He had fancied that they would understand.

"What could have put such an idea into your head?" he asked.

She smiled. "The fact that for nearly a fortnight you have not been to Thornleigh, whereas, when we first arrived, you came to see us almost daily."

A look of pain flashed across his face. "I never thought you would regard it from that point of view," he said, in a low, troubled voice. "Do you really think I am such a—well, I hardly know how to put it—such a cur as to be offended because you are Lord Bellair's rightful heiress? Have you formed such a low opinion of me as that?"

"No, indeed," she answered. "I have formed the highest opinion of you, and it was on that very account that I was the more grieved at your marked avoidance of me and of—my daughter, ever since this unlucky discovery has been made."

She looked him straight in the face as she spoke, and he coloured under her gaze.

"Mr. Tresidder," she continued, "I think you must know how perfectly unwelcome this estate is to me and to Vere, and how much we wish that things might stay as they are, with Hugh in possession. This, however, Mr. Savile says is quite out of the question, and therefore it only remains for us to try and devise some other means by which it may be restored to your family."

"I know it," he answered. "I judge less harshly of you than you do of me ; and I guessed from the first that the discovery of your claim would give you more pain than pleasure."

"Thank you," she said ; "thank you very much. I am glad you understand that. As far as I individually am concerned," she continued, "nothing will trouble me much longer in this world. I am, as I think you know, a dying woman, and dying people are allowed liberties. Paul, I am going to take a liberty. Will you tell me—if it was not on account of a very natural soreness of feeling—the honest truth as to why you have avoided Thornleigh during this past fortnight?"

She looked at him again with her soft, sunken eyes, and he resisted the strong temptation within him to get up and stride about the room instead of answering her, as he did very gently.

"Cannot you guess why?"

"Yes," she said ; "I think I can. Answer me truly : is it not the old case of a conflict between pride and inclination?"

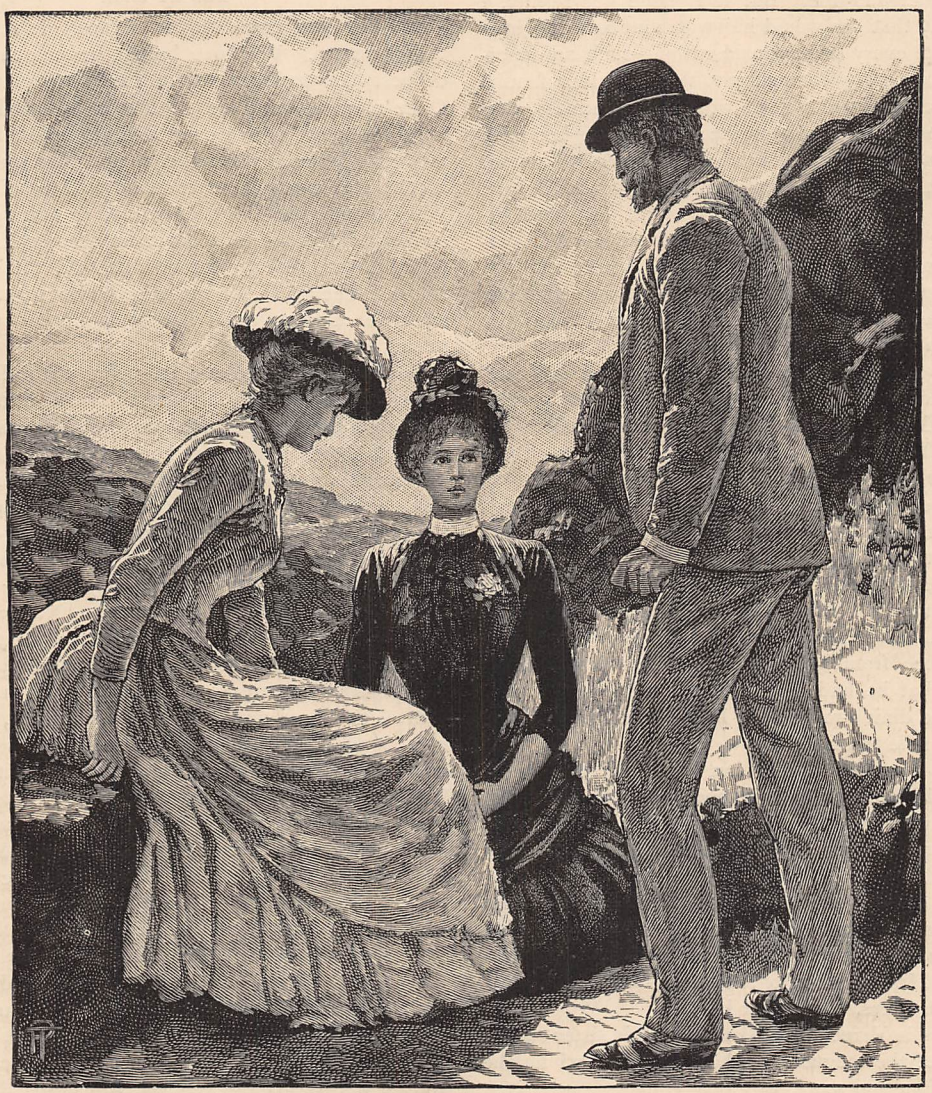
He nodded his head slightly. "Not pride," he said—"honour."

"Call it what you will," she answered ; "there it is. Now, Paul, I am going to speak out, and tell you candidly that it has been a dream of mine—I may say a dying dream—for many weeks past, to leave my child in your safe hands. I have watched you and her together—you do not know how intently—for some time, and there was that in your look and manner towards her that convinced me that you cared for her—ay, more than cared for her. I may have been wrong, but the conviction gave me unspeakable peace, for it removed the last link that bound me to earth—the anxiety for my darling's future. I have seen enough of the world to know that happy marriages are rather the exception than the rule ; and it was with intense satisfaction that I contemplated the probability of Vere's becoming the wife of a man I held in high esteem as a good and honourable gentleman : one, indeed, on whose nice feeling I can so entirely rely as to speak to him as I am doing now. Was my dream a foolish one? my conviction untrue? If so, add yet this to the many kindnesses you have shown me : forgive and forget what I have just said."

She held out her hand to him, but he did not see it ; his head was bowed low. When he lifted it again, it was ashy white ; all the colour had died out of it, even to his lips.

"Oh, Mrs. Bradshaw!" he said, "if you knew how I love her!"

The intense concentrated passion startled Mrs. Bradshaw. She had guessed that he loved her daughter; in fact, she was sure of it, or she never would have spoken; but she was not prepared for the very thankful that I have had the opportunity of doing so," she continued; "or else, loving Vere, as you say you do, you would nevertheless, in all probability, have returned to Canada, after your months of intimate



"'WHAT SHALL WE DO?' HE SAID GENTLY" (*p.* 451).

white heat of devotion that shone out of every feature of his countenance.

"Do you think it has been easy for me to keep away?" he began again; but she laid her hand on his arm, and he stopped. "Forgive me," he said; "I will control myself."

"I will forgive you anything," she said, "now you have told me the truth, of which, I must inform you, I was perfectly certain, or *my* pride would never have consented to my speaking to you on the subject. I am friendship, without speaking to her; because, through no fault of her own, she has become the unwilling heiress to an estate that, at this moment, belongs to your brother."

"I have nothing to offer her," he answered. "My father is a poor man; my mother had no fortune to speak of. I do not say that I may not be my uncle's heir: he has often implied that I shall be; but he has never, that I know of, set it down in black and white, or even said so in so many words. He is only sixty;

he may marry again, and have children. Could I, in honour, go to your daughter with nothing in my hand, and ask her to share her thousands with me? What would she think of me, were I to do such a thing?"

"I cannot say what she would think, for your name, except in the most casual manner, has never passed between her and me. But if I judge her rightly, I should say that she would hail with unmixed delight—apart from every other consideration—such an opportunity of restoring Torworthy to the Tresidder family, who have shown her such wonderful kindness, and who have been the indirect means of giving her back to her mother. I understand your feelings; I honour and respect them; and on that very account I have spoken. Surely, my words have swept away the barrier, have they not? When I ask it of you as a personal favour, as the last, the only wish I have left——"

She stopped exhausted, turning, if it were possible, more deadly white than she was before, just as the door opened, and Mrs. Meredyth came in.

"I have brought you your little meal, Amy dear," she said, as she approached the sofa, and put a wine-glass to Mrs. Bradshaw's lips; "and not before you want it. You look terribly exhausted. I have left you too long alone."

"No," she said, as she obediently drained the glass. "Mr. Tresidder and I have found a great deal to say to each other."

"I dare say you have; but so much talking is very tiring. But now I am going to send him away—out of this room, at any rate; for you must rest."

Paul rose from his chair. He looked a different man to what he had a quarter of an hour ago, when he left the dining-room; the light had returned to his eye, the smile to his lip.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Bradshaw," he said, taking her hand, and holding it for a second. "To the end of my days I shall be grateful to you," he whispered. "You will never know what you have done for me;" then aloud, "I am afraid I have tired you terribly."

For all answer, she gave him such a smile of perfect contentment, as sent him out of the room wondering what he had done to be esteemed worthy of so much honour. He looked into the dining-room; but only Mabel was there, waiting for him.

"Where is Vere?" he asked; and his sister smiled at a slip of the tongue that she had not heard for the last fortnight and more.

"She is lying down in Mrs. Gleen's sitting-room," she answered, "as there is no sofa here. Mrs. Meredyth has strapped up her ankle, too beautifully; and, what is very nice, says that after to-morrow she may walk about. I hope Mrs. Bradshaw did not find out what has happened?"

"No; she evidently imagined you were both still out. Now, shall we go home? We have not had a walk together for ages."

Mab looked up at him with one of her quick, comprehensive glances.

"Something has occurred," she thought to herself. "He is quite another Paul to what he was half an hour ago. I wonder what it can be! Was it that speech of Vere's? or perhaps something Mrs. Bradshaw has said? Whatever the cause, however, I believe he has come to his senses."

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

WON AT LAST.

YES, Paul had come to his senses. It was a very willing return. With one bound, he passed from the deepest despondency to the most exuberant spirits. Once more, to him, the world was beautiful, the sky blue, the trees green; once more he could laugh and talk with Mabel, as together they panted up the steep ascent, and every boulder spoke to him of his love. What though she had been unkind to him to-day, and spoken to him as to the veriest stranger? he could afford to smile over it, for now he held the key to the riddle. They had all misjudged him together, and, when he came to think it over, it was a very natural misunderstanding to arise.

But misunderstandings, the more natural they are, are often, on that very account, the hardest to clear up; and so he found. Day after day, at all hours, he went down to Thornleigh, in the hope of finding Vere alone, and speaking to her; but in vain. Making her sprained ankle an excuse, the girl was not to be beguiled from the position in which she entrenched herself—an arm-chair by the side of her mother's sofa, where she received him with a distant courtesy, as if he had been an acquaintance of the day before. Never once did the old "Mr. Paul" fall unadvisedly from her lips. It was always Mr. Tresidder; and Mrs. Bradshaw, looking on with anxious eyes, could not but admire the self-control that was never off its guard. But, although instinct told her that Vere returned Paul's affection, and that she was wilfully, for a time, sacrificing her happiness to her wounded pride, she dared say no word. Loving and devoted as the girl was to her, she knew that on this subject she must not seek to penetrate the fence her daughter had silently erected round it, but must trust to time and to Paul to set straight what was crooked. So things had been going on for more than a week, and Paul was no nearer his point than he had been when Mrs. Bradshaw spoke to him. At his earnest request, Mr. Tresidder paid formal visits to the farm; Mabel and Hugh came and went as usual; the threatening of a breach between the two houses was completely averted; still Vere continued in her lofty mood, charming to Mab, Hugh, her guardian, to all but Paul; whilst day by day her eyes seemed to grow larger, encircled with those tell-tale dark rings that spoke of sleepless nights.

But if Vere did not sleep, no more did Paul. Morning after morning he would be up at day-break, and at Thornleigh, before even the farm-labourers were astir, irresistibly attracted by his magnet, gazing up at her window, exhausting the vocabulary for expressions of his devotion, and finally stealing away when the household began to stir, to repeat the same thing the next day.

But one morning he was later than usual, and that purposely. Unable to find Vere alone in the usual

day-time hours, he was resolved to seek her at a time when she did not expect to see him. She was an early riser, he knew, taking long stretches over the meadows before breakfast; but just now, when her ankle would put a stop to any long excursions, her perambulations would probably be confined to a turn round the garden or a look in on the farmyard; he would await her by the gate that led from the one to the other, where, under cover of a shed, he might remain unobserved. It was a glorious morning. The dew lay in large diamonds on every blade of grass; the Purl was brawling merrily in the distance, whilst, close at hand, on the old house, the tropæolum was flaming in the sunshine, mingling its scarlet blossoms with the glossy leaves of the magnolia, that was hiding great swelling buds. Mingled with the sounds of the farmyard came Mrs. Gleen's voice from time to time, as she clattered about the inner court-yard, from whence Paul could hear, although he could not see her. Suddenly, as he stood there waiting, he became aware of a fresh sound rising and falling on the summer air. He listened; yes, there it was again: the stifled, but unmistakable, sobbing of some one in distress, proceeding from the chestnut-tree on the lawn, whose spreading branches formed a complete tent. One of the Gleen children in trouble, no doubt. Paul never could resist an unhappy child. In one minute he had crossed the lawn, and, lifting the boughs of the chestnut-tree, stood in its shade. A rustic seat that he himself had made encircled its mighty stem. But it was no naughty child he found here. With her head buried in her hands, Vere, for whom he had been watching, was kneeling up against the rough woodwork, her whole frame heaving with hard long sobs, her attitude expressive of the deepest grief. In an instant he had put his arm round her waist, and drawn her towards him.

"What is it, my own love?" he asked, in a voice trembling with tenderness. "Tell me, darling."

She raised her head with a jerk, looking at him with perturbed, tear-filled eyes; then she sprang to her feet, and blushing crimson, pushed him away. "Go, go," she said; "I must be alone."

But he did not go; he remained where he was, confronting her, as she stood there, until her arm fell to her side, and her eyes sank before his. Advancing a step nearer, he took her hand, and drawing her closer and closer to himself, laid her unresisting head upon his breast.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "don't you know how I love you?"

If she had not guessed it before, she knew it now, as, raising her head, and looking for one second into his face, she read there the expression of such passionate over-mastering love, as made her perceive that further resistance was useless. Blushing again a richer crimson, she sought to release herself; whilst, at the same time, another uncontrollable sob escaped her.

It was more than he could bear. "My darling!" he exclaimed, "you are in great trouble. Let me share it with you now, as I ask you to let me share everything, joy or sorrow, with you in future. Tell me what it is, love."

"Oh, Paul!" she cried, unable any longer to hold out; "Oh, Paul! you know what it is. Tell me it is not true; tell me she will live!"

She did not know that, in her excitement, she was clinging closer to him, that she had clasped her hands round his arm, and was lifting her eyes to his in an agony of entreaty, as though he held life and death in his hand. He was silent for a moment. What could he say that would not give her pain?

"You do not answer me," she cried. "You will not give me this comfort."

"My darling, I would if I could. I would give my right hand to spare you sorrow. But I cannot ward it off you. I can only lighten it by making it my sorrow, too. How did you learn the truth, dearest?"

"She was very ill last night, and we sent off to Dr. Coomb—he arrived about eleven, and is here still. I heard what he said to Mrs. Meredyth this morning."

She brought it out in jerky sentences, looking straight in front of her, and trying hard to control herself, as she nestled yet a tiny bit closer to him.

"My poor love!"

"Oh, Paul! Paul! it is so hard. How can I spare her? To find her, only to lose her again! Oh, it does seem cruel!"

"Yes, sweetheart, it does seem very, very hard. Will you let me comfort you, Vere; and in comforting you, give her pleasure too? It is her great wish that some day you and I should be man and wife."

"Her wish? Oh, Paul! there is nothing in the world I would not do to give her happiness."

"And would that be your only reason for doing this thing? Look at me, love, and listen to me. This is hardly a time to speak of it to you, and yet I cannot help myself. Don't you know, have not you guessed, how I love you? how madly I love you? And do you not feel a little of the same for me?"

"I thought you had given me up, because of mother being the heiress. But we do not want Torworthy," passionately. "We both hate the idea of it; and all we wish and pray is that Mr. Savile may find out that he has been mistaken, and that we have nothing to do with the place. I thought," softly, "that you would understand that."

"It has been a case of cross-purposes all through. I, too, thought you would understand my motives, and how impossible it was for me, a poor man, to come to you, heiress of Thornleigh and Torworthy, and ask you to give me all, whilst I offered you nothing, or at least very little."

"Nothing! Why, you give me yourself!"

"And is that enough for you, darling?"

"More than enough," she whispered, crimsoning all over, as she felt herself gathered into his strong arms and his kiss upon her forehead.

* * * * * *

It was very late in the afternoon before Paul returned to Torworthy. No one there had missed him, for they had had an excitement of their own, in the shape of Cosby Savile's unexpected appearance on the scene. He had arrived, so Mabel told her brother, with his legal face on, and was now closeted with the pater.

There was no doubt as to his tidings, and she, for her part, was thankful; for anything was better than suspense.

There was a nervous excitement about his sister as she poured forth this information, which, in his pre-

"Excitement!" repeated Mab absently. "I am afraid I was not listening to you very attentively; but what excitement has she had?" Then, glancing up into his face, and reading there a new expression, "Oh, Paul! dear old man! Have you and Vere

"FOR ONCE IN HER LIFE, WORDS FAILED HER" (*p.* 458).

occupation, Paul failed to notice. She hardly seemed aware that he had been out all day, and when he told her how ill Mrs. Bradshaw was, she did not at first take it in. Then she became full of compunction and sympathy, wanting to run down immediately to Thornleigh, and see if she could not be of use. This, however, he peremptorily forbade, saying that Mrs. Bradshaw had had quite excitement enough for that day, and that there was more to come with Cosby's arrival.

come to your senses at last? I am glad—so very, very glad!"

"You will love her as a sister, Mab? Poor darling! she is in great trouble. She knows the truth about her mother."

"Love her as a sister! Why, I do that already. So she knows, does she? She must have guessed sooner or later; and now she has you to comfort her. Candidly, Paul, I would rather it had been Hughie, for that would have made everything straight; but, of

course, he is much too young, and there is no doubt as to who will make Vere the best husband. Poor Hughie! my poor, dear, dear boy!"

"Don't you trouble yourself about Hugh, Mab. He shall not be such a great sufferer by this change in his fortunes. Without seeming hard, too, it will be very much better for him to have to make his way in the world."

"I know that; I know it quite well: and it is just because I feel all that, that I am so sorry for him. If he were like you, now, I should not mind a bit."

"And now I shall seem to usurp his place. It appears that we are none of us contented, for I would infinitely rather Vere had nothing, sooner than Torworthy."

"I must go and see Vere, Paul."

"No, you must not. I absolutely forbid it. All this is a secret until I have seen my father and spoken to him."

"Here come pater and Cosby. Good gracious! how frightfully grave they look!"

The two men had just stepped out on to the terrace from Mr. Tresidder's sanctum, looking, in truth, serious enough; and there was a tinge of bitterness in the expression of his father's countenance that Paul was sorry to see.

"Cosby has done his business most admirably," he said satirically, as he approached his son. "He has collected a perfect mountain of documentary evidence to prove that my poor boy has no title whatever to this place. Mabel"—sharply—"see that our things are packed up at once. I shall leave this immediately."

Cosby Savile often wished that he had not so keen a sense of the ludicrous, and he never wished it more sincerely than at this moment. There was something to him so irresistibly comic in poor Mr. Tresidder's "discrowned king" utterances, that he had the greatest difficulty in keeping his facial muscles in order, and in maintaining that air of sympathetic gravity that he felt in truth. He turned aside to hide the quiver in the corners of his mouth, leaving Paul and Mabel to answer.

"My dear father," said the former, "of course you can leave this, if you choose, this evening; but it would be exceedingly inconvenient to you, and it would hurt Mrs. Bradshaw and Vere beyond anything. May I come and have a talk with you?"

"Talk!" cried Mr. Tresidder; "talk! Has not Cosby been talking to me without stopping for a whole hour and a half——?"

"From five to six precisely," put in Cosby quietly, as he looked at his watch.

"And to what good? Don't I know the whole story by heart? Hurt Mrs. Bradshaw, indeed!—Don't you think she knew it all along? and that is why she planted herself at our gates."

Paul changed colour a little. "Stop!" he said, almost authoritatively. Then, reflecting that his father did not in the least mean what he said, he changed his tone. "It is most annoying and worrying for you," he continued, "and I will not mention the subject to you again. My talk is to be on quite a different matter."

"Annoying for me!" exclaimed Mr. Tresidder, tragically; "worrying for me! Am I thinking of myself? Do I care one straw about myself? It is my poor boy who is to be pitied, who is the entire loser."

At this moment the "poor boy" came slouching round the corner, whistling, with his hands in his pockets. Seeing all the perturbed contenances, he came to an anchor.

"Hullo! what is the row?" he asked, more forcibly than elegantly. "Oh, I see; I forgot Paul did not know."

"I am so sorry for you, Hugh," said his brother, "none the less that Cosby's news was a foregone conclusion."

"I believe, as every one tells me so, I ought to be sorry for myself, but I don't think I am. Vere will make no end of a good mistress of this place, and like it, which is more than I ever should. It was all very well at first, but I would not live here for the world; I would as soon be buried alive."

"No," cried his father irascibly, "you would never do anything you were wanted to. If you had behaved with the most ordinary common sense, you might have stayed here. Now you will have to look out for yourself, for I have no money for a University education, and all those extravagant friends of yours at Oxford."

Hugh blew a cloud of smoke out of his mouth, and watched it curling in the air.

"The governor," he said, turning to Paul, "would have liked me to marry Vere. Oh, yes, I knew it; I saw through the whole thing all along. Fancy me with a wife! I look like a marrying man, don't I?"

Paul glanced at the smooth, boyish face, at the narrow golden streak above the upper lip, and then he burst out laughing. Hugh joined him, and by degrees Mr. Tresidder's muscles also relaxed, although he said, somewhat savagely—

"*Qui rit bien, rit le dernier.* It will be no laughing matter to Master Hugh when he finds himself with no profession, and no money."

"We must see about all that," said Paul. "Perhaps, if you will allow me that conversation I have asked for, you will find that matters are not quite so gloomy as they appear to be."

"Hullo!" said Hugh; but Paul did not heed him. Taking his father's arm, he carried him off into the house, leaving his brother, looking very wise, standing on the terrace.

Meanwhile, Mabel had done an unusual thing for her. She had run away from the angry passions that, alas! money is always rousing. Down the steep slope she ran, wounded, hurt, annoyed at the way her father had spoken of Cosby and Mrs. Bradshaw; her heart in a flutter, her head in a whirl. At last, out of breath, she threw herself on a clump of fresh green moss, and pressing her head against a silvery birch, burst into a tempest of tears.

"My poor boy! my darling Hughie! What will

he do?" she sobbed, hardly knowing what she was saying.

She had been in a state of excitement ever since Cosby's arrival, and her father's bitter speeches had put the finishing touch to it. Down here she was safe from observation, and when she was rested a little, she would go on and see Vere, in spite of Paul's prohibitions. Poor, poor Vere! and yet lucky Vere! Paul was so strong, so true; and somehow, as she thought of Vere's good fortune, the tears that had ceased began coursing afresh down her cheeks.

"So you have run away from the family hurricane?"

Mabel bounded from her seat as if a pistol had been shot off at her ear. Turning round hastily, she faced Cosby Savile, with her hat off, her fringe all in disorder, and a tell-tale dewdrop on each cheek.

Cosby looked at her with surprise, and then an expression so gentle, so soft, came into his face, that she edged away from him as he seated himself by her side.

"I, too, have run away," he said, without apparently noticing her tears, "for it seems I am in terrible disgrace."

"Oh, Cosby! I am so very sorry that pater should have spoken like that. You will forgive him, won't you? He is so upset, and, of course, we should not be human if we did not feel for Hugh."

"And so you ran down here to cry about it."

"It is no matter to you what I cry about. You ought not to have come after me."

"Are you quite sure that it is no matter to me?"

"Certainly not. What can it signify to *you*"—a slight emphasis on the pronoun—"what I do? Of course I am miserable about Hughie. I don't believe you feel for him one bit."

"I was always remarkable for candour, and so I will frankly confess that I am ten times more sorry for your father and for you than I am for Hugh."

"For me! Sorry for me? Why?"

"Because you are a good little girl, and have taken the command of your family on your youthful shoulders very bravely and courageously."

Try as she would, Mab could not prevent a tiny smile from breaking out in her eyes.

"Dear me, Cos! you are growing quite complimentary," she said.

"I always recognise merit when I see it. And so you were crying over Hugh? It does seem a waste of tears, does it not? If you were to go into his room, collect his cigars, pipes, and French novels, and make a bonfire of them, I almost think it would be wiser than shedding tears."

"You smoke yourself."

"In extreme moderation—yes. But I have reached the ripe age of thirty-two, whereas Hugh is eighteen or nineteen, and in the matters of smoking and French novels is not moderate."

"Oh, Cosby!"—throwing aside her defiant air—"are you dissatisfied with Hugh?"

"It is no matter to me, Mabel—to quote your own words."

"Oh, yes, yes, it is! I did not mean that, Cosby, indeed I did not. You know how dearly I love Hughie. What can I do for him?"

Cosby smiled. "My child," he said gently, "depend upon it, this loss of Torworthy is the best thing that could happen for Hugh. He *must* work now. He is not a bad boy, Mab; he is a very nice boy, but he belongs to the family of invertebrates. He wants backbone. If he had half your courage, your spirits, your energy, and resource, he would do very well. As it is, he is at an age when boys are troublesome; he has rather outgrown his strength, and trades upon it. Now he can do that no longer. He has had the ground cut from under his feet, and he must learn to look to himself. He will always find a friend in me, and I know Paul will be another."

"Oh, Cosby, how kind you are!"

Mr. Savile bent forward and looked into her eyes.

"Were you glad to see me to-day, Mab? Tell me."

Try as she would to keep up the old banter, it would not come. For once in her life, words failed her. Instead of answering her cousin, she pretended to be immensely interested in a scarlet fungus that she had opportunely discovered.

"Look, Cosby," she cried at last, "is it not an exquisite colour? Shall we hunt for some more, and take them home, and arrange them somehow on the dinner-table?"—and up she jumped from her mossy seat.

"I am going to stay here," answered Cosby, quite serenely. "Ta ta, Mab; I hope you will find a perfect regalia of scarlet fungi."

"But I did not say I was going without you, did I?"

"No; but I inferred that your heart at this moment was set on poisonous toadstools, with or without me."

"Then I shall stay here."

"Ah! I thought you would not leave me."

"How hateful you are, Cosby!"

"Am I? Do you know you are telling an untruth? You do not think me hateful at all."

"Don't I, though! I think you perfectly—ah! how I wish I could find an adjective strong enough to express my feelings."

"Shall I supply one? Suppose you say perfectly delightful?"

He looked into her face as he said it, and burst out laughing.

"I think you and I can never be serious," he said. "At the most serious moments of our lives we laugh—" for Mabel had joined him, and was laughing almost as though she could not help herself. Peal upon peal, it echoed through the woods, until the tears ran down her cheeks, and she tried in vain to stop herself. Cosby had resumed his gravity.

"Mabel, darling, leave off," he said, taking her hand. "We have been playing with each other too long;" and before she could remonstrate, his arm was round her waist, and he was drawing her to himself. "Stop, dearest," he said; and the words had a magical effect, for the last half-sob died away, and with wide-open, bewildered eyes, she was looking at him.

"I do believe I was a tiny bit hysterical, Cos," she said. "I beg your pardon a thousand times. I am so ashamed of myself! I have never been so before in my life, I assure you I have not."

"I quite believe you. You do not give me the idea of an hysterical person. No, don't move; stay where you are. Are you comfortable?"

She shut her eyes for a minute, and drew a deep breath of contentment. Then she looked up into his face, then down again, blushing and confused.

Cosby bent down over her and kissed her.

"Dear, dear little girl," he said; "how very much I love you!"

"Do you, Cos? do you really?"

"Of course I do. I have loved you for months; but I was not sure of you."

"Oh, Cos!"

"Why should I be? I had an idea that you, being like little Jane, as 'good as gold,' were destined, like her, to terminate your single existence with a 'first-class earl,' and nothing short of a four-in-hand."

"What nonsense!"

"Yes, it was nonsense, I know. At any rate, I took it into my head that you only liked me as you do your other pets—and you know what a *ménagerie* you keep of them—until time, my good sense, and the very tremendous pains you took to quarrel with me, assured me to the contrary."

"We must never quarrel in future, Cos." Such a meek little voice, whilst one small hand stole timidly into his.

"Never. I mean it in all seriousness. Not even in the height of our animal spirits—of which, thank God, we have an abundant share—must we squabble. I have, unfortunately, seen a good deal of matrimonial troubles; and early in life—it was priggish, I own, for I was only two-and-twenty—I resolved never to marry a woman whom I had not known in her home and out of it, in sunshine and rain, in south winds and east winds: in fact, that with me, as far as I myself could prevent it, matrimony should not be the lottery it is always represented to be. Mab, I have watched you for a year and more; I have seen you under all conditions; and I know that if you do not make me happy it will be wholly my own fault, for you, little sweetheart, are 'far above rubies.'"

"You think much too highly of me. It frightens me, for I feel as though you were deceived in me. Indeed, I am brimful of faults."

"Are you, love? Then you have concealed them very successfully. We are none of us perfect; but you have your eyes set in the right direction, and you will help to make me a better man than I am now." Then laying aside his serious tone: "It strikes me," he said, "now I come to think of it, that you have not yet assured me with your own lips that you reciprocate my affection, as novelists would say. Say: 'Cosby, I adore you.'"

"No; nothing on earth will induce me to say that."

"You will have to obey me for the rest of your life: you had better begin at once. You will find it quite easy to repeat."

"Don't tease, Cos dear."

"No, she should not be teased, the darling. She shall only whisper quite, quite low: 'Dear old Cos, I love you.'"

She put up her pretty face close to his ear, and at the end he caught her in his arms.

"I wonder what I have done to deserve you, Mab," he said, as he held her to him, and kissed her. "I tell you what my first act of authority will be: I shall take you to Thornleigh, and ask for some sal-volatile. No more hysterics after that."

Mab smiled a sweet, delicious smile. "I would rather stay here," she said. "We had better not go to Thornleigh to-day. Mrs. Bradshaw is very ill again; and besides——"

"Besides what?"

"Ask Paul," she answered.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

VERE'S WEDDING-DAY.

MR. TRESIDDER was gradually resuming his normal frame of mind. Things were black, he told himself, but they might have been blacker. Paul's engagement to Vere had greatly lifted the prevailing gloom, and the loss of Torworthy, however mortifying, was, as far as personal liking went, a distinct relief to him. Added to which, Mrs. Bradshaw had written to him the nicest of letters, expressing her and Vere's unfeigned regret at the result of Mr. Savile's investigations, and trusting that the marriage of his son and her daughter might effectually smooth all rough places.

With all his petty foibles and follies, Mr. Tresidder was a gentleman; nor was he to be outdone in generosity by the woman whom he had so lately asked to be his wife. Moreover, he was not quite the same man he had been some months ago. That flash of mental illumination that had taken place in the cellar at Thornleigh had left its mark. He had seen himself in his true colours: had recognised and trembled at the precipice on whose brink he had stood; and never again, however successfully he might deceive himself, would he be, in his own estimation, the same Lewis Tresidder as he was before he laid hands on a certain shagreen pocket-book, and concealed it for his own purposes.

For every reason he desired to be friendly with his future daughter-in-law's mother, and he lost no time in answering her note by a personal visit, in which, although he was only permitted to see her for a few seconds, he made so many pretty speeches, and welcomed Vere with such sincere fatherly affection, that the slightly strained relation between the two families was at once restored to more than its former friendliness.

Mabel's engagement, however, was quite another thing to Paul's, and distinctly to be regarded in the light of a grievance. But this Mr. Savile would not hear of for a moment. What grievance could there be in Mabel marrying the man she cared for, and who could afford to maintain her? Why, none whatever; for although they would not be rich, still, he was every

day getting on in his profession, was not devoid of private means, and would always be proud and delighted to welcome his father-in-law as a guest, and would undertake to make him so comfortable that he would not be in a hurry to exchange his quarters, even for those of his more richly endowed daughter-in-law.

It was difficult to resist his and Mabel's united flow of eloquence, and so alluring did their prospects seem, when expounded by themselves, that by degrees, aided by his genuine affection for his nephew, he began to look on his daughter's marriage as almost as brilliant as his eldest son's, although less romantic.

Thus, with the turn of the tide, the only person who had really been left stranded was the luckless Hugh, who found himself, however, a person of almost greater importance than he had ever been before in his life, in that the united wits of the family were just now turned upon his future. Every one was sorry for him, every one petted him, every one gave him good advice, all of which he declined with thanks, announcing one day, in his lazy fashion, that he had quite made up his mind what he would do—he was going into the Foreign Office. A few sarcasms from Cosby on the subject of competitive examinations succeeded in stinging him to the somewhat blatant assertion that there were few men who could compete with him in their intimate knowledge of French and German, until gradually, headed by Paul, they all came to the conclusion that he was right, and that if he could pass into it, the Foreign Office was the place for him. Finally, it was settled that he was to finish his Oxford career, and then set to work to study for diplomacy.

And meanwhile, at Thornleigh, Mrs. Bradshaw's sun was setting fast. An eminent London physician had been sent for, and had pronounced that he could do nothing for her; the end must come very soon now. Nearly every day Mr. Birch, lured from his shy seclusion and dread of strangers by Mrs. Meredyth and Paul, would walk down to the farm to visit her, if only for a few moments, or longer, according to how she felt, returning to his lonely vicarage the better for the sight of that sweet, patient endurance of suffering—that softly radiant sunset of a storm-tossed life.

All day long she lay on the sofa, growing hourly weaker and more wasted, feasting her eyes on Vere and Paul, with such a look of peace on her worn features as only deep contentment could bring. There was no murmur, not even in the most secret recesses of her heart, that she should be called to leave her child just as she had found her. The searching for her had been her life's work, her duty as a mother; now it was accomplished, and with its accomplishment the "silver cord was loosed, the weary spirit was returning to its God."

In perfect resignation she could sing her "Nunc Dimittis," content to know that through all these torturing years of doubt and suspense her lost baby had been growing up, shielded at any rate from sin and sorrow in its crueller forms, and that in the future, as far as human care and love could make her so, she would be safe. She had but one wish left for her, and that she whispered to Paul as he sat by her side one afternoon, whilst Vere was dressing for her daily ride with him—the only time that she ever left her mother.

"Paul," she said, "shall you think me very unreasonable when I tell you that after all the wonderful blessings showered on me lately, I still have a desire left? I want to see Vere your wife before I die."

"You can't wish it more than I do," he answered. "I should like to make her my wife this very day."

Mrs. Bradshaw smiled. It did her heart good to see Paul's expression of countenance when he spoke of her child.

"I heard from Charlie this morning," he continued; "and I am sorry to say he tells me it is impossible for him to get away for several months, and that therefore, as he cannot come to us, we must go to him, and make that our wedding-trip. So you see the last obstacle to an immediate wedding is gone. We can be married any day, if Vere consents."

"She will consent; she knows my wishes, and left it to me to settle the matter with you. You won't mind both of you staying with me until the end, will you? It won't be for long."

Thus it was decided; and in ten days' time Paul and Vere were to be married at Torworthy Church. It was to be a very quiet wedding, with Mab as the solitary bridesmaid—a fact which pleased the heiress of Torworthy and Thornleigh very much.

"I should always have liked a quiet wedding," she said, "whatever the circumstances might have been;" and Paul endorsed her opinion with all his heart, thankful to escape a part of the ordeal that bridegrooms have to undergo on their wedding-days.

So one glorious October morning, when overhead the brilliantly blue sky was throwing out the patches of red, gold, and russet that were beginning to pervade the Torworthy woods, and the Purl was foaming and leaping, sending up showers of snowy spray to be caught in the sun's rays and transformed into a thousand different colours: when, in the little garden, the asters and sunflowers were revelling in the bright autumnal beauty of the day, and the magnolia on the old farmhouse was flinging its scent right and left on the clear, crisp air, Vere, dressed all in creamy white, and looking hardly less colourless than her wedding garments, came to her mother's bedside.

"Darling mother!" she cried, moved out of the calm she had for many weeks past so rigidly imposed on herself for her mother's sake; "if you might but come with me!"

Mrs. Bradshaw raised herself on her pillows. "You have no fears, my child?" she asked.

Vere's smile was good to see. "Fears? With Paul?" she exclaimed. "Oh, no!"

"That is right, darling. In a very short time you will be his, the wife of a good man, of a loyal, honourable gentleman, with, I trust, a safe and happy future before you."

Vere's eyes glowed. "Yes," she said, "he is all that, and a great deal more; but oh! mother, mother!"

"Hush, my sweet! you must be calm for his sake. To-day you must be all his, and"—with a smile—"remember there is nothing a man hates so much as tears. I cannot be with you bodily, but I can in thought and spirit, and in my prayers. God bless you, my child, a thousand times. Put up your veil, and let me kiss you."

It seemed as though they could not part as Vere strained her mother to her, and kissed her again and again, until the door opened softly, and Mrs. Meredyth came in with the announcement that the carriage was at the door.

An hour later they were back at Thornleigh, and Vere Thornleigh, who henceforward was to be called by her rightful name, was now Amy Tresidder.

They found Mrs. Bradshaw on the sofa in the drawing-room, ready to receive them; and Mr. Birch, who had seen many death-beds, said to himself as he drew near to her couch—

"They have not been a day too soon."

It was a sad, sober little wedding breakfast in the old dining-hall of the Thornleighs, where the arms of her ancestors looked down on their last descendant, seated by the side of a husband who might well have been one of those old West-country heroes come to life again. It was only the presence of that husband, and a constant turning to him as if for support, that kept Vere from breaking down; but as it was, she went heroically through the meal. There were no speeches; only the health of the bride and bridegroom was drunk, and then all the guests departed. They were not many: only Mr. Tresidder, Mabel, Cosby, Hugh, and Mr. Birch. One after another they came and bade Mrs. Bradshaw good-bye, each one lingering to say a few words, with a kind of vague consciousness that they might be almost the last that they would exchange with her on earth.

"They are a grand couple, Mrs. Thornleigh," said Mr. Tresidder—he always called her Mrs. Thornleigh now—rubbing his hands softly together, and avoiding to look at the white face, where death was written so legibly. Somehow, although he was always conscious of the fascination of her presence, he never felt quite at his ease in the society of the woman he would fain have made his wife.

"They are indeed," she assented, with a smile. "I am so proud of my son."

"Not so proud as I am of my new daughter, I know," he answered.

"God bless them both, and all of you!" she murmured, under her breath.

Then came little Mab, with, of course, something sweet and nice to say, as she knelt down by the sofa and kissed Mrs. Bradshaw.

"Dear, dear Cousin Amy!" she said, "is it not nice to think that they belong to each other? Dear old Paul! he is quite infatuated with her; and as for me, I am so enchanted to have her for a sister, for really I have felt like one to her for a long time now."

Cosby came last, and Mrs. Bradshaw held his hand for a minute.

"Ah, Mr. Savile," she said, "what a wife you will have!"

"Sha'n't I?" he answered. "Dear little soul! she has even forgotten how to quarrel with me."

They were all gone now, and the house lay bathed in brilliant October sunshine. Vere had seen her mother, with Mrs. Meredyth installed by her side, fall into her daily afternoon sleep, quite exhausted by the excitement of the morning: had stood for a moment gazing down on the face so changed, even since she had first known her: the beautiful eyes sunk deep, deep into her head, the straight nose so thin and worn, the lips so pale and dry; and then she stole out into the garden, where stood Paul.

"Dear wife!" he said, and held out his arms to her.

She nestled up to him like a tired bird.

"Dearest," she said, "I have just left mother asleep. Let us sit here. I can look in at the window on her."

So they sat down together, the new-made husband and wife, on the old stone seat that Vere remembered since she was a tiny child, with its moss-grown and broken-nosed figure of Flora keeping watch at one end, whilst at the other two mutilated legs were all that remained to show that the goddess had once had a *vis-à-vis*.

What matters it what they said, or did not say, to each other? They were one not for an hour, a day, or a week, but for ever.

"We two fellow-savages!" as Vere said, looking at him with her wonderful smile, more pathetic just now than any tears.

He returned her gaze with a smile of intense contentment.

There are in some mortals' lives moments when the clouds break, and Heaven's glory glints down on them. Such a moment was this for Paul as he sat there with his wife's head on his shoulder, and her hand locked in his. It lasted two hours. At the end of that time Vere looked in at the window, and saw that her mother was awaking. They went in at once.

All her life long she remembered how good Paul was on this his wedding-day: how forgetful of self, how thoughtful of her; and the tears that rose to her eyes as she sat down to make tea, as usual, were as much tears of pride in her new-made husband as of grief for her who was so soon to leave her alone with him.

After tea Mrs. Bradshaw asked her to sing. It was hard to comply with such a request when there was a lump in her throat and tears in her voice, but she went to the piano at once. Her fingers strayed over the notes. What should she, what could she, sing to her mother, who lay dying? But Mrs. Bradshaw decided for herself.

"Will you let me have the 'Pilgrims of the Night,' my darling?" she asked; and Vere obeyed.

How she got through it she could not tell—she who was so powerfully affected by music; but somehow the sweet voice managed to sing out pure and true, whilst outside the sky was reddened by a glorious

sunset, and streaks of crimson light fell on the colourless face that lay amongst the pillows. There was absolute silence in the little room, except for the girl's voice; and Mrs. Meredyth and Paul, sitting in the fading light, started forward as, all at once, there came mingling with the words, "Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary," that same supplicating cry—reduced, however to a mere echo of its former strength—that eighteen years ago had rung through the ward of the London hospital.

Mrs. Bradshaw was sitting up on the sofa, her eyes lighted up with an unearthly radiance, and as the last note died away from between her lips she fell back in Vere's arms.

With white face and strained eyes, the girl bent over her, until Paul touched her.

"It is all over, my darling," he whispered.

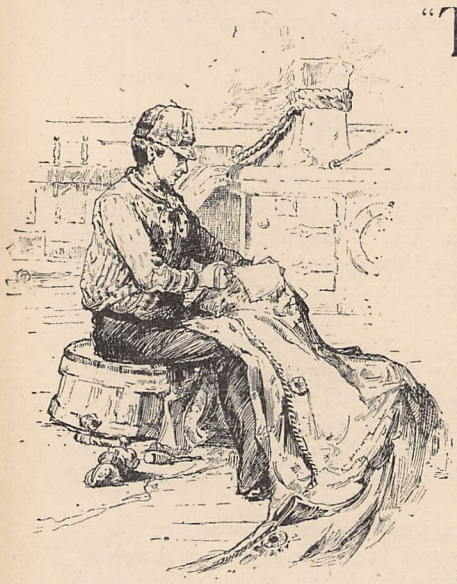
She turned to him a face of agony. "Oh, no, no!" she said.

He took her in his arms and folded her close to him.

"Sweetheart," he said, "we must not sorrow too much for her. Her sufferings are over; she is at rest; and surely, after the fitful fever of her life, she sleeps well."

THE END.

THE MERCHANT SERVICE AS A PROFESSION.



MENDING SAILS.

"THE Sea is England's glory," and all that pertains to it has a special interest in the eyes of most British boys. Three causes mainly contribute to bring this about — our insular position, the deeds of naval daring recorded in history of our forefathers, and the numberless works of fiction, more or less reliable, purporting to describe a nautical life, but which, while dwelling on its pleasures, seldom depict its drawbacks and hardships. Probably, the principal source from which our youngsters draw their ideas of a sea career, and imbibe the desire to launch upon "a life on the ocean wave," is the last-named; we could therefore have wished that it was more trustworthy, for much unhappiness has inadvertently been occasioned by the wholly mistaken notions which have been engendered by these writings.

Still, we must not entirely deplore the wealth of naval literature with which the country is flooded, for if it has been the means of sending some to sea who would have been better at home, it has also largely assisted to make us a race of discoverers, colonists, and navigators, such as no other land can boast. What has been will be again; and now, as in the old days of the pirates, the buccaneers, the circumnavigators, and the Arctic explorers, there will be boys who want to go to sea; while, either through insufficient interest or lack of qualification, many will be unable to obtain a nomination in the Royal Navy. To such we propose briefly to point out how they can join the mercantile marine, wherein, if there is not to be obtained the same honour and glory, there are still honours to be won, while the ultimate pecuniary results are often much larger than could possibly be obtained in the Queen's service.

To enter the mercantile service as an officer, one must begin either as an apprentice or as a midshipman in a sailing-ship—none of the great steam-ship companies will employ an officer until he has at least a second mate's certificate of proficiency. The robust, ready-witted, even-tempered lad, quick to stand up for his own rights or those of his weaker brethren, but able to take a joke, and willing to rough it with the rest, is the right sort for a sailor. At the same time, we would not be misunderstood to affirm that because a boy is sickly or quarrelsome therefore he should not go to sea. The discipline and healthy work

of a sailing-ship will very often give the first his health, and knock the other into shape in less than no time. Above all, sobriety, cleanliness, a fair groundwork of education, and a keen desire to advance in his profession, will help a boy upwards quite as much as a strong constitution or an unfailing fund of good humour.

Now, supposing our aspirant to have obtained the consent of his parents or guardians, he would wish to know whom to consult about joining a ship. This is, however, more a matter for his advisers. If he is entered as a midshipman, he may leave the service at the termination of his first voyage; if he is bound an apprentice, he must serve a term of years, or until his indentures are cancelled. Therein lies the only difference between the two, for both have to pay a premium, while the duties and treatment are practically alike. There is, however, one decided advantage in being entered as an apprentice instead of as a midshipman: if a boy enters as an apprentice all his time counts as sea time, while in the case of a midshipman only time actually spent on the water is allowed to count, time in port and on shore being lost. His duties consist principally in learning the work of his profession. Let no boy imagine that going to sea means wearing a becoming uniform, ordering sailors about, and doing what seamen call "cutting a dido ashore." Reefing, furling, setting, and taking in sails, boat-pulling, watch-keeping, sail-making, knotting and splicing ropes, setting up and reeving rigging, are among a few of the matters he will have to glean a knowledge of, while in some ships he will even be set to such work as scraping, painting, and washing decks. A boy is none the worse for having to dip his hands in the tar-bucket, and he may always remember that those under him will ever most readily obey and respect the officer who they believe is able to do the work he sets them to. Naturally, also, he will be taught to steer, with possibly something about navigation and the compass, the rule of the road, and stowing cargo; and above all he must recollect that by rendering a willing and ready obedience to those placed in authority over him he will best teach himself to command others.

When a boy's guardians have decided to send him to sea, they will do well to write to some of the well-known shipping firms for their terms, which range as a rule from £50 to £150 premium for four years, sometimes with pay and pocket-money, sometimes without. Some of the large firms take apprentices without premiums and give a small salary, but they all ask for sureties that the youth will complete his engagement. There are many firms that take apprentices or midshipmen; but it would be well, if possible, not to go to advertising firms, but to ask for information from those that have a standing, and are better known. It may be as well to say also that it is not entirely requisite for a boy to enter as apprentice or midshipman, for after serving at sea for four years before the mast, and being over seventeen years of age, any boy is eligible for the second mate's examination. Third mate is merely an honorary rank, and requires no certificate; it is given in some firms to the senior midshipmen, or an apprentice when he is

TARRING ROPES.

out of his time. A good plan is to send a boy intended for the sea to one of the training establishments for the merchant service, of which the best are the *Worcester* at Greenhithe, on the Thames, and the *Conway* at Rock Ferry, in the Mersey.

To the boys of both these training establishments Her Majesty offers annual prizes, in the shape of nautical instruments, medals, and money, while the Admiralty grant a limited number of nominations as naval cadets in the Royal Navy, and appointments as midshipmen in the Royal Naval Reserve. Any boy taking the Board of Trade certificate after two years' training on the *Worcester* or *Conway* is allowed to count one of these years as sea service, and proceed to the second mate's examination after three years' further service, instead of four. Full particulars of the curriculum of studies, regulations, and advantages, &c., of these establishments, may be obtained from the Honorary Secretary, *Worcester* Training-ship, 72, Mark Lane, London; or the Secretary, School-ship *Conway*, Rock Ferry, Birkenhead.

There are a number of other training and reformatory ships round the coast of the United Kingdom, but as a rule they only provide such education as is necessary for a boy who is going to sea before the mast.

The outfit of a boy is necessarily a matter of consideration, and this can be obtained, inclusive of a sea-chest, for from £15 to £30. It is cheaper, and perhaps better, to have the majority of the things made at home, and only the sea-chest, uniform, and oilskins, &c., bought at the outfitters'. The following list of articles is simply mentioned as containing

a thorough outfit for a boy going afloat with one of the best firms :—

Pilot cloth jacket and trousers.
Blue jersey.
Uniform jacket, waistcoat, and trousers.
Flannel or serge suit.
Duck or drill trousers.
Cap, uniform, with badge and band.
Cap for rough weather.
Boots and shoes, two pairs.
Sea-boots (leather).
Tennis shoes, with india-rubber bottoms, will be found very useful.
Waterproof coat and pants.
Sou'-wester.

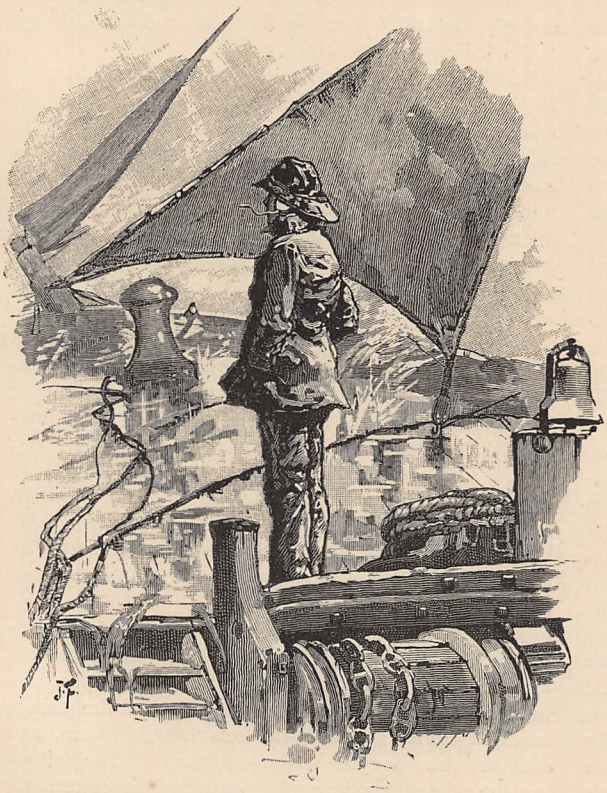
Bed and bolster and pillow.
Pillow-cases.
Bed-tick or cover.
Sheets, cotton.
Blankets.
Rug or coverlet.
Towels.
Canvas bag for soiled linen.
Brush and comb.
Tooth and nail brushes.
Clothes-brush.
Looking-glass.

White shirts, 3.
Or coloured ditto, 3.
Baltic ditto, 6.
Linen collars, 12.
Paper collars.
Merino or flannel under-shirts.
Ditto ditto drawers.
Cotton socks.
Thicker ditto.
Long stockings for wet weather, to wear inside sea-boots.
Braces or belt.
Handkerchiefs.
Neckerchiefs.
Blue woollen comforter.

Knife, fork, and spoon.
Plate, pannikin, and hook-pot.
Scrubbing-brushes.
Writing-desk.
Stationery, pens and ink.
Soap.
Sea-chest.

Spy-glass or binocular.
Sextant.
A few well-assorted books, instructive and amusing, with, of course, a Bible and Prayer-book.

The number of these articles will vary, of course, with the voyage to be undertaken, the means of the boy's friends, and the employ he is in. In every case it will be well to make a few inquiries from the owners, or better still, the captain of the vessel about such matters.



ON THE LOOK-OUT.

Food and pay come next. As to the former, as a rule it is in the present day as good as possible, and served out with no stint, but of course there are exceptions; and in one employ officers and men will live like fighting-cocks, while in another it will be the off-chance to get any biscuit that is not weevilly, or any meat that is not so salt as to be barely eatable. However, it may be safely assumed that every firm of any standing will treat their employés well. Too often, alas ! the supply of liquor used to be practically unlimited; but although there are still men who think that it is impossible to be a good sailor unless you drink rum, chew tobacco, and swear, this baneful idea is gradually decreasing, and boys will find in almost every ship that if they are determined to forswear these roads to ruin, they will not only be more surely picked out for advancement, but will even be envied by their more easily-led companions.

Pay in the Merchant Service varies very much, both for officers and men. In some firms a midshipman or apprentice will get his premium returned to him in salary, in others he will be paid from £5 to £10 a year. Third mates get from £3 to £4 a month. Second mates in sailing-ships are paid from £5 to £6 a month, and first mates £7 or £8 a month; in the best steam-ship lines the rate is rather higher. Masters of sailing-ships and small steamers are paid from £12 to £20 a month, according to the size of the vessel, description of the voyage and cargo, &c. In the larger vessels masters receive salaries varying from £300 to £1,000 a year, and frequently additional emoluments, which bring this still higher.

Engineers, of whom there are three grades, usually serve an apprenticeship on shore with some marine engineer firm: they must pass an examination, particulars of which can be obtained from the Secretary to the Board of Trade. Their pay varies from £6 a month to £300 a year and more, according to the employ they are in and their length of service.

Pursers pass no examination; they are only carried in the bigger lines of steamships as a rule, are frequently taken from the offices of shipping firms, and these appointments are generally obtained through interest with the owners or managers of the steam-ship companies.

Of the grades before the mast, there are boys, who seldom get more than their keep; ordinary seamen, who get from £1 to £1 10s. a month; A.B's., who are paid £2 10s. a month, and upwards on long voyages or under good firms; quarter-masters, boatswains' mates, sail-makers, carpenters' mates, &c., who have usually to pass an examination, and whose salaries range from 10s. to 20s. a month more than those of A.B's.

REEFING THE MAINSAIL.

Stokers and stewards also are generally well paid, the former at about £1 a month more than A.B's., the latter according to their responsibility.

A great deal of further information about the merchant service will be found in the Merchant Shipping Act, 39 and 40 Vict., which can be obtained from any bookseller, and every detail about the Royal Naval Reserve can be obtained by applying to the Secretary of the Admiralty, Whitehall. The time will, undoubtedly, arrive when it will be a *sine quâ non* with the great merchant ship companies that all their officers should belong to this department of the Queen's service; we would therefore advise any boy who is desirous of obtaining the best and most remunerative billets of his profession to study its regulations, and join it while he is young. The merchant navy offers many facilities to those who are desirous of entering the nautical profession which are not easily obtained in the Royal Navy: no medical examination is requisite, and age, height, size, and even education, are not allowed to stand in the way of the aspirant. While there is no chance of a boy leading an indolent life, there is plenty of excitement and not much danger in a seaman's career. Hardships and disappointments there are in this, as in any other profession, but given the willingness to work hard and conquer the technicalities and minutiæ of the employment, there is nothing to prevent a youth who can refrain from drink and live frugally from becoming a master in from six to seven years, with a comfortable income, and, if his friends can help him, a share in his ship or the company to which it belongs.

BLUSH-ROSES.

IN a garden fragrant,
Rioting in bloom,
Where each old-time vagrant
Finds a welcome room,
Where the worn world hushes
With a peaceful sigh,
There a sweet rose blushes
At each passer-by.

In this garden olden
Walks a maiden fair,
Blue eyes, lashes golden,
Ripples in her hair.
Hark! the wicket closes:
Shall she stand or run?
Queen she of the roses,
Blushing but for one!

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

"QUEEN SHE OF THE ROSES,
BLUSHING BUT FOR ONE!"

"*BLUSH-ROSES*" (*p.* 465).

DOCTOR, IS MY HEART ALL RIGHT?"

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

PROFESSOR BLANK, of E——, devoted a whole week of the session to lecturing to his students on the subject of heart diseases. He had a private apartment opening off the class-room, to which he was wont to retire after he had finished his discourse, in order to take off his gown, and enjoy a little meditation by the fire. On the afternoon of the second day a modest knock came to the door.

"Enter," said Professor Blank.

And, hat in hand, appeared one of his students, looking somewhat worried and pale.

"What can I do for you, Mr. M.?"

"Nothing, I fear," was the reply. "Nothing on earth can aid me. I have the very symptoms that you were to-day describing. Sound me and see, sir."

The "sounding" was soon performed.

"You're in perfect health as regards your heart."

That was the verdict. And Mr. M. went away happy.

But hardly had the kindly old professor resumed his seat before another knock resounded on the door.

"Come in. Well, what's the matter with you, Mr. C.?"

"I'm a dead man," gasped Mr. C., looking wildly round as if he wanted to clutch something. "I've got heart disease, as sure as a gun."

"Not quite as bad as that, I trust. Take off your coat."

Auscultation and percussion were speedily performed; then the professor laughed in C.'s face.

"Sound as a bell, man," he said. "Go home to your dinner and don't be a fool."

The doctor did not sit down again, however. No, he was afraid there would be more of them, so he hurried along through the quad, and got into his carriage.

But he had two more visits at his residence on the same night, from frightened students, and every day during the remainder of that week he had a visit or two of the same kind.

On the following Monday he got on to fevers, and the students completely recovered from their cardiac complaints.

Now, I do not mean for a single moment to dispute the fact that there is a good deal of heart complaint about, more in fact than there might have been in the early portion of the century, owing to the race for life and the rate at which the world runs, but I do mean to say that there is ten times more functional and imaginary cardiac ailment than there is of the real thing.

"Doctor, is my heart all right?" How often we medical men hear that question! Hear it from strong, robust men, who do not hesitate to sit down in the chair and permit you to examine their chest. Hear it from nervous, trembling, pale patients, who submit to the auscultation with the same grace they might exhibit if in the dock, and about to listen to a jury's verdict. Hear it from people to all appearance hardy and hearty, round-faced, rosy-cheeked, jolly men, who *do* allow you to feel their pulse, but would no more think of letting you examine the chest, than they would think of leading a forlorn hope—because their nerves are all putty, to put it plainly.

"Doctor, is my heart all right?" How truly happy one is when he can give a patient an answer in the affirmative, and send him away rejoicing, with nothing to do but throw his nervousness to the winds, his physic to the dogs, and get well!

I will give a few of the *symptoms* of functional heart complaint. It must be premised that so closely do these symptoms often approach in character to those of real valvular or other ailments of the heart, that it is no wonder the sufferer therefrom should feel anxious, or that—as he really ought to—he should consult a doctor. It is, nevertheless, a fact to be borne in mind, and one from which nervous people may take some comfort, that those who have the real disorder seldom believe there is anything radically wrong with them, whereas persons with the fictitious complaint, or functional *derangement* of the heart, are very often found in the physician's waiting-room. It is even possible that the symptoms may be of such a character as to deceive a young or inexperienced medical man, for there may be, and often is, a distinct cardiac bruit; a murmur is got up, as it were—not with the patient's consent, of course—when, if he be at all nervous, he seats himself in the doctor's chair. Besides, the actual pain or suffering in the functional derangement of the heart may be, and often is, greater than that in actual disease of the organ.

The pulse may deceive the patient himself from its irregularity. I do not mean irregularity of beat at any given time, I refer more to the fact of its being sometimes very slow and sometimes very rapid indeed. It may be an easily excited pulse: lying down in his own chamber, calm as to mind, and restful as to body, the patient may place his fingers on his wrist and be surprised to feel how steadily his heart is jogging along; but suddenly there is a tug at the door-bell, followed by a rat-tat-tat-tat, which shows that some unexpected friend, of no small consequence, is about to make a call. The patient's heart gives a big, uneasy thud, he feels as if he had swallowed a box-heater, red-hot iron and all, and if he tries his pulse now, why, the rat-tat-tat of the door-knocker is nowhere near it in frequency. To give a simple simile, a heart of this kind is for all the world like a nervous horse. Jogging quietly and steadily along the road on a summer's day, the cool, green grass and wild-flowers on the bank, and reflected from his calm eye, no horse in the parish is happier than he; but all

of a sudden farmer Joskin's man pops his head over the hedge, the horse starts and swerves, then rushes wildly along the road, never caring, never heeding what real danger he falls into, so that he gets clear away from the imaginary one.

Palpitation—not constant—is another symptom that patients often complain about, and there is no doubt that this is a most distressful feeling at times.

Flushing of the face is another, or sudden faintness, or giddiness on stooping down and rising again to the erect position.

The patient cannot, or is *afraid to lie on the left side*, and I have known people who would not go to sleep thus for any consideration.

I was amused at the reply an Irishman—a tradesman—gave me the other day on this head.

"But why," I asked, "do you fear to go to sleep on your left side?"

"Because, sorr," he said, "I wouldn't be aloive whin I woke in the morning."

There may be a disagreeable *fluttering* at the heart, usually caused from flatulence and acidity of the stomach, and during this period, which never lasts more than a few minutes, the heart is undoubtedly labouring, and the fear of impending death is often very great.

The *digestion* is invariably out of order, the appetite irregular, hunger being sometimes inordinate, and at other times gone entirely for days.

When very tired, the patient feels a kind of choking sensation at the root of the throat where it joins the sternum; he is also cross and peevish on such occasions.

Sometimes sleep does good if taken during the day, but not always, for instead of awaking refreshed, as often as not he rises from the sofa cross and snappish with everybody around him, and more so with himself. He feels altogether "mean," both in the English sense of the word and in the American.

It is no wonder that, suffering from symptoms such as the above, the patient is subject to fits of *great depression of spirits*. He is often, indeed, little better than a thorough hypochondriac.

Now for the *treatment*. Go to your room, lie quietly down on the sofa, and think. Pass in mental review the acts of your daily life and your whole *modus vivendi;* everything you do from the time you get up in the morning until the time you seek your couch at night; what you eat and what you drink, the amount of exercise you take, and the kind thereof; let everything be considered. You *do* know the golden rules of health. I surely have not been preaching to you in vain for the last dozen years. You know as well as I do that if you do not breathe fresh air in-doors and out, waking and sleeping, you are not living, but only existing like a fish in muddy water, or grass in a dark cellar. You know the value of healthful exercise, and the bracing effect of the morning tub, and the utility of the weekly warm bath in assisting nature to eliminate matter which if retained renders the blood impure. You know that intemperance in eating or drinking means slow, sure suicide, and that the want of good sleep at night is ruination to brain, heart, and nerves. You know all this. You have, therefore, only to rectify your way of living. But merely thinking about it will do no good. Take a note-book and sketch out your daily routine as regards an attempt at health-recovery: your time of getting up, your bath, your exercise and the kind of it—pleasant it must be, or it will do no good—and your daily diet. Write down also your present symptoms, and after a fortnight of your new *régime*, if it shall have been skilfully made and boldly adhered to, you will be surprised to find several of your old distressing symptoms missing. Again write down your symptoms, make still more reforms, and so go on to—with God's blessing—good health.

It may be that a belladonna plaister will be needed to quieten pain and heart-action. Try it.

The circulation, at all events, will need to be stilled and regulated.

I have found that doses now and then, when a patient feels depressed, of a mixture containing tincture of assafœtida and carbonate of ammonia in camphor-water is very good (any respectable chemist will tell you the dose, according to age, sex, &c.). Another excellent remedy, which may be obtained from the chemist and kept in the house, is composed of the ammoniated tincture of valerian, tincture of lavender (co.), and tincture of rhubarb in dill-water or peppermint-water. Do not be always taking either, but have them ready.

Constipation, if present, may be relieved by a dose of tincture of rhubarb with a little sal volatile taken in an ounce of senna infusion: a capital remedy, but take plenty of exercise for this complication, and plenty of green vegetables and fruit.

Bismuth—the trisnitrate—if there be much irritability and acidity, does good, combined with soda, and taken in laurel-water. The dilute phosphoric acid, if nervousness be present, or the nitro-hydrochloric acid, in the infusion of quassia.

If there be a gouty tendency, you had better see a doctor.

But pepsine in some form is sure to do good—the pepsine tablets of the shops—and, at the same time, if the patient be weak in blood, a good trial should be given to the citrate of iron and ammonia.

Tea and coffee, if taken at all, should be very weak; and stimulants should be avoided entirely.

THE TONIC SOL-FA COLLEGE, FOREST GATE.

THE TONIC SOL-FA COLLEGE AND ITS WORK.

THE RAPID growth of the Tonic Sol-fa movement is one of the greatest wonders in the musical history of the last half-century. Born in the midst of enthusiasm, but meeting with all the prejudices which an innovation is sure to call forth, the system has not only held its own for upwards of twenty years, but has in that time made as many singers in our own country, as have been made by all other agencies put together during the rest of the century. The movement has spread, not by any inducements held out by Government, or by philanthropic agencies promoted and upheld by the upper classes; but because the majority of the people desire to learn to sing, and Mr. Curwen's system offers such a perfectly easy, cheap, and true method of gaining the wished-for end. The founder of the method started with the proposition that the main problem of musical instruction should be to teach people to read music as they read their newspapers. To-day, the tonic sol-faists are, we may safely say without prejudice, the best sight-readers of music in the country.

The work of the Tonic Sol-fa College is as distinct from that of the other great musical institutions of the country as it could well be. The leading schools of music, with which we have dealt in former articles, are conducted on a strictly academic plan, and devote themselves almost entirely to the training of skilled musicians and composers. But something more than the production of finished artists is needed if we are to have a people who will "make music" themselves, appreciate good music when they hear it, and be capable of distinguishing between the true and the false in art. We want popular elementary classes established throughout the country; we want our Sunday worshippers taught to take their own part in the praises of the Church; we want our ragged-school children to be able to join in the merry song or soothing hymn; and, above all, we want the homes of the people made more attractive and more happy by the sweet influences of music. All this is, in reality, the work which the tonic sol-faists are doing. The organisation boasts of some four or five thousand teachers, who are teaching about a million and a quarter of pupils, and these drawn mostly from among the lower and middle classes. The followers of Mr. Curwen are, in short, working for national objects, and have a right to claim the sympathies of all who rightly estimate the religious, the social, the artistic, and the educational value of music.

Until quite lately, the whole of the teaching under the tonic sol-fa system was done by amateurs—men who, after a hard day's work, hung up their modu-

lators in mission schools or lecture-rooms, and cheerfully guided their little classes through the rudiments of vocal music. Gradually the school boards of the large cities adopted the system in their schools, and this created the need for professional teachers. But how were these teachers to be trained? The Tonic Sol-fa College was indeed in existence, but it was nothing more than a voluntary association conducted on the mutual improvement principle, and without either a building of its own or a staff of professors. But the founder of the system was not a man who was easily daunted, and so he set to work at once on behalf of the College, lecturing all over the country in aid of its funds. The response was unfortunately small; the rich and liberal classes knew nothing of tonic sol-fa and its work, and consequently withheld their subscriptions. Aided, however, by the teachers themselves, and by the pupils of the system, a few scholarships were obtained, and funds enough to justify the organisation of a summer term of study for young teachers. This was in 1876, and every summer since then this term of six weeks' continuous study has been held. The attendance varies somewhat, principally on account of the expiration of several of the scholarships; but the average number of students is thirty. These come from all parts of the country—the majority from Scotland—and occasionally a pupil from the Colonies presents himself. In the choice of studies, chief importance is, of course, given to subjects bearing on the work of the teacher of choral music. Thus, voice-training, pronunciation in singing, chanting on elocutional principles, and the art of explaining and developing a subject to children and beginners are selected as being of primary importance. The harmonium is, we believe, the only instrument taught in the College, the sol-fa notation not lending itself readily to the requirements of instrumental music.

The plan of having only a six weeks' session was founded on an idea of Mr. Scott Russell's, that the best way to learn engineering is to spend six months in the lecture-room and six months in the shops. The students, as we have already said, are nearly all acting teachers; they come to learn more, and go back to their posts to apply what they have learned. This is how Mr. Curwen describes them:—"There are no idlers allowed in the College; all are workers. Class succeeds class as regularly as the clock records the hours. All day long the steady work goes on with scarcely any intermission, except for meal-times and sleep. So close and trying are the studies, that none but earnest men would endure them, and none but well-seasoned and well-prepared sol-faists could stand them. Yet there is no sign of weariness. Why? These students are here to equip themselves for their chosen and loved vocation. They are the pioneers of a new profession—music teachers for the people—and they exult in being students of the Tonic Sol-fa College."

The little staff of professional teachers employed to guide these summer term students in their studies is composed of thoroughly practical men—men who are daily performing the work they are seeking to qualify their pupils for. The art of teaching class is generally assigned to two or three masters, and the students have thus the opportunity of copying more than one style of imparting instruction. In this class the members themselves are in turn required to give a lesson on a previously arranged subject to their teachers and fellow-students, who at the close of the lesson criticise the manner in which it has been given. One of the great weaknesses of the young and inexperienced teacher is nervousness before his class, and there could certainly be no better method of removing this than that of reversing the positions of teacher and taught.

It was the writer's good fortune to be a member of one of these classes, presided over by the late Mr. Curwen—as genial and kindly a man as ever lived—and he can testify to the great benefits derived by the students from the system employed. It compelled every one to be not only thoroughly conversant with his subject, and the best methods of presenting it, but it helped to impart that coolness and deliberation which are so essential to the teacher's success with his pupils.

These classes have done more than anything in raising the standard of ability of tonic sol-fa workers. The teachers of the system scattered throughout the land are still far from being all they might be, but the aim of the leaders of the movement is to make teachers who shall be thorough musicians, and capable of taking their places by the side of the best professionals.

The first few summer terms of the College were held in hired school-rooms and temporary offices. This was found to be altogether unsatisfactory, and an effort was made to obtain funds for the erection of a suitable building, in which the entire work of teaching and propagating the system might be carried out. We need not speak of all the labour that had to be gone through ere sufficient money was collected for this purpose. It will be enough to say that in July, 1879, the new College at Forest Gate was opened—by the late Earl of Kintore—amid great demonstration and rejoicing, and that in a few days afterwards the summer term for teachers was first held within its walls. Had sufficient funds been available, it was intended to hold classes all the year round; but it has been only possible to have, in addition to the short summer term, occasional classes in the winter evenings.

It must not be supposed that the work of the College is suspended during the time in which classes are not held within the building. An important part of its labours consists in the management of correspondence or postal classes, and in the issue of the certificates connected with the system. By means of the former, instruction is conveyed to those who, from their isolated positions, are beyond the reach of a teacher. The exercises are sent up by post, corrected, and returned for small fees. The subjects taught in this manner include harmony, counterpoint, composition, musical form, acoustics, staff notation, and

even such an unlikely topic as harmonium fingering. The certificates of the College are all issued from its offices, and entail an immense amount of labour. We have avoided anything like mere statistics, but it may be interesting to mention that during the year ending May, 1885, the number of certificates issued by the College was 24,240. In the same period the secretary received 19,691 letters in connection with the work of the College. The certificates, it may be added, are of various grades, beginning with a simple examination for school children, and ending with an examination in musical composition, which Sir George Macfarren has for some years conducted.

It will thus be seen that the Tonic Sol-fa College is essentially a "school of music for the people." The aims of its founders have always been in the direction of popular usefulness. They have worked, as they are fond of saying, for "schools, homes, and congregations," rather than for limited art circles. By means of the College the practice of singing and the elements of musical knowledge have been carried into thousands of places in England, Scotland, and Wales, which had not been touched by any previous musical movement. Mr. Curwen's object was to make the people of this country and their children sing; that object, if not yet fully realised, is being daily brought nearer by the noble and untiring efforts of the Tonic Sol-fa College, and those who work under its banner.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

THE SISTERS: A LOVE-TALE OF JAPAN.

AT one end of the long street forming the village of Morioka, in Japan, stood the low thatched cottage in which the sisters O-Suba and Niya lived with a widowed aunt. Their father had fallen in battle, and his wife soon followed him to the grave, committing her children to the care of their only remaining relative. O-Suba, the elder, was a brunette, with sparkling black eyes, and white teeth that shone between full, ruddy lips. She was taller than Niya, who was fair and slight, with mild, blue eyes, and a soft voice.

For over a year O-Suba had been betrothed to Kampei, the son of a neighbouring farmer. Their parents had arranged the matter. Though it was not made formal by an exchange of presents, the young people regarded it as settled; and the marriage was deferred only until Kampei returned from a campaign against a rebel prince, in which he was to follow his lord, his father being too old to take the field.

When the young man called on the sisters in order to say adieu, he was mortified by O-Suba's manner, which seemed to show that she regarded his absence as a reprieve; and his face betrayed his feelings.

"Do not look thus, good Kampei, before your commander!" she said laughingly. "He will think you a coward. Go and win booty, and come back covered with glory. Who would not be a soldier rather than a mean farmer!" she cried, with animation. "A warrior is a gentleman, has his pockets full of bright silver, and is esteemed by his lord. Go, Kampei; I shall despise you if you hesitate!"

Kampei was stung by her tones, and rose hastily. A deep sigh reached him, and on turning round he saw Niya sitting in a corner of the room, her face buried in the loose sleeves of her robe.

"Farewell, Niya," he said.

A sob rose in the girl's throat as she replied, "Farewell, Kampei. And remember," she faltered, "that if anything occurs to you, I—we shall be broken-hearted."

"You will not forget me, O-Suba? It will cheer me to know that."

"I shall not forget you," she said impatiently; and the young man left, catching a glance, as he closed the garden gate, of O-Suba waving a gay adieu, and of Niya with her face hidden in her hands.

One day, a few months after Kampei's departure, his mother called at the cottage, and after relating a pitiful tale of bad harvests, poverty, and debt, said that her husband, who was in feeble health, would be sent to prison if she could not obtain eighty *riyos*, and she begged O-Suba, as her son's betrothed, to at least lend that sum to her. O-Suba treated the poor woman harshly, refused the money, and reminded her visitor that as presents were not yet exchanged, their marriage must not be regarded as certain.

Niya in vain urged her aunt to apply a portion of her little fortune to the farmer's relief; her relatives were obdurate; and the old woman was going away sadly, when the younger girl sprang up, thrust her feet into a pair of sandals, and hurried after the visitor, overtaking her before she reached the gate.

"When must you have the money?" she asked.

"Within three days, Niya."

"You shall have it," said the girl; and escaping from the thanks and blessings of the old woman, she returned to the house. She threw herself on the mats in a corner, clasped her hands, and puckered her brow thoughtfully.

Suddenly she uttered a joyous cry. The screens were drawn back, leaving the whole front of the house open; and Niya saw a pair of swallows fly into the room, and perch on the space between the wall and the ceiling, chirping and chattering together busily.

"See, sister! the pretty birds are going to build;

good fortune will be ours. Sh—h—h! *Dear* O-Suba, do not disturb them!" and she laid her hand imploringly on her sister's arm, as O-Suba laughed at her enthusiasm.

Niya sat there, eagerly watching the movements of the birds, and their many flights to and fro while building their nest.

Her relatives went out soon after, and Niya, after a long look at the still busy swallows, dressed herself and went out too. When O-Suba and her aunt returned, Niya was not at home, and it was long before they again saw her face.

* * * *

When the army to which Kampei belonged was disbanded, his comrades gave themselves up to revelry, while he, eager to see O-Suba, and anxious about his parents, of whose troubles he had heard, hastened homeward.

He was within a short day's journey of his native village when towards sunset he reached a tea-house bearing on one of the posts the sign "Chaya of the Verdant Cherry-blossom." The screens forming the front were thrown back, showing the whole inside of the house, divided into apartments by movable partitions; and in one of the rooms a number of "gentlemen-retainers" sat drinking, their songs reaching the passers-by, mingled with the noise of their quarrels.

KAMPEI'S DEPARTURE.

As Kampei cast away outside the verandah his dusty sandals, some of the female attendants ran out to meet him with cries of welcome.

"Good afternoon, sir! Be good enough to walk inside and rest, sir. The sun is hot, the roads are parched, and you must be weary. We have liquor of Tenusii, and Satsuma tobacco, and fragrant tea."

With many bows they led him into an unoccupied room, and when food and drink were placed before him, he was left alone. He was soon waited on by another girl, who came to inquire if he wanted anything more, and Kampei was astounded to recognise in the new-comer, Niya—but not the Niya in quiet attire, with downcast looks, whom he left behind at Morioka. She had gay clothes; her hair was adorned with large gold-headed pins, and her face powdered.

Niya drew back in confusion on seeing Kampei; then, collecting herself, she advanced, and pretending not to recognise him, said, "A gentleman of the army of chastisement is welcome to the *chaya*. We are thankful that he deigns to honour our humble house by stopping here."

Kampei's face was grave as he asked, "How is this, Niya? Has misfortune overtaken your family that O-Suba and your aunt have permitted you to become a menial in a tea-house?"

The girl hung her head, but did not answer. Had he been merely scornful at her loss of caste, she could be defiant; but he was evidently sorry for her.

"Why have you done this, Niya?" the young man continued reproachfully. "You were not in poverty; you were happy; why, then, did you leave home for such an occupation as this?"

Niya looked at the mats silently. Her lip quivered, the blush that mounted from her throat to her forehead faded away, pursued by a deadly paleness, and her limbs trembled so much, that she dropped on the ground, and hid her face in her broad sleeves.

An old man entered from the verandah, and after bowing to Kampei, descried the girl motionless, with her head leaning against a partition.

"How!" he cried angrily, "moping in this way with the house full of guests—troublesome fellows, too, like those *samurai*, who curse and threaten if they are delayed but one moment. Up this instant, I say, or I shall use my whip on your shoulders!"

Niya seemed glad to escape from Kampei's questions, and she withdrew, followed by the master of the house.

Drawing the tobacco-stand towards him, Kampei filled and lit his pipe, and, while smoking, puzzled himself in endeavouring to explain Niya's presence there. The singing in the adjoining chamber grew more boisterous, and sometimes Kampei heard the

clash of swords, the voices of the frightened attendants, and the entreaties of the proprietor. It all jarred on the young man's feelings, and were it possible he would have left the place. But there were only miserable villages between the *chaya* and Morioka, and apart from his fatigue, the way was lonely, and dangerous on account of robbers.

He strolled to the back of the inn, and pursued a little flagged path towards a rustic summer-house erected on an artificial mound. A slight railing on either side divided the path from the garden, where the summer chrysanthemums, the peonies, and pinks were bursting into bloom, while the camellia, azalea, and primrose gave forth their expiring strength in a few delicate flowers. Some late violets peeped timidly from the shadow of a huge rock; around the lattice-work of the summer-house, vine-tendrils struggled with dainty clematis; and cherry-blossoms, from which the house was named, bloomed in gay profusion everywhere.

Sitting there in the silence of evening, the soft landscape spread out beneath him, the odour of the garden mounting to the arbour, Kampei almost forgot his recent annoyance, and indulged in pleasant dreams of the future. Dusk was advancing, when he was startled by seeing Niya, who had approached noiselessly, standing in the doorway. She uttered a little scream on finding the summer-house occupied, and was about to go away, when Kampei recalled her, and desired her in a harsh voice to sit down. She obeyed, the blood meanwhile mounting indignantly to her forehead; and when Kampei looked severely at her, she hastily brushed away the traces of recent tears, and said defiantly—

O-SUBA REFUSES TO HELP KAMPEI'S PARENTS.

"Frown not thus, good Kampei. I am not O-Suba, your betrothed; I am only Niya. Are not my parents dead? and who, then, will dare to reprove me if I do what I please? Go to Morioka, Kampei, and let you and O-Suba forget the wretched Niya, who will never return to her home."

She rose to her feet while speaking, and was about to leave, when Kampei again stopped her, and said sorrowfully—

"You have chosen a mean calling that your parents would have rejected as vulgar and disgraceful; their spirits are displeased, and you can no more visit their tombs, or pray before the god-shelf with a peaceful mind. There was a time that I thought I loved Niya more than O-Suba, and now—— Yah, yah!" he continued scornfully, after a pause, "get away, you low creature! You are no longer anything to me but the miserable tea-house attendant!"

He turned away from her with a gesture of anger. She clasped her hands to her side, and staggered against the frail woodwork, making the whole structure tremble; then, looking at him wildly, she uttered a heartbroken cry, and rushed down the path, past the house, and across the broad road.

Kampei followed the girl with his eyes, and, when he saw her climb the bank on the roadside and spring into the river flowing slowly beyond, he muttered to himself—

"The death of a dog is good enough for one with so mean a soul:"

But better thoughts quickly came, and he determined to try and save her.

Niya rose to the surface of the water, and her clothing buoyed her for some instants. She did not struggle, but kept her hands thrust into the sleeves of her robe. She sank again in the smooth current, and as her face became buried her fortitude deserted her, and she threw up her arms with a stifled shriek.

The bubbles that marked the spot where she sank were almost gone when Kampei reached the bank, divested of his sandals and outer garments. He sprang into the stream, and succeeded in seizing the drowning girl, who, though nearly insensible, grasped him tightly about the neck, hindering his movements. Kampei, finding the place shallow, put his feet upon the ground, but to his terror they sank into deep mud, and he felt the water gradually rising upon him. He strained every muscle, but the water still mounted, mounted, until they were both covered. A roar as of thunder filled his ears, and his head seemed about to burst, but he managed to preserve some coolness. By a violent effort he loosened Niya's frantic embrace, and, still grasping her clothing, struggled out of the mud and gained a firm foothold, exhausted, and gasping for breath.

Though his strength was almost gone, and his knees tottered, he held Niya to his breast, looking anxiously into her face. Her eyes were closed, and her head fell heavily on his arm; the hair, from which the

KAMPEI RESCUES NIYA.

fastenings were gone, falling over his shoulder in a thick mass, and floating on the stream.

The incident had been observed from the *chaya*, and a number of men now stood on the bank, by whose aid the two were soon placed in safety. When Kampei had seen the girl restored to animation, and given in charge to the female servants, he was forced to join the other guests, by whom he was clapped on the shoulders and praised as a hero.

He slept soundly until awoke by the harsh sound of the shutters being moved in their grooves, and by the sunlight pouring in through the semi-transparent screens. Being desirous of avoiding Niya, he did not wait for breakfast, but set out at once.

* * * * *

Kampei was overjoyed on reaching home to find his parents well and happy, their only trouble since his departure having been that caused by the avarice of their landlord. He was pained to hear of O-Suba's unfeeling words on the occasion of his mother's visit to the cottage, and the old lady's story made it evident that the subsequent sending of the money was chiefly due to Niya's intercession. Then it occurred to him that the girl's present position might be owing to a quarrel with her relatives on this very subject, and the idea made him remorseful. Finally, he was informed that, despite her engagement to him, O-Suba had during his absence found another lover, a European trader at one of the ports, with hair and beard golden as the tresses of the sun-goddess, and that there were rumours of their approaching marriage.

His thoughts turned to poor Niya, neglected by her relatives, insulted by him, and left to battle alone with a world that is so cruel to the weak.

Kampei long lay awake that night, and the result of his meditations was made known to his parents when he sprang from his mat soon after daybreak. The old couple approved of his proposals, and went to the verandah to say farewell, and to watch him fondly as he walked with a light step towards the highway, tying under his chin as he went his conical broad-brimmed straw hat. Before he had gone far his father called him back. "Take my purse, son," he said; "*chaya*-keepers are very hard to deal with unless they see the money-bag in your hand. You will find in this the gold pieces you brought home yesterday."

The sun was still high in the heavens when Kampei stopped at the "Chaya of the Verdant Cherry-blossom," and, after exchanging salutations with the proprietor, begged to see the girl Niya. She was brought into his presence, looking pale and alarmed, and casting timid glances at the young man from under her long lashes. Her hands played nervously with her robe, and she looked about anxiously for a place as far as possible from Kampei.

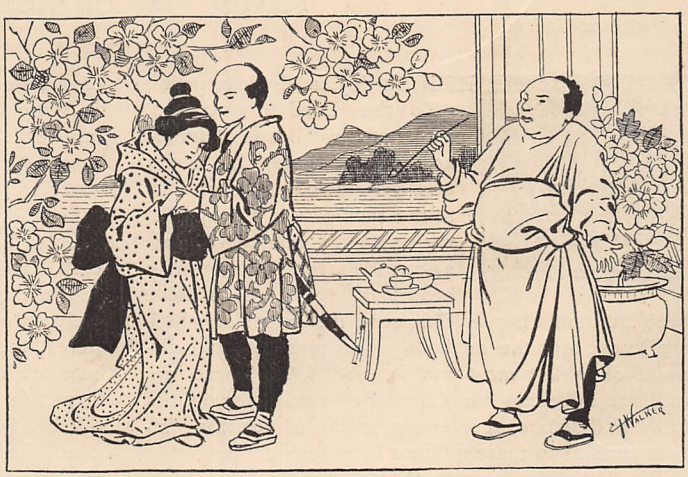
"Niya," he said, "I am not angry with you, but I want to know why you left home."

A faint cry was her only reply.

"Had I any connection with it—I, Kampei?"

The girl wrung her hands, and turned her face away, looking distressed, without, however, uttering a word.

"Would you like to come home again, little Niya?" he went on, in an encouraging voice.



"'WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME HOME AGAIN, LITTLE NIYA?'"

"Yah, yah! you are too fast, young sir!" broke in the master, who was sitting on the verandah smoking, and listening to Kampei. "You are too fast. She is mine for two years. I have the agreement, signed by herself, with her receipt for the money."

"Money!" cried Kampei. "She has sold herself, then. But," he continued more calmly, "I am willing to pay you back again. See," and saying this he drew out his purse, showing to the master of the house a number of gold coins. "How much was it, I pray you, good sir?"

"Eighty *riyos*," the host replied.

"Eighty *riyos!*" echoed Kampei, a light dawning upon him.

"Why," the host went on angrily, "that is the very purse in which I gave the girl the money, and yet you pretend not to know that she is bound to me! What is the meaning of this deceit?"

Kampei recoiled. All was now plain to him. To save his parents from ruin, his father probably from death, this poor girl, tenderly reared, sold herself into virtual slavery, where exhausting labour, ill-treatment, even stripes, would be her lot! And he had almost allowed her to drown herself when driven mad by his taunts! Poor Niya! And she did this for—was it for his parents, or for him? The question made him thoughtful.

Meanwhile Niya, her forehead pressed against the partition, sobbed. The moment she longed for had arrived. Kampei now knew why she was there, knew that it was for his sake she left her dear village. Yet she was frightened. What business had she to interfere in the affairs of grown people? What did she know of the great world that she should face it so lightly? Above everything, there was Kampei only a few feet from her, looking at her most intently—she knew it without turning round; she felt his gaze pierce her—there was Kampei, and what should she do?

Kampei rose, moved to Niya's side, and whispered, "Was it for my sake you did this, Niya?"

"Why should I do it for you?" she replied, evasively.

"Niya," he said, looking sharply at her, "I am no longer affianced to O-Suba; she loves a fair-haired foreigner, and is about to marry him."

She turned quickly, her cheeks glowing, her eyes sparkling through tears like the sun through mist; and, in the happy smile that lit up her face, Kampei read her secret.

"Then you love me!" he cried, and Niya's smile and blush said "Yes."

"You did not consult the girl's relations," said the young man, turning to the host.

"She told me she had none," stammered the other, alarmed for the legality of his agreement.

"Destroy the indenture, and receive back your money, good sir, I beg," said Kampei.

The tea-house keeper agreed, and, while the two men drank a cup together, he confided to Kampei that he was not sorry to cancel the bargain, as the girl did not suit. "She moped too much," he said; "she had some hidden grief—the cause of which," he added, with a smile, "I can now divine."

* * * * *

O-Suba and her husband left Morioka, and went to live in one of the open ports; and Kampei and Niya, after their marriage, occupied the cottage formerly tenanted by the sisters. They now have three children, whom their relatives combine to ruin by indulgence; and the eldest, a sturdy boy, already speaks of the time when he will wear his father's sword, and take his place in fighting against the enemies of the Mikado.

FUNDS "IN CHANCERY."

WHEN Shelley, in his bitter poem, "To the Lord Chancellor," spoke of the "heaps of fraud-accumulated gold," his words had the substance of truth as to the fact of the "heaps," if not as to the manner of their accumulation. For many scores of years funds have been accumulating in Chancery, the extent of which few know, and the methods of acquirement and disposal of which most are ignorant of. There are millions of money "in Chancery" waiting for rightful heirs, and of late, at intervals, means of acquiring information as to these millions have been devised.

First, however, we may show that money may fairly accumulate without "fraud" in Chancery, or rather in the Supreme Court of Judicature. If a railway company needs to buy land to extend its lines, it sometimes happens that no one is entitled to the money immediately. For instance, when A has a life interest in the land, it would be obviously improper to give it either to him or to B, to whom it may pass on A's death. Hence the money is paid into Chancery. A receives the interest, and B, if alive at A's death, then receives the principal. If, however, B have only a life interest, the money remains with the custodian; and there are circumstances which may arise that render the recipient doubtful. In such a case the interest is added to the principal until the right is proved to receive. Legacies left by wills may be paid into the same receptacle when the legatee cannot be found;

money left to minors may pass to the same source, and in the case of the death of a minor, the sum might remain till others proved their legal claim. So, in a hundred ways, money might and does pass without fraud into the custody of that Court which looks after the property of those who cannot themselves look after it.

But the Court is a custodian merely, and often a custodian for unknown persons, and it takes steps to bring to these the knowledge of the funds it holds, so that they may apply for them.

Irregularly at first, and now at intervals of three years, there is published a list of funds under accounts which have not been touched (except to add or invest dividends) for fifteen years before the publication of the list. This publication is one of bald fact, but it embodies much of romance and quaintness. It is issued in the form of a supplement to the *London Gazette*, and the latest one occupies 138 pages. It records simply "the titles of the account," the year in which it was opened, and the "date and value of last transaction." For instance, here is a brief record, not without its interest: "Black *v.* Straphan. 1749. . . . 10th Aug., 1773. Payment out." But that short record tells the story of a case in Chancery, begun in 1749, when money was there placed in custody. Twenty-four years later there was a "Payment" out of the account, but a remnant was left which in all these years has been untouched, except by the addition of interest. Black and Straphan have passed away, after the legal struggle, but there the money—whatever its amount—waits for a proper claimant. Another entry is as brief and more pathetic: "Mary King, a lunatic. 1742. Not dealt with." Poor Mary has passed away from her "case," alike of interest to the medical and legal professions, but the account opened 145 years ago has remained untouched in the safe grasp of the Court which Dickens terribly satirised. There is an entry "ex-parte the unknown person or persons interested in the freehold estate" known as "Nos. 19, 20, and 21 in Great Bell Alley, and No. 14 in White's Alley, in the City of London." In 1835 the account was opened, and it has since been "Not dealt with." Thirty-five years ago one Susannah Bloss left a legacy "to be given to Eliza Smith," but from the absence of the legatee or other causes, an account was opened in Chancery, and the account has not been dealt with since. And, as a final instance, let us quote that of "Conway *v.* Lord Conway, on account of the personal estate of Francis, Lord Conway, deceased. 1744. 3rd Aug., 1752. Payment out."

Thus, arising out of the insanity, the absence, the minority of persons, the want of proof as to the legal recipient, and allied causes, large sums accumulate. Public companies and public needs cause other aggregations. Great railway companies, for public purposes, need land or buildings, and in default of owners having power to sell, they pay the sum into Chancery, where it remains until there is proved right to receive a share of it, or the total sum. And thus the long list is fed by the changing circumstances of humanity; and death, removal, and ignorance of bequests, brings at times some of the accounts within the range of those "which have not been dealt with otherwise than by the continuous investment, or placing on deposit of dividends during the fifteen years immediately preceding the publication of the list." This long production of the Pay Office of the Supreme Court of Judicature is a proof of the comparative permanence of property, and of the care taken by the old Court of Chancery of the possessions of peer and peasant, lord and lunatic, children, and people unknown or "beyond the seas." The long list is a noble testimony to the care that the State, through one of its creations, has of its people's goods and coins, of the watchfulness it has that the behests of the dead are fulfilled, or provision made for their carrying out, if claimants come after scores of years, and of the solicitude that it has to keep up the record of that judicial system—a system which Frederic Harrison has styled "a thing of antiquity when the House of Commons first emerges into view," which has "had the longest life in the past, whilst its splendid maturity promises it yet an almost incalculable future." But it has its sad aspect, has that list. It speaks, if not in Shelley's words of "fraud-accumulated gold," yet of amounts kept from the heirs, of bequests that cannot be given to those for whom they are meant because of mental incapacity, or other inability to acquire what was devised to them; it points to the litigation for centuries; it speaks of wealth waiting to fructify in the hands of unknown owners, all the poorer for their ignorance; and it tells of the countless thousands that, for want of owners, are thrown by the incidents of life and time into the care of that much-abused Court.

Of the method of obtaining money out of the Court little need be said. The reader who believes that he is heir to some of these millions will have to make assurance doubly sure. He will need to prove his personality, his legitimacy, his birth; to have affidavits of this, that, and the other; to state his claim in petition form, to prove that he alone is the person entitled to the share he asks, and that "all others," as the advertisement puts it, are "impostors." And having done all this, he must wait for the decision of the Vice-Chancellor or other official. Before this, he will have found out the meaning of those mysterious legal notices, and probably may have attained the dignity of figuring therein in some shape such as "Reader's Settled Estates—petition, 11.30, Vice-Chancellor's Court." He will have to prove by certificate that he is "of age," and no small portion of his time will be given up to satisfy inquisitive lawyers. Finally, he may find that the "millions" may be merely scores of pounds, and that he is only entitled to have the interest thereon for life. And, in such a case, his thought will be that it would be better if the Supreme Court would say exactly the sums it holds in each case, and for whom they are held.

J. W. S.

THE GARDEN IN JULY.

A DAY'S gardening under the sweltering glories of a July sun requires, perhaps, as great a devotion to horticulture as a day's trenching in January, so that here again, when our thermometer is registering 80° or 90° in the shade, a little judicious arrangement of our time and work is, to say the least, advisable. And, as we hinted last month, we should make an early beginning of our day, and endeavour in the middle of it to find something that will carry our work accidentally into the shade. And, taking things in their natural order, we should remark that, if through press of work the lawn has been allowed to go two or three days longer than usual unmown, the scythe will be preferable to the mowing machine. Pushing a mowing machine through grass that has gone long untouched is heavy work, and moreover, you will find that strong daisy or dandelion stalks will often not get removed by it. Early in the month, again, there is another somewhat laborious operation, which we cannot afford to shirk, and that is our hedge and box clipping. This, if too long delayed, will give us in after-weeks a rusty-looking border, with probably here and there dead patches in it. And then it will be found that in dry weather the hedges and the box afford a shelter and retreat for slugs and all such vermin, and as we go along on our work we shall be able to get rid of numbers, and thus save quantities of our now fast-ripening fruit. Indeed, it is astonishing to find how artfully snails and slugs contrive to hide themselves underneath the foliage of our box-edges, never venturing to sally forth across to the strawberry bed before the moon is well up; and after a supper off the "British Queens," taking care to be home before the thrush has sounded his morning bugle, or the music of the gardener's scythe-sharpening warns them of their danger.

Nor can we too often recommend during this month a half-hour's walk at ten o'clock at night with a lantern across the strawberry bed, and particularly by our wall-fruit, for then all the largest slugs will be out, bent on mischief, and more particularly after a thunder-shower. And in a long dry season take care that your flower-beds do not have the surface of the soil caked hard and dry, and presenting merely a series of ugly-looking cracks. Even a regular watering—which, of course, we give during a drought at least once a day—does not always prevent the caking of the soil. Keep the surface gently stirred, so as to pulverise the whole, which will have a far neater appearance in the garden, besides being much more conducive to the health of your bedding-out plants.

By this time some of the earlier-flowering annuals will have seen their day, and we should in that case at once remove them and replace them with others that, according to the method of successional growing that we have always advocated, should now be ready to take their place; while a further sowing of annuals in the open flower garden may still be made. Notice any that flower with unusual brilliancy or fulness, and endeavour to save some for seed. Of course, in this case the plant must be allowed to remain for awhile where it is.

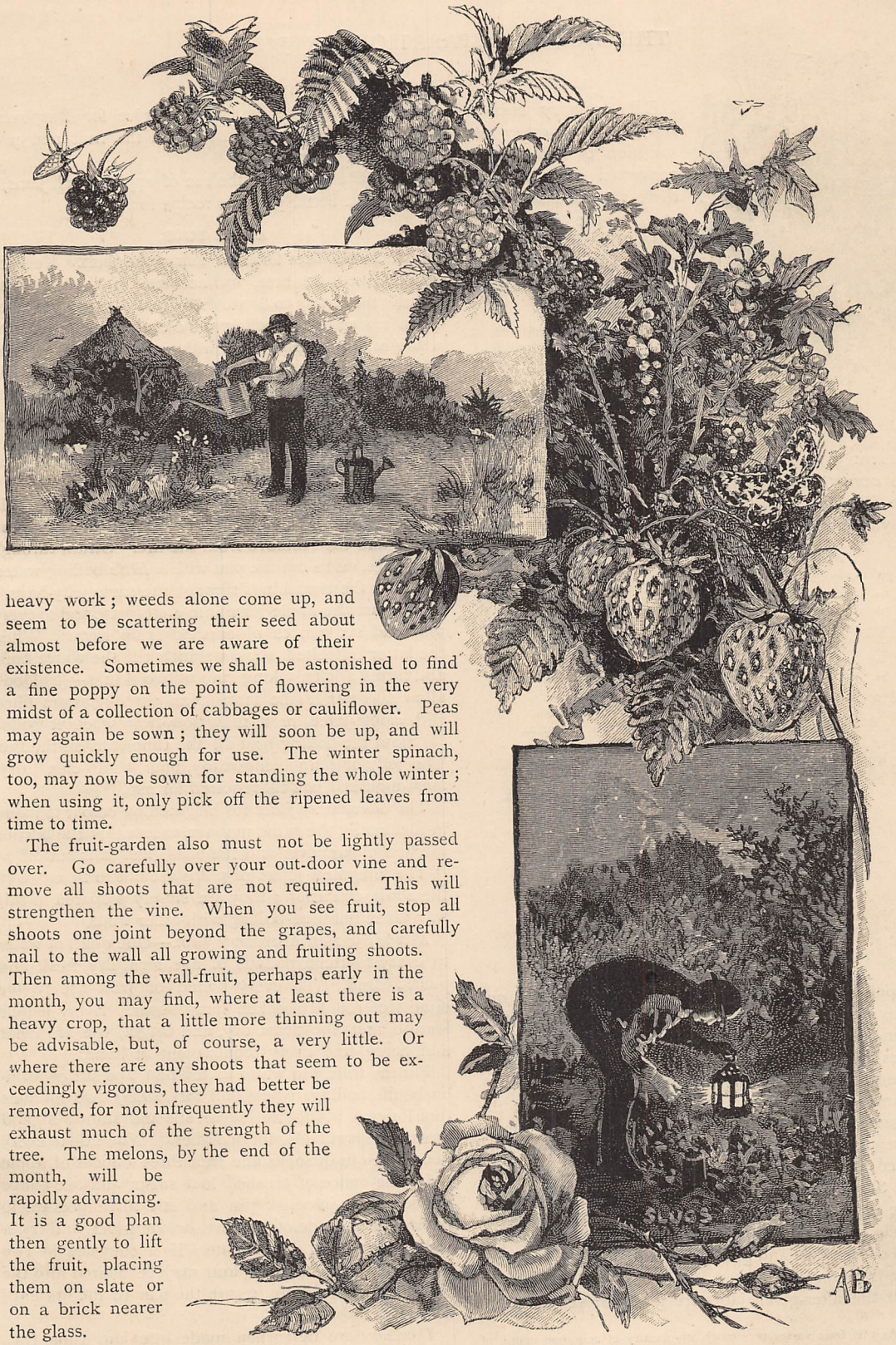
The rose-garden will, of course, occupy us largely this month. Here we may say it is good to have a few briars and stocks in the kitchen-garden on which a few budding experiments may be made. In a good old-fashioned country garden it is rare to find that *all* flowers are forbidden to put in *any* appearance in the kitchen and fruit garden. And in addition to the budding operations, do not be niggardly in picking roses for table and drawing-room decoration. When there is a good show, save all the petals of your roses as they fade, and fill your old china basins with them; their power of retaining fragrance is notorious, and of their kind and in their way nothing is more beautiful in death than these dried-up rose-petals.

Next in order among our flowers come our dahlias, as in August these begin to give us their gaudy blooms, while the single dahlias, formerly so despised by our grandmothers, are now all the rage, and certainly most effective they are for hand-picking and decoration. For brilliancy of colour nothing surpasses them, and they possess another advantage, that when picked they do not quickly fade, or cockle up immediately in the hand, like the convolvulus. The older-fashioned ones will require still more support, and if the side branches are not properly secured, there is every likelihood of their breaking; the flowers will come finer in proportion as you remove the weak and useless buds, and, as we know, will continue blooming until late in the autumn, when nearly everything else is getting into a tangled and desolate state. This, however, in a properly-cared-for garden, ought never to be the case.

And from our small greenhouse this month we turn nearly everything out; indeed, some time during July or August we should generally recommend for any painting or repairs, so as to have all in readiness for the reception in the early autumn of our stock of cuttings and plants that are the least hardy.

This, again, is the first month of our fruit harvest. When gathering strawberries, raspberries, or, indeed, any fruit for preserving purposes, take care to insure that it be gathered dry, or your whole stock of jam will afterwards ferment and be worthless.

The kitchen-garden this month, too, gives us very



heavy work; weeds alone come up, and seem to be scattering their seed about almost before we are aware of their existence. Sometimes we shall be astonished to find a fine poppy on the point of flowering in the very midst of a collection of cabbages or cauliflower. Peas may again be sown; they will soon be up, and will grow quickly enough for use. The winter spinach, too, may now be sown for standing the whole winter; when using it, only pick off the ripened leaves from time to time.

The fruit-garden also must not be lightly passed over. Go carefully over your out-door vine and remove all shoots that are not required. This will strengthen the vine. When you see fruit, stop all shoots one joint beyond the grapes, and carefully nail to the wall all growing and fruiting shoots. Then among the wall-fruit, perhaps early in the month, you may find, where at least there is a heavy crop, that a little more thinning out may be advisable, but, of course, a very little. Or where there are any shoots that seem to be exceedingly vigorous, they had better be removed, for not infrequently they will exhaust much of the strength of the tree. The melons, by the end of the month, will be rapidly advancing. It is a good plan then gently to lift the fruit, placing them on slate or on a brick nearer the glass.

THE HOME PREPARATION OF JAMS.

BY P. HOWARD DAVIS.

UNDER ordinary circumstances nearly every description of fruit can be converted into jam, but there are jams *and* jams, and, as the season for their preparation is rapidly approaching, this paper will doubtless be opportune.

Somehow there is a prevalent idea that each pound weight of fruit requires a pound of sugar. This is erroneous; each variety of fruit contains a different proportion of acid, and therefore the same rule *cannot* possibly apply to all without distinction. The following table is as nearly exact as possible—the variations from it will only be trifling:—

Fruit.	*Sugar.*
One pound of Apples (Sweet)	Twelve ounces.
,, ,, (Sour)	One pound.
,, Apricots	Twelve ounces.
,, Currants (Red)	Fourteen ounces.
,, ,, (White)	Fourteen ounces.
,, ,, (Black)	One pound.
,, Cherries (Red or White) ...	Fourteen ounces.
,, Damsons*	One pound.
,, Egg Plums	Fifteen ounces.
,, Gooseberries (Red)	Fourteen ounces.
,, ,, (Green)	One pound.
,, Greengages	Fifteen ounces.
,, Grapes	Fourteen ounces.
,, Lemons (for Marmalade) ...	Twenty-one ounces.
,, Magnum Bonum Plums ...	Twelve ounces.
,, Oranges (Seville) for Marmalade	One pound.
,, Pineapples	Ten ounces.
,, Peaches	Fourteen ounces.
,, Quinces	Ten ounces.
,, Raspberries	Twelve ounces.
,, Rhubarb (Green)	One pound.
,, ,, (Red)	Fourteen ounces.
,, Strawberries	Thirteen ounces.

Apples are an improvement in all jams with one exception; in fact, apples are the most useful fruit that a jam-preserver can have. The juice of gooseberries is an excellent thing to add to brightly-coloured jams, because it will invariably heighten the tints.

Jams need not be covered over in the pots. If the conserve is properly made, the proper proportion of sugar used, and none but perfectly sound fruit employed, it will keep for years without any covering at all. Stand jams in a cool and dry atmosphere, where there is a current of cool dry air continually passing; loosely cover the tops of the pots with oiled paper, to keep out the dust and prevent incrustation, and nothing more is required.

All the after-given jams are made by very slightly varying the one recipe which I give for Raspberry Jam. The difference is simply in the fruit and proportions of sugar.

As I have spoken of the use of apples in all jams, I think I had better give the recipe for

APPLE PULP,

which is the best form of using the fruit. Keswick apples are the best, on account of their flavour. Wash them in cold water, wipe them, and slice them up without peeling or coring; put them into a bright, dry copper pan, with water enough to just slightly more than cover them. Cover the pan, and stand it at the fireside. Stir occasionally, and let the fruit boil till it has become a thick pulpy mass, adding more water if necessary. If you can then find a piece of apple, rub it between your thumb and finger, and should it easily pulp the fruit is done.

Smash up all the lumps with a wooden spoon, thin with a little more boiling water, stir well, let it boil up again, and then remove from the fire. Strain through jelly-bags, wash out the pan with a *little* boiling water, and pass these washings through the same jelly-bags.

Measure the apple-juice into a stewpan, and to every pint add six ounces of crushed lump sugar. When the latter is melted, stir constantly till the whole boils and forms a jelly, taking care of two things—(*a*) Don't allow the pan to be more than three-quarters filled with apple-juice, or it may flow over when it boils; (*b*) Skim the boiling fruit all the time it is on the fire. The jelly or pulp being ready, pour it into clean, dry, open-mouthed jars till required for use.

The *Gooseberry-juice* for heightening colour is made in identically the same manner, except that the berries are first picked over and the heads and tails cut off.

The foregoing juices or pulps are not to be eaten in the above condition; they are simply prepared in this way for ultimate re-boiling with other fruits.

Recipe for Best Raspberry Jam.—One quart of water to every fourteen pounds of fine, ripe, dry, fresh and picked fruit. To every pound of fruit use twelve ounces of roughly-broken lump sugar. Every article for use must be clean, dry, and bright, the fire clear and fierce, and every requirement at hand.

Put the fruit and water in the pan, and stir continuously till boiling, when boil for *exactly* two minutes (not longer). Add the sugar, stir and skim well, and be sure the jam boils, not "coddles." Now add to every pound weight of sugar and fruit three ounces of apple pulp, one ounce of crushed loaf sugar, and one ounce of gooseberry-juice. Skim and stir till it gets thick, remove to the side of the fire, or the trivet, and try a little of the jam on a plate; if it congeals in two minutes the jam is done, and may be poured into the clean, dry pots; if not, return the pan to the fire until it *is* ready.

Damsons are best when made into jam whole (*i.e.*, uncut), but *Plums* should be cut through lengthwise,

* As this fruit varies very much in quantity of acid, one pound of sugar can only be taken as a guide.

and have their stones removed, unless preferred Damson fashion. The stones can be cracked and the kernels boiled with the fruit. This is a great improvement. Damsons require no apple pulp, or, by this process, they will be too tart.

Recipe for Quince Jam.—Pare, core, and slice the ripe fruit, and cover them with water in the copper pan. Let them boil till perfectly tender, and then force the soft fruit through a sieve made of cane, *not* wire. Replace the pulp on the fire, putting ten ounces of sugar into the pan for each pound of fruit pulp. Stir very systematically and continuously (as this fruit is likely to burn rapidly), skimming all the while it boils. Finish as usual.

A great improvement is made in Quince Jam by adding to every complete pound of jam ingredients—six ounces of apple pulp, three ounces of extra sugar, and a little strained fresh lemon-juice.

Apple and Pear Jams are made the same way as Quince, but the Pear Jam is tinged with a little liquid cochineal.

Apricot Jam requires much care to make it properly. The best recipe is this one:—Peel and divide the ripe fruit, and take out the stones. Break the latter, blanch the kernels, and put one-half of them into the pan in which the fruit is lying "bleeding." Mix thoroughly the kernels, fruit, and sugar (see the table) till the latter is dissolved. When this is accomplished, put the pan on the fire and let its contents boil *fast* for twenty-five minutes, stirring and skimming all the time. It should then be ready.

Peach Jam.—See Apricot Jam, except that fourteen ounces of sugar will be required to the pound of fruit.

Pineapple Jam.—If fresh fruit is used the stalk must be pulled out and the pineapple peeled, its eyes gouged out, the hard central core removed, and the whole fruit afterwards sliced into small and regular-sized pieces. The proportion of sugar is ten ounces to the pound of fruit. Put the fruit and sugar on the fire with but a very sparing quantity of water, just enough to prevent burning; boil to a pulp, and finish as Apricot Jam.

Mixed Currant Jam.—Two pounds of black currants to one pound of red ones make a nice jam.

Raspberry and Red Currant Jam.—Equal proportions of each fruit give an excellent mixture.

Raspberry and Gooseberry Jam.—Two pounds of raspberries to one of gooseberries produce a tasty jam.

Damson and Apple Jam.—Equal quantities.

Strawberry and Red Currant.—Ditto.

Strawberry and Gooseberry.—Two pounds of the former to one of the latter.

Raspberry and Apple.—Three pounds of raspberries to one of apple.

Black Currant and Apple.—Similar proportions.

Blackberry and Apple.—Ditto.

Cherry and Gooseberry.—Equal quantities.

Plum and Rhubarb.—Two pounds of the former to one of the latter.

Greengage and Gooseberry.—Ditto.

Red Currant and Gooseberry.—Equal quantities.

Blackberry and Gooseberry.—Ditto.

Rhubarb Preserve.—Peel thinly and slice green rhubarb till you have two and a half pounds of regular-sized pieces, and lay these out thinly on a flat dish. Sprinkle over the fruit one pound of large-grained crystallised white sugar, and stand it in a cold cellar for twelve or more hours. Pour off the liquid into the preserving-pan, and add to it one and a half pounds of lump sugar. Now make up the "spice-bag," and put it into the sugar and juice. (A "spice-bag" is two thicknesses of muslin in which are such quantities of thinly-cut lemon-rind, stick cinnamon, whole cloves, and bruised ginger as suit the taste.) Boil for forty minutes, till the syrup is quite thick; remove the spice-bag, drop in the rhubarb, and allow the latter to boil gently until it is all soft and tender, but yet not damaged, and skim carefully during the whole time of the boiling.

Orange Marmalade.—Here is the whole secret of making the very finest quality of marmalade fully explained:—

Take any quantity of bitter Seville oranges, and wash and wipe them clean and dry. Have the kettle *boiling* on the fire. Put the oranges into an earthenware pan, pour on enough of the *boiling* (scalding) water to cover them, and then keep in the steam by covering the vessel with a tea-tray or board. Let the fruit soak for just *ten* minutes, when strain off the water, and cover the fruit with a large cloth. The latter will keep the oranges warm, while they are removed one at a time to "nick" the rinds into four parts. Turn out the pulps whole, and stand them aside, but drop each piece of rind into cold water immediately it is removed from the fruit. Place the pulps in a little water in the stewpan, and cook them till quite tender. Now rub them through a cane sieve, taking care not to force the pips through too. While the pulps are boiling, take the peels from the cold water and cut them into fine shreds, which afterwards put into the stewpan with some cold water. Let them boil *once*, and remove just at boiling point. Strain them, throw away the bitter water, and re-boil in fresh cold water exactly as before. Strain again, and re-boil, &c. Repeat this four times altogether. When this is done, mix the pulp and the peel-shreds together; weigh them, and to every pound of the mixture add one pound of best loaf sugar broken up finely. Set all in the pan, and on a bright, fierce fire; stir and skim thoroughly while boiling, and then finish as for jam.

Lemon Marmalade.—The same as orange, except that the rinds will only require two boilings, and twenty-one ounces of sugar is the proper proportion to the pound of fruit.

Memoranda.—A copper stewpan, a brisk (fierce) and clear fire, a broad wooden stirring-spoon, a thin wooden skimmer, a watchful eye, and strict attention to all the details of these recipes are necessary to the making of first-class jams.

A MAN OF THE NAME OF JOHN.

By FLORENCE M. KING.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

MRS. MITCHELL'S NEW LODGERS.

IT was quite the end of June before Gypsy came home again. She went on from London to stay with other friends, and would not have returned so soon, but that Mrs. Marchmont having gone to see an old friend in Devonshire, and Molly and Lena being in town with Mrs. Lawson, there was no one but herself to look after her father.

The weather was lovely, and haymaking in full force. Gypsy had not been back an hour before she had quite come to the conclusion that there was no place like home. The afternoon after her arrival, she went down, in spite of the sun, to invite all the Kendall tribe to tea in the hayfield next day, and intending to spend a lazy afternoon on the Vicarage lawn.

But Joyce had calls to make in the village, and, after the invitation had been given and accepted, Gypsy heroically offered to accompany her. When the last visit had been duly paid, they found themselves at the end of the village, near the fields through which ran the path to Hengston, and by mutual consent they turned aside from the dusty high road to rest among the hay till tea-time.

They strolled across the first wide meadow, whence the hay had all been carried, and, passing through the heave-gate, entered the second field, where the men were at work with their gleaming scythes, while the women were busy raking and turning the long swathes.

One of the women, to whom they were well known, raked a small haycock together for them, under the shade of a tree in the hedgerow, and there they reclined in lazy luxury, soothed by the sweet scents and sounds around them, and almost too drowsy for speech in the hot summer afternoon.

Voices of passers-by on the other side of the hedge roused them at last from their idle reverie.

"Is this a hayfield, Jan? I don't see any hay. It isn't like a hayfield in France," said a doubting, childish voice.

"Because they have carried all the hay," said a deeper manly voice, in reply. "You will see some directly."

"Is this the sort of country we are going to live in some day? I do like the country, Jan. I should like it to be just like this when we live there."

"All right, Lal, I won't forget."

"What *dear* little roses there are in the hedge! Do get me some as we come back, Jan, will you?—Oh, do look at that bird dropping in the middle of the field! Do you think it is hurt? I wonder——"

The childish treble died away in the distance. The girls sat upright on their sweet-scented couch, and waited in some curiosity to see who would appear over the gate.

A minute or two afterwards a young man vaulted lightly over it, and stood waiting for his companion to follow. A tall, distinguished-looking man, in spite of his loose grey coat, and the straw hat on the back of his head. He stood laughing a good-natured laugh, and said in a lazy, well-modulated voice, that floated up the field in the still air—

"Well, Lal, and when are you coming over?"

The girls, leaning forward, caught sight of a slender dark-haired child in a brown holland suit, who, standing on the cross-bar of the gate, and holding on to the top rail, laughed back contentedly—

"When you fetch me, of course! I can't climb this great big ugly gate."

"Poor Lal! I am so sorry you can't come any further!"

"So am I," said Lal, placidly smiling.

"Good-bye, Lal! I am going to Hengston. I am so sorry you aren't coming too," with a polite bow.

"Lift me over, please, Jan; it hurts my feet."

It was rather a command than a request that the child uttered, and his companion, stepping forward, swung him easily over the gate, setting him down as tenderly as if he were a piece of rare china.

"Here's a real hayfield for you, Lal," he said.

Lal looked about him with infinite satisfaction.

"Oh, it is jolly!" he said. "You must make me a picture of it, with lots of men, and hay, and a cart; I should like there to be a cart, Jan."

"Very well; and in the meantime suppose we proceed on our way, or we shall never get to Hengston."

"How many miles is it to Hengston? Is it more than twenty? I think it is a very long way, and it is very, very hot," the child went on, as he slowly followed the rough path.

"Tired, Lal? Come along, then;" and with an easy movement born of long custom the lad was swung up on to the broad shoulders, and the oddly-matched pair went their way slowly among the knee-deep grass.

"He is not a Sussex man, or he would have known how to open a heave-gate," remarked Gypsy, when they had disappeared over the next stile.

"They must be Mrs. Mitchell's new lodgers. She told me yesterday that she had let her rooms to a gentleman, but I thought he was sure to be some old invalid," said Joyce.

"That boy is most fascinating. I want him to

come to tea to-morrow," said Gypsy. "In fact, I must have him. Do you mind calling and asking him?"

Joyce only laughed.

"The parson's family ought to know every one in the parish," said Gypsy severely. "That boy looks very delicate. How do you know he doesn't want soup or jelly? You must call and find out; it is a plain Christian duty."

"Very well," laughed Joyce; "I will set Mr. Fortescue to find out: he always knows all about every one. If soup is necessary, soup shall be sent."

"STOOD WAITING FOR HIS COMPANION TO FOLLOW" (*p.* 480).

"By the way, how is that John?" asked Gypsy.

"'That John' is very well, as far as I know. Mr. Fortescue says he is quite charming; he agrees to everything proposed, and never mentions expense."

"Won't he run into debt, then, that's all!" said Gypsy. "By the way, remind me to ask Mr. Fortescue to tea to-morrow."

"Do you know Cecil Crawford is at home again?" remarked Joyce disconnectedly.

"Then let him stop there. I don't want him at my tea, he is too big."

"He calls Kitty Miss Kendall since she came home from town, and she thinks him charming in consequence."

"I wish to goodness he called me Miss Marchmont!" cried Gypsy suddenly.

"Why, Gyp?"

"Because then I could keep him at a distance," returned Gypsy, smothering Joyce with a handful of hay.

Gypsy was on her way next morning to inspect the state of the strawberry beds, with a view to her young friends' appetites, when a servant overtook her to say that Mr. Marchmont wished to speak to her. Much wondering what he wanted, since they had arranged their plans for the day before parting, Gypsy retraced her steps across the lawn.

As she came in sight of the house she perceived her father standing just outside the library windows, and in conversation with strangers, whom she recognised in a moment as Mrs. Mitchell's new lodgers. The thought flashed through her mind at once that after all she would surprise Joyce by inviting Lal to tea in the hayfield. She smiled to herself, as she came across the soft turf in her cool white gown, under the shade of a gay Japanese parasol.

Lal was an exceedingly pretty boy on a nearer view, with his close-cropped dark head, large brown eyes, and clear, pale complexion, too transparent for perfect health. There was a fragile look about the child altogether; he was so slenderly made, and his features were so clearly cut as to give an air of extreme delicacy to his refined little face. He was perched on his friend's shoulder again, and was completely taken

up with watching the movements of the house-martins under the eaves.

"What did you want with me, Daddy?" asked Gypsy, as she drew near.

Mr. Marchmont turned at the sound of her voice.

"To tell you that I should see Fortescue this morning, so that you need not trouble to write to him," he said. "We are going——by the way, I haven't introduced Mr. Holt—my daughter. Mr. Holt is an artist, Gyp, and has come down to sketch in the forest; and we are going up to the Place to find Fortescue."

"I am afraid I shall be taking Mr. Marchmont very much out of his way," said Mr. Holt, appealing to Gypsy. "I am sure if I might use his name——"

"No, no; I want to see Fortescue myself, I assure you," said Mr. Marchmont. "Besides, it is on my way to Wodringfold. Gypsy, will you send the dog-cart for me at twelve?"

"I am sure you meant to drive all the way, and I am upsetting all your plans," expostulated Mr. Holt.

"No, indeed; the dad loves a walk. Besides, he can take you across the park," said Gypsy. "If you go alone you will have to go round by the road and up the avenue, which would wear this poor little man to a thread," and she nodded smilingly at Lal.

"I expect he will get a lift most of the way, anyhow—won't you, Lal?" said Mr. Holt, looking up at him.

Lal smiled, and nodded acquiescence, and the two gazed into each other's eyes as if they had forgotten the presence of strangers.

Gypsy watched them musingly. They were the most affectionate pair of brothers she had ever seen. After all, were they brothers? she wondered.

There was not even the intangible likeness, so perceptible to a stranger, that often exists between two members of a family different in features and colouring. Lal's delicate little face had absolutely nothing in common with the one into which he gazed with such supreme content. There was nothing delicate or fragile about Mr. Holt. He was less broad-shouldered than Cecil Crawford, but his well-knit frame conveyed an idea of strength and agility. In fact, strength was his most marked characteristic; his steady grey eyes, hooked nose, and firmly-moulded chin, all told the same tale, which would doubtless have been borne out by his mouth, had that feature not been hidden by a well-grown moustache some shades lighter than his dark brown curling hair. It was essentially the face of a man accustomed to support and sustain others, to be looked up to, and to make his own way in the world.

If there is one thing women admire in men it is strength. They will condone the offences of a man who sins with a high hand, far rather than tolerate the unobtrusive merits of a man who possesses the fatal quality of weakness. But the powers of fascination possessed by men who are strong for the right are almost without limits; only, fortunately, they are seldom conscious of the strength of their own attractions.

Mr. Holt's was a good face, in every sense of the word, and when he smiled at little Lal it was almost beautiful. Gypsy found herself deciding that he was one of the finest-looking men she had ever seen, and that Cecil Crawford would look a mere boy beside him. She had fallen of late, almost unconsciously, into a habit of making him her standard by which to compare all men. A bad omen for poor Cecil, had he known it. If he had satisfied her heart she would never have dreamt of comparisons. As it was, the mere thought of his name revived her usual restlessness.

"Daddy, you may just as well go out through the kitchen-garden," she said; "and I am sure Lal would like to come and have some strawberries—wouldn't you, Lal?"

"Oh, yes, please!" cried Lal eagerly. "Put me down, Jan dear."

Mr. Holt swung the child down lightly, and Gypsy, laying her hand on his shoulder, moved off with him across the lawn, the two men following them slowly.

The Manor kitchen-garden was one of those delightful old-world haunts where paths of velvety turf lead between beds of mingled fruit and flowers. Lal had never seen such a place in his life, and his delight knew no bounds. When he came up one of the paths towards the old sun-dial that stood in the centre of the garden, his eyes shone with pleasure as he carried in both hands a huge cabbage-leaf full of the ripest strawberries.

"They are all for you, Jan! I picked them myself!" he cried joyously; "and we are going to have tea in the hayfield to-night. Won't it be fun?"

"Will you let him come?" Gypsy asked of Mr. Holt. "I am expecting all my small friends to tea in the hay and a regular romp, and if you and Lal will join us we shall be very glad. Only I warn you that you must expect a warm time of it, in every sense of the word, for the Vicarage children are regular monkeys."

"I shall enjoy it immensely; thanks very much for asking us," said Mr. Holt. "I love romping with children. I only wish Lal were more up to it."

The cabbage-leaf rested on the old sun-dial, and Gypsy calmly helped herself from it. Mr. Marchmont carried off Lal to see the bees, and the young couple were left alone.

"Your little brother looks very delicate," she remarked.

"Lal? He is not my brother. He comes of a delicate family, I am sorry to say. His father was my dearest friend, but he is no relation of mine at all."

Gypsy looked, as she felt, a little surprised.

"Then you have adopted him?" she asked.

"Yes, I suppose so. He was always very fond of me even as a baby, and there was no one else to take care of him. His mother died when he was a few weeks old, and he is quite alone in the world, poor little chap. He has lived with me now for nearly three years."

"Then, how old is he?"

"Turned six. I am afraid he does not look it. I hope a few weeks of this country air will make a

different boy of him ; he is very small and weakly for his age at present ; " and a momentary look of anxiety clouded the speaker's face.

"Oh, the forest air will soon set him up!" said Gypsy cheerfully. "You could not have brought him to a better place. It was fortunate you chose this neighbourhood for your sketching tour ; perhaps you did so on his account ?"

Mr. Holt looked at her for a moment with a rather curious expression on his face, but Gypsy was intent on her strawberries. Then he said slowly—

"Yes, it was partly on his account."

"What is his name?" went on Gypsy, laughing. "I must introduce him in due form this afternoon."

Mr. Holt smiled. "Lorrimer—Lionel Lorrimer—but I really think he only knows himself as Lal."

"How very unlike Mr. Holt is to one's idea of an artist!" thought Gypsy to herself a few minutes later, as she watched the well-set-up figure moving away by her father's side. "I thought they always wore velvet coats and soft hats, and carried a camp-stool and a white umbrella about with them, if not a palette and brushes—whereas Mr. Holt looks more like a military man. But," and here Gypsy fairly laughed to herself with delight, "how surprised Joyce will be when she sees them walk into the field!"

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

IN THE HAYFIELDS.

"Run, Roger, run!"

"Well done, Meg! Give it him well! He deserves it!"

"Look out, Dick, you'll be over! Ah!" and a shout of laughter rose on the still air as luckless Dick missed his footing and fell into a haycock, where his affectionate family promptly proceeded to smother him.

Mr. Holt thought it a pretty scene of English country life that lay before him, as he leant over the gate leading into the Home Meadows at half-past four that afternoon.

At the lower end of the wide sloping field, where Mr. Marchmont stood deep in conversation with his bailiff, the hay was still being cut. At the upper end, near the shadow of two fine old trees in the hedgerow, the girls and boys were already at play, pursuing one another with armfuls of the fragrant hay, pelting one another, chasing one another, regardless of the heat, amid a babel of merry voices and ringing laughter. All the Vicarage children were there, mad with spirits and the exhilaration of the glorious weather. Kitty had laid aside her newly-acquired dignity, and Gypsy was of course the ringleader of the fun and frolic.

Roger, fleeing for his life, a perfect Ishmael, with every one's hand against him, came tearing across the field towards Alan Fortescue, who stood at a little distance holding the bridle of the small brown pony whereon Giles was mounted. Utterly exhausted he flung himself on Alan's mercy and on the ground, crying, "Pax! Pax! Oh, please, Pax! I'm nearly dead."

"So am I!" cried Gypsy, taking off her hat, and shaking the hay from her rough curling hair. "Children, you will make a short and sudden end of me, you will indeed!"

There was a sudden subsidence of the panting, laughing combatants on to scattered heaps of hay, and Giles rode tranquilly away from the scene of action, with a superior air.

"Oh, Jan, do let us go and play too!" cried Lal in great excitement. "I had no idea tea in the hay was so nice! I want to throw the hay about like that too."

Mr. Holt vaulted the gate, and swung Lal over after him by way of response. "Come along, then," he said. "You shall be a smothered Babe in the Tower too, if it please you."

Gypsy, watching Giles proudly trotting down the field, became aware of the new-comers. She sat upright upon her luxurious couch and coughed significantly.

"Joyce! ahem! Joyce! do you see anything remarkable down by the gate?" she asked, with twinkling eyes.

"Down by the gate?—No. Why?—Gypsy, you are a witch!" cried Joyce, raising herself on her elbow in astonishment. "How did you manage it?"

"Ha! ha! That's my affair," answered Gypsy as she rose to receive her guests. "I told you I must have that boy to tea to-night, and you see here he is!"

She walked off across the field to meet the new-comers, and brought them back in state, feeling extremely proud of herself, as the assembled Kendall family gazed on her in open-eyed astonishment.

"Mr. Holt—Mr. Lorrimer," announced Gypsy, in her clear ringing voice. "Miss Kendall, Miss Kitty, Miss Meg, Miss Alice, Mr. Roger, and Mr. Richard Kendall, commonly called Dick."

Mr. Holt bowed with easy grace, and Joyce and Kitty returned the salute. Lal took off his hat politely, and the children all laughed, feeling that there was a joke somewhere.

Mr. Holt turned quickly, picked up an armful of hay, and half smothered Dick's fair head as it peeped cautiously over a haycock, crying, "I won't be laughed at by small boys!"

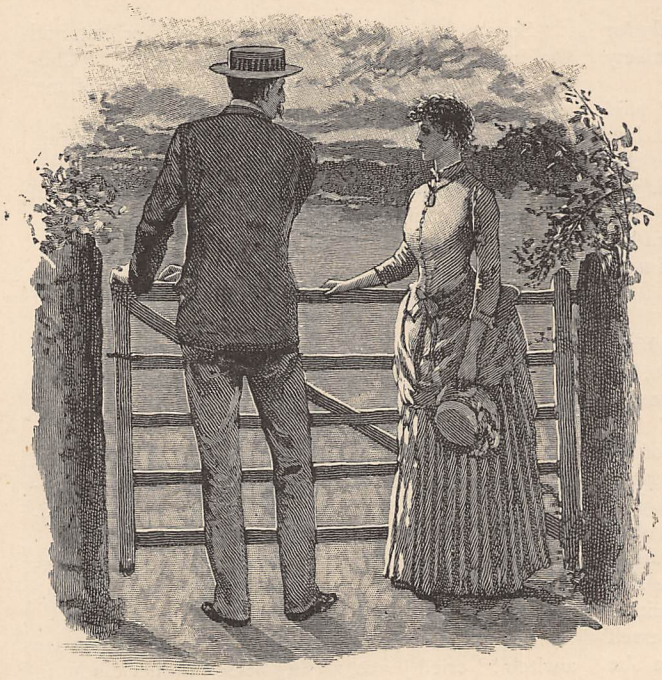
That was the signal for another frantic fight. The children, recognising with unerring instinct a new playfellow, set on him at once, and the elder girls, too exhausted to join, sat and laughed till they were more exhausted still. Giles, trotting up with the air of a Centaur at least, put a stop to the fun at last, as Dick dropped his last handful of hay, crying—

"Pax! Pax! It is my turn to ride now!"

"It must be Pax, really, children," added Gypsy, "for it is almost tea-time, and you must rake up a haycock in the shade for us to sit on. So get to work at once. No more levity."

"What a nice mess we have made of the hay!" said Mr. Holt, coming up to her, laughing. "And how hot it is! You must be completely worn out if you have been doing this all the afternoon."

"Oh, but we haven't," said Gypsy. "The children



"GYPSY AND MR. HOLT PAUSED TO SHUT AND FASTEN THE GATE" (*p.* 485).

have been frivolling about ever since lunch, I believe, but we elders only appeared just before you did. There is a limit to one's powers of endurance, and the thermometer must be ninety in the shade to-day, I am sure."

"Something very like it," said Mr. Holt. "You really ought not to sit here in the sun. Come and rest in the shade while we rake up the haycock. Miss Kendall, you are not thinking of assisting in that operation, I am sure?"

"I really don't think I am capable of it," answered Joyce, laughing. "Those dreadful boys have nearly killed me already. Gyp, I do hope tea is coming soon?"

"Directly," answered Gypsy. "I saw the men coming down the pleasure-ground this moment."

The boys came back across the field with their rakes, and the young men helped them to pile up a huge haycock like a gigantic sofa; while the girls busied themselves in laying the cloth and making tea.

But when all was ready, and Mr. Marchmont summoned from his engrossing conversation, little Lal, looking very white and exhausted, created dire consternation among the elder girls by absolutely refusing any tea. He shook his head at everything offered, said he was not hungry, and curled himself up on the soft hay, looking the very picture of weariness.

"But he really ought to have some tea; he must be quite faint and exhausted, or he would not refuse it," said Joyce, her motherly heart deeply concerned for the delicate child, as she watched her own brothers steadily satisfying their hearty country appetites.

"Is there anything he would fancy?—Won't he have some grapes?" asked Gypsy, looking up at Mr. Holt with anxious eagerness.

He shook his head and answered quietly, "No; thank you very much. He never will eat when he is tired; it is no use to ask him. I am afraid I let him work too hard in the sun."

His eyes said, "Leave him to me; I can manage him," and Gypsy desisted from her hospitable offers, though she watched his proceedings with some curiosity.

It had not struck her, when she heard the plain facts simply told that morning, that it was an unusual thing for a young man to take upon himself the burden of a delicate child who had no natural claim on him, and who must be a constant anxiety, the more so by reason of their mutual affection. But it did seem to her now almost a beautiful thing to see a man in the prime of youth and strength, unable to realise what it was to be weak and delicate, respecting a child's caprice, and watching over him with a care and tenderness almost womanly. Gypsy was very silent, feigning to be absorbed in the labours of tea-making, and pondering the matter in her own mind.

Mr. Holt filled a plate full of strawberries and cream, helped himself to a large sponge-cake, and sat down by Lal, talking, and chaffing the other boys all the while, and never inviting the child by word or look to share his good cheer. By-and-by a little hand was busy among the strawberries; one by one they disappeared without much of Mr. Holt's assistance, while he was looking across and laughing at Dick, and when he looked round for the sponge-cake, behold Master Lal was nibbling at it in a leisurely way.

"This is very extraordinary! I thought that cake was mine!" he said, lifting his eyebrows in comic dismay, whereat all the other children laughed.

Lal smiled at him serenely. "It is very good, I think," he said complacently. "If you are going to have some tea, Jan, I should like some out of your cup; and please, I should like to sit on your knee."

After that Lal made a very fair meal, only refusing to eat anything unless Jan was partaking of it too. He sat there, quite contented, with his dark head nestled against the broad shoulder, smiling quietly to himself at the jokes that went on round him, and watching Gypsy with all his eyes.

"I am afraid you must think I spoil Lal dreadfully, Miss Marchmont," said Mr. Holt when tea was over, and the children trooping off to fresh games in the hay. "But it is a fancy of his when he is tired only to eat out of my plate. It is often the only way to get him to eat at all."

"I think you are very, very good to him," said Gypsy warmly. "He must be very fond of you."

"I think he is. You see, there is no one else to take care of him. He had a nurse he was devoted to, but

she married a little while ago, and since then I have been in sole charge. I am always so afraid of not looking after him enough. I don't think men understand much about children; they need a woman's care," said Mr. Holt.

He said it in an apologetic tone, accompanied by a slight sigh, that moved Gypsy to reply—

"I think there is no doubt that you and Lal understand one another thoroughly, Mr. Holt, at all events."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it."

Gypsy felt herself suddenly blushing under the intensity of his gaze, and then was angry with herself for it. Why should she not tell him that she admired his conduct to little Lal, if she liked?

"Would Lal be afraid to ride the pony? He ought not to play about with the others any more, I am sure," she said quickly.

Mr. Holt glanced at Lal curled up on the hay by Joyce's side, and talking to her in his prettiest way, the best of friends already.

"It is very good of you all to be so kind to him," he said. "I don't know how to thank you."

"Oh, he is such a dear little fellow!" said Gypsy, "and I do like to see him when he is pleased; I never saw a more expressive little face. But would he be afraid to act postilion, do you think? We are going to harness Peggy to the little cart, and make a haycock on the lawn."

The haycock at the Manor was a great and time-honoured institution. Every year it was solemnly heaped round the stem of a weeping ash on the tennis lawn, and, hidden from the vulgar gaze by the long green branches that made a perfect bower on all sides, shaded from the sun and sheltered from the wind, it offered a luxurious couch the whole summer through. To help in the great work of bringing up the haycock was the delight of the Vicarage children now, as it had been the delight of the Manor children in days gone by, and to their elders it was a ceremony endeared by recollections of "auld lang syne."

Many times did the little cart go to and fro before the fragrant heap was piled high enough against the smooth grey bark, but the final load was carried off at last, and Gypsy and Mr. Holt, bringing up the rear of the procession, paused to shut and fasten the gate after them as they left the field.

"What a lovely evening it is!" said Gypsy.

The sun was low in the western sky, and the level rays turned all they touched to gold, while the long shadows crept across the field.

"I have not spent a day in the hayfields since I was Lal's age," observed Mr. Holt. "I have enjoyed this."

"I am very glad," said Gypsy.

"I suppose it is the result of your very kind reception of us, but I really feel at home at Ashleigh already," he went on slowly. "It is very odd, but I have a kind of feeling as if I must have known the place and its inhabitants before. Did you ever feel that in coming to a new neighbourhood?"

"Yes, I have, in Devonshire, where my mother's people live," confessed Gypsy; "but then your people never lived here."

"I never was in Sussex before," he said, "and yet I feel as if I had known you all my life."

"This is not canny!" laughed Gypsy. "Please don't continue."

She felt constrained to turn the subject with a jest, for she felt herself as if she and Mr. Holt were old friends, and she did not want him to know it.

"I can understand a man's getting fond of Ashleigh as Fortescue seems to have done," he went on. "I hope your friend Sir John won't turn him adrift."

"What do you know about Sir John?" cried Gypsy.

"Fortescue was telling me something about him this morning, and mentioned that he was a particular friend of yours."

Gypsy looked up, and met a sly twinkle in his eye that was irresistible.

"I shall owe Mr. Fortescue one for this!" she cried, laughing. "That odious Sir John! I hate him!"

"Without knowing him?"

"If I knew him I should hate him worse," said Gypsy, turning away. "Ugh! Don't talk of him!"

Mr. Holt followed her up the path with a curious smile on his face. Evidently Gypsy's unreasonable antipathy to Sir John amused him much.

Joyce stayed to dine at the Manor, and sent her tribe home under Kitty's wing. Alan Fortescue stayed also, as Mr. Marchmont professed himself unable to amuse two young ladies alone. At dinner the conversation naturally ran upon their new acquaintances.

Mr. Marchmont approved Mr. Holt's politics; Alan, his knowledge of horses, and the absence of artistic jargon. His care of Lal had won Joyce's heart, and

"'THINKING OF OLD TIMES, GYP?'" (*p.* 486).

Gypsy remarked that he had earned her esteem by carrying Dick across the field under one arm, and standing him on his head in a haycock. This brought the conversation down to a frivolous level, as perhaps she intended.

When the girls went up-stairs for their hats previous to walking home with Joyce, Gypsy took her stand by the window, and gazed dreamily into the soft pure twilight.

"Thinking of old times, Gyp?" asked Joyce sympathisingly. "Do you remember the summer when Nell was first engaged, and how mad Mr. Lawson and Arthur were over the haycock that year?"

"Yes, I remember," said Gypsy, smiling.

But she did not explain that for once it was not of their past merriment that she was thinking.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

IDLE HOURS.

"WHEN the cat's away the mice will play," says the old adage. In a great many families—with all respect be it spoken—the cat is represented by the mother. Fathers are apt to be very blind and careless as long as their daughters are happy and enjoying themselves.

At all events, it is very doubtful whether Mr. Holt would have become as intimate at the Manor as he proceeded to do during the next ten days had Mrs. Marchmont been at home.

Perhaps the weather was partly to blame; it was so intensely hot. Was there not a virtuous friend of Sydney Smith's who fled from the delights of his society because she said the warm atmosphere of Combe Florey was melting away her principles? Certainly intense heat conduces to idleness, and we all know who finds employment for idle hands.

Day after day the sun rose and set in a cloudless sky; day after day the whole earth basked in the intense heat till grass and flowers were parched and dry, and the roads were deep in dust. Day after day the girls encamped for long lazy afternoons on the shady lawns at the Manor or Vicarage; and thither, sooner or later, the young men found their way to beg for a cup of tea and a game of tennis.

And if the afternoons were charming, what of the twilight strolls through the quiet fields and in the cool, dim forest? Such rambles are apt to lead to confidential discourse between young men and maidens, and a few days of such quiet country life conduce to a better acquaintance than can be formed by a whole season of meetings in London crowds.

Lal generally formed one of the party on these occasions. The heat tried him very much, and he generally spent the middle of the day in taking a siesta.

He revived like a delicate plant in the cool of the evening, and therefore was privileged to sit up as late as he chose. Mr. Holt's lax discipline, though it was to be condemned in theory, met with approval in practice, for it was an understood thing that he never left Lal at home alone.

It was really extraordinary how easily Mr. Holt had slipped into a place in the Ashleigh social circle. So much at home was he, that it almost seemed as if a niche must have been waiting for him to fill it. Every one liked him, and Alan Fortescue was especially glad to have found a companion.

At present he had not begun to sketch, except for Lal's benefit. He was learning to know the forest, he said, before he attempted to give any idea of it to others. Lal had a sketch-book of his own, which was rapidly being adorned with a series of Ashleigh portraits, to his great delight.

The usual party were resting on the haycock at the Manor between their tennis sets one afternoon, when he was seized with a desire for a sketch of Crona. The book was produced, and Mr. Holt was soon at work, while Gypsy did her best to render his endeavours fruitless by exciting the dog to all sorts of absurd antics.

She was waltzing round, dragging unwilling Crona after her on its hind legs in an irresistibly ludicrous way, when Joyce, looking up, exclaimed in a tone of alarm—

"Gypsy! Visitors!"

The visitors had approached so near unheard on the soft turf, that almost before Gypsy had dropped the dog and recovered her balance, the butler was holding aside one of the green boughs, and announcing gravely Mr. and Miss Crawford.

"May we come in? How delightful the dear old haycock looks!" said Sybil Crawford's silvery voice.

She stood a moment framed in the opening made by parted boughs—a very pleasant picture, with her pretty face and golden hair, and in her well-fitting riding-habit, with Cecil towering behind her. She took in the group at a glance, and was not unobservant of the handsome stranger absorbed over his sketch-book.

"Well, Sybil, are you qualifying for a lunatic asylum?" asked Gypsy, recovering herself. "You don't mean to say that you have ridden over on a day like this?"

"Why not? We came to see if the rumour that you were at home again could possibly be true," said Sybil, with an accent of reproach. "Madge Ingram told me that you had been home a week, but I could not believe it, as you have never been over to see me. Mr. Marchmont, are you not ashamed of her? Well, Kitty, I haven't seen you since we met in town. How do you do, Mr. Fortescue? Where is Randy to-day?"

Sybil's remarks flowed on in a steady, unceasing stream, while she shook hands with every one, and smiled graciously around. Under cover of the general move Mr Holt shut his book, with the remark, "We'll finish it another day, Lal," and slipped away to fetch his coat.

"I think it is rather hot and stuffy in here, don't you?" said Gypsy, picking up her discarded hat. "Have you had any tea, Sybil? No? Oh, come and have some, then!"

The whole party streamed slowly across the lawn to the tea-table set under the shade of a fine old cedar. Cecil walked by Gypsy's side, asking where she had

been, and what she had been doing, since they last met. Gypsy would have felt hurt if he had taken less interest in her affairs, and yet he worried her, and she answered him with nothing but nonsense.

Mr. Holt and Lal were playing cricket on the further tennis court, Lal batting with a racquet in great style. To judge by their shouts and laughter, they were enjoying themselves extremely. After awhile they attracted Cecil's notice, and he inquired who the stranger was.

"Mr. Holt, an artist, who is staying here for the summer," answered Gypsy.

"Oh, I know! Mr. Marchmont wrote to me about his joining the tennis club. It is all right; he can come to Chilhurst on Tuesday, if he sends me his subscription first," said Cecil.

"Oh, thanks," said Gypsy vaguely, wondering who had sent Alan Fortescue to fetch Mr. Holt. Sybil solved the problem for her by addressing her—

"What a dear little boy that is, Gypsy! I am quite in love with him. I asked Mr. Fortescue to bring him here to make friends with me."

"You being so particularly fond of small boys!" laughed Gypsy.

"Oh, but this one looks such a darling!" said Sybil in excuse.

Unfortunately, the darling did not seem to appreciate her attentions. He was very silent, kept very close to Mr. Holt, and left the latter to make all the conversation. This was not difficult with Sybil. "Oh, so charming!—the dear forest!—so picturesque!—I adore art!" Gypsy caught from time to time, and Sybil's slightly affected style of discourse annoyed her more than usual.

"How we are wasting our time!" she cried, springing up suddenly. "Who will play tennis?"

The two Crawfords declined, on the score of their riding-gear, but Kitty offered to play with her against Joyce and Mr. Fortescue, and the challenge was accepted.

"You are not going to play, are you?" Sybil asked of Mr. Holt, as he made a move as though to rise from the ground.

"No; I was going to offer my services as umpire."

"Oh, my brother will do that," said Sybil; and her eyes said, "You were never going to leave me here alone?"

Mr. Marchmont had taken up a book. He was a paragon of chaperons, never in the way, and fully persuaded that young people amused themselves best without him.

It was a very good set; Gypsy played brilliantly, and the games were very equal. The play was pretty to watch from the cool shadow, as the players flitted to and fro over the sunny court.

"It is pleasanter looking on than playing to-day," remarked Sybil. "But Gypsy is so energetic always. She is a wonderful girl."

"Is she?" said Mr Holt.

"I am so fond of her," went on Sybil. "She is quite like a sister to me; I have no sisters of my own, you know." (A slight sigh.) "I shall be so glad when affairs are settled between her and Cecil."

"Are they likely to be?" asked Mr. Holt coolly. He was tickling Lal's face with a blade of grass, and laughing at him, as he spoke.

"Oh, dear! I am afraid it was very indiscreet of me to mention it," said Sybil, who was never indiscreet but by design. "Of course we only hope it; there is nothing settled at present; but it has been going on so long, and one can't help wishing for what one wants. Still, I ought not to have said anything. You won't betray me, will you, Mr. Holt?"

"Certainly not," he said politely.

The tennis-players came back, when the set was over, full of some piece of news that Cecil had just imparted. They sat down in a group round Sybil, and began exchanging all the latest local and county gossip. Their conversation was sprinkled with names and allusions that must have been Greek to Mr. Holt, and yet he seemed to take a curious amount of interest in it.

"Is Miss Crawford really like a sister to you?" Mr. Holt inquired of Gypsy later on, as they returned to the lawn after seeing her friends off.

"Sybil? No! Whoever said she was?" demanded Gypsy, in blank astonishment.

"She told me so herself, and I thought I might judge from the truth of that statement whether all the information she gave me was likely to be correct."

"Oh, Sybil babbles on so that she really doesn't know what she is saying," said Gypsy quickly. "You must not take all she tells you for gospel."

What had she been saying? Something about herself and Cecil, she was sure. Gypsy's cheeks burnt like fire, and she would have given a good deal to know what.

Mr. Holt had a way of applying to Gypsy whenever he required information; and he was in a chronic state of requiring information that rather amused her.

"Why doesn't Mr. Kendall send his boys to school?" he asked her one day, after an hour's cricket at the Vicarage. "Roger is turned twelve, and Dick is ten; it is such a pity that they should be still wasting their time at home."

"A great pity. Mr. Kendall thinks so too."

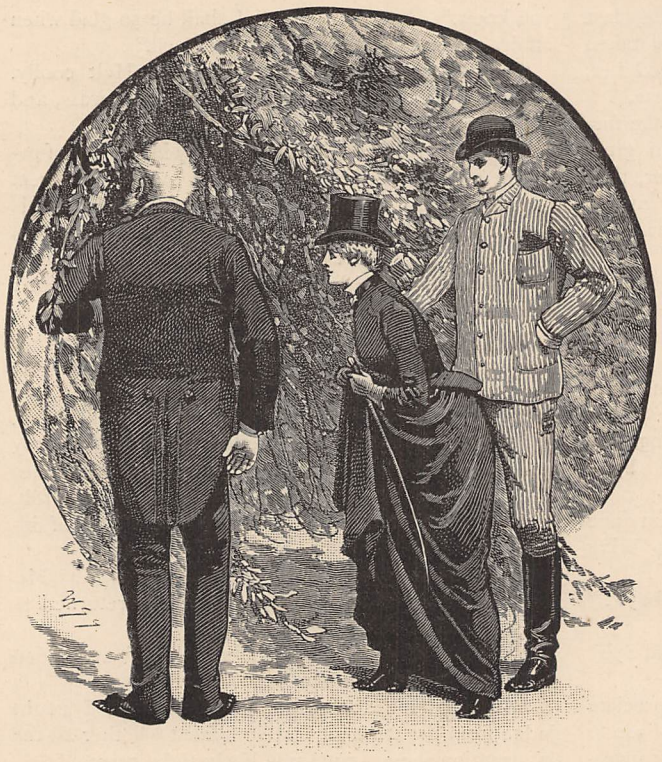
"Surely you don't think it is a question of means?"

"I don't think so, because I know it. The living is worth £300 a year. Of course Mr. Kendall has means of his own, or they could not exist, but with seven children to provide for on his income, they are not likely to be able to send two boys to school. They hoped to send Roger this September, but Joyce tells me she doesn't think they will be able to manage it. Oh, it is a shame! If I were Sir John, the money would burn my fingers!" concluded Gypsy, with flashing eyes.

"Sir John? What has he to do with it?"

"He is lay-rector, and takes best part of the income of the living, nearly £700 a year. I think it is infamous! What does he want with the money? And it would be new life to the Kendalls."

"I suppose he can't help himself."



"THE BUTLER WAS HOLDING ASIDE ONE OF THE GREEN BOUGHS AND ANNOUNCING GRAVELY MR. AND MISS CRAWFORD" (*p.* 486).

"Yes, he could. He could make the vicar a rector if he chose; Joyce says so. I don't know the exact legal process, but it can be done."

"Perhaps he may do it."

"I only wish he might! But there is no fear of that. I know he will be a regular screw: business men always are," said Gypsy, with lofty contempt.

Mrs. Marchmont, with her younger daughters and Gerald, came home on the following Tuesday morning. Gypsy was very glad to see them all back, and yet she gave a sigh to the thought that the days of freedom from conventionality were over. Her mother had come up from Devonshire the previous day, and spent a night in town, so she was not too tired to accompany them all to the tennis-club meeting that afternoon.

As the big brake rolled heavily along the dusty roads, Alan Fortescue's dog-cart dashed quickly past. Mr. Holt was with him, and Lal nestled between the two young men.

"Who is that?" asked Mrs. Marchmont, as all three raised their hats.

"Our friend the landscape painter, whom Molly and Lena are dying to see," returned Gypsy.

"He is very good-looking," said Molly.

"He is so nice," said Kitty, who, with Joyce, formed part of the Ashleigh contingent.

Her mother looked intently at Gypsy, but she was listening to one of Gerald's Cambridge stories, and laughing over it with hearty amusement.

The afternoon was a great success. Mr. Holt was introduced to Mrs. Marchmont, and soon won her heart by his attentions. Mothers are peculiarly susceptible to the attractions of handsome young men, even when they suspect their politeness to be vicarious. Molly and Lena each played a set with him, and were lost in admiration of his tennis.

As for Lal, he made conquests in every direction; but he completely fascinated Mrs. Marchmont by waiting on her like a faithful little squire, and informing her that he liked her very much.

Gypsy was playing with Cecil the whole afternoon. They were supposed to be the best players in the club, and challenged any other couple to beat them. Mr. Holt and Kitty nearly did so, but a brilliant stroke of Gypsy's just saved the game.

"Did you give us that set on purpose, Mr. Holt?" she asked him, as she lounged lazily on a garden-seat towards the end of the afternoon.

"Well, I thought you wanted it," he said evasively.

Gypsy made no reply. As a rule, she hated any one to give her the slightest advantage. But for once she was conscious of being rather glad to know that Cecil had not beaten his opponent fairly.

"You look very depressed; are you tired?" he asked.

"Tired? No; but I am depressed," said Gypsy, with a deep sigh. "I think with grief that our Bohemian days are over. Now my mother has come home, I shall have to dress and dine late to-night, and my undisciplined nature loathes the return to civilisation. No more evening walks! Oh, woe is me!"

"No, indeed; we shall all miss them," said Mr. Holt.

"Oh, I don't pity you," said Gypsy lightly. "You will go up to the Place and have a pipe with Mr. Fortescue, and be every bit as jolly."

Mr. Holt looked at her fixedly. "Do you suppose for one moment that that will be at all the same thing?" he asked quietly.

Gypsy's head was bent over her racquet.

"I think there is a string giving here," she remarked. "Dear me! There is Gerald looking for me. I suppose the carriage is round. Good-bye, Mr. Holt."

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

DOMESTIC SERVICE IN AMERICA.

AWARD OF THE PRIZE.

THE Editor has great pleasure in publishing the award of the judges in the American Domestic Service Competition. The judges are two well-known American lady writers who have special knowledge of the subject of the Competition, and who examined the papers separately. The judges have reported to the Editor that the work of two competitors is of equal merit; and the Editor has therefore decided, in accordance with the regulations governing the Prize Competitions, to divide the Prize of Twenty-five Dollars between the two competitors, whose names are

(Miss) SARAH S. GOODHUE,
Whitewater, Wisconsin;

and (Miss) GRACE WELD SOPER,
Waltham, Mass.

Honourable Mention is also awarded to three competitors:—

Mrs. H. C. Ingersoll, Washington, D.C.
Mrs. L. B. Lavely, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mrs. J. G. Rodger, New Haven, Conn.

Below we append the papers that have been supplied us by the two judges as the result of their study of the question; the prize papers will appear in subsequent numbers of the MAGAZINE.

I.—DOMESTIC SERVICE IN AMERICA.

IF any evidence were needed as to the difficulty of dealing with the domestic problem in America, it would be found in the variety of opinions expressed in the papers submitted in competition for the Prize offered by CASSELL'S MAGAZINE. In the number of papers sent in, there are very diverse views as to the causes of the difficulty, and this very diversity would seem to place it among those unfortunate social maladies about the causes of which any two reformers seldom agree; and, if the diagnosis is so difficult, how can the cure be hoped for?

Several of the writers express their conviction that the trouble is caused by the demand exceeding the supply. Quite as many, with more reason perhaps, but with no stronger conviction, say that the supply is sufficient, instancing the number of unemployed women-servants in every city in proof, but laying the blame on the inefficiency of the supply. Several others declare the spirit of equality, which forbids a respectable woman willingly to accept the kitchen as her place in the house, to be the reason that women offering themselves as servants are the lowest class, the intelligent and industrious preferring the mill or the factory. Those who take this point of view contend that if the servant were invited into the sitting-room after work is over, and were allowed to join the family at meals, a very much better class would be drawn towards household occupations. Some who take this view acknowledge that there is no doubt servants are well paid, well fed, and well treated; and yet, because they are in a position of acknowledged inferiority, the self-respecting woman prefers to be ill paid and ill fed in some other employment. Yet another group of essayists, while coinciding with this view, as to the remedy being greater social equality, yet differ entirely in their opinion as to the servant's general treatment, and contend that she is usually over-worked, ill-fed, and unappreciated. Still others again contend that lack of Christian patience on the part of mistresses, lack of practical knowledge of household work, lack of sympathy with the trials an untrained servant has to meet, are reasons why household service in America is shunned.

Some exceedingly well-written and interesting essays are records of a single personal experience; these scarcely meet the conditions under which the prize was offered, which, it seems to the writer, should be an abstract view of the situation, free from prejudice, with the best suggestions for its remedy. Of the large number of papers submitted only very few meet this requirement, and, rather singularly, those papers which give this general view are almost unanimous in their opinion that the remedy can only be found in schools of technical education and industrial training.

Nearly all the remedies proposed outside of these are such as would require an entire subversion of the present conditions of civilised life, and a return, so far as the arrangement of household work is concerned, to patriarchal simplicity. However desirable this return might be—and the harassed house-mistress, or brain-weary employer, quite as much as the ambitious employée, may have brief day-dreams of its restful delights—but they well know they can be only dreams which visit us all occasionally, when common sense takes momentary flight, and the consequences are forgotten. We cannot go back to patriarchal days by halves; and since few of us—servants least of all, for none have gained more by civilisation than they—would give up the blessings of nineteenth-century culture for the doubtful advantages of tribal life, that is no solution of the difficulty which ignores the sacredness of family life, which is broken by the admission of any stranger, be they cultured or uncultured, to the family circle.

Those reformers do most towards the remedy who see the necessity not so much of attracting educated women into the kitchen, for if such a change came about the already terrible army of ill-paid factory hands would be vastly increased, but by making the best of the material we have, helping them to see that good work is always respected, and will obtain for the

faithful self-respecting worker a social consideration no amount of self-assertion without it could ever do.

To tell them, as two of the essayists do, that no class of people have a right to be contented in this country, that the atmosphere of liberty is against it, seems a mistake. It is true that here the lowest worker may rise, but only by doing better work than the average, not simply by aspiring.

CATHERINE OWEN.

II.—THE DOMESTIC SERVICE DIFFICULTY IN REVIEW.

THE great domestic question of the day, simply put, is, "How are we to get and keep good servants?" This is the problem which has long perplexed the American housekeeper, and which is of vital interest to all who love the name of home. The answer, judging by the diversity of opinions expressed on all sides, is not so easy to find.

All agree that there is a serious difficulty, which threatens to become a national evil, and which cries out for speedy and thorough reform. How this is to be effected all are anxious to know, and many eager to tell. Suggestions have been given differing according to the location, experience, sex, and temperament of the writer. Some look on the question broadly as one of political economy, others as one of sentiment, and more as one of religion. It has been treated from a philosophical, a legal, and a business standpoint. In a word, the matter has met with much careful attention.

The value, however, of any suggestions must depend upon their practical usefulness. Proposed remedies must be widely applicable to the country, and not alone to any part or class thereof. They must be so so plain, and sensible, and expedient as to require no eloquence to plead their cause when once fairly presented. We can better discuss these remedies after returning to the original question, and dividing it into three heads, which seem to include all the causes of complaint from both sides.

First, the scarcity of efficient workers in the department of domestic service.

Second, the low standard prevailing all along the line of said service.

Third, the lack of harmony between employer and employée.

Were it not for the scarcity of good servants there would probably be less heard about unreliable intelligence offices, misleading references, and a variable and unreasonable rate of wages. Let us not make the mistake of doctoring the symptoms first.

Were it not for the low standard of domestic work, would it be held in such contempt by clever, capable, and dainty girls of either American or foreign birth? Assuredly no more than nursing the sick.

Thirdly, we come to the prevailing feeling of distrust expressed by both employer and employée. It will be said here by some objector that the last-named trouble would not exist but for the other two. It might be so, indeed, if this were purely a business matter; but the relations between a banker and his clerks, meeting only for a few hours each day, are very different from and far less delicate than those that must exist between a housewife and the serving-maid, whom she receives into the sacred privacy of home. There is no possible comparison in the case. Mistress and maid live together under the same roof night and day, for months and years perhaps, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and misfortune, in joy and sorrow. "A great opportunity for a gossipy maid!" sneers one. "Ay, and a great opportunity for a noble influence!" says another.

Some one has hinted that a mistress will find it greatly to her advantage to be kind and just. That is on the ethical principle that our own selfish comfort is best promoted by pleasant surroundings. What true woman will be content to conduct her household affairs on that basis alone? "Do not even the publicans the same?" Let no woman shirk the responsibility of the "stranger within her gates."

It will not need to be added that the most amiable and industrious girl can never please an exacting or thoughtless mistress, so the third grievance has now been stated and proved.

How shall we remedy our domestic difficulty? We reply, the majority declare for training schools; not a few expensive ones, but many scattered over the land; and either self-supporting, as far as may be, or endowed by public and private charity. Girls going from these schools, it is further added, will receive diplomas or certificates, and will command good and well-deserved pay. Such schools would prove a magnificent solution to grievances Nos. 1 and 2, by raising the standard of work and increasing the supply of competent workers.

It must be admitted, however, that the value of such services would place them beyond the reach of some in very moderate circumstances. Must those weary wives and mothers continue to take emigrants off the ship? I think not. For just such as these we have received two excellent suggestions.

We will first suppose, for the sake of argument (as the suggestor did not), that the training schools are established and the standard of work raised, will there not be many sensible, bright girls who will prefer living out to unhealthy toil in shops or factories? And just as there are refined day-seamstresses, so there will be, perhaps, poor gentlewomen who will not disdain to enter a small home as a help, provided they are treated with some extra courtesy, which they will amply repay by superior daintiness and ability.

Poor American gentlewomen as helps for their overworked sisters: that is suggestion No. 1, and No. 2 is equally good.

It is as follows—reduce all work to the smallest amount possible, and hire help for a few hours a day only. A good class of young girls who have homes, and only desire pin-money, will apply gladly on such terms. They will take small pay, whether trained or not, in consideration of having their afternoons and evenings to themselves. This suggestion has struck me as being peculiarly appropriate to small families desirous of a little help in the drudgery of housework.

Of course in many cases it would not answer, as, for instance, where there were many babies, or an invalid, or where the husband had night work, as on a newspaper, but it is a good special remedy.

Of those proposed for general application, there are two which seem to me the best. One is training schools, either separate, or in connection with public schools and institutes; and the other, no less important and no less practical a remedy, can be summed up in one word—sympathy.

A. Z. S.

THE NIAGARA SACRIFICE.

[It was the custom of an Indian tribe to sacrifice a beautiful maiden annually to the spirit of the Falls of Niagara.]

O'ER swift Niagara's echoing shores
The moon has spread her silver ray;
And loud the impatient torrent roars,
Expectant of its coming prey;
For on this very night
The fairest Indian maid must glide
Down that swift stream so fierce and wide,
Must yield her to the eddying tide,
And quit the realms of light.
Such sacrifice by old decree
Each year hath been, each year shall be.

And to which fairest maid is given
The meed among so many fair?
Who, journeying to the Red-man's heaven,
Shall shun this world of toil and care?
And doth she fear to die?
Fear to embark in frail canoe,
And bid her tribe, her friends, adieu,
Then pass, like fleeting ghost, from view
For all eternity?
Ah, no; though death itself be near,
An Indian maiden knows not fear.

Behold her calm and passive mien,
Her lustrous eyes, and dusky brow!
Hath ever maid more dauntless been
Than she who comes to perish now?
And yet—she scarce knows why—
There lurks within her inmost breast
A grief which may not be represt,
That he, the chief who loves her best,
Should thus behold her die;
Should see her borne on ruthless wave
Beyond all hope, all power, to save.

And now the fatal hour is nigh;
The Indian warriors line the stream;
While, all around, the cloudless sky
Is flooded with the bright moonbeam.
And lo!—at signal given—
A damsel fair, in drifting boat,
Adown the shimmering stream doth float;
They note her form, her mien they note,
And rend the echoing heaven.
Loud swells the applauding shout while she
Is gliding to eternity.

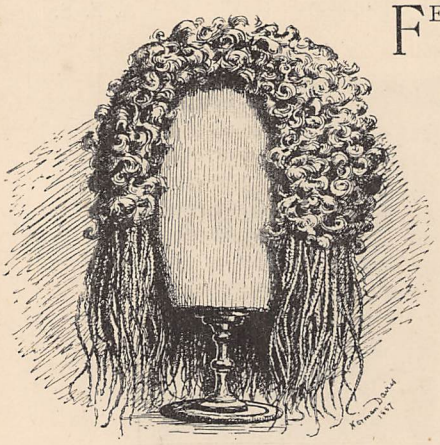
But see! propelled with greater force,
There enters on that scene of death
A second boat: they watch its course
With straining eyes and quick-drawn breath;
A warrior sits therein.
With vigorous arms his oars he plies,
His bark with heaven's own light'ning vies,
And shoots like meteor through the skies,
The maiden's boat to win.
A few strong strokes—then, side by side,
They journey down the furious tide.

'Tis he! 'tis he! They meet again,
Nor death itself can part them more.
Words speak they none, for words were vain
Beside yon cataract's deafening roar;
On—on—speeds each canoe.
The Falls are near, the stream more fleet,
The currents shelve beneath their feet,
Their eyes for one short moment meet,
Then both are lost to view.
Yet sweet, methinks, those lovers' fate,
Whom death hath failed to separate.

H. S. S.

A CHAT ABOUT WIGS.

BY TOM ROBINSON, M.D.



EGYPTIAN WIG (PROBABLY FOR FEMALE).

Found near the small Temple of Isis, Thebes. (From the British Museum.)

FEW matters connected with our every-day life have received more reverential or more constant attention than the hair of the head and face of the human kind. The Hebrews, with their short hair (excepting always the case of the Nazarites, whose hair a vow kept long); the ancient Greeks, with hair so long as to win from Homer the distinction of "long-locked"; the Romans, more fastidious than even the Greeks in the culture of their hair—these nations have given to the men and women of our own time some, though not perhaps all, of the fanciful whims and fashions attaching to this certainly not unimportant feature of the human body; for it is of some moment not entirely to set aside such a characteristic as the hair—contributing as this may be made to do to the dignity, and even beauty and gracefulness, of the body. But I do not propose to write a long paper on the subject of the hair of either the head or the face, but to say a few words about the wig, which appears to date as far back in its origin as the time when pates were first made to fit into them. Secular writers as well as sacred have kept us well informed of the doings of the ancients in hair culture and decoration. While women did not disdain to dye, curl, scent their natural, and even to wear false hair, so young dandies and grave statesmen did not refuse to appear both in public and private in hairy and fragrant structures of the most lavish kind; and as fashion is never content till it reaches the extreme end of its tether, it is fairly safe to assume that the wig is the outcome of a rage that ran rife among society some ages ago to secure, by artificial means, that importance which a magnificent head-dress would afford, yet which Nature had herself denied to them. The Egyptians wore false beards; it is not surprising, therefore, to find them wearing a false head-dress. In any case, they are credited with the invention of wigs. As they always shaved the head, they could scarcely devise a better covering than the wig, which, while it protected them from the rays of the sun, allowed, from the texture of the article, the transpiration from the head to escape, which is not the case with the turban. In the wigs preserved in the British and Berlin Museums, the upper portion of the wig will be found made with curled hair, the plaited hair being confined to the lower part and sides. These wigs, says Wilkinson, were worn both within the house and out of doors. At parties the head-dress of the guests was bound with a chaplet of flowers, and ointment was put upon the top of the wig, as if it had really been the hair of the head.

The term wig, a contraction of periwig, is evidently derived from the French *perruque;* but the etymology of the French word is not quite so clear: some derive it from the Greek φέναξ, an impostor; or from πύρριχος, because the first wigs were made of yellow or reddish hair, which is very doubtful. Fiery-red hair was neither liked in Greece nor in Rome. Clitapho refused to marry the daughter of Phanokrates on account of her red hair.

The word was, as is pointed out in the *Vocabulaire Provençal*, 1785, of Celtic origin.

Perruque occurs abroad in the tenth century, and meant the natural head hair. *Perruque* was only used in the fifteenth century to distinguish the fictitious from the natural. In Rome, the most common name for a wig was *galerus*, a round cap.

Wigs may date back in England from the reign of Stephen. The peruke mania was at its height at the time of Louis XIV. In 1656 there were not less than fifty Court *perruquiers*, whom Louis XIV., by a decree of the Council, declared *artistes*, and Le Gros founded at Paris an *Académie de Frisure*. But a storm was

"IT MAKES AN ILL FACE TOLERABLE" (*p.* 493).

gathering about their heads. The celebrated Colbert, amazed at the large sums spent for foreign hair, conceived the idea of prohibiting the wearing of wigs at Court, and tried to introduce a kind of cap. But the wig-makers carried the day; they proved that more money came to France for the wigs than went out for the hair. Louis XIV. and his courtiers now wore wigs bigger than ever, some of which cost 5,000 francs (£200). The greatest *perruquier* of the time was Binelle.

Charles II. was the first English monarch to appear on the Great Seal in the habit of a Roman general with a great periwig. Periwigs were not worn by gentlemen alone. They had long before this period been used by ladies—for in Chalmers' "Life of Mary, Queen of Scots," appears a letter of Knollys to Cecil, in which it is stated that Mistress Mary Seaton is praised by the Queen (Mary) as the finest busker (hairdresser) to be found in any country. "She did set a curled hair upon the Queen that was said to be a *perewyke*." Mary's hair was black. Again, Hentzner describes Queen Elizabeth, saying she wore false hair, and that red. The ladies, he says, dyed their hair of various colours, particularly of a sandy colour, in compliment to the Queen, whose natural locks were of that tint. Mary Stuart obtained her wigs from Edinburgh, not merely while in Scotland, but during the time she was a prisoner in England. Her faithful valet and wardrobe keeper, Servais de Cindè, sent her, among other things, in 1567, as we read in the "Illustrations of Queen Mary and King James VI.," "*plusieures perriques*."

"The True Report of the Last Moments of Mary Stuart" sets forth that when the executioner lifted the head by the hair to show it to the bystanders, with the exclamation, "God save the Queen!" it suddenly dropped from his hands. The hair was false; the head had been shaved in front and at the back, leaving a few grey hairs on the side.

It was in the age of Louis XIV. that the wig became Imperial. The Ramilie wig soon reached our shores, and survived until the reign of George III. The tie of it alone still survives. Louis XIV. had increased his peruke to an enormous size. He found imitators even among philosophers. The peruke of Leibnitz reached down to his loins. There is, therefore, no doubt that the full-bottomed wig became grand and improving by its associations. The wearing of wigs, says an old writer, is of great use. It saves men great trouble, it makes an ill face tolerable, and the tolerable handsome. It is said that at an election, when the great O'Connell disparaged his opponent on account of his ugliness, his adversary's rejoinder was: "Let him take off his wig, and I warrant you will find (O'Connell) the uglier of the two." O'Connell immediately, amidst the roar of the audience, snatched his wig from his head, and there was not a hair between his pate and the ceiling. We are not certain as regards the judgment of the audience as to the comparative comeliness of the respective candidates, but O'Connell certainly had the best of it.

"THE WIG WAS TWITCHED OFF IN A MOMENT BY THE BOY" (*p.* 494).

Kant's wig at an auction immediately after his death fetched 30,000 florins, but at a subsequent sale of this precious article it was re-sold at 12,000 thalers, a fall of about 25 per cent., owing, probably, to the fact that the Kantian philosophy was then at a discount.

The incident of O'Connell reminds us of an original story of Peter the Great of Russia, who was at Dantzic in the year 1716 on a State occasion, the burgomaster sitting a little below him. The Emperor, feeling his head cold, stretched out his august hand, and took the burgomaster's full-bottomed wig and put it upon his own head, and did not return it until he left the assembly. The attendants of the Czar afterwards explained that his Majesty, being short of hair, was accustomed, when at home, frequently to borrow the wig of any nobleman who happened to be within reach.

The Episcopal Wig.—When Dr. Randolph presented himself before King George IV. to kiss hands on his elevation to the bishopric, he did so without his wig, when the King said, "My lord, you must have a wig." Not until the reign of William IV. did the bishops cease to wear wigs, though one archbishop, necessarily very conservative of old usages, still adhered to it in the reign of Victoria.

The judges and barristers have hitherto not succeeded in obtaining dispensation as regards wigs. Some years ago an eminent counsel, being in a hurry, dared to make a motion, but the judge (Cockburn) sternly said, "I hear your voice, but I cannot see you;"

nor did he until a learned brother had lent him his own wig.

When Lord Eldon was raised to the peerage, he petitioned the King for a dispensation from the wig on account of the headache, but was refused, as the Monarch would have no innovations; and when Eldon argued that the wig itself was an innovation, since the old judges wore none, the King said, "True; but the old judges wore beards." In the portraits of the old judges in the Guildhall, Sir M. Hall and other justices are represented with skull-caps and beards.

The periwig, which had been long used in France, was introduced into England soon after the Restoration. The ladies wore their hair curled and frizzed with the nicest art, and they frequently set it off with artificial curls, called "heart-breakers." After the Restoration it was natural for the courtiers to assume an appearance as distinct as possible from that of the enemies of the Monarchy, and, in opposition to the short hair of the Roundheads, they lengthened the periwig to the waist. It is easy to see that in many cases it was necessary to confine the hair of these wigs. That it was first confined by persons in a military capacity, appears by the names which wigs tied back had. A full wig tied back in one curl is a *Major;* in two curls a *Brigadier;* and plaited into a curl below the ribbon was a *Ramilie;* and thus the physicians and the lawyers became possessed of the *Tye.*

Hogarth, who lived during the time of the wig epidemic, satirised the fashion in a print called "The Five Orders of Periwigs Measured Architectonically." But there were certainly more than five orders. We have the parson's wig, the legal wig, the aldermanic wig, the episcopal wig, the composite wig, the bag wig, the wig in folio, the full-bottomed wig, the pigtail wig, the Ramilie, the scratch wig, &c. &c.

Fenitut de Eincles says that a wig in folio cost 1,000 French crowns. The full wig of an English gentleman varied in price from thirty to forty guineas. It is therefore not surprising that the swell mob of the wig period tried to possess themselves of such costly articles. Their mode of operations is thus described by Sam Rogers:—"A small boy was carried covered over in a butcher's tray by a tall man, and the wig was twitched off in a moment by the boy. The bewildered

"HEART-BREAKERS."

owner looked all around for it, when an accomplice impeded his progress under the pretence of assisting him while the tray-bearer made off."

Gay, in his "Trivia," had already given the following warning concerning wigs:—

> "Nor is the flaxen wig with safety worn;
> High on the shoulders in a basket borne
> Lurks the sly boy whose hand, to rapine bred,
> Plucks off the curling honours of thy head."

A RECORD OF ONE DAY.

BY MARIAN PENDLEBURY, AUTHOR OF "IN ROTHA CHESTER'S HONEYMOON."

IN all the country-side no more "mighty hunter," or more genial companion, was to be found than Walter Drew, of Callerhowe. From the morning when, mounted upon his shaggy Shetland, he first rode to meet beside his father, until the day whose record I am about to chronicle, only such vexatious interruptions as were imposed by the exactions of school, and college, had been allowed to interfere between himself and the following of his beloved sport. Now, arrived at man's estate, through the death of his father become lord of the manor, possessor of a fine estate, and a sufficient rent-roll, nothing but unpropitious weather need debar him from its pursuit. It was whispered that he would succeed Sir Everard Wynn, the reigning M.F.H.—who, however, although over seventy, was hale and vigorous still—whenever circumstances, or nature, demanded his resignation of the office.

I—Alison Weir—a girl just introduced into society, to whom the whole scene was a novelty, and Marcia Fane, were standing upon the terrace watching the splendid animals, which were being led up and down while waiting for their masters to mount and ride to cover. The hunt breakfast was at Callerhowe that morning; and Mrs. Drew's little pony-carriage was in readiness for Marcia to drive herself and me to

watch the hounds throw off, and the meeting of the field.

Marcia was a good horsewoman, and often hunted. But to-day she had waived her own predilections, and insisted upon acting as my charioteer; being unwilling to deprive me of witnessing the stirring scene, yet knowing that, town-bred, and not over-strong, I was ignominiously afraid of trusting myself upon a horse's back.

Marcia Fane was a tall and slight girl; dark-eyed, dusky-haired, pale, and self-contained. To my superficial judgment she seemed cold and unsympathetic; and I rather pitied Walter Drew, for it needed small penetration to discover that his mother's dearest wish was embodied in a marriage between him and Marcia, who, as an orphan heiress whose property "marched" with his own, was, in that lady's opinion, manifestly provided by Providence for his bride. I had often tried to fathom Marcia's feelings upon the subject, but, so far, without success.

Presently the men trooped out, and I remember well the ensuing hubbub of laughter, jest, and repartee—the champing of horses, the flashing of pink, huntsmen's calls, and the deep baying of the dogs. The weather was perfection, a good run anticipated, and every one in spirits. Also, Walter was the hero of the hour. A few days before, an accident had badly disabled his right hand. It was bound up, and in a sling, perfectly useless. But nothing would deter him from taking his usual place. Hunt he would; and his companions' admiration of his pluck but served to spur him on.

"It seems foolhardy," I said, as we watched him mount—with wonderfully little awkwardness, I must admit.

Was I mistaken? Or did Marcia's lips whiten as I spoke? If they did, the occasioning spasm was but momentary, and her voice kept its even calm, as she replied—

"Not in the least—Walter is so thoroughly at home in the saddle. And he is riding Grey Bess, who really seems to understand his slightest wish."

The meet was appointed for that day on a moor some three miles off. It was impossible not to catch something of the infectious thrill and stir with which the common interest invested its surroundings.

The heath seemed alive with figures of every sort and description, and mounts of every variety of excellence, from thorough-breds to Shanks's pony, amongst which the red-coated huntsmen moved, clustered in groups, or reined in their powerful animals beside carriages filled with well-dressed women, or some Amazon equipped for a double chase. A little to one side stood the whipper-in, with pack straining at their leashes in impatience for the "find," while a copse skirting one side of the moor was being drawn for the expected fox.

Far away into hazy distance stretched the furze-covered waste, which in spring and autumn was a mass of golden blossom. Now, the inhospitable spines showed greyly green beneath the subdued colouring of a February sky, out of which, once and again, broke a gleam of sunshine, brightening all as by a sudden smile that lingered for a moment, and then faded back into quiet gravity.

Quite a small court gathered around Marcia so soon as we appeared upon the ground. Loud were the protestations of disappointment and chagrin that she had chosen this day, of all days, for driving to cover. "Such a shame!" "Quite too great a pity!" "The best run of the season!" were phrases repeated on every side.

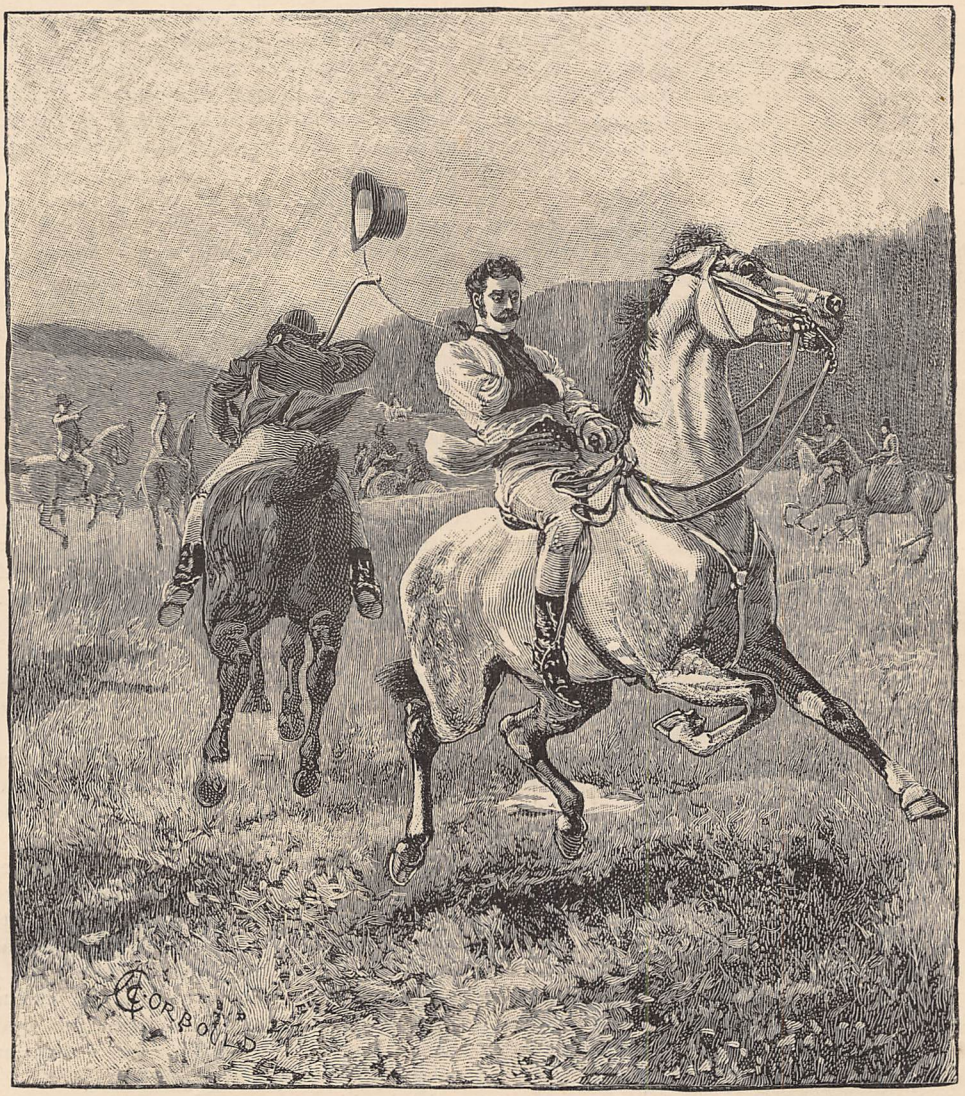
"'An unwarrantable waste of opportunity,' as my guv'nor has such a *penchant* for observing," remarked little Teddy Bolton, of the Buffs—like myself, a guest at Callerhowe—who, worshipping Marcia as an unapproachable divinity, condescended to bestow his conversation upon me on the palpable supposition that I was a being more nearly upon his own level of creation.

Marcia smiled coldly, and parried, or answered, question or reproof, with even more than her habitual calm dignity. There was an indefinable change in her manner—an icy self-repression, which, joined to an exaggerated indifference to her society manifested by Walter, who neither noticed nor approached us—an indifference belied by a certain wistful pleading in his honest blue eyes, whose glances, try as he would to distract them, reverted continually to Marcia's beautiful statuesque features—which intuitively convinced me that the crisis whence Mrs. Drew hoped so much had been reached and passed, only to leave pain and misunderstanding on one side, if not on both. School-girls are proverbially observant, and I was little more.

But when the fox broke earth, and the view halloo rang out, I had eyes and ears for nothing but the exciting scene before me. A shaft of sunlight glanced from a tawny hide, and away streamed the pack, their loud delighted baying reverberating on the air. In a moment our vicinity was deserted; and man and horse were speeding through gorse and brake, over mound and hillock, making for a boundary wood towards which the fox was heading.

A tolerably even road ran across the moor, and we—Marcia and I—followed as swiftly as we could in the huntsmen's wake, until we reached an isolated knoll rising abruptly from the heath, and crowned by three wind-blown larches. It commanded a good view over the surrounding country; so, leaving the trap with the groom, we climbed to its summit to strain our eyes after the fast-receding figures. The breeze blew freshly in our faces, bringing with it faint echoes of bugle-calls, the cries of men, the eager yelping of the hounds. Marcia stood leaning against one of the storm-seared larch-boles. Her hands, lightly clasped, hung down before her; an upright line between her brows, and a slight compression of the lips, telling of mental puzzle or disquietude. She was looking straight forward; but, however closely thought might have been following one central figure, I doubt if her physical vision took cognisance of aught actually passing within its range.

We had been standing so but a few minutes when I



"THE TERRIFIED ANIMAL SWERVED ROUND, PLUNGED, AND THEN SET OFF AT FEARFUL SPEED" (*p.* 497).

fancied I discerned a dusky object—long and lithe—rapidly approaching in our direction, and that the mingled voices of the hunt were growing more distinct. I was right. The fox had doubled deftly and, by a *détour* leading over some cultivated ground abutting on the common, was making for his burrow. Back swept the field—huntsmen, horses, hounds—each more frantic than the other to prevent the escape of their destined quarry. Over hedge and ditch they leapt, scrambled, tore, bringing with them a very babel of confusion, noise, and excited ferment.

I am afraid my sympathies went with Reynard. Probably they were wasted, however, for he was a veteran at the sport, and had managed to preserve his brush through many a chase. His tactics were as well digested as those of any general; and, at this juncture, he rushed headlong down a narrow gully, at a spot which he well knew was too wide for leaping, and which would oblige his pursuers to curve round to find a place where the ravine, small as it was, could be safely crossed—paddled through a shallow stream at its bottom, and obtained a minute's breathing-space under shelter of the opposite bank.

There was a momentary check in the run, of which one rider took advantage to rest his steed while he drew forth his handkerchief to wipe his heated brow. The disabled arm distinguished him as Walter Drew, although he was too far away for his features to be visible.

As ill-luck would have it, just as his available hand was uplifted—the reins lying loose upon the horse's neck—the fox was again started. A man riding a

great raw-boned hack dashed forward from behind Grey Bess, with a loud whoop, so abruptly and so close that he grazed the mare's flank in passing. The terrified animal swerved round, plunged, and then set off at fearful speed towards a low hedge, easy enough in itself to over-leap, but which, by reason of a sudden dip in the ground upon the further side, was rendered such a jump as no hunter in his senses would ever care to attempt. Quickly Walter regained possession of the reins, but it was too late to avoid the inevitable plunge. Grey Bess took the fence like a bird, but even she could not bridge the ditch below. Down they both came with a sickening thud—the mare striking Walter as they fell, and partially rolling over him.

Helpers rushed to his aid from all sides. But man and beast—one confused heap—lay silent and motionless.

Marcia uttered no cry; but her great dark eyes distended with horror—her lips paled with a terrible fear.

"Is it—can it—be—*Walter?*" she whispered, gaspingly, at last. "Oh! he is—he must be—killed! Oh, Alison!" grasping my hand fiercely, "last night I was so cold—so hard—and now, now, he will never, never know!"

With a gesture of despair she flung aside the hand she had taken, turned, and began hurriedly to descend the knoll—I following her, silent and perplexed, uncertain what to do or say, so doing—what proved best and kindest—nothing.

When I looked at her again she had quite recovered her self-possession. But I had caught a glimpse of the fire beneath the ice, and I never afterwards misjudged her.

It was a white face, however, that she bent upon little Teddy Bolton, who with good-natured assiduity had ridden up to relieve, so far as possible, the anxiety we must naturally be feeling.

"He came a nasty cropper, there's no denying," he said, speaking as lightly as he could; "and that idiot of a fellow, Jones, who started the mare, deserves a horse-whipping for his stupidity. But Drew's wonderfully little hurt, I do assure you, Miss Fane. 'Pon honour he is! They were helping him to mount as I came off—not Grey Bess, though," he interpolated *sotto voce;* "I'm afraid she, poor brute, is done for—and I heard him talking, so he must be sensible. Luckily, Dr. Hackett was 'out' to-day. He's taking Drew to Farmer Watson's just to make sure about his bones—more professional, you know, and all that. But indeed you needn't alarm yourselves, he'll be all right after a bit."

"Then the best thing we can do, Mr. Bolton," Marcia answered, in a voice which had regained its wonted even tones, "is to return to Callerhowe at once, and so prevent any unnecessary shock to Mrs. Drew, by acquainting her with the real amount of injury which the accident has entailed. Thank you very much for hastening so kindly to lessen our suspense."

The look of blank amazement on guileless Teddy's face as we drove away was something to remember. At any other time I should have laughed.

"Is she snow or marble?" he asked me, that night at dinner, casting a furtive glance at Marcia, who was seated, well out of hearing, on the opposite side of the table. "Why, I fancied she had been s——I mean, I understood there was some attachment between her and Drew. I made light of things for that very reason. It was a fearful spill, you know, *really*—a regular touch and go. If it had been any one else, now! But Walter was always lucky."

"He certainly was to-day," I observed, shuddering at the suggested vision of the grim "might have been."

"It was the very queerest thing I ever saw, too," continued Teddy, warming to his subject; "for when they'd helped him up he just spoke and acted, answered questions, mounted—with some assistance, of course—as obediently as a child, or as if he were all right and square. Dacres—you know Dacres of 'ours'? Bandbox Dacres, we call him, because he always looks as if he'd been kept wrapped up in lavender, you see—well, Dacres saw a front tooth had been knocked out in the fall, so he just put it back into its place as neatly as could be, and told the doctor to keep his eye on it. Must be tidy, for 'tis 'his nature to.' And I hear they've fixed it in with sticking-plaister and silver wire, and it'll be as firm as a trivet after a bit."

"It was fortunate Captain Dacres was at hand," I said, smiling.

"Wasn't it, now? That's what I remarked," went on Teddy briskly. "But, as I was telling you, they got Drew to old Watson's, and the doctor overhauled him—counted his bones, you know, and all that—he submitting like a lamb. And then, all of a sudden, he looked round in a dazed kind of way, and asked where he was, and what had happened! And, if you'll believe me, he declared he had known nothing and felt nothing since he and Grey Bess rose to the fence together. It was only a big bruise on his forehead that convinced him it wasn't all a make-up. How he laughed when they told him his mammy was balked of weeping over his remains—all her preparations wasted material, and so forth. But Miss Fane beats me—she might have been born in a refrigerator, and never thawed since!"

Ah! Teddy Bolton had not seen, as I had, the wonderful new beauty which had stolen into Marcia's face, as she and Mrs. Drew entered—some two hours earlier—Farmer Watson's best parlour, upon the hard cushions of whose sofa Walter was condemned to remain a short time longer; or heard the surprised, triumphant joy that rang in his voice, as he exclaimed—

"What, crying? Tears for *me?* Oh, Marcia, my love, my love!"

WHAT TO WEAR IN JULY.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

THE "washing" dresses this year are very dainty, but few of them are worth much after they have come in contact with the wash-tub. There are cottons, muslins, silks, and voiles, all of which purport to wash, but do not, though they may clean. There is a marked return to the full-belted bodices of years ago. In cottons these do not need linings, otherwise they should be very slightly gathered at the waist in the centre of the back; and in the front either only at the waist, or at the neck and waist, but not on the shoulders. A straight piece of white muslin gathered lightly at each edge is often tucked into the front after the dress is on, and before the belt is fastened; this gives it a more dressy appearance with little trouble and cost. Loose outside jackets with straight fronts are often made to wear with these sort of dresses, and are specially useful for the country, where cool winds blow when the sun goes down.

Lawn tennis dresses this year are mostly made with loose shirts of silk or wool. There are some pretty new flannels striped in a combination of tones. These are used for the skirt, made full and plain, with either paniers or long draperies, and admit of shirts being worn of any colour in the stripes. Many young girls have high-crowned sailor hats to wear with such costumes, and scarves to match the shirts, which they twist round the hat whenever they adopt a different colour. A loose jacket like the shirt makes it complete.

I have seen some of the shirts for lawn tennis wear made with a new, or rather revived, sleeve—tight to the elbow and then full to the shoulder.

White cloth dresses trimmed with gold braid are most fashionable, but they are costly, because they require to be made by a tailor, and only the best gold braid used, or it will soon tarnish. Those to whom money is no object spend large sums on buttons, which are engraved with initials or monograms. On such dresses as these the buttons are gold, but on the yachting dresses they are tortoiseshell, with the engraving only in gold.

Among the smartest items of dressing at the present moment are the out-door jackets—cover-jackets—some of them with large ivory engraved buttons. Others are made in plain cloths of various colours, but always with the fronts more or less decorated, frequently with brocaded plush, or velvet or gold embroidery. However, their perfection rests more on the cut, which must be perfect.

With a knowledge of what is worn, a wise expenditure on certain articles of attire, and a clever workwoman, I think it is easier now to dress well at little cost than I remember it to have been before. A good skirt and a good bodice pattern are needed. So many things can now be bought ready made which minimise the difficulties. Bows of ribbon for millinery, for example; a straw bonnet, with or without strings, needs little else but a well-made bow of picot-edged ribbon, and these can be bought at most of the leading shops. Jersey bodices, too, are no longer shapeless; they have seams, and can be boned; the elasticity of the material merely makes them adhere to the figure and fit better.

There are two or three styles of mantles worn now; one after the order of a habitshirt is very easy to make, especially if you buy the ready-prepared jet fittings—collar, epaulettes, and trimmings, all united. The sleeves are simply two or three rows of crimped lace to the elbow. Lace is used all round, and forms square ends both back and front. Velvet or silk is the foundation, or sometimes only jetted lace. A cape with long ends all bordered with frilling is another easy style. A paper pattern can be easily procured, and with that and an illustration of what the article should be when completed, there ought to be no difficulty.

Those who are skilful in smocking will be glad to hear of an addition which much enhances the appearance of the work when complete, viz., a bead introduced in the point of each diamond. I have just seen a bride's dress made of soft white silk with a yoke thus treated. Yokes smocked are now frequently introduced by fashionable dressmakers in their light summer dresses, and they are no longer only an indication of æsthetic dressing, which is so frequently untidy and ungraceful. The truth is, there is a great deal that may be borrowed with advantage from old modes, but it requires to be carried out by skilful hands and with good needlework.

A durable and stylish bonnet can be recommended in what is called "dentelle de paille"—viz., open-work straw—with bunches of dandelions and thistle-seeds, as well as bows of ribbon. Such blooms are among the most fashionable now. When the season is over the bonnet can be lined with velvet for colder weather. A new mode of arranging strings is to fasten them on double, so that both the picot edges show, and the most fashionable tuckers are simply a piece of ribbon, cream or light toned, put in this way. Coloured straw bonnets to match dresses are worn, and these are not often smooth, but generally rough, of a make known as "nutmeg." A helmet shape in jet has just come out. It is stylish when trimmed, but before it has been submitted to this treatment is most unfeminine in style.

"Niagara-blue" is a colour which women have accepted with *furore* this season. It is like peacock, or turquoise, or serpent-green, but is neither one nor the other. There is a new name for eau-de-Nil, viz., "Baltique," and that is in favour too. I have just seen a tea-gown made in velvet of that shade, the front in alternate stripes of cream velvet and lace interwoven, vandyked at the edge, and bordered with peach fringe. It was exquisite, but not durable.

Poplinette is used for many useful gowns now, especially in string-colour, with appliqués of velvet and silk embroidery edging the draperies and forming the vest. The bodices are decidedly longer and narrower, less wide on the bust. Very large square pockets are introduced on the hips; and the loose fronts have now found their way to dust-cloaks, which are more coats than cloaks, and open the whole way up the back, and have a crossway piece forming a vest and reaching to the hem. Bell sleeves and loose sleeves of many kinds are used upon them.

Our illustration shows two fashionable out-door costumes. The elder lady, who is standing, has selected one of the favourite colours and combinations of the season — grey and white. The dress is grey, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade, which serves for waistcoat, revers, and cuffs. The habitshirt is soft white silk, and so is the panel on the left of the skirt. The bonnet is grey, the soft feathers and aigrette being pink and white. The seated figure wears a dark blue voile costume, trimmed with light blue and white silk galon. The Princesse dress opens over a silk skirt of a deeper shade; the fronts of the bodice form loops at the waist. The hat is lace-straw of a deep Tuscan shade, the trimmings blue loops and white wing; the upturned brim is bordered with velvet. This style of costume would also look well in canvas, zephyr, alpaca, mohair, or any washing material.

A GOOD VIEW OF THE MATCH.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

The dresses preparing for the English market in Paris are original, and quite unlike those that have been worn hitherto. No material would seem to be so fashionable as foulard, which has good qualities in its favour, as it is graceful, durable, and need not be costly. But many of the gowns now being made of it are most expensive. They are trimmed with velvet, lace, and beading. Swiss belts in beads and velvet appear on many of them, and great favour is shown for what has hitherto been rather an English style, viz., the loose blouse, after the order of the Norfolk jacket, with pleats, the skirt fastened over it.

There are many beautifully soft woollens now worn in Paris of a nature between crêpe and nun's veiling, such as "crêpe de laine," and the "crêpe de Nice," which would almost pass through a ring, it is so fine, and yet, at the same time, looks of a graceful substance when employed in drapery. But to my thinking they all sink into insignificance beside "foulard crêpe de Chine," because to these other advantages is added a silky surface. This has chiné patterns, large scattered bouquets of one single tone, and, like foulards generally, is to be had in cream covered with bouquets in tones apparently mellowed by time. The inspiration is drawn from Marie Antoinette's time; and we seem to see her and the fair dames of her Court playing at rural life at the Trianon, for the dresses made of it would all appear to have a pastoral element.

The narrow "frivolité" ribbon, as it is called, is freely used on dresses, millinery, and even on furniture. Lace flounces are often headed with puffings of net, through

which it is run, with rosettes and bows of the same at intervals. This is a favourite treatment for the front of dresses : a polonaise with paniers in front, and long drapery of flowered foulard forming the back. Wide lace flouncings, if you have them by you, may now be turned to the best account, and so may lace scarves, which are formed into paniers and straight drapery for the back.

Both braiding and pinking play their part in dressmaking in Paris ; nearly all the edges of flounces and draperies are pinked round in small scallops about the size of sixpence. The braiding is very close, and worked in fine braid to the depth of a quarter to half a yard. This mode is bringing into work again a number of experienced braiders who for some time have lacked employment. It is a style of ornamentation used on the skirt, bodice, and mantle, which are generally sold all together and made *en suite*.

The sleeves of dresses are undergoing a wonderful change; puffs and vandykes, and insertions, with high epaulettes, characterise many of them, and it is no longer necessary that they should match the bodice ; indeed, they are far more frequently in unison with the trimming.

AT VERSAILLES.

In tea-gowns long hanging sleeves, with closer ones beneath, are now the fashion, and almost any and all of the vagaries of the sleeves of the Middle Ages are brought back for a time, to see if they find general favour, by the Parisian luminaries who originate the fashions of the day.

When collars are worn on dresses there is no mistake about them: they are positive collars, very high ; but they require the most careful cutting ; inferior dressmakers always start them wrong.

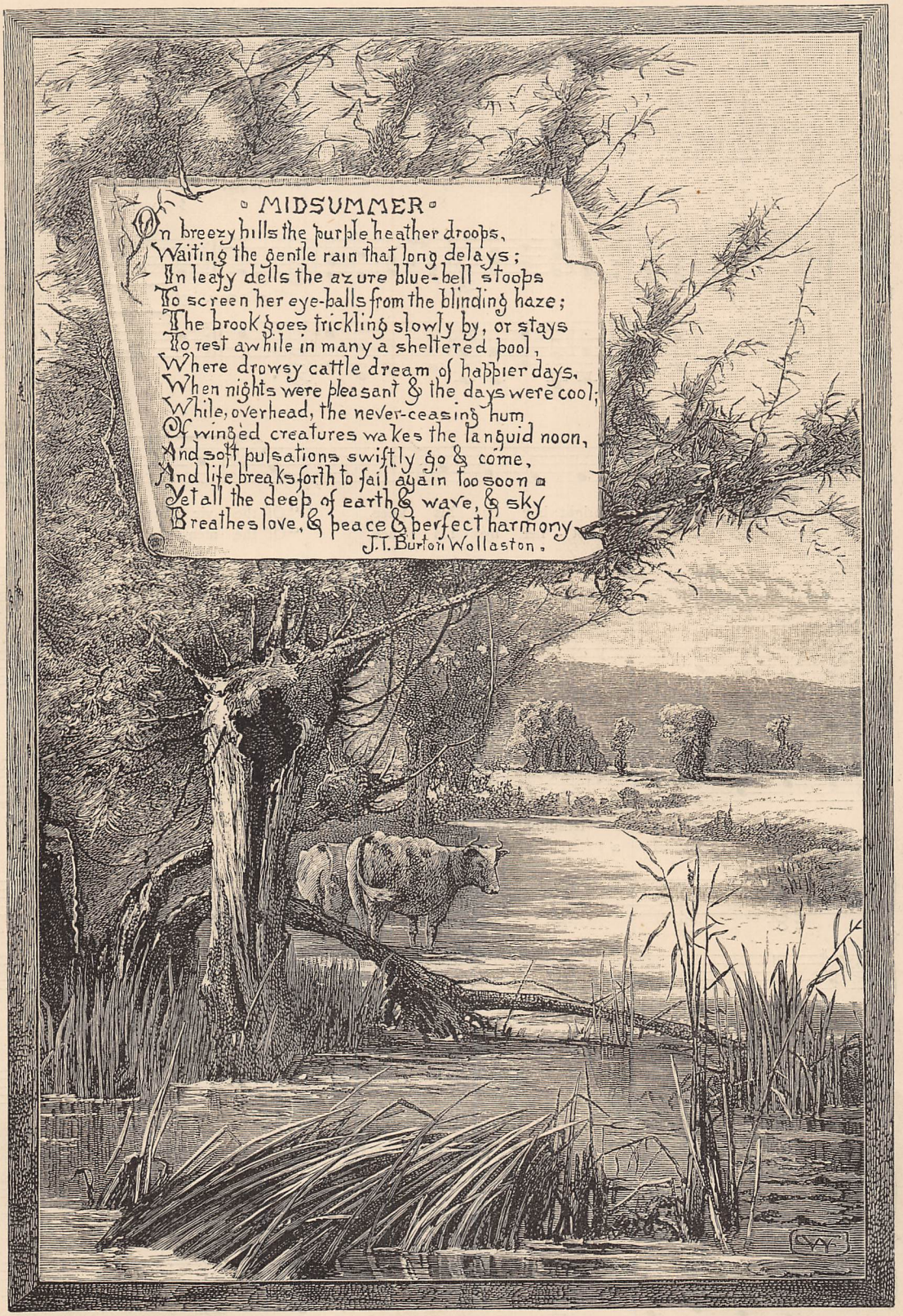
The new fabrics, with striped lace alternating with velvet, silk, and gauze, are employed for all kinds of dresses, and are not cheap. Many of the silk stripes are covered with close-set loops of braid, and are very handsome; but the lace costs what old folks call a mint of money. The contrast, however, between the thicker and thinner material is very effective.

Moire is much used in black and also in cream, but the black is generally plain, whereas the cream has chiné flowers, and is intermixed with decided colours, such as cardinal or mousse. The front of the gown is of the lighter tone, and the sides of the coloured faille are only lined with lace. Selvedges are often made to take their part in trimming, being edged with the picot ribbon ; and flannel dresses with coloured selvedges are pleated so that the selvedge makes a border. Never was more art and ingenuity called into play with regard to dress. Parisians are using for trimming some of the thick untanned leather to match any colour required, for it takes the dye easily, and moreover is a good ground for silver and gold thread embroidery. A brown silk had brown leather trimmings worked in silver and intermixed with dark blue, the loose vest being of white silk. If variety be charming, there can be nothing to complain of in the charms of this particular garment.

Spangles in jet, gold, and silver are the fashion of the hour. They are applied to crêpe de Chine and foulard when used as draperies on skirts. They glitter on the small mantles now worn, and on bonnets, to say nothing of shoes, which become more and more dainty. Many dresses can be smartened up by a plastron vest attached to an all-round collar fastened about the neck. Some of these are beaded, or made of bead-woven cloth, but many more have the spangles.

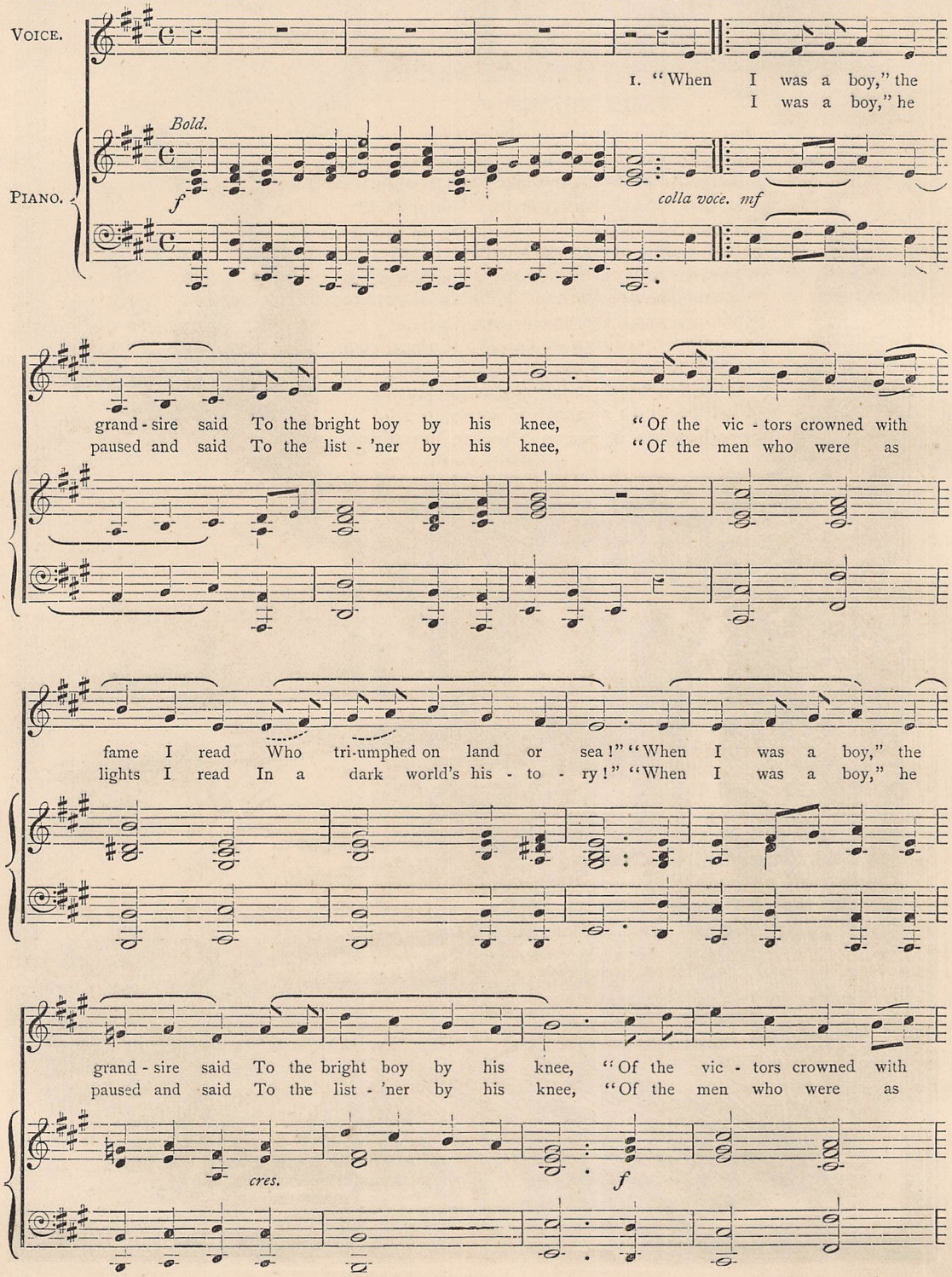
Plaid ribbons are a feature in present fashions in Paris, and they are used so prominently on dresses and bonnets that there is no ignoring them ; but I do not advise their adoption in England. They are rarely suited to English requirements, or—more important still—English complexions.

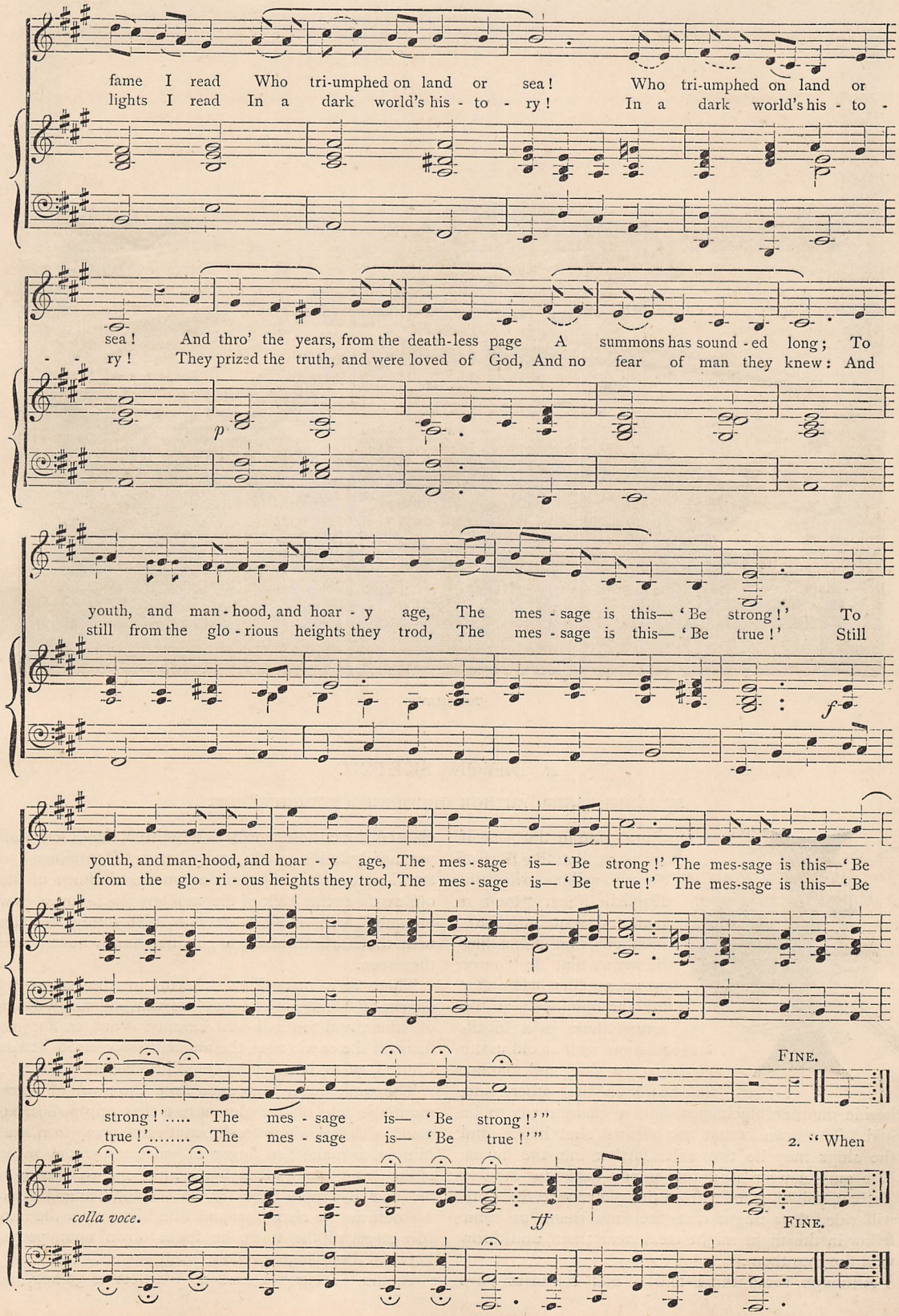
The pretty French costume that we illustrate would be suitable for a garden party, wedding, or any other smart function. It is in Gobelins-blue foulard crêpe de Chine, the demi-plastron, basque, and tablier being silver and blue gauze over silk. The sleeves are novel and graceful, the fulness being arranged outside the arm, and terminating as a ruffle. The fancy straw hat is turned up with blue velvet and ornamented with a cluster of thistledown, poppies, and cornflowers.


MIDSUMMER
On breezy hills the purple heather droops,
Waiting the gentle rain that long delays;
In leafy dells the azure blue-bell stoops
To screen her eye-balls from the blinding haze;
The brook goes trickling slowly by, or stays
To rest awhile in many a sheltered pool,
Where drowsy cattle dream of happier days,
When nights were pleasant & the days were cool;
While, overhead, the never-ceasing hum
Of winged creatures wakes the languid noon,
And soft pulsations swiftly go & come,
And life breaks forth to fail again too soon.
Yet all the deep of earth & wave, & sky
Breathes love, & peace & perfect harmony.
J.T. Burton Wollaston.

"When I was a Boy!"

Words by J. R. EASTWOOD. *Music by* J. GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus. D.




fame I read Who tri-umphed on land or sea! Who tri-umphed on land or
lights I read In a dark world's his - to - ry! In a dark world's his - to -
sea! And thro' the years, from the death-less page A summons has sound - ed long; To
ry! They prized the truth, and were loved of God, And no fear of man they knew: And
p
youth, and man - hood, and hoar - y age, The mes - sage is this— 'Be strong!' To
still from the glo - rious heights they trod, The mes - sage is this— 'Be true!' Still
f
youth, and man-hood, and hoar - y age, The mes - sage is— 'Be strong!' The mes-sage is this—'Be
from the glo - ri - ous heights they trod, The mes - sage is— 'Be true!' The mes-sage is this—'Be
FINE.
strong!'..... The mes - sage is— 'Be strong!'"
true!'..... The mes - sage is— 'Be true!'"
2. "When
colla voce.
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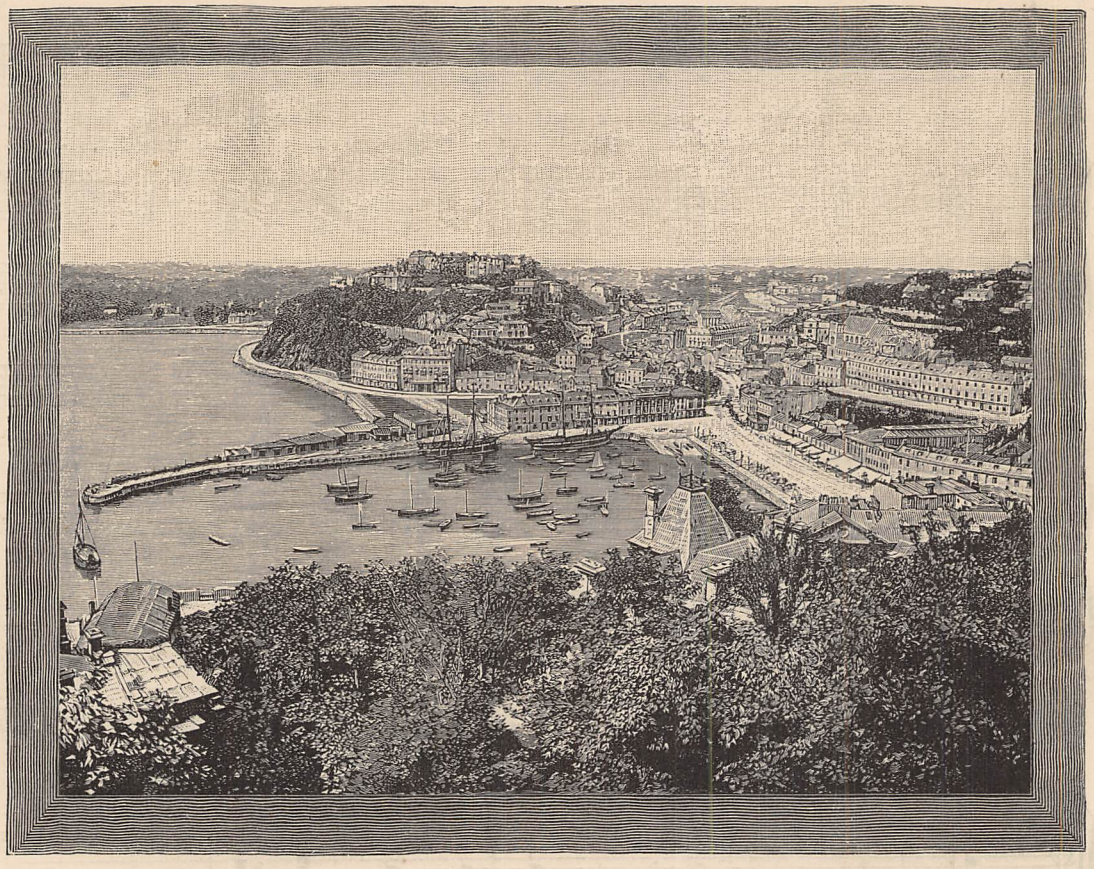
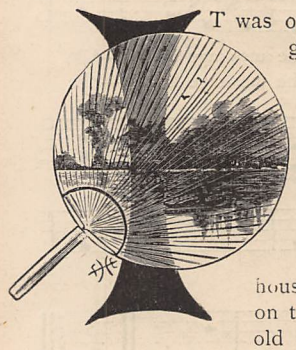
FINE.



TORQUAY.

A DEVON SKETCH.

BY JAMES BAKER, AUTHOR OF "JOHN WESTACOTT," ETC.



IT was on June 30th, in the year of grace 1522, that the Earl of Surrey, sailing with the English Fleet, "took a boat and went into Dartmouth"; and to his king he writes that he "never saw a goodlier hafen after all our opinions; at the entry there is a blockhouse of stone with an old castle on the same side, and another old castle on the other side, beside another blockhouse and a chain ready to be laid. The town is not two arrows' shot hence, and the ships may lie two miles further into the haven. The only danger is if the enemy were to land at Torbay, only two miles from the place were the ships will ride, they might cast fire into them, or some fellow in the night might steal near them, and throw wild fire into them."

Although some three and a half centuries have elapsed since these words were written, the description yet largely holds good; and whoever is privileged to stand upon a fair autumn day on the platform of the old castle at the back of the modern block-house, now mounted with modern cannon, will surely exclaim with the Earl of Surrey, a goodlier haven never have they seen.

There is a marvellous charm in the spot—the charm of beauty, of antiquity, of war, of sturdy deeds of valour, and the hallowed sanctity of prayer, for just beneath the castle rises the ancient tower of St. Petrox Church, surrounded by its calm little "God's acre."

The walk out to this spot from the town of Dartmouth is one of the pleasantest that any pedestrian could wish for, where fresh beauties at every turn lead him on, or make him linger in quiet enjoyment of the scene; and the walk is but a little one—a quarter of an hour is ample time for its accomplishment—and as soon as the rising ground lifts him above the narrow street of the town, he looks down upon peeps, between the foliage, of most lovely scenes.

As the turn in the road at Warfleet is gained, the

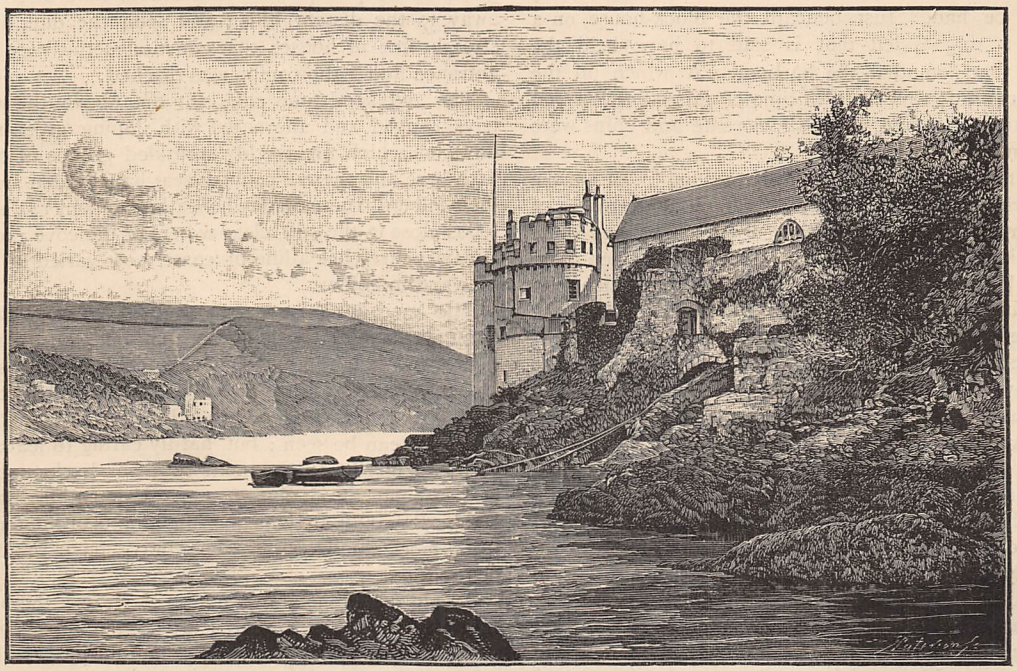
scene becomes yet more lovely, and the wanderer's eyes are filled with beauty until he enters the rich oak wood that leads him to the gate of the churchyard of St. Petrox. The church has, unfortunately, been "restored" out of all its antiquity, and on first entering a sense of disappointment comes over one at the new and barren, thin, modern appearance of its walls and windows; but there are one or two relics left of ages when soul was devoted to religious art, and these objects will repay one for some time given to their study. The font is a rounded basin mounted upon an early rounded pedestal, and is ornamented with an excellent foliage and arabesque design. The church is said to date from the fifth century, and this font to be of the same period; be that as it may, it is a good piece of work.

At the east end of the church are three brasses, not very early, but in good preservation. One to the wife of Plomleigh has two quaint little brasses at its feet, with portraits of her four daughters and three sons, each with joined and uplifted hands. Another brass to Mrs. Dorothy Rovs, dated 1617, is an excellent portrait of a well-featured, somewhat stern dame in Marie Stuart bonnet, the exact shape of the caps now worn by the peasantry in the neighbourhood of Poitiers, and being adopted by our own countrywomen. The open stomacher and ruffles of this good dame are well delineated, and the brass is a good picture of a well-to-do lady of that date. The third brass is peculiarly interesting for its quaint and lengthy epitaph. It is to a certain John Roope Marchant, and his epitaph runs thus :—

"'Twas not a winded nor a withered Face,
Nor long gray Hares, nor dimnes in the eyes,
Nor feble limbs, nor uncouth trembling pace,
Presadg his death that here intombed lies.
His tyme was come, his Maker was not Bovnde
To let him live till all these markes were fovnde;
His tyme was come; that time he did imbrace
With sence and feelinge, with a joyfvll harte,
As his best passage to a better place,
Where all his cares are ended and his smarte.
This Roope was blest that Trvsted in God alone,
He lives twoe lives where others live but one."

A philosophical and religious stanza that gives matter for thought, as one quits the church and passes through the humbler tombs that dot the little churchyard that lies on the slope of the hillside, capped by the old works of the castle above, and defended by the new works of the fort below.

From a seat facing the sunny south, beneath the shelter of the picturesque embattled tower, is a charming view. The land-locked bay with its varied foliage; on the opposite shore the pretty grey ruins of Kingswear Castle, hardly distinguishable from the grey rock on which they stand; out to seaward some twenty to thirty sail are in sight; away to the right rises a high hill, rich in colour, the green sward brilliant between the rich autumn foliage, the brown new-turned earth shading off with the lighter brown of the fading bracken. A white-sailed schooner is standing in full sail for the harbour, her sails are gently filled with the soft breeze; but has she way enough on her to carry her past the bar? Onward she comes, a lovely sight; but as she gains the lee of the southern sheltering hill, she loses the wind, the current



DARTMOUTH CASTLE. (*From a Photograph by Messrs. Frith and Co., Reigate.*)

overpowers her quickly-drooping sails, she swings round helpless to the tide, and in a few minutes her stern is upon a hidden rock-reef, and were the sea other than but as a summer lake, she would be in imminent danger. Two boats put out from the harbour and soon get her off the rocks, but the sight as we watch it tells of the danger in past days, when steam was not, and when this harbour was the great port for our English Fleet.

Many a goodly line of sail has put in over this bar in rough and fair weather, and frequent entries in State papers prove the importance of the port. Back into the twelfth century it was a noted port, when Liverpool and Manchester were marshland and forest, and its revenues are frequently referred to. In June, 1509, a certain Walter Hende, fletcher, is appointed "To be keeper during pleasure of the arrows in the Tower of London, with fees from the Customs of Exeter and Dartmouth;" but this does by no means imply that Walter Hende was lucky enough to receive the whole of these fees, as continual entries occur wherein persons are to be paid from Dartmouth fees; one being that Robert Brikenden be paid "12d. a day for himself, and 6d. a day for his clerk"—the said clerk being probably better off with his six pennies than a modern one would be with sixty degenerate pennies of Victoria's reign.

Just to the right of the modern block-house is a lovely little cove, guarded by round rock-pillars on either side, rich with foliage, and softened with moss, with the delicate green sea between them; above us on a slope is a bit of the old castle wall, some six feet thick, and the ruins of a round tower, on the top of which, half hidden by luxuriant ivy, is a seat from whence a wider view both seaward and riverward is to be had. Just beneath the block-house, on a rock, a ring is left that is said to have held the chain that defended the harbour. A winch in the fort wound up this chain in time of danger, or lowered it in time of peace, when all was safe and ships were entering the port.

On the opposite shore is a picturesque bit of square ruin with a tree growing in its centre, the remains of Gomerock castle; and just beneath, on a grey slope of rock, is a spot of green turf that is spoken of as the "Unknown's Grave." Some former earth pilgrim has had this spot allotted to him for his last resting-place, and surely a sweet spot it is; no view of vaunted Rhine can surpass it in idyllic beauty, shut in above Kingswear Castle as it is by a hill that is now lovely with the varied tints of heath, and gorse, and bracken.

Let him who would enjoy a glorious walk take boat, and cross over to that heather-clad hill, and skirt the coast to the fishing village of Brixham; and then on over the high downs, descending into the quickly-risen modern watering-place of Paignton, where, for him who looks beyond modern piers and sea promenades, there is much of interest and antiquity, and from whence a little steam-launch will quickly run him across to the terraced height of Torquay.

The rounded bight of Torbay has frequently been compared with that of Naples; but as one is running across from Paignton, looking up at the dotted houses and intermingling trees rising group above group, the entrance into Genoa is forcibly brought to the mind. The great beauty of Torquay lies in its luxuriant foliage, hidden away amidst which are its pleasant villas and terraced houses. The town itself is quickly seen; in fact, one *coup-d'œil* from the boat, as we approach the quay-head, takes most of it in: the Strand stretching on into Union Street, the wide sweep of the bay, round which runs the road along which those who enter Torquay by rail approach the town—and few entrances to any town can compare with this drive from station to hotel—but a little morning's walk and row will best give an idea of what constitutes the great charm of Torquay and its surroundings.

Starting from our hotel on a bright morning in late October, we took a turn out on to the pier-head to watch a fleet of brown-sailed fishing-boats that were just coming into the harbour, and to linger for awhile over the lines of a yacht or two that lay at anchor beside the lifeboat, that was already launched and floating at her winter's berth, ready for any life-saving errand; then, turning up past the baths, we quickly climbed the hill above them, and unheeding the various signs that directed us to Daddy Hole Plain, Kent's Cavern, and Anstey's Cove, made our way straight onwards for the village of Babbicombe. On every hand the houses standing in their own pleasant lawns, and nearly hid by trees yet full of leaf, spoke of comfort, luxury, and calm; but ere long the picturesque villas were left behind, and open country gained, with rich pasture and arable land stretching away to the distant hills; and soon the dull, dusty, straight line of houses that constitutes the very ugly entrance into Babbicombe was reached.

The red sandstone cliffs jut out above the white bays, capped and alternated with sloping green meadows, on which are thickly sprinkled groups of trees, with here and there a country-seat half hidden amidst their foliage. Immediately beneath, grey and red headlands close in the still, clear waters of the cove; whilst far away stretches a line of coast most varied in contour and in colour.

The morning mist has hardly yet cleared, but a coastguardsman, who is running up a flag on the mast that stands on the high point of the Downs, assures us one can see to Portland on a fine day. At present only the red headlands and little bays as far as Exmouth can be seen; but, hardly caring to leave the view, we just for the moment turn our backs upon it, and descend the shady, steep road, down into Babbicombe Bay, half envying the inhabitants of the terrace (that faces the Downs), who always have this view before them.

An old fisherman shows us the way down the hill to the little cove, and surely it would be impossible to find a spot more suggestive of calm and peace. Four or five white and yellow thatched cottages look out into the calm little bay, where a boat or two is hauled

up on the beach; high up on this are some solid timber capstan-like posts, round which the warps of the boats are wound.

We bargained with our old boatman to lend us a boat to pull round to Anstey's Cove. Only too glad was he in this late autumn time to let a boat but for an hour, and we were soon out upon the clear, glassy water, with just a suspicion of a ground-swell coming in, telling of heavier seas to the westward.

This little row gave us a good peep at the rocks that guard Anstey's Cove, and form so picturesque a sight from the land; but we were disappointed to find that their form was owing to the quarrying that was being carried on around them.

We soon pulled to the little cove, and climbing the hill amid the thickly-laden blackberry brambles, stood on the height, and looked again at the line of coast, that was now free from the morning mists. The white chalk cliffs by Beer were now in sight, and the whole coast far on towards Portland.

Our way back into Torquay lay through a pleasant hedged road in a deep valley—along the heights of which a new road has lately been cut—a perfectly inland road at first, but ere long the whole range of Torbay bursts on the view; and, as we reached the shore at Isham Manor, a fleet of fishing-boats was standing out to sea off Berry Head. The road now led along by the shore, the lapping music of the waves succeeding to the inland song of singing birds. Up the hill we went, on past the road that again invited us to Daddy Hole Plain, and, in a short space of time, we were descending the hill into the busier if less romantic part of Torquay. This walk gave us a glimpse only of the charms of this southern watering-spot, even as this sketch is but a tiny item of all that might be written upon the glories, and beauty, and history of idyllic Devon.

FOURTEEN.

WHAT! five feet six? How fast Time flies!
Nor stays to dine or sup.
You came but yesterday, dear Fred,
And, lo! you're quite grown up.
Oh, roaming Greybeard, with the scythe,
Have you no spark of ruth,
That, not content with plaguing age,
You dog defenceless youth?

Our little boy—our *little* boy!
Oh, gradual change unblest!
Into what land, pray, has he gone,
Where futile seems all quest?
How shall we call you? For to-day
One looks at you to see
Only a someone who just was,
And someone yet to be.

In jacket-trim no more you hie;
A cap is gear that's past.
You criticise, with anxious eye,
The shoemaker's best last.
Oh, shapely knickerbockered legs,
That bicycle bestrode!
I look at these with awe: they're decked
In trousers, *à la mode!*

A dog-eared Cæsar haunts your dreams;
Your tailor's quite your chum.
You wish your arms were not so long,
Your fingers not all thumb.

Your voice has "caught the mannish crack,"
Where high and low notes clash:
While—just come here; great goodness! yes,
The boy has—*a moustache!*

An introduction is a trial;
An evening call, much more.
You'd like a Conversation Guide;
Of small talk have small store.
Yet you have noticed Belle's grey eyes,
And Cora's rippling curls,
And somehow suddenly surmise
There is a race called—girls!

But, oh! what idle, scribbling friend,
Or graver seer, shall breathe
Of those dim outlooks—mist and dream—
Where new-born fancies wreathe
And paint the future?—day by day
More riddle to thy breast—
With questions only half made known,
And answers not half guessed.

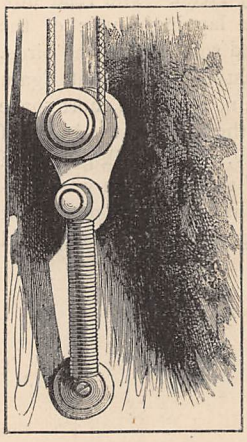
Ah, Fred! dear fellow, not our hands
Would check thee in that march
Each mortal makes. Thou couldst not stand
Long in the gateway arch.
Up with your banner, boy friend mine!
Step forward with good grace:
Fortune's your friend! She told me so
The day she eyed your face.

EDWARD IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

An Ingenious Blind Rack.



An ingenious little blind rack has recently been patented, and is illustrated in the accompanying woodcut. The bottom plate of the rack is secured to the frame of the window by a screw, round which is also fastened the ringed end of a spring. A corresponding ring at the other end of the spring is slipped over a knob immediately below the pulley. In use the rack is so placed that the head of the pulley shall fall a little short of the loop of the cord which is to go round it, so that when the spring is stretched to meet it the cord is held firmly. Owing to the elasticity given by the spring, there is no straining of the cord to secure tightness ; and when it is necessary to take down the blind, all that is required is to stretch the spring a little more than usual, and so release the cord. The pulley and bottom plate of this new rack are made of earthenware in every variety of tint and decoration.

A Simple Knife-Cleaner.

A new knife-cleaner for table-knives has recently been introduced. It consists of two boxes of cleaning powder attached to one another by a hinge, and having two pads of felt sandwiched between them. The knife is placed between these two pads and drawn quickly backwards and forwards, when the polishing powder percolates through to the pads and so cleans the blade.

Writing on Glass.

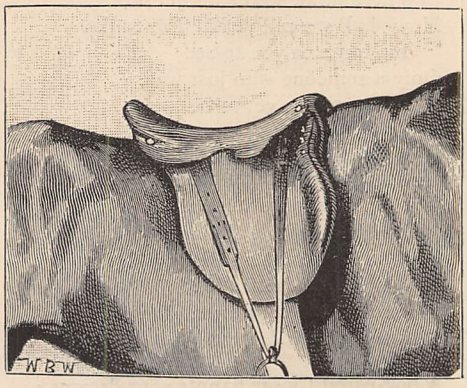
A new ink for writing on glass, brought out in America under the name of "diamond ink," has been analysed at the request of Professor Maisch, and found to contain ammonium fluoride, barium sulphate, and sulphuric acid. It is used with an ordinary pen, and is said to be useful for labelling bottles containing substances apt to destroy common labels. It is made by mixing barium sulphate 3 parts, ammonium fluoride 1 part, and a sufficiency of sulphuric acid to decompose the ammonium fluoride and make the mixture semi-fluid. The ink is contained in a glass bottle thickly coated outside with asphaltum, and inside with beeswax. It is stoppered with an india-rubber stopper. The ink should be prepared in a leaden dish, and is preferably kept in a bottle of lead or gutta-percha ; but it can be kept in a glass bottle if its inside is coated with paraffin wax, rubber, or beeswax.

A Time-Checking Clock.

A clock for checking the arrival and departure of workmen has recently been brought out. Below the clock is a tube about fifteen inches long, and each workman drops his check into it, and at suitable intervals, say every five minutes, the clock causes a time-check to fall amongst these and take its place in the vertical pile of checks. This is done by making the clock rotate a disc with slits in it, which drop the time-checks at regular intervals. It is thus easy to see the time at which workmen bearing their numbered checks have dropped them in. If a workman should drop in a comrade's check as well as his own, and the absence of that comrade be observed, the confederate can be ascertained by reason of the fact that his check will be next to that of the absent comrade for whom he acted.

Black Gold.

"Black gold," as it is called, is found in the famous "Nuggety Reef" of Maldon, Victoria. It occurs in granite veins in the quartz of the reef. According to a recent chemical examination, it is when fresh of a crystalline silvery-white appearance, but becomes black on exposure to the air. It is in reality a natural alloy of gold and bismuth, and when properly refined it yields a head of gold.



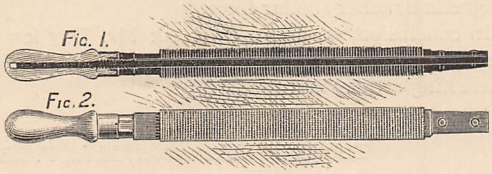
A Safety Saddle.

The figure shows a new saddle which has been brought out recently. One notable feature in it is the provision of a soft yielding seat between the pommel and cantle of the saddle. Another is the way the stirrups are hung from two points of the saddle on both sides, as shown. These improvements are

claimed to allow the rider to sit closer to his horse, and to bring the open front of the stirrup to the forward thrust of his foot.

A Built-up File.

The figures show a new file which is built up for use. It consists of a set of serrated plates held together by a nut and screw, and capable of being taken down and sharpened on a grindstone when they are blunted.



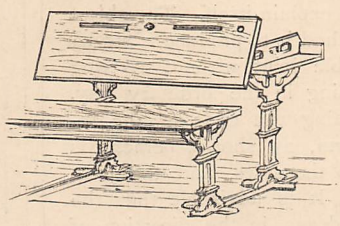
This avoids the necessity of re-cutting in the ordinary way. The serrated plates are threaded on a steel bar, as will be seen from Fig. 1, which represents a section through a file. They are tightened on by the insertion of a thin steel strip along the bar. This file is stated to last much longer than the ordinary file, and, although more expensive at first, is said in the end to be cheaper than the latter. Fig. 2 shows the file in front view.

Paper from Bamboo.

It almost seems as though good serviceable paper can be made from every kind of vegetable fibre. Grasses and woods of all sorts, and even peat, have been brought into requisition, while one of the latest introductions is crushed bamboo, which has been used with very satisfactory results.

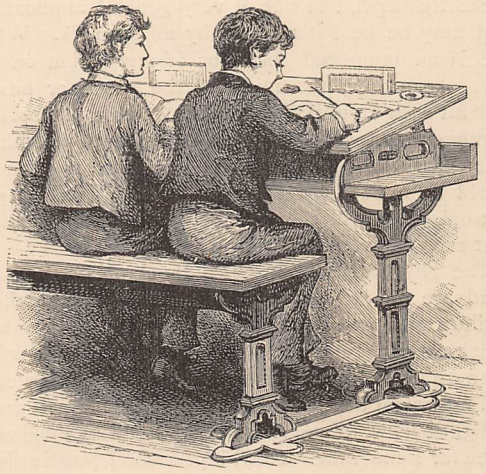
A Great Balloon.

The captive balloon of M. Yon, which is intended to be a feature of the Paris Exhibition of 1889, will have the enormous volume of 60,000 cubic metres. The maximum altitude of the ascensions will be 1,000 metres. The car will be able to hold a hundred persons, and a winding machine of 600 horse-power will be employed to raise and lower it. To keep the balloon well inflated it will contain a smaller one filled with air, and capable of being increased or diminished in volume by means of an air-pump worked by an electric motor on the car, the current being supplied by wires along the cable of the balloon from a generator on the ground.



A Convertible School Desk.

A school desk having a slot for slates, a book-board, and so on, while being capable at the same time of conversion into a seat with a back to it, is illustrated herewith. The desk is readily converted into a backed seat, without changing its position, for evening lectures and demonstrations. All the desks



in a large school can be converted in a few minutes, and without turning them round. The four positions which the desk can be altered to are a sloping desk, a flat desk, a backed seat facing in the same direction as the desk, and a backed seat facing in the opposite direction. The desk is made of pitch-pine, well varnished.

The Tintometer.

This is the name of a new instrument designed to measure the depth of colour in liquids and solids. It consists of two tubes 18 inches long, open at their ends, and placed side by side. In one tube is placed the liquid to be examined, and in the other a series of coloured glasses, with which the comparison of colours is to be made. Both of the tubes are viewed through a single eye-piece. The glasses are arranged in a definite scale of colour so that the precise tint can be determined.

Mind Magic.

To the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In the March number of this MAGAZINE appeared an article under the above heading, the author of which puts forward the theory that a subtle force called Od permeates all nature, and exercises a mysterious influence over things animate and inanimate. By this force he claims to account for various popular beliefs and superstitions, such as the evil eye, love at first sight, the fascination of snakes, the mystery of the divining rod, &c., and professes to prove his theory by certain experiments, some of which he describes. Now, we do not profess to be able to offer a complete explanation of all of these phenomena, and we do not deny that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy;" but we do deny that the movements of what is called the odometre, or divining ring, depend

on aught else than the operation of well-known physical and physiological laws, and we think that the experiments we have made lead to a conclusion different from that come to by Mr. Day.

The physiological law on which the motions of the odometre depend is one of very general application, and may be best illustrated by an example. When one is an interested spectator of any action on the part of another, the mind of the spectator has in general such an effect over his body as to cause him to move in sympathy with the action he is watching; for instance, when a jumping competition is going on, it will be noticed by a careful observer that many of the onlookers will raise one foot just at the moment that each competitor makes his jump.

The physical laws on which these phenomena depend are the laws of the simple pendulum, and, as an illustration, we may take the case of a large bell, which may be rung by a mere boy if he applies his strength in the right way. A single pull on the rope will not swing the bell to its full extent, but will cause a slight backward and forward motion which will continue for some time. Now, if a second pull is given at the moment that the first, or some succeeding oscillation, is complete, the second small impulse is added to the first and a larger swing is produced; a third and fourth pull produce corresponding effects, and ultimately, by means of a great number of insignificant impulses, a great final effect is produced, and the heavy bell swings to and fro through a large arc.

The following extract from Helmholtz' "Sensations of Tone" will show how the foregoing physiological and physical laws will account for the ring taking any motion previously expected.

"A similar experiment, which can be tried at any instant, is the following. Construct a pendulum by hanging a heavy body (such as a ring) to the lower end of a thread, holding the upper end in the hand. On setting the ring into pendular vibration, it will be found that this motion can be gradually and considerably increased by watching the moment when the pendulum has reached the greatest departure from the vertical, and then giving the hand a very small motion in the opposite direction. The displacements of the hand may be so small, under the circumstances, that they can scarcely be perceived with the closest attention, a circumstance to which is due the superstitious application of this little apparatus as a divining rod. If, namely, the observer, without thinking of his hand, follows the swings of the pendulum with his eye, the hand readily follows the eye, and involuntarily moves a little backwards or forwards, precisely in the same time as the pendulum, after this has accidentally begun to move."

On trying the experiments detailed by Mr. Day, we found that the motions he describes were at first faithfully executed by the odometre, but on applying crucial tests the result was altogether different. These may be divided into three groups:—

I. The operator held the ring in the requisite position for one motion, but fixed his mind on some other; the ring took the latter motion.

II. The operator was blindfolded; the motions were feeble and uncertain.

III. The operator was ignorant of the motion that the ring was supposed to take; the motions were decided, but not according to the rule.

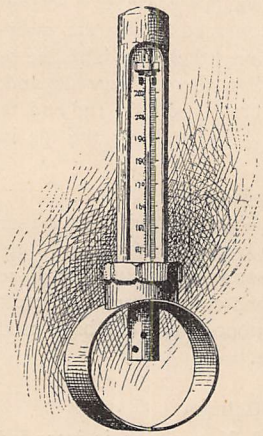
Our conclusion, then, from these experiments and the theoretical considerations before mentioned, is this—that the motions are produced by the influence of the mind upon the small pendular vibrations set up by the trembling of the hand, and not directly by any magnetic or other similar force.

In conclusion, we desire to thank Mr. Day for the pleasure afforded us by the reading of his undoubtedly interesting article, and

We remain, yours very truly,

THOMAS FARRINGTON, M.A., F.C.S.
STEPHEN FOREMAN.

An Adjustable Thermometer.

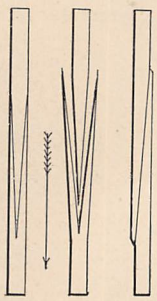


Thermometers are known to alter with time; and Mr. Andrew Haddon has devised the plan for adjusting their zero which is illustrated in the figure. In this apparatus the thermometer tube is fastened at one end to a separate piece which can slide in the scale, so as to enable any one to adjust his instrument so as to agree with a standard thermometer, or with any other in his possession. The figure shows one of Mr. Haddon's instruments fitted in its protective case.

A Giant Crystal.

At the Royal Jubilee Exhibition at Manchester a crystal of alum, believed to be the largest ever made, is on view. It stands twelve feet high, and is about six feet in diameter. The alum is said to be of the finest quality.

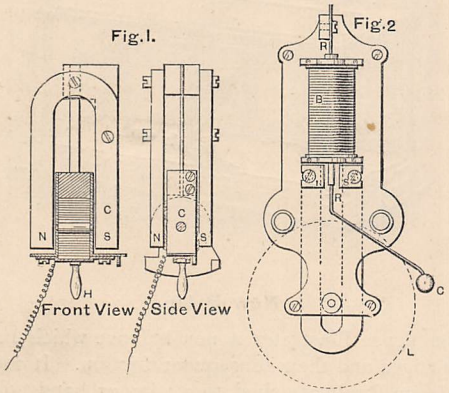
A New Belt Joint.



A new method of jointing belts is shown in the accompanying sketch, which will explain itself. The object of the method is to produce a strong and durable joint without riveting or stretching in the ordinary way. After cutting the ends in the required form, as shown, cement is applied to the sides, and the joint is made. It is advisable that the belt should run in the direction of the arrow, when the machinery is going, so as to prevent the edges of the laps from coming into contact with any possible obstruction.

A Magneto-Electric Bell.

In electric house-bells it is frequently the battery which gets out of order, thus interfering with the working of the system. In the new magnetic bells which we illustrate herewith, no battery is used; the bell generating its own electricity by the act of pulling the bell-pull. Fig. 1 is the portion of the bell which

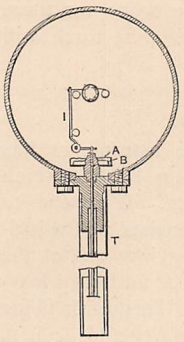


generates the current, and Fig. 2 the actual bell which rings when the current traverses it. In Fig. 1, N S is a strong double horse-shoe magnet, between the four poles of which, N S, is suspended a bobbin, or bobbins, of insulated wire, C, which are connected in circuit with the line. A handle, H, the bell-pull, is attached to the bobbin, which is suspended by a spring, so that when the handle is sharply pulled and let go, the bobbins vibrate in the magnetic field between the poles of the magnets, and generate a current of electricity which traverses the line wire to the electric bell shown in Fig. 2. This consists of a solenoid or hollow bobbin of wire, B, having an iron core passing through its middle. This core is carried by a spring, R, at its upper end, and at its lower end is free to vibrate between the poles of a magnet, N S. It is "polarised" magnetically, so that when the alternating currents in the line coming from the magneto generator (Fig. 1) traverse the bobbin, B (Fig. 2), the core vibrates between the poles of the magnet, N S (Fig. 2). The core carries a clapper, C, which hits the bell, L, at every vibration. Thus the pull on the handle, H (Fig. 1), causes the clapper, C (Fig. 2), to strike the bell. We have only described one variety of this invention; but there are others, designed for railway stations and large establishments, made on the same principles.

A Water Spy-Glass.

The mother-of-pearl divers of the Red Sea have taken to the use of a simple spy-glass for seeing the pearl-shells on the bottom of the sea. It consists of an empty tin, such as are common now, with a pane of glass fitted to its bottom. The box thus made is partly submerged bottom downward, and the diver looks through the glass end at the sea-bottom. The device enables him to look through still water untroubled by the surface ripple. A similar device is also used to look at the "sea gardens" of the coral reefs in the Bahamas and other West Indian islands. It might be useful to collectors and others at home. In connection with the mother-of-pearl fisheries, we may mention that those of the Red Sea, according to a recent consular report, are carried on chiefly by black slaves, who take two-thirds of the profits, leaving one-third to the owner of the boat. The best shells are the *Shama-i*; the worst the *Yeman*, both found on the Arabian coast. The shells, after being cleaned, are packed in barrels for export. Some go to Trieste, some to Havre, and some to London. Others go to Bethlehem, where they are carved and sold to pilgrims.

A New Pyrometer.



In this apparatus the expansion of mercury or other liquid by heat is caused to act on two thin metal plates, A, B, in the figure, and the motion thus obtained is caused to indicate the temperature. The body whose temperature is to be measured is put in connection with the lower plate, B, by means of the metal tube, T, seen below; and the motion of the upper plate, A, due to the expansion of the liquid between the plates, is communicated by means of a lever arrangement to an indicator, I. This indicator may take the form of an electric alarm, as sketched in the figure. When a given temperature has been reached the alarm will be sounded.

Making Fine Glass Fibres.

A novel process of making glass fibres of extreme tenuity has been devised by Mr. C. Vernon Boys. It consists of a bow shooting a straw arrow, to the end of which the bit of glass from which the fibre is to be drawn is placed. After softening the glass in a flame the arrow is shot into the air, and its track is marked by the fibre which streams behind it.

A Tambourine Clock.

A patent has recently been taken out in France for a clock in imitation of a tambourine. The parchment head of the tambourine constitutes the face of the clock, while the hours from one to twelve are represented by a circle of flowers. The hands are two bees, one large and the other small, which pass from flower to flower. The small bee passes swiftly from one flower to the next, completing the circuit in an hour; while the large bee simply crawls, taking twelve hours to make the round. The bees are of iron, and two magnets connected with the clockwork inside the tambourine move just under the parchment and draw the bees after them.

A Household Torch.

The figure illustrates a torch for domestic uses, such as thawing pipes, soldering, and burning off paint. It

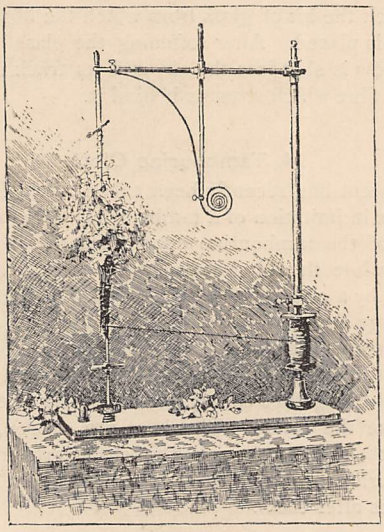
is made to burn benzoline, and a small pump in it enables the user to apply a cold air blast to the benzoline, so as to produce the blaze shown in the woodcut. The reservoir holds 1½ pints of benzoline, capable of feeding the flame for three hours at full blast at a cost of 2½d. The torch will keep alight in strong winds.

The Prison Puzzle.

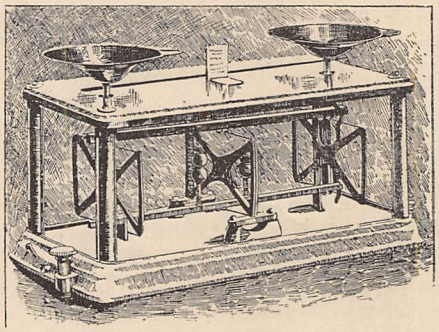
Mr. R. A. Proctor, the well-known astronomer, has given a method of solving the "Prison Puzzle," which was recently given in the GATHERER. It appears to involve a quirk, as the solution consists in the prisoner starting from the cell A, going into one of the neighbouring cells, returning to cell A, and then leaving it by the other adjoining cell. This quirk being understood, there are many ways of reaching cell B. Of course this must be done by the prisoner only passing once through each cell.

A Bouquet Binder.

A little machine for binding bouquets has been brought out by a French florist, M. Mayard fils, of Chalon-sur-Saône, Vice-President of the Horticultural Society of that city. As shown in our illustration, it



consists of a bobbin on which wire or string is wound, and capable of being raised or lowered at will. The other part of the machine is a frame to hold the bouquet while the string is being applied to it. The bouquet is built round the vertical stem shown, and each flower can be severally bound in its place by the string. To florists the apparatus may be useful.



A New Balance.

The figure illustrates a new balance which has no knife-edges and their consequent friction. It consists of a beam firmly attached to a wire or band at right angles to it. The band or wire being tightly stretched, its torsion keeps the balance true. When weight is put on the balance to disturb it the wire is twisted, and the resistance to twisting increases with the arc through which the balance rotates. To increase the sensitiveness of the instrument a poise is attached to the beam by a standard. Balances made on this principle are capable of great accuracy; an ordinary shop balance, only 10½ inches, capable of weighing 50 lbs., being turned by two grains.

£75 PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

The Editor has pleasure in announcing the award of the Prize in this Competition, for which thirty-eight competitors entered their names. The length of the MSS., and the high quality of the work in many of them, made the task of adjudication unusually long and difficult. One story, however, stood out clearly above the others, and the Editor therefore awards the PRIZE OF SEVENTY-FIVE POUNDS to the author of that story—

LAMBERT SHEILDS, 11, Adelaide Street,
Kingstown, Ireland,

whose story will be published in due course.

Honourable Mention is awarded to the work of three other competitors, whose names are given in order of merit:—

John Rice, 21, Walker Terrace, West Hoe, Plymouth;

Agnes Mills Berridge, Fotheringhay, Oundle, Northamptonshire;

J. M. Smythe, Southcote, near Port Elliot, South Australia.

Unsuccessful competitors are requested to apply for their MSS. as soon as possible. Applications should in all cases be accompanied by stamps.

A TREACHEROUS CALM.

By THOMAS KEYWORTH, Author of "Mistress June," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

BRINGS MATTERS TO A CRISIS.

"I stand between the future and the past:
That which has been, and that which is to be."
WATERSTON.

IF the postman at Hillstreams had noticed his letters sufficiently, and had cared to compare one with another that summer morning, he might have discovered that two of them were in outward appearance very much alike. The envelopes looked as if they had been taken from the same packet; the postage-stamps were placed with equal exactness in the respective corners; both directions were written in the same stiff, perpendicular style; in each case the office-stamp showed that the letter had been posted at Mirkaster. But one was addressed to Jabez Tollingwood, Esq., Combermere House, and the other to Miss Annie Penthurst, Lowfield Lodge.

But the postman noticed none of these coincidences. He knew that certain letters must be delivered before nine o'clock, or complaints would be made. The fast train to Mirkaster started at twenty minutes past nine, and a number of gentlemen travelled by it every morning to business; but they objected very strongly to any delay which compelled them to depart without first seeing whether or not there were any letters of importance for them. So if the postman happened to be a bit late at starting, he varied his round, so that he might run as few risks as possible of giving offence. Fear was not his only motive. There were people at Hillstreams who did not wait until Christmas to show by their bounty that they could appreciate a public servant who was quick to recognise private needs and the urgency of particular cases. George Dawes, the postman, was popularly supposed to know the difference between sixpence and a shilling as well as most people. He certainly knew that Combermere House and Lowfield Lodge were worthy of special attention. So these two letters were held very closely together in his hand; but there were other letters for the same addresses, and he noticed nothing.

He had commenced his work a few minutes late; therefore, instead of going along the public road, he took the short cut by the reservoir, and completed the list of what he called "railway-train people" in good time, then he went leisurely to work with the rest of the population.

Turner, the shoemaker, was on the look-out for him, and was ready with a few remarks on what he called the unsystematic way in which Dawes went about his business. Turner had been disappointed at not being made postman himself, and could never be brought to see that Dawes had either the ability or the disposition to discharge his duties in a satisfactory manner.

"George, if I were thee, I'd study geography," said Turner, as the postman gave him a letter. "I see'd thee cross from th' House to th' Lodge by th' Twisted Path, and now thou's getten to come round this way. It may be thy notion o' what's straight-forrard, but it's not mine. Th' House and th' Lodge may be very friendly, and all that, but they might take their proper turns wi' their letters."

Turner was a thin, irate-looking man, who was always in earnest, unless he happened to be working, and then his zeal was said to flag considerably. Dawes was very short, almost a dwarf, but he was thick-set, and could get over the ground at a wonderful rate, considering the fact that his legs were not much more than half the length which Nature bestows on people in general.

Dawes simply said, "Thou art like a cat that wants to be a dog." Then he hurried along the street, that he might deliver his letters, and that he also might get away before Turner had a chance to reply.

It was true that Dawes had gone straight from Combermere House to Lowfield Lodge. If he had known that he had two letters to deliver which were so much alike, and if he wanted to emphasise the fact that there was a connection between them, he could not have acted differently. But he was busy with his work, and simply continued his replies to Turner all the time, though Turner was not there to hear him. The subject was fruitful enough to last all through the neighbourhood, and it was not exhausted when he reached home.

"What's wrong, George?" people would ask when they noticed that the postman was upset.

"There's thunder creeping around," was the answer. Then George would look round the country and up into the sky, as if to imply that there would soon be a change in the weather, and he wanted to finish his work before the storm could break.

"Thou needn't hurry, lad," the weather-wise ones replied; "there's nowt of any consequence. To-morrow, maybe, or more likely i'th night."

But George was gone. A very civil man, or one who allowed himself to wait for sentences to be

finished before moving on, would never have done for postman at Hillstreams. But people did not expect it. They knew nothing about conversations which did not consist chiefly of interruptions ; and if two or three of them were together, they generally spoke all at once. As each speaker listened only to himself, the result was not as embarrassing as might be expected.

George Dawes was tailor as well as letter-carrier, and he had a job to finish that day ; so this gave him an additional motive for hurrying on. But what he wanted most of all was to talk things over with Tilly, as he always called Matilda, his wife.

Matilda Dawes was much taller than her husband, and, unlike some tall wives, she did not give herself an awkward stoop to bring her nearer to her husband's stature. She was upright and comely, with a pleasant countenance, and was always ready to listen while George talked about his troubles, and to give him her fullest sympathy. But she always sat down to listen, and George always stood up to talk.

"It rests a tailor to stand," he said.

Tilly found that it rested a woman to sit ; therefore, when George was in his "tantrums," as people called them, she rested a great deal.

George entered the cottage, took off his bag, and threw it into a corner ; then he threw his cap into another corner, and began to take off his coat. Some people might have fancied that he intended to take revenge on his wife for the annoyances which he had received outside, and they might have wondered whether she would submit to his violence or not. But Tilly knew better ; she gave up the task she had in hand, quietly took a chair, then seated herself, and waited to hear what was wrong.

"I have given it to Jess Turner, for the last hour or more!" George said, standing with his back to the fireplace, and throwing his coat on the table. "There are not many things that I haven't likened him to."

"Did he hear of it?" Tilly asked, with glee.

"The first bit," was the answer. There was nothing wrong in the question, and George never entertained the thought that it might sound satirical.

"I am glad of that," Tilly exclaimed. "How much of it did he hear? Tell me every word."

George had a weakness which other warriors have suffered from, and when he mentioned what he thought Turner would have a good chance of hearing, he compressed into a few sentences the best comparisons which he had been able to make during his morning's task.

Tilly enjoyed these, and George felt almost as much pleased as if Turner had heard them. He knew that Tilly would tell the neighbours, and therefore publicity would be given to scathing remarks which could scarcely have been spoken to Jess Turner himself without the risk of Dawes having to undergo bodily chastisement.

"And what started him?" Tilly asked. She always assumed on these occasions that somebody else had been the aggressor.

"Just because I didn't come down the street when I had been to Combermere House, but I slipped round by th' water and took th' letters to Lowfield Lodge. Then he carried on just awful, and talked about geography, and I don't know what besides."

"Who did you see at Combermere House?" was Tilly's next question. Not that she had done with Jess Turner ; she would go back to him after a while.

George, however, was not to be diverted quite so easily.

"Here's Jess Turner," he said, "for weeks an' weeks he never gets no letter ; and when he does, as likely as not it's one as was wrote weeks since, and might just as easy a' been posted next week as now. Then there's railway-train people, such as Tollingwood, Esq., and Ingleton, Esq., now it is, though not so long since it was Mr. Horace Ingleton. Then coming to Lowfield Lodge, there's the young gents called Penthurst, it may be Guy, Esq., or John, Esq. ; it may even be the father of them, which is Alexander, Esq., though I have seen it Doctor and Professor, besides the letters which came after. Everybody must stand still while Jess Turner gets a letter."

"Who did you see at the Lodge, George?" was the next question which his wife asked him.

But George had not finished his tirade, and it was not until he had proved from every point of view that any sane postman would go straight from one important house to another, and would give his attention to ordinary people afterwards, even though fifty Jess Turners objected, that anything was said about the occupants of either Combermere House or Lowfield Lodge. He had seen nobody at either place, he declared ; but as Tilly was in the habit of discovering that nobody often consisted of two or three people, and sometimes of half a dozen, she set to work to sift the general statement, that she might learn those details after which her mind was hungering.

"Mr. Tollingwood was in the garden, Mrs. Tollingwood not. Mr. Ingleton was nowhere about. Somebody said he was no better."

"Who said that?"

It might be the cook, or it might be the groom ; he had seen them both.

As for the cook, Tilly cared nothing, but had he seen the upper housemaid?

He had not.

It was evident that his thoughts were still running on Jess Turner, because he spoke in a snappish tone, and Tilly knew that he had nothing against the upper housemaid.

The task of getting satisfactory news from George was seldom more difficult than on that morning.

Miss Penthurst was in the garden, he said, and her father was walking up and down with her.

"She is a sweet lady," said Tilly ; "and I ought to know, for I lived there before I was married. And oh, George, do you think she will marry Mr. Ingleton? Wouldn't they make a match? He was there morning, noon, and night, as the saying is, at one time. Did you hear anything? Did you see anybody in the kitchen?"

But it was not a favourable time for gossip. George had stood there, with his eye fixed on one corner of the ceiling; and when he began to speak again, he told Tilly what he should say to Jess Turner the next time he had an opportunity. Then he began to busy himself with that piece of work which had to be finished, and Tilly saw nothing for it but to continue her household duties. She knew by experience that her only plan was to let her husband get Jess Turner out of his mind, and then he would tell her everything she wanted to know.

Several people, therefore, were disturbed that morning by the delivery of letters.

Perhaps Jess Turner was troubled as little as anybody; he had said his say, and then forgotten all about it.

George Dawes was in a state of continued and ever-increasing indignation. Tilly, his wife, was thwarted in her good-natured endeavour to learn the news about her acquaintances, and to hear the rumours of her friends in reference to what she hoped would prove to be a love-match.

But those two letters which looked so much alike, and which George had hurried to deliver early, were fraught with mischief which he never anticipated. They were more alike inside than outside, for if they had been lithographed from one copy they could scarcely have had a closer resemblance. They were anonymous too. A "well-wisher" had written them, and like other well-wishers who write anonymously, this one was too modest to run any risk of being thanked for secret kindness.

This was all the letters said:—

A Well Wisher desires to inform you that Horace Ingleton is playing a deep game. He is keeping his old company, but he does it secretly. You think he is in London, on a visit to his parents, but he is really at Widemoor, where he is spending all this week at the races

A fool and his money are soon parted.

Love is blind.

Annie Penthurst read her letter in the garden, and turned very pale; but she placed the hateful missive in her pocket, and continued her walk with her father.

"Anything very pleasant?" the father asked.

"No, father," she replied, as steadily as possible.

"It cannot be unpleasant," he said, "for bad news never comes to you."

"You must not tire yourself," she exclaimed; "you are not strong. Suppose we go in."

Mr. Tollingwood read his at the breakfast-table, and brought his fist down upon an egg.

"Jabez, dear! whatever is the matter?" Mrs. Tollingwood asked in amazement.

"What's the matter? I think it *is* what's the matter?" Mr. Tollingwood went very red in the face, and he forgot that his wife knew nothing about the subject which was causing his indignation. "You ask what's the matter. The whole thing is an impudent piece of meddlesome, mischief-making lying. The boy is in bed, and was all yesterday, and I saw him not more than half an hour ago. I tell you, Martha——" Then he passed the letter to his wife, and said, "Read that."

Mrs. Tollingwood read it in silence.

"He was going to London if he had not taken that dreadful cold," she remarked.

"But is London Widemoor? and are his parents race-horses?" Mr. Tollingwood asked, firing up again.

"Now, Jabez, finish your breakfast, then we will talk matters over," was Mrs. Tollingwood's prudent advice.

"Bother the breakfast!" interrupted her husband; and another egg came to grief. "I must see Horace about it. As far as feeling goes, I love the lad like my own son, though he's only an adopted one. Food would choke me if I tried to eat before everything is cleared up."

Mr. Tollingwood left the room, and took the letter with him.

Mrs. Tollingwood looked sad, and she gazed out through the open window towards Lowfield Lodge, where she fancied she could see Annie Penthurst, walking backward and forward with her father, in the garden among the flowers.

Mr. Tollingwood was not absent very long, and when he returned he looked quite crest-fallen.

"I must have my breakfast," he said; "I am too old to let matters of this sort upset me very much."

But he made very poor progress, though anybody who had not noticed him closely might have thought he was eating a hearty meal.

"Martha," he exclaimed at length, "Horace won't deny that he intended to be at Widemoor, and he won't say the rest of the letter is all lies."

"I am very glad," she replied.

"Glad!" her husband gasped with astonishment.

"Yes, glad," she repeated; "for I am afraid it is true, and I am thankful that he does not try to clear himself with a falsehood."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THREE FAMILIES.

"Serve God, and be cheerful. Live nobly;
Do right and do good. Make the best
Of the gifts and the work set before you;
And to God without fear leave the rest."

WILLIAM NEWELL.

JUST as people speak about the Greater London, and include within that term many districts which our fathers considered open country, so at Hillstreams there was a new-fashioned custom of designating the neighbourhood, which to the minds of sundry old inhabitants was wrong, if not immoral. The villas and mansions which had sprung up in Calf Croft and by Pedlars' Wood, besides the row of houses at Five Corners, were all called Hillstreams; so there was a tendency to speak about Old Hillstreams, or, as the natives said, "Owd Hillstreams," and this was supposed to be applicable only to the small hamlet, with its one scattered street, which existed before railway facilities brought the place within a few minutes' ride of Mirkaster. A generation or two since the motto of the people seemed to be, "Hillstreams against the world." Strangers were not allowed to settle there, and natives did not settle anywhere else, if they could possibly avoid it. But the natural feature which had given rise to its name was the cause of its old exclusiveness being destroyed. A place where water was abundant could not hope to stand against the tendency to establish bleach-works and dye-works in every part of Moistershire near the centres of spinning and weaving activity. New works would bring trade to a place, but they would bring people also, and thus the old condition of things would disappear for ever. There were aged men and women at Hillstreams who in early life were always hungry and ill-clad, but who profited by the change, and were comparatively comfortable in their declining years; still they were full of bitterness about the flock of outsiders who had come to dwell among them, and they sighed for the time which they could remember when everybody knew everybody, and were related to them as well.

No man had done more to change the appearance of Hillstreams than Jabez Tollingwood, of Combermere House. When his dye-works at Mirkaster were beginning to take a good position in that town, and when his colours were being talked about in the trade, he happened to pass through Hillstreams, on one of those rare occasions that he treated himself to a holiday, and he saw at once how suitable it was for his purpose. From that day the seclusion of the hamlet and the quietness of the valleys were doomed.

Jabez Tollingwood had people at his back who could help him, and in a short time the incredible news was circulated from cottage to hut, and from hut to cottage, that dye-works were about to be erected not far from Lowfield, and that Lowfield itself was to be turned into a reservoir, or, as the people called it, a lodge. There were ideas of resistance entertained, for the feeling of "Hillstreams against the world" was very strong. Clogs were the favourite weapons of the natives, and they would have met any reasonable number of opponents in what they called "fair fight," which always meant, "do everything you can to win." But the talk in the kitchen of the "Clog-sole" produced no proper scheme of opposition. No heaven-born general leapt to the front. The hour was there, but not the man, and the valour of the people limited itself to such tactics as not speaking to new-comers; or perhaps there would be an occasional contest between one of the old inhabitants and a man from somewhere Mirkaster way; as likely as not, the man from Mirkaster way proved himself master of the situation, and then there was nothing left but to enjoy the benefits which the change had brought, and sigh over the departed days of scanty food and insufficient clothing.

It was not distance from other places which had given to Hillstreams its former isolation, but the social attitude of the people. Within sight of the village street were several good houses, and beyond the low hills could be seen several factory chimneys, which sent forth their smoke as a kind of protest against rural felicity. If they were not of the busy world, the Hillstreamers were near to it, and ought not to have been so ignorant about the probable consequences to themselves of the change which was about to take place in their neighbourhood. Hand-looms were in most of the cottages, and the people were nearly all weavers when they could procure work; but they belonged to a bygone day, and it seemed as if the great weaving-sheds in other parts would soon deprive them of their last chance of earning their daily bread.

Jabez Tollingwood was the best friend Hillstreams ever had: perhaps he saved it from extinction; but there was always a feeling that he was an intermeddler there, and perhaps a sort of fancy that his fortune had been wrung out of the needy people who still lived in cottages, and were not more than six times better off than before the dye-works were built in Linnet's Nest, and the Lowfield was turned into a pond.

Lowfield Lodge was the place which Jabez built for himself when he left Mirkaster, and went to live in the country. It was near the lake-like reservoir, and received its name from that circumstance. Combermere House was built afterwards, and was very much larger and grander in its appearance.

"I made a mistake when I left the Lodge," he was fond of saying. "It was big enough for me, and I was as happy there as I am likely to be anywhere. Getting on in life upsets a man's plans. I sometimes think it is as well for us to go through the world in one social scale. As you go up in position and importance you have fresh duties and responsibilities, and attending to them sometimes rubs a good deal of gilt off the gingerbread."

If he had spoken like this in public, or to many people, it would have been set down to vulgar ostentation finding fault with its own pedestal; but it was only to his old and trusted friend, Alexander Penthurst, that he unbosomed himself in this manner.

"If great prosperity is a real danger, it is not a very common one," replied Penthurst; "and it is a

matter we have completely in our own power. There are many men trying to succeed, and not accomplishing it; but I know of none who are trying not to succeed, and yet, in spite of themselves, are rolling in affluence. Fate is eccentric, perhaps, but not mad."

they may be. I refer now to matters of judgment in practical affairs, and not to moral questions where the conscience exercises itself. But in everyday business, which they manage to settle without regard to their conscience, they are very prone to feel they are right,

"ANNIE PENTHURST READ HER LETTER IN THE GARDEN" (*p.* 515).

"You can see further into things than I can, Alick," said Tollingwood, "and you always could; but there is something in what I am saying which you don't see. I feel I am right, and when I feel that way I am right generally. Now, am I not? Right, or rightish? Eh?"

Here Penthurst laughed, a very good-humoured laugh, and Tollingwood joined him.

"The feeling is too common, Jabez," he answered. "Most people feel they are right, however wrong and to indulge in the satisfaction that their feeling is an infallible guide to them. But I think I know what you mean, my good friend; if you follow what you have every reason to call the strong and righteous impulses of your nature, you do what makes you continually richer."

"There you are," Tollingwood exclaimed gleefully; "I knew there was a name for it, and I didn't happen to know the name; but it is there, you see. There's a name for all the other things, if you had time to

think them out. I must go on now I have begun. I should not be happy if I gave up working, and I doubt very much whether it would be a good thing for the people about me."

"It would be a very bad thing for them," said the other, seriously; "and I am acquainted with nobody for whom it would be a worse thing than for me."

"You are worth as much to me as I am to you, any day," Tollingwood replied, turning very red—"Why, man, chemistry is like pottering about for diamonds in a hole where the diamonds are certainly buried, and you may find one as big as your fist any day. Then you will have a fire up-stairs, and your feet out of the window, I know."

The simple truth was that Alexander Penthurst was under very great obligations to Jabez Tollingwood, and yet it was true that the obligation was not all one-sided. Tollingwood was able to afford the niceties of chemical knowledge and investigation, and he did not begrudge a generous price for them. Perhaps, as a mere matter of business, he might have had his work done much cheaper, and nobody in the trade would have paid anything like the sum to Penthurst which he paid; but he refused to accept that as a conclusive argument on the question; he said he knew what he knew, whether he could explain it fully or not.

The two men were as different from each other in personal appearance as they were in mental constitution. Tollingwood was stout and florid, but Penthurst was lean and pale; the former was practical and energetic, but the latter was meditative and full of dreams about the possibilities of science. Tollingwood scarcely ever read anything but the newspaper; Penthurst, on the contrary, was familiar with the best which has been written in two or three languages. People who knew them both were in the habit of saying that Tollingwood could make money and nothing else, while Penthurst could make everything else, but not money.

These two men became intimate through their wives. Mrs. Tollingwood and Mrs. Penthurst were companions in girlhood, and their friendship had always continued. It was fortunate for Alexander Penthurst that his wife could look at things as philosophically as he could himself, otherwise he might have been painfully reminded that he had not made a very lucrative use of the talents which had been committed to his keeping. "Life is too much a see-saw," she said to him, "for everybody to be up. Both ups and downs seem necessary for the proper constitution of things. If we are not at the top, we are a long way from the bottom, and we will be thankful."

Her husband required a great deal of this kind of cheering; he was not a strong man, and sometimes he became very gloomy and despondent about his position in life.

Perhaps Mrs. Tollingwood's part was a still more difficult one to play, but she managed it by being constantly faithful to the highest view of duty which presented itself to her. She rose with her husband's fortunes, and remained always the tender but undemonstrative friend which she had been in her girlhood. The palpable assumption of condescension is the pitfall which proves fatal to many good people in her position. The danger is of their own making, and Mrs. Tollingwood escaped the danger because she did not create it; she neither assumed nor condescended, but went on living a life which more money or less money could not change.

It may readily be supposed that, in spite of philosophical contentment, Mrs. Penthurst did sometimes recognise the fact that her old companion might have been influenced by feelings, and might have given expression to sentiments, which would have made friendship on their ever-cordial and unstinted terms an impossibility. This doubtless made Mrs. Tollingwood's task more difficult, though nothing was said about it. But all who have that refined sympathy which enables us to put ourselves into others' places, and that magnanimity which impels us to do to others as we would have them do to us, may be conscious of the heart-watchfulness of our friends without being betrayed into awkwardness, and without wounding the sensitive by any absurdities of self-vindication. So these two women, who had been school-fellows and play-fellows and bosom companions, lived as neighbours, without envy or pretension.

When the Tollingwoods lived at Lowfield Lodge, the Penthursts were in Mirkaster, but it became necessary for Mr. Penthurst's health that he should breathe purer air than he could possibly obtain in the crowded and smoky town. This was why Mr. Tollingwood was in the habit of running away with him to Hillstreams, as he called it, and compelling him to stay there for several days at a time, that Nature might have a chance of putting some "red into his blood." These visits became very frequent, and a room at the Lodge was fitted up as a laboratory, so that Mr. Penthurst did a great deal of his work there. Mrs. Penthurst could not often accompany her husband, for there was a young family at home demanding her constant care, but Annie, the eldest daughter, was often his companion. Mrs. Penthurst said she could not trust him alone: he was too careless; and she did not like to trouble her friends to watch him continually, to see that he was presentable at table and in company, therefore Annie had to be in her mother's place. The result was that Mr. Penthurst was checked in the unconventional habits which were dear to him, and Annie became ardently devoted to the study of chemistry.

When Mr. Tollingwood built Combermere House, he said he had arrived at the conclusion that Hillstreams was a far better place for the successful pursuit of chemistry than Mirkaster could ever hope to become, and therefore it was his intention to chain a scientific acquaintance of his by the leg to the threshold of Lowfield Lodge, that he might discover the philosopher's stone without interruption. In this whimsical manner he expressed his desire that the Penthursts should live at Hillstreams, and the arrangement was carried out without any opposition. It was a great boon to Mr. Penthurst, for he was much better in

the country than in the town ; and it was a boon to the rest of the family : they had been separated too often, and they hailed with joy the prospect of all being together again.

What Mr. Tollingwood was in the habit of calling the philosopher's stone was a pet scheme of Mr. Penthurst's, by which he hoped to turn vast accumulations of waste materials, which were seen in most parts of Moistershire, into valuable substances, which would benefit society and increase the wealth of the country.

"If I can accomplish this, my fortune is made," he was in the habit of saying, when among those whom he had taken into his confidence.

"Go in and win," replied Mr. Tollingwood, if he happened to be present. "I have heard about another Alexander who conquered the world, and then wanted to have a set-to with the man in the moon. Perhaps it's true, and perhaps it isn't, and people say that about most things, unless they saw them with their own eyes. But go in and win, Alick, and I know one man who will shout 'Hip-hip-hurrah' till his throat aches."

There was nothing hollow about this enthusiasm, and Penthurst knew it.

"Thank you, my friend," was his invariable reply ; "if success crown my labours, a large share of the credit will be yours."

"Say nothing about that, but do all you can to make Horace into a good chemist. I want that lad to know the ins and outs of things. I can do the practical part very well; at least, I could when I tried, and I know when it's done right now ; but I had no head for the inside of things, and I never shall have ; but I want Horace to know it all. I am just as fond of him as if he were my own."

The Tollingwoods had no children. One baby, who just lived a few days, and who was called Horace, after a brother of Mrs. Tollingwood's, had breathed out its young life, and then left a blank in the household, which remained a blank always, as far as Mrs. Tollingwood's feelings were concerned, although she never spoke about it, and her nearest friends did not know about the locked drawer in her room, and the treasured trifles there, which were associated with a time of great grief and desolation many years before.

Mr. Tollingwood suggested that they should adopt Horace Ingleton, and bring him up as their own son. The name was the name of their own dead child, and the boy was called after that same brother of Mrs. Tollingwood's, who had caused them to choose Horace as the name of their own little one.

Mrs. Tollingwood was not enthusiastic about the matter, but she raised no objections; and her husband, in his impetuous manner, set to work at once in the affair, and did not rest until it was carried to a successful issue.

Mr. Ingleton was a poor gentleman, whose family was large, and he found it difficult to keep up a respectable appearance. His limited income was supplemented by literary work, and sometimes he thought uneasily about the future, and wondered how he would manage to educate his sons. He had left the country and settled in London, where he was like a stranger in a busy crowd. The friends of his early life were scattered, and he seldom saw them. Horace Wortley, the brother of Mrs. Tollingwood, was in Australia. Letters passed between them sometimes, but not frequently ; and Mr. Ingleton had almost forgotten about Martha, who, he remembered, had married somebody or other, which meant somebody of small importance. Great was his surprise when Martha's husband called to see him, and said that Martha and himself wanted to adopt Horace, and make a man of him. Mr. Ingleton took time to think the matter over and consult his wife. She, however, was a poor, dispirited creature, who was continually wishing all her children were safely in heaven. The husband had to decide the question, and the result was that Horace Ingleton became one of the Tollingwood family, and his first pleasant memories were connected with Lowfield Lodge. Soon came a bearded gentleman, who was not well ; a girl was with him, very little younger than Horace, but almost seeming to be a great deal older, for she was her father's little helper. At first she scarcely noticed Horace, and he was shy ; but after a while they became very friendly.

Annie said she intended to be a chemist, like her father. Horace declared that he would be the same, and she must teach him how to begin.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

EARLY COMPANIONSHIPS.

"O Life ! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys at th' expected warning,
To joy and play."—Burns.

On that bright summer morning when George Dawes delivered the two letters which caused Annie Penthurst to turn pale, and which moved Mr. Tollingwood to indignant wrath, Horace Ingleton was laid up with a very severe cold. He was no longer a boy, or a youth, as may be surmised from the expression which Dawes used when speaking to his wife about the "railway train people," whose letters it was necessary to take early in the list : "Ingleton, Esq., now it is, though not so long since it was Mr. Horace Ingleton."

Horace had reached manhood ; and when he came of age, there were such rejoicings as Hillstreams had never seen before. Even the oldest grumblers in the place, who were familiar with every phase of life through which the population had passed for nearly a century, were compelled to acknowledge that the festival was a very good attempt at doing something.

It would not be fair to take advantage of a man when influenza has laid him prostrate ; and, therefore, Horace must be left to his thoughts and his ailments; and a portrait of him, taken soon after he came to live at Hillstreams, will need to be a substitute for him, that we may form some idea of his physical appearance. The picture hangs in the breakfast-room,

opposite the window. There is a far-off look about the eyes, and the face has an expression of hopefulness which is pleasant to the beholder. People, on seeing the portrait for the first time, are accustomed to say, "What a beautiful boy!" The features are

"'I MEAN TO FINISH THE WORK'" (*p.* 522).

finely shaped, the hair is light and long and waving; and the artist has been able to produce a striking and attractive picture.

Such was Horace ten years ago, when he made his first appearance at Lowfield Lodge; and such he seemed to Annie Penthurst when Mr. Tollingwood introduced him to her and said—

"Look, Annie, I've been and bought a playmate for you. I thought you were a bit lonely here, and you ought to be getting past dolls, you know. As for those bottles of your father's, it's my opinion that you'll blow yourself up with them, one of these days, if you are not careful. Now, this great big doll is just the same as if he was alive, and he can talk, and he has a name: Horace, we call him. He knows his name just the same as you do."

This manner of introduction made Horace more bashful and awkward than ever; while Annie stared with amazement, scarcely knowing what to understand by Mr. Tollingwood's remarks.

Perhaps the children would have understood each other sooner if they had been left to themselves; but Mr. Tollingwood often teased them at first, by keeping

up the fiction that Horace was a kind of doll which he had bought for Annie to play with.

In the years which came afterwards, Annie remembered those days much better than Horace did; though at the time she seemed calm and self-contained, while he blushed and looked as if he would like to hide himself somewhere. Some memories receive the impressions made upon them in childhood, and retain them with sharp distinctness; but other memories are like a long-continued feeling, the broad facts of pleasure or pain are treasured up, and may be referred to in later years, but the incidents and details are forgotten.

Horace remembered that he was not very happy at home in London, and that he became very happy at Hillstreams; he also remembered that he grieved when Annie went away, and he rejoiced when she came back again. These were like patches of colour to him in his past, grave and gay, according to circumstances; but the daily round he did not remember.

Annie seemed able to reproduce those early scenes at will, and to bring back again the spoken words which gave joy or pain. The look of wonderment on Horace's face, and his shrinking from her, when Mr. Tollingwood urged him forward. Then the gradual "tuning of his moods," as she called it afterwards, until he talked or played without embarrassment; this she remembered well, and saw it all vividly, whenever her thoughts travelled backward.

Horace was twelve years old when he left his father's house and went to live at Hillstreams, and he was almost absolutely ignorant of those rudiments of learning which most children acquire before then. The problem of education took so much facing in Mr. Ingleton's household, that the elementary stages were neglected. Public schools and colleges floated before the mind, and filled father and mother with hopeless perplexity, while the children grew up worse taught than the sons and daughters of labourers and artisans.

Mr. Tollingwood was always ready to make excuses for Horace.

"It seems to me, Martha," he said to his wife, "these Ingletons have not spent much money on schooling. Unless I'm very much mistaken, I'd learnt a lot of things when I was twelve years old. Why, that was about the time when my father died, and I hadn't much schooling afterwards. But the lad has good manners, and that's a great deal. He'll pick up spelling and fractions and what not sooner than he could have picked up good behaviour."

A discussion took place about the best plan to be pursued in order "to put Horace through a few school books in double quick time," as Mr. Tollingwood called it, and the decision arrived at was that a governess should be engaged, and she could give some attention to Annie Penthurst, whose education might be supposed to suffer by her frequent absences from home.

"How would Dora Wakestaff do for the position?" Mr. Tollingwood asked. "People say she is very clever, and I suppose she is. The only thing I have against her is that she is too fond of dragging the word cousin into her talk. It's cousin that and cousin this and cousin the other, and yet I'm not sure that she is a cousin of yours, Martha. If she is, none of her lot found it out till we were getting on in the world. Talk about microscopes! Money's the microscope for finding relationships with."

This was rather severe for Mr. Tollingwood; but then, it must be remembered that none of his wife's friends had approved of the match which she made, and the Wakestaffs, who were distant cousins, had repudiated it altogether, until Mr. Tollingwood began to prosper in life, and then they had tried to make themselves very agreeable.

For many reasons Dora Wakestaff would make an excellent governess, and as she intended to pursue that calling, it would give her a start under favourable circumstances; so Mr. Tollingwood said, and his wife made the arrangement which brought Dora from Mirkaster to Hillstreams, and gave Horace for the first time a competent teacher, though a very young one.

The boy's mind was waiting for the instruction, and the lessons were received with avidity. Dora was able to superintend his education, until he went to the Mirkaster Grammar School, and she gained an influence over him which continued after he had ceased to be under her care.

"Dora Wakestaff is what I call bitter-sweet," Mr. Tollingwood said to his wife. "The sugar is there, and no mistake, but something else is there besides, and sugar cannot destroy the taste of it."

Perhaps Mrs. Tollingwood agreed with her husband, for, if she did not say so, she said nothing to the contrary. But Dora was to some extent a kinswoman, and it was necessary to make her position as pleasant as possible. Nobody but Horace was sorry when the time came for Dora to seek another situation. Annie Penthurst had never cared for her, and Dora had never cared for Annie. But Horace had been petted and spoiled.

"It is time you went to school, my boy," said Mr. Tollingwood, "or you will grow up into a mollycoddle. Dora makes too much fuss of you, and it is bad for a boy to be flattered."

This was doubtless true; but, if the whole truth must be told, nobody flattered him and did more to spoil him than Mr. Tollingwood himself. Horace had a nature which was at home in the sunshine. He basked in it, and seemed to turn its brightness into mirth and merriment. Mr. Tollingwood felt that indulgence was not thrown away upon him, but it was a pleasure to gratify his whims and to surprise him with unexpected favours.

Before Combermere House was built, and while the Penthursts still lived at Mirkaster, Horace was for a time a boarder with them from Monday to Saturday in each week. It was not convenient for him to return home each evening, and to go back in the morning to school, for the direct line to Hillstreams was not made then. During that time, Mr. Penthurst was teaching chemistry to the boy, who had a kind of fondness for the pursuit; but it was not parental partiality which convinced him that Annie was of the two both quicker

to understand the subjects and more pertinacious to master them. Horace knew this as well, and often laughed at it. But Annie was serious, and shook her little head at him, telling him that he did not try as he ought, and therefore he did not succeed as he might.

"Which is very wrong, Horace," she said, "because if there is one thing which Mr. Tollingwood has set his heart upon more than another, it is that you are to be a great chemist."

Horace always called her Nanny when she was in a reproachful mood. He assumed a penitential air, but there was a mischievous twinkle in his eye, and he never felt either sorrow or humiliation at his want of success.

"Ah, Nanny," he said, "you are the one who ought to have been adopted. You would have answered all expectations. I don't think there has ever been a great woman-chemist; think of the honour which might have crowned your life, Nanny Penthurst, the beginning of a new fact in human history."

Horace was one of those people who never do their best, and who have no real conception of what their best would be. They have more scope for self-complacency than those of their fellows who strive to the utmost, and then fail; though, perhaps, they may not possess as much ability as the steady ones who have worked hard and not accomplished wonders. Horace always appeared to think that he had infinite resources within him, but he felt that he could not bring himself to make sufficient effort to do full justice to his powers.

It was only natural that two young people who were brought into close and constant intimacy, and whose relationship to each other was so peculiar, should, as the years went on, become youthful lovers. No deep feelings, perhaps, were stirred within them; they seemed to glide into a condition of mutual fondness. To all appearance they were like brother and sister, and were not themselves conscious of any other element in their attachment.

Then Combermere House was finished, and the Penthursts went to Lowfield Lodge. Horace had left the Grammar School at that time, and had entered Wones College, which was a famous institution in Mirkaster, where scientific training was made more prominent than at the ancient seats of learning. Mirkaster men were proud of Wones College, which had been founded by one of themselves, and it was believed that in time it would become a great university.

One of Horace's fellow-students was Budd Wakestaff, the younger brother of Dora; and through him Horace became intimate with the Wakestaff family. What Mr. Tollingwood had called the bitter-sweet element in Dora's character, or the sweet-bitter, for he varied the phrase, appeared to become sweeter with advancing years, and the bitterness, if it existed, was not perceptible to the ordinary palate. Budd Wakestaff was about Horace's own age, and he became devoted to his new friend. In one respect their circumstances differed very widely: Budd was short of money, and Horace had more than he knew what to do with. On two mornings of the week Horace had to attend lectures which commenced too early for him to reach them in time if he had to come all the way from Hillstreams, therefore it was arranged that he should stay two nights each week in Mirkaster, and be the guest of the Wakestaffs. Nothing was said about terms, but Mr. Tollingwood acted in this matter with his usual generosity.

When the long vacation came, Horace and Budd were inseparable, and Budd was invited to spend a week or two at Hillstreams. He did so, and the week or two lasted throughout the summer.

A change was taking place in Horace, though, perhaps, he was scarcely conscious of it himself. Many of his recreations in Mirkaster were of a kind which tended to make the quiet, old-fashioned life of Hillstreams seem tame and irksome. He visited Lowfield a great deal, but Budd went with him; therefore the old friendliness and confidence were scarcely possible. If Budd had wanted to keep Horace safely within the reach of Annie's fascination he could not have suggested more frequently that it would be well to call and see how Mr. Penthurst was progressing with his work. Budd knew that there was a grand scheme in hand, though he did not understand the details. Annie's quiet, thoughtful look added to her comeliness, instead of diminishing it; and when Horace was with her, even though others were present, he felt his heart leap with joy and glow with love.

But Mr. Penthurst was far from well, and the experiments were becoming more and more exacting in their nature. Still he struggled on to complete them, in spite of his growing weakness and failing sight.

One day, when Horace and Budd called at Lowfield, they found that a great calamity had fallen upon the Penthursts; the grand purpose of a life seemed thwarted for ever. Mr. Penthurst had become blind.

Horace left Budd in the drawing-room, and found his way to the laboratory, where Annie was seated in the midst of that unfinished task. Her eyes were red with weeping, but she never looked so beautiful to Horace as then.

"Is it true that your father is blind?" he asked, with heartfelt sorrow.

"I am afraid so," she replied.

Then they both looked round upon the shelves, crowded with phials, and upon the various signs of patient activity which the stricken man had delighted in.

"What a pity!" said Horace; "it looks like a wasted life."

Then Annie's eyes grew bright with eager excitement, and she answered—

"There has been nothing wasted, Horace. By God's help I mean to finish the work."

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD

"FOR A RAINY DAY."

BY BARBARA FOXLEY, FORMERLY SCHOLAR OF NEWNHAM COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

OF all painful reading, the reports of the various societies for the help of poor gentlewomen seem to me the most deplorable. They tell of women delicately nurtured, left suddenly without the means of subsistence. They set to work bravely to earn their own living, generally by teaching; but, untrained and often without any gift for their work, they can only make a bare livelihood, and when sickness or old age comes upon them, they have nothing to look to but charity. There are only too many such cases; but the lists of applicants for help are swelled by those who ought never to have needed it. Many of these have also been teachers, but teachers receiving good salaries, which they spent as soon as earned, laying up little or nothing for a rainy day. It is to women-teachers and especially to the younger ones that I would speak to-day.

I.—"Can I save?"

The last few years have seen a very marked rise in the salaries paid to teachers. It is true that something more is required of them now than genteel poverty; they must have a solid knowledge of the subject they profess to teach, and the methods of teaching it, while certificates and preliminary training are rapidly becoming essential to success. Still, the fact remains that larger salaries are paid. At the same time the cost of living is less than it has been within memory of man, so that the actual rise in salary is greater than the nominal increase. There are few teachers who could not save something, even if it were but a few shillings, from their term's salary.

"But," you say, "it is so hard to save."

Of course it is not easy; self-denial never is, and saving is in one sense self-denial, as it involves the giving up of the present good which seems so real, for a future good which is harder to understand. Still, saving, like everything else, becomes easier by habit, till one would no sooner think of spending the tenth or the seventh, or whatever the share may be which one has decided to lay by, than one would think of spending money which belonged to some one else. The present tone of English society makes saving a harder task than it ought to be. Ostentation in dress and in manner of living have become so much a part of our national character that we almost instinctively confound thrift and parsimony; but the teacher ought to have sufficiently cultivated her logical faculties to be able to distinguish between the two, and, having done so, she should have force of character to say, "This expense would be wrong for me. I have no right to indulge myself at the risk of becoming a burden upon others in the future." If any one who thinks that she really cannot save, will go through the record of her year's expenditure, she will, I feel sure, find there are some things which she has only got because other people had them, and which she could really have done quite well without. To realise that she cannot have everything that other girls have, is one of the hardest lessons which the young teacher has to learn, but it is one which must be learnt, and, once mastered, it goes far to make the task of saving an easy one.

II.—"Ought I to save?"

The answer to this question seems so obvious that one is tempted not to dwell upon it at all. Yet experience shows that the teacher who saves is the exception, and it may be worth while to inquire why practice thus lags behind theory—why the woman who quite admits the abstract duty of saving, does not find it a duty in her own case.

First and foremost is, I think, the fact I have already dwelt upon, that thrift is a habit strange to English life. Like all habits, it is easily formed in childhood, but the grown woman finds it hard to acquire. This difficulty is increased by the fear of singularity if every custom of society is not observed, so that the good habit is rarely formed. The prominence which has been given to the subject of late ought to do something to check this unreasoning carelessness, and the governing bodies of some of the various Public Schools for girls—notably, that of the Public Day Schools Company—have made most generous arrangements to induce their teachers to save.

But there is another reason which, consciously or unconsciously, prevents many teachers from saving. They do not really think they will have to provide for old age; like other girls, they naturally look forward to marriage. But in these days of keen competition, when men find it hard enough to support themselves without wife or children, a large and increasing number of women must remain unmarried, and the girl who has to earn her own living is doubly likely to be of this number. To every young teacher I would say, do not reckon on your future being provided for you, but begin to save some share, however small, of your earnings for sickness or old age. The consciousness that you have something laid by for the future will give you an independence you cannot but value. If you do marry, your little savings will not be useless; they will enable you to take some part in the providing of your new home, and you will feel that you are not bound to accept the first man who offers you a home.

III.—"When should I save?"

Begin at once; do not think anything too small to be worth laying by. You hope to have a large salary by-and-by; but if you get into the habit of spending all your income, your wants will most likely increase with your wages. And it is not only for the distant future that you should save. Teaching is trying work, and only the very strongest are able to go on with it year after year, without rest or change. Sickness may make it impossible for you to work, or you may find

that, though not absolutely disabled, a term's rest would enable you to come back to your work with fresh vigour. Many teachers find it very useful to be able to avail themselves for a short time of some of the many opportunities which women now have of pursuing their own studies, and so qualify themselves for higher posts. Then, too, you may not always meet with a situation just when you want it. Perhaps you have friends able and willing to receive you for a time, still you will be awkwardly placed if you have not even a few pounds for your personal expenses.

But, after all, the main need for saving is to provide for old age. Only a very small proportion of the vast number of women-teachers can hope to obtain the headmistress-ships and other prizes of the profession: for the rank and file, however soon they begin to save, they will find that their utmost efforts will result in only a very modest provision for old age. So I would repeat my advice :—

Begin to save at once, and that in a regular and purpose-like way, not waiting on the chance of having something left when the term is over, but laying by a regular portion of your salary as you receive it, and making up your mind that this portion is not to be touched unless in case of absolute necessity.

IV.—"What shall I do with my savings?"

Above all things, take care of them. Experience shows that, of the women who do save, a large number lose their little store. This is chiefly by investing them in concerns which promise large interest. It cannot be too often repeated that large interest means risk. No company would go about offering high interest if it could get the money it needed for less, and there are so many people with money to invest that any safe concern can get as much as it wants at a low rate. Even if the grand promises of bubble companies could be realised, your interest would probably be gained by oppressing or defrauding others. But they seldom or never are realised ; and it is a well-known fact that a very large proportion of their victims are women, who, ignorant of business, and weary of the lengthy process of adding little by little to their savings, hope to become rich all at once, and so grasp at the shadow to find that they have lost the substance.

Again, do not be too kind to your relations. I do not say that you should be selfish or mean, but only prudent. Before lending money to be used in their business, see that the business is a safe one ; you may have the fullest confidence in the honest intentions of the borrower, but make sure that his capability is also to be depended on. Many teachers give their savings to help in the education of their brothers. Here, too, charity should be guided by prudence. It is no true kindness to help a stupid boy to a University education ; you had much better help him in some other way. It is also bad for him to be allowed to take your savings without any recompense. In most cases you had better lend than give ; the knowledge that he must repay what he now spends, out of his future earnings, will help to keep him from extravagance. And let all such transactions be conducted on a business footing ; take receipts for your money, and formal bonds for repayment. An affection that would think itself insulted by being asked to observe such forms is a very poor sort of thing.

For most women, the Post Office savings bank is the most convenient repository for their savings. They can be got at with hardly any difficulty, and yet there is just sufficient delay to prevent them being withdrawn to gratify any passing whim. When the little store has accumulated it can be invested in Government stock or in annuities. The Post Office undertakes to make the transfer for you at a small commission, and you can obtain full particulars as to these ways of disposing of your savings on applying at any local post office. Of course this gives the very best security for safety, and, therefore, the interest is low. In any individual case there may be the opportunity for more profitable investment ; but remember that high interest and risk go hand in hand ; remember, too, that you yourself have not sufficient knowledge of business to decide on the safety of an investment. Do not trust to hearsay, but consult some responsible person. Do not think it is not worth while making a fuss about such small sums ; compared with the wealth of a millionnaire, no doubt they are hardly worth notice, but to you they are all-important.

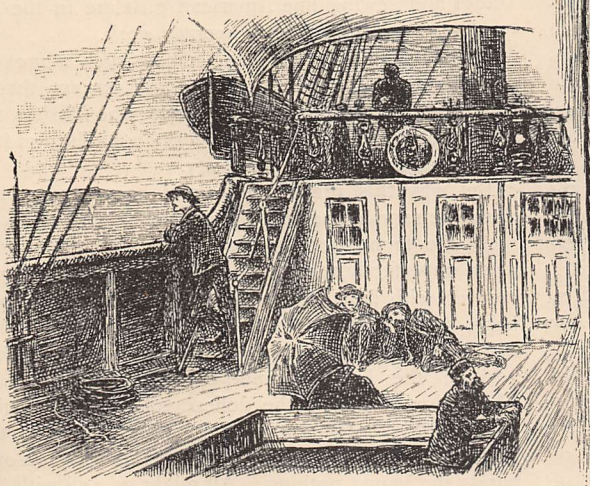
V.—"When should I not save?"

Saving, as well as investing, should be done in a common-sense way. It is penny wise and pound foolish to stint yourself in food or firing (I have known foreign teachers do this sometimes), for the sake of adding a few pounds to your store. Live as simply as you like, but take care to keep yourself as far as you can in perfect health. Your health is part of your capital, and on its preservation depends your power of supporting yourself at all. Do not consider all recreation as extravagance ; teachers often err in the matter of holidays, not giving themselves any real rest or change, and then wonder when they find themselves losing their freshness and interest in their work —deteriorating in value, in fact. Not only is this an injury to themselves, but also to their employers. In dress, too, you are bound to keep yourself tidy ; if your employers pay you a fair salary, they have a right to expect to find you fit to be seen. Too much economy in this direction will only injure you. Lastly, you may have opportunities of improving yourself by going abroad for a time, or by attending classes at home. Do not lose such opportunities from motives of economy ; they are investments rather than spendings.

My warnings need not be long. For one teacher who is parsimonious there are twenty who are extravagant. To these I say, Bring your reason and your conscience to bear on your expenditure. Remember that duty does not only belong to your relations with others, it should be equally binding on your own personal life. Remember, too, that, whether you spend or save, you are as responsible for the right use of your small means as is the rich man for his millions.

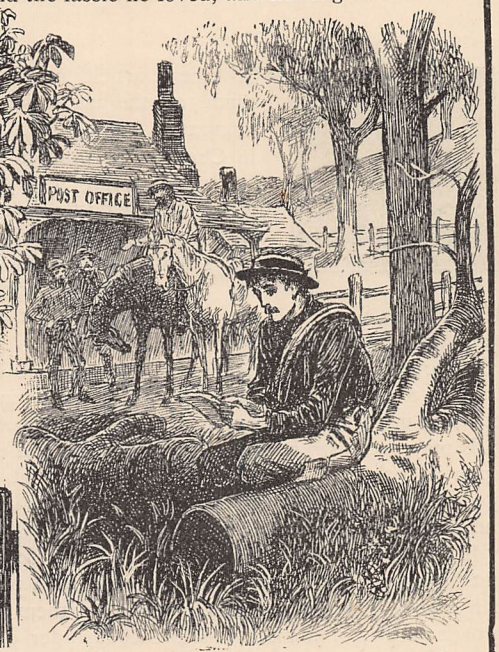
AN EVERYDAY STORY.

1 LIFE was so humdrum 'neath village trees,
And a lassie was coy and hard to please,
So he took the gold-fever, and went o'er the seas.



2 Far away then he sailed, to a land that seemed fair,
And the whole of his fortune he bore with him there,
A pair of strong arms and a tress of brown hair.

3 Toil was all vanity, life hard and stern,
And he thought of the farm, and the silvery burn,
And the lassie he loved, and he longed to return.



4 In a sweet English village, one glad summer day,
A fond mother's heart is singing away,
And a dear little lassie no longer says "Nay."

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF DOMESTIC SERVICE IN AMERICA.

HOW SHALL THE WANT BE MET?

PRIZE PAPER.*

IN a recent article mention is made of the institution inaugurated by Elizabeth Fry in Chelsea, England, in 1827, for the training of young girls for domestic service. Although that was a reformatory school in connection with the education for work, the latter phase of her idea seems to have made the effort most successful.

If through that channel good servants have been trained, then why may not schools be instituted in our country, where good, respectable, and self-respecting girls may find instruction in domestic work, and enter upon it with such qualification for service that they shall find in it an interest which only makes in any business good workers?

It is true that there are in the cities cooking schools, but they are expensive, and only the well-to-do people can take advantage of them. We need them on a broader scale, of a more miscellaneous order of instruction, and such prices of admission as only can be had in benevolent institutions, with something of an endowment to meet in large measure their expenses.

As the matter now stands, most of the domestic help is obtained from the families of foreigners having recently come to us, and whose poverty in the overcrowded old countries necessitated an order of living very unlike that even of our own poor.

They come from the manufacturing towns of England, where, with extremely low wages, they scarcely managed to keep hunger from the door. Perhaps their fuel was so scarce that what little baking was done was at some public oven. Possibly bread, beer, and meat were the only supplies of the table day after day, and week after week.

They come from Germany, where the ways of living are so unlike our own, or from peasant France, where life, though very different from the German, is no more like ours, and no more agreeable to us.

We all know what the life of the poor in Ireland is, and from Ireland so many come seeking places for domestic service here.

Among these, of every nationality, there can be only entire ignorance of American ways. There are no means of education for them except through the mistress, who is obliged to take such help in default of better. Her own superiority is, perhaps, not one of practical knowledge. She knows what is a well-cooked dish, and has some ingenuity in devising methods of making it. She has her cook-book, and knows how to read it.

But it is largely experimental with her, and were she her only scholar she would have trouble and failure enough, yet she must take another and duller one, and patience gives out. The poor foreign girl, possibly not well understanding our language, is exasperated by sharp words, and, knowing little of respectful ways, is as correspondingly impudent as her mistress is impatient.

The girl is either dismissed at once, or stays and sulks, and does not half try to do her best.

The whole household, with every other thing conducive to peace and comfort, is made miserable because of the lack of harmony between parlor and kitchen.

Or, if from a poor American family the rare event happens that a girl goes out to service, she has only the training for it that her mother has given her in cooking, where scantiness of material necessarily gives little knowledge of the use to be made of abundance. Thus it is often used so lavishly that, like "too many cooks," it "spoils the broth."

But it is rarely the case that an American girl, of average brightness and ambition, will go out to service. A more unhealthy, and perhaps less remunerative, position in a shop, or at a sewing-machine, is chosen, because of an undeniably greater social consideration.

And why is it so? Largely because there is so great a proportion of ignorant foreign help that the calling takes on the character they give it, while in the trades and sewing line American girls are in the ascendency, and doing better average work.

And, then, largely because there is such a prevailing antagonism between mistress and servant, that it is a repellent employment for one who desires the current of her life to run in smooth channels, and it is entered upon only from necessity.

But why this prevailing lack of harmony between domestic service and its employment?

At the foundation, no doubt, because the service is so imperfectly rendered. The training often commences with first service out. There has been, perhaps, an interregnum between the last cook and the new one, who comes inexperienced, and is only taken because the lady "cannot do *everything*" herself. She well understands the delicacy of cake, the lightness of rolls, the tender juiciness of steak, but of the practical experience of securing all this with her own hands she knows nothing. All might go well with her if only she need have superintendence of her kitchen with a cook well trained for her work, but often she is obliged to take an inexperienced one, and then there is need of great patience, for the American girl, more

* This was one of the Papers to which the Editor awarded the Prize offered for the best Essay on "The Domestic Service Difficulty in America;" the other Prize Paper will appear in a subsequent Number of the MAGAZINE.

than the foreign one, must be handled carefully, or she is off.

And then, again, if the girl is amiable and experienced, the mistress, it must be confessed, is often arrogant and fault-finding, treating the girl as if she were a machine, so far as any sympathy or commendation is concerned. The kitchen is bare and dreary to sit in when work is done, the chamber just comfortable. What wonder that she wants to go out of evenings, or gather company about her, and that a mutual sympathy between servants often results in a common conspiracy against the peace and good order of their respective places. In such a case both mistress and maid are at fault.

Now, what can be done to remedy this domestic evil, and make happier women and consequently happier homes?

In the institution of cooking schools, and the interest of the young girls in cooking clubs, there is much to hope for in the fact that households are less likely to be entirely dependent on incapable servant-girls, and that ignorant ones can be better trained if they must be taken in that condition. Mothers are getting more interested in cooking, and it seems less like drudgery as they work with their daughters, who are using their cooking school notes in practical work.

If there should further grow from this interest schools for training girls for domestic service, so that ignorance be no longer its badge, there will be a change in the proportion of American girls found in it, and it will be as respectable to work in a woman's kitchen as to sew in her family. Good American kitchen girls will be as readily obtained as good American sewing girls. And, then, if at a moderate expense the foreign girls coming to our shores find an entrance at once to institutions endowed through the benevolence of those of large means who are seeking wise channels of beneficence, they will be fitted for earning their own living. That, they must nearly all do, unfitted as they are for it, and households suffer in consequence.

If departments of cooking and other industrial training are needed to make of the coloured girls of the South industrious and capable helps, or to make for their race better homes, scarcely less so are they needed for the girls of foreign birth almost without exception, whom we must otherwise take into our own homes to train them there, thus detracting so much from the pleasure of the gathering about our tables, which so often is about the only hour when all the family meet during the day. A poor "cuisine," the entrance of an untidy, sour-looking waiter, is enough to spoil this social hour, or turn it to the never-ending theme of the kitchen failure.

Let us hope that in some way, or by many ways rather, there is a dawn of better days for mistress and maid, and that they may soon be ushered in; that womanhood in the one case may be better fitted by patient endeavour for better things; and, in the other, it shall be elevated and educated for better service, so that there shall be more of harmony in all departments of home life.

Why may there not be more servants like one who not long since went to her rest in good old age—her work well done in one family all her life? Her employers' interests were ever her own, their children scarcely less dear to her than to them. Well qualified for her work, she was faithful in it.

Mutual kindness and patience will do much towards establishing harmonious relations between servants and mistress; indeed, they are indispensable, but the education of both in the mysterious art of cooking is needed to supplement all the other graces.

It may be that, in the present imperfect order of things, the training of the maid must be through the mistress alone. If so, it will be through laborious painstaking on her part, a process sure to "let patience have its perfect work." If successful, however, it shall return in tenfold blessing to one who has the consciousness of having contributed to the uplifting of another.

It is true we shall find some ungrateful receivers, who will leave the place when they have been thus helped for higher wages elsewhere. Indeed, this is true of good endeavour for others always.

The girl we have thus educated is not only helped, but her next mistress, stranger to us though she be. And, after all, it is not altogether self-sacrificing work on our part, as we have had better service in its progressive movement than we would at its first low mark, or if we had exchanged for another of the same grade.

Then, too, we may look at this as true missionary work coming to our hand. Here is our home missionary field. Are we more interested in the foreign work? From every foreign country they come to us at their lowest estate, needing both our Christianisation and civilisation. Scarcely a nationality but has its representative of the lower classes knocking at our doors, and seeking "a place." It is a work we cannot evade, except to our own detriment and that of others as well.

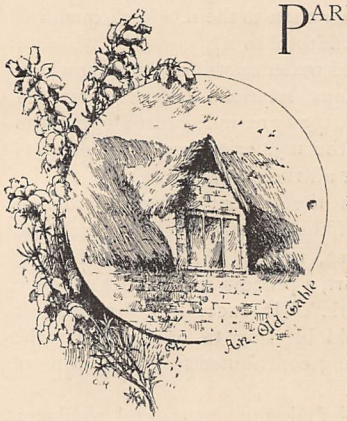
The servant we make better, more loyal to us and to her own true womanhood, more capable, more industrious, when she goes out from our homes, goes either to make a home of her own in America better, with such influences reaching on and on for good, or goes to make some other home happier for her good service.

These were motives enough, but the blessing is no less personally our own. Better than self-indulgent ease the work of helping another to enter on a life of higher aspiration, and to a practical, self-supporting service. It is a faint modelling of our lives to His, "who took upon Himself the form of a servant."

Let us arise to this thought as American women. Let us seek the cultivation of better servants, so far as in us individually we may have the opportunity; and in this endeavour, helping towards the elevation of womanhood more lowly than our own, we will hope there may soon be larger provision for cheaper education for domestic service through institutions for that special object.

SARAH S. GOODHUE.

A FORGOTTEN WATERING-PLACE.



PARKGATE, as every one knows—or rather as every one did know once—is situated on the Cheshire side of the Dee estuary, about eleven miles from Chester.

There was a time in its history when a minute description of its whereabouts would have been unnecessary—for who in the good old times was ignorant of the existence of Parkgate? Its empty wharves were once filled with merchandise, and noisy with the bustle that attended the arrival and departure of the Irish packets and Bagillt and Flint ferry-boats. Its deserted esplanade and beach were once thronged with the wealth and fashion of the neighbouring counties, while its inns—of which some ten have disappeared within the memory of the inhabitants—were filled with travellers *en route* for the Emerald Isle and stations upon the Welsh coast. Sly smugglers pursued their hazardous work under the very eyes of the custom-house officers, and many a rich cargo found its way into mysterious cellars and vaults, some of which still exist, and were apparently fashioned for the purpose.

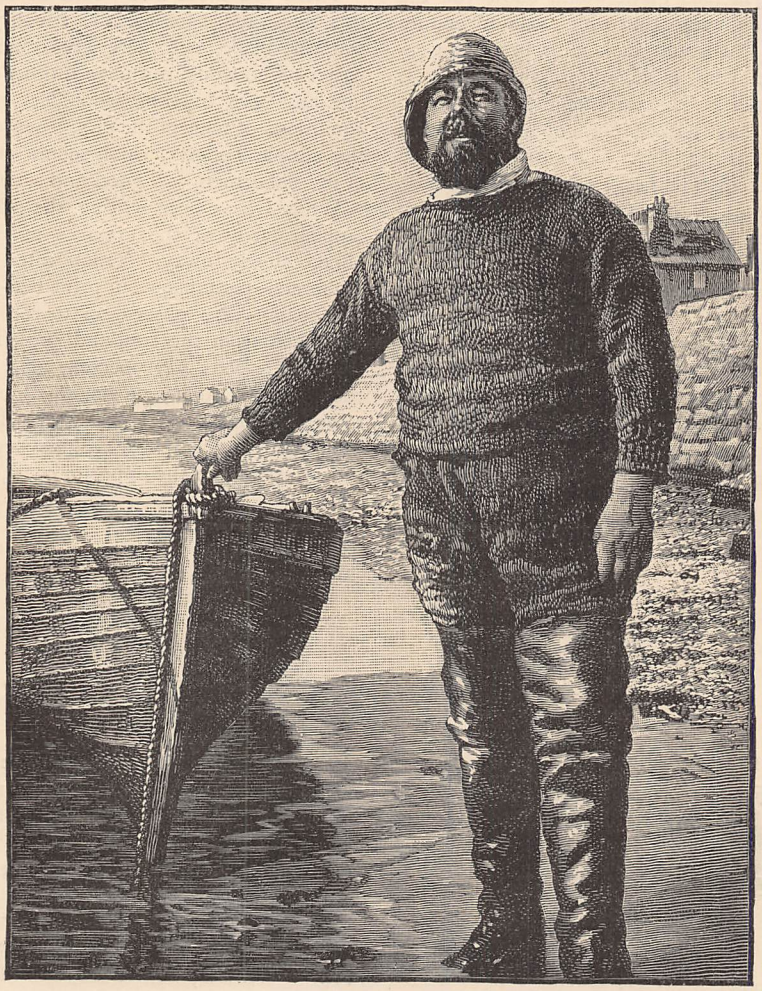
The former things have, however, passed away. The shrill horn of the mail-coach no longer wakes the echo of the quiet highway, and heralds the arrival of the latest news from the capital. The anchor-smiths, ropemakers, tide-waiters, postboys, bathing-machine people, and artificers of various kinds have gone and left no trace, save the record of their names and avocations in the parish registers. The ropewalk exists only in its name, and the old building attached to it forms a friendly shelter for cattle. A heap of ruins marks the site of the "Boathouse Inn," which once rang with the mirth of merry travellers as they awaited the advent of the Liverpool coach; and a few stumps projecting here and there out of the mud, are all that remains of the old landing-stage. A huge anchor, half embedded in the mud, forms a striking contrast to the anchors of the little shrimping fleet, and awakes the wonder of the fishermen's children, as it lies, a mockery of the emblem of hope, by the quay-wall. The coastguard station survived until a dozen years ago, and the coastguards, as they strutted about the promenade with large telescopes, and a very large amount of dignity, lent an air of importance to the place which it has not since possessed. Nothing remains as it was. Wrapt in the contemplation of its former grandeur, the hamlet sits like Babylon of old—desolate and forgotten!

It was hoped that the line of rail which now connects it with the large towns, would open up a new era of prosperity; but with all its natural advantages, its bracing air, its panoramic views of the Welsh coast, where, beyond the estuary, mile after mile of landscape stretches away to a range of mountains which lose themselves in the distance, and with all its struggles to keep up appearances, Parkgate retains but a faint semblance of its former self. The sandbanks have blockaded the once flourishing watering-place and trading mart, until all that was essential to its prosperity has fallen before their silent advance. The neighbouring marshes, gemmed with tiny lakes and streamlets, and dotted with sheep, are annexing yard after yard of territory as they steal year by year over the sandy river-bed. Already they have invaded the precincts of the ancient "Old Quay Ferry House," now a landlocked farmstead.

A common-place phrase which is in constant use at Parkgate, describes better than any other short sentence could the present condition of the locality. Address an interrogatory as to the past history, present state, or future prospects of the place, to one or other of the sturdy fishermen whom you will find mending their nets upon the quay, or to the melancholy-looking landladies who display the universal "bit of pasteboard" in the sitting-room windows, and the reply in most cases will be, "Parkgate has had its day." From the air of sad conviction, and the decided shake of the head, which invariably accompany the assertion, you may gather that the Parkgate of the time referred to would compare very favourably with the Parkgate of the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty-seven. If further confirmatory evidence of the fact were needed, it could be found in the appearance of the lodging-houses themselves. They one and all have the indescribable appearance of having seen better days. Centuries of storm, fresh from conflict with the deep, have swept across the estuary and battled with the pointed gables and time-honoured roofs. Springtides, leagued with the tempest, have, over-leaping every barrier, oftentimes knocked loudly upon the windows, and wrestled with the walls.

There are honourable scars half hidden by plaster and cement, but the majority of the lodging-houses still stand, and strive, by means of clean blinds and frequent applications of paint and whitewash, to preserve a remnant of their former respectability. Alas! the cardboard referred to is perpetually peering through the old-fashioned casements, the apartments are always "to let," and, excepting in the height of the season, the "takings" barely suffice to perpetuate the existence of the traditional lodging-house cat.

Parkgate is rich, however, in memories of the past. There are those among the white-haired fishermen and old inhabitants, who can recall the time when long rows of bathing machines lined the shore, and



A PARKGATE FISHERMAN.

(*From a Photograph by Mr. J. A. Dockray, Billericay, Essex.*)

can give you tolerably long lists of the people of rank —most of whom have passed away—who once made Parkgate their annual resort, and disported themselves in its tide. When many of the popular watering-places of the present day were unknown, or had not been puffed into notice, Parkgate was in the zenith of its fame. Travellers by the packets discovered that its breezes blew back the colour into pale cheeks, with surprising rapidity, that want of appetite was an unknown complaint in the district, and very soon the place was besieged with invalids and pleasure-seekers from far and near. Royalty itself, in the person of George III., is said to have been among the number who honoured the "Parade" with their presence.

Midway between Parkgate and the heather-clad slopes of Heswall, lies Gayton Hall, the ancient seat of the Gleggs, an old Cheshire family. Here William III. stayed a night, while upon his way to Ireland to "make history," and rewarded his host with a knighthood. The fleet lay at anchor below.

The memory of one not less famous than these is associated with Parkgate. In one of the battered lodging-houses facing the river, or more probably in the far-famed Mostyn Hotel—now an academy for young gentlemen—Handel wrote the *Messiah*. It is recorded that he wrote his masterpiece while upon the journey from Parkgate to Dublin, and it is almost certain that it was written during his stay at Parkgate, for it is known that he went up to Chester to try it over on the cathedral organ. There is no local tradition as to the exact house at which he lodged. The great master went as he came, unnoticed and unknown.

They manage these things very differently upon the

Continent. A loquacious guide would show you the very room where he wrote that which was to endure for all time, and you would look with becoming reverence upon the very table where the immortal strains were penned! The landscape is, we know, the same. He has looked out upon the same prospect of field and valley. Cloud-capped Moel Fammau * and the distant range of mountains whose tops blend with the sky, even as Time mingles with Eternity, wore the same aspect as to-day. As he wrote, the voices of merry children playing upon the beach, the noise that attended the going and coming of the packets, and the rumble of coach and postchaise, must have been heard outside. He has passed among the giddy throng, upon the Parade, and talked with the boatmen in his guttural German accent, and no one has suspected that in their midst walked one whose name would live when they and all their works had passed away and were forgotten.

There are those who would barter the quietude of this neglected spot for the frivolity of the modern watering-place, but there are others—including the writer—who would not have it other than it is. When one has been brushing shoulders with all sorts and conditions of men in the city, a season of contact with the simple honesty, which seems an inherent quality of the fishermen, is a good and wholesome thing.

While I have been writing, the tide, which has been lapping lazily at the crevices in the quay wall, has ebbed slowly away. Troop after troop of cockle-gatherers—picturesque in print bed-gowns and linsey petticoats—have passed on to the sandbanks, which lie whitening in the sun, and, pressing on to the distant cockle-beds, have become mere moving specks in the distance. Anon, the sun sinks into "a sea of blood mingled with fire." The daylight dies out slowly behind the Isle of Hilbre; lights begin to flicker like glowworms upon the opposite coast, and—it is night.

E. KERNS.

THREE OLD MAIDS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IT was an evening in October at Brighton. There was a certain house facing the sea where the gas was lighted, but the blinds not yet drawn down.

Passers-by glanced with various feelings into that handsome, comfortable room: with sympathy, amusement, admiration, or bitter envy.

It was a very common scene, thank Heaven! merely an ordinary family gathering. Father, mother, sons and daughters, all together at home, and busy in various little ways: learning lessons, sewing, reading.

Dr. Henry had just come in by the London express, and he not only glanced into the room, but stopped a moment and smiled. Before he went back to town, he hoped—and he had very good hopes too—that there would be a prospect of just such a bright home for him. A doctor ought to have a wife, so it was a wise as well as an agreeable step; and he did not look the kind of man to take it if it were not.

He feasted his eyes for a moment on the lovely face of a girl near the window, delightfully tantalising his own impatience; then, unable to wait another second, he gave a vigorous, impatient knock at the front door, and was shown into the midst of the family circle, and a passer-by would have seen—— but the girl at the window pulled the blind down.

* Mother of the Hills.

"I am glad you happen to have come now," said the head of the family. He was an ex-military man, Major Goldie, and possessed considerable private means, besides his pension. "My wife and girls are uninteresting; they can talk about nothing but dress and furniture."

Mrs. Goldie looked up, smiling. "We are not quite so bad as that, but we really are rather busy. Dear Grace's wedding comes off in a fortnight, and Mr. Wilmot wrote yesterday to ask Grace and me to run down to Devonshire to-morrow, to consult about some alterations."

Dr. Henry looked at Grace, the bride-elect, then at Agnes, the girl near the window, and wondered "how any fellow with eyes in his head," &c. &c.: precisely what James Wilmot had thought, reversing the names.

"How is Wilmot? pretty well?"

"Yes, I think so, except for a cold; he got very wet while he was fishing the other day."

"You must always have dry clothes ready for him, Grace, and see that he puts them on," suggested her father.

"Oh, father, don't you remember the proverb about taking the horse to water?" laughed Grace.

"Wouldn't it be better not to fish?" mischievously suggested Agnes. But Dr. Henry took the opportunity to turn to her with such a brilliant look of admiration and love, as if she had made the wittiest, cleverest speech, that she was obliged to look down to hide her eyes, and did not venture upon another remark for a long time.

"I am afraid you and Grace will be awfully tired

by this time to-morrow, mother," struck in Bob, the eldest son, a lad of about eighteen.

"Yes, dear, it is a long journey, but I should like to see my child's future home. Oh, that it were nearer!" Her eyes filled with tears; she could not bear the thought of the family being broken up.

"So do I, mother, with all my heart; but one can't have everything, and I shall often come home."

"Well, why do you go away at all," said Ernest, the youngest of the family, "when you are always planning how to come back again?"

Grace laughed and blushed. They all laughed at the boy's perplexed face. But the boy was the wisest for once: it *is* a very strange thing.

"Never mind, my boy," said his father, "you will know all about it some day. Now it's time you youngsters went to bed; come and say good night. Here, Winnie, you quiet little maiden, come and give me a kiss, and tell me what you've been doing."

"It'th a the-cret," lisped Winnie.

"I guess—a kettle-holder for Grace?" whispered her father.

Winnie nodded.

"Let me look; I won't tell."

Excepting Grace, who was blind and deaf for once, all the family were favoured with a sight of the work of art—"Unless kettle boiling B, filling tea-pot spoils T," worked in black on a red ground, and destined never to be finished, for as the little girl proudly folded it up and put it in her pocket as she went out of the room, the family was broken up, never, never to be re-united.

Mrs. Goldie and Grace set off early the next morning, but it was dark when they arrived at their destination—a little country station lighted by oil lamps. It looked very dreary after brilliant Brighton, and there was no one to meet them.

"Very strange," said Mrs. Goldie.

"James cannot have received my letter. What had we better do, mother? it's awkward, isn't it?"

"Very, indeed; but I dare say there is a respectable inn. We will go there for the night, and send a message to James in the morning. Possibly he is away."

A very sharp twinge of disappointment seized Grace at this suggestion. All day she had been looking forward to meeting the man who was so soon to be her husband; it was hard to be put off.

However, there was nothing else for it. There was no cab to be had; the railway-porter conducted them to a very tidy, clean inn, "The Farmer's Hotel." It was too dark to see anything of the country, and everything seemed strange and dreary. This ill-timed arrival was depressing.

They had a little supper, and went to bed as early as possible, Grace longing to get to sleep, that morning might come soon; Mrs. Goldie much annoyed, but trying to be patient, and await an explanation.

She did not fall asleep until almost time to get up; but Grace rose early, refreshed by her rest, and in better spirits altogether.

It was a glorious morning. She pulled up the blind; what a lovely country! She rang for some hot water, that she might dress and go out as quickly as possible.

There was the road just in front of the house, then a meadow and a river, and a large brick house beyond.

"Who lives there?" she said to the maid who brought the water; "they seem to have all their blinds down."

"Yes, miss; it's for young Mr. Wilmot: he died yesterday very sudden."

Grace turned and looked at the girl.

"He was to have been married in a fortnight, they say. Poor thing; I do pity her, I'm sure!" She was busy pouring out the water, or she might have stopped. A crash startled her. The young lady had fallen.

"Oh, miss! are you hurt?" The girl tried to raise her head, but the glazed dulness of the half-closed eyes was so terrible, she shrieked for help in such a tone, that all the household flocked in; but Grace was beyond the reach of human sympathy, mother's love, or medical skill, for she was "stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted."

* * * * *

Dr. Henry was to dine with the Goldies that evening. He had been on the pier with Agnes and Bob in the morning, and had devoutly wished Bob at Jericho. But as he had laughed at the boy's atrocious puns, and could not be otherwise than amiable to *her* brother, poor Bob had no idea but that he was making himself most agreeable.

"Perhaps there might be an opportunity this evening," Dr. Henry reflected as he went to his hotel to lunch.

He had hardly sat down when Bob came flying in, his face pale, his manner agitated.

"Oh, we don't know what to do!" he panted out. "James Wilmot's dead!"

"Dead!" in horror.

"Yes; there was a telegram came while we were out, and father's gone."

"To your mother and sister, I suppose?"

"Yes; and Grace is unconscious—fainted, father supposes—and they can't bring her round."

"Poor girl! poor girl! Shall I come home with you. Can I do anything?"

"Oh! I don't know, thank you. Agnes is shut up in her room, crying, I expect. Winnie's crying too; girls always do cry, you know," he said, turning away, and trying to gulp down a horrid lump.

"You stay with me, Bob, and we will send for Winnie and Erny, and take them out somewhere. I dare say your sister will like to be alone to-day, and it will be dull for the children."

In the uncertainty and misery of the next few days, Dr. Henry felt it was not a time to speak of his wishes to Agnes, nor did he like to take advantage of her father and mother's absence. So he simply called to say "Good-bye," and told her, with an earnestness he hoped she would understand, that he should return very shortly, as soon as they were all at home again. He held her hand a minute longer

than usual, looked into her gentle brown eyes, and said "Good-bye."

For several weeks Major and Mrs. Goldie stopped in Devonshire. Grace could not be moved, and at last the little family at home were told that the father and mother would return, but Grace was to be left.

"What can it be?" said Bob and Agnes to each other, in vague uneasiness.

"Oh, perhaps she is only staying on with some of the Wilmots," Bob suggested, with an air of relief.

But something in the face of father and mother made their hearts sink. It couldn't be only the fatigue of the journey that made them so very quiet.

"How is Grace, mother?"

"Don't trouble your mother just now, my boy: she's tired."

"But when is she coming home?" persisted Erny.

"Hush! not just yet."

The grey days of December closed in, evening after evening, on the family circle, no longer unbroken and undivided, and once more Dr. Henry stood a moment in front of the window before entering, though the blinds were closed this time.

Just as he was going up the steps the door opened, and Bob dashed out in his usual impetuous fashion.

"Gently, gently, my boy!"

"Oh! Dr. Henry, is it you? they will be so pleased to see you. I am just going to fetch Agnes."

"Is she from home, then?"

"No; but she is only at the Morrells'."

"I will walk on with you, and you can tell me all the news. How is Grace? is she quite strong again?"

"I don't know," said Bob, in a tone so very strange and unexpected, Dr. Henry looked keenly at him.

"Don't know! Isn't she at home, then?"

"N—no. Haven't you heard?"

"I have heard nothing, my boy; what is it?"

But Bob did not speak.

"Cannot you tell me? You know nothing you could say would alter my affection for you all."

"Grace is in an asylum; she's out of her mind!" in a low tone of horror and shame.

Oh, doctors! if you can't minister to a mind diseased, can't you even remove the stigma?

"Bob, do you know what you are saying?"

The boy stopped, wondering—even they had not been so staggered at the news.

"Wait a moment, Bob," he said again, and he stopped, grasped the railings, and gazed across the dark sea. "Do you know—whether—is it hopeless?" but what he wanted to say was, "Has it ever appeared in the family before?" Full well he knew the importance of that.

"We are afraid so," said Bob, then added innocently, "father said he had a half-sister who went off in something the same way, and never recovered."

How little Bob knew what he was doing! but it was truth, and must abide. But though he spoke in all simplicity, Dr. Henry's trained mind grasped the full significance of it all.

"Bob," he said presently, "I think I will turn in now. I cannot tell you how I feel for you all—tell Agnes that I—no, no—be very good to your sister, Bob!" And he wrung his hand, and walked quickly away, to fight his battle all alone. His code was stringent.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

ETHEL was obliged to put her handkerchief to her face, she really could not help laughing; even her mother seemed slightly amused; but the tall, white-haired gentleman might have been made of stone, he never even smiled. "But then, papa never shows anything."

"Didn't you see those three old maids in front of us?" she burst out with as soon as ever they had got out of church. "I thought I should have died with laughing. Did you ever see such a bonnet in your life as that end one had on? Nodding white feathers! They all looked as if they had come out of the ark."

"I remember just such bonnets as that being worn," said her mother; "but they were only considered suitable for brides, and that poor thing can never have required such an article. I didn't think she was quite right—did you, Robert?"

"Evidently not," he said quietly.

"How dreadful!" said Ethel lightly. "I should have been quite frightened if I had known. Perhaps it was some love-affair that turned her head," she added sentimentally.

"Nonsense!" snapped her mother. "There's dear Lady Wenlock—looking this way, too—bowing and smiling. Robert, don't you see her?—take off your hat. How stupid you are!"

She turned to shake hands effusively with her friend, as three homely-looking elderly ladies behind them had to step into the road, the pavement was so taken up with the fashionable dresses.

The white-haired gentleman made way for them, raising his hat; and, to the great annoyance of his wife, and amusement of her friend, the funny old lady with feathers in her bonnet stopped and smiled.

"Come along, sister," whispered the next one, her gentle face a little flushed; but she took no notice, and went nodding and smiling up to the gentleman. "Have you seen James lately, Dr. Henry?" she said, in quite a matter-of-fact cheerful voice.

"Not very lately, Miss Goldie," said the doctor gently.

She looked bewildered and distressed.

"I thought we should be sure to see him this morning; in fact, I put on my new bonnet," laughing suddenly. "You don't think me a foolish girl, I hope?"

"Come, Grace dear, come home." The plain, quiet sister took her arm, gravely bowed to Dr. Henry, and walked on.

The doctor's wife raised her eye-glasses, and looked them over.

"Poor things! three old maids, and one of them a little weak evidently. Pity they've no one to take care of them!"

"There is evidently some ancient love-affair," said

Miss Ethel, laughing. "I wonder who 'James' was? Who are they, papa? You seemed to know."

"Oh! my dear child," struck in Mrs. Henry—"don't trouble your father. My husband comes across a great many queer people in the course of his profession"—turning apologetically to "dear Lady Wenlock"—"but, as I told him when we were first married, I would rather not hear painful stories, so he never tells me anything now."

"Very wise indeed, dear Mrs. Henry;" and the ladies bowed and smiled, and went away.

"It's Dr. Henry; we knew him very well at one time, but it is many years ago now: you were only a little girl."

"I seem to remember the name, though." She looked puzzled and thoughtful; but before she had arrived at any clear recollection the door was opened, and the gentleman himself announced.

"Only an old gentleman," the maid explained to her fellow-servant.

"Seeing you this morning," he said, holding Agnes's hand, "reminded me so strongly of old times, I quite

"THE GIRL TRIED TO RAISE HER HEAD" (*p.* 531).

The Miss Goldies were sitting at tea in their homely old-fashioned style at the old house in the King's Road. It was the same house, and the same furniture; but it had got a little shabbier every year, the neighbourhood a little more *passé*, the ladies themselves a little older, a little greyer, a little more wrinkled and careworn. The flood of light and happiness had ebbed, but there was calm.

——The Red Queen told Alice that in her country they had to run as hard as ever they could even to keep in the same place.——

"Do you know, Agnes," said the youngest Miss Goldie, thoughtfully stirring her tea, "I have a sort of vague impression that I have seen that gentleman before—the one Grace spoke to this morning, I mean."

thirsted for the sound of——for a quiet chat, such as we used to have."

"Really Agnes is very pretty, even yet," thought Winnie, watching her as a delicate colour flitted across her face, and a gentle smile lighted up her brown eyes.

"I am very, very glad to see you. My sister here was just saying she thought she remembered you."

"Ah! you were only a little girl."

"Was I? Was it when——"

"You were working a kettle-holder."

"Oh, that kettle-holder!" with tears in her eyes and in her voice.

"I have it yet," said Agnes, looking up.

"Have you? it seems a funny thing to treasure; but, do you know, I should like to see it."

"You shall if you like. I suppose she wouldn't

notice," glancing at Grace, who was apathetically looking out of the window. "I will fetch it."

"But tell me first how you all are. How is my friend Bob? he must be a middle-aged man by this time, with perhaps a large family. By-the-by, I am a grandfather."

"Indeed! It doesn't seem so very long since, either."

"Like yesterday sometimes, but sometimes like a dream. But where is Bob now? I should like to see him again."

"Oh, don't you know?—dear Bob—he was always a brave boy, and when the war broke out he was only nineteen, but—but he would go—father was a soldier, you know, and—and——"

"I see; dear boy—dear boy."

There was silence a moment.

"And Erny, where is he?"

"He is in New Zealand: quite a prosperous man. His son is coming to England to be educated; and he is to be *my* boy," with delighted pride.

Dr. Henry could have wept; it was too pathetic.

"And how have you all been?" with a glance towards Grace.

"Quite calm of late years, only she will wear the clothes he admired. It is unfortunate, for people laugh at her in the streets. Oh, if they only knew! I will just go and fetch the kettle-holder. I don't think she will notice it; besides, she didn't see it that night."

"Was it you who was here that night, Dr. Henry?" said Winnie, a light suddenly dawning upon her; but what could be said?—nothing.

Agnes left the room, and brought back an old-fashioned work-bag, and opened the kettle-holder quite reverently.

"Unless kettle boiling B, filling tea-pot spoils T."

It was Grace's voice, calm and collected. They turned round; she was behind them, looking over their shoulders.

"I thought you wouldn't mind my seeing, Winnie. I couldn't make it out the other day."

"Dear Grace!"—they were almost too much startled to speak.

"Yes," she went on slowly. "Yes, it reminds me—Agnes, your hair is grey."

"I am getting an old woman, dear Grace."

Grace looked at them in sad bewilderment for a moment, then put her hand over her eyes. "Where is James?"

"Dear sister, you shall go to him some day."

"But he will not return to me. I know now. I will not forget again. And, Dr. Henry, you and Agnes are——"

"Very dear friends," he said hastily, taking Agnes's hand.

"But——"

"Yes, dear Grace, we are all happy; we have everything to make us so; and when you are quite well, and I have my dear little Erny, and Winnie gets her art work sold at South Kensington, we shall be the three happiest women in England."

"Really, Robert," said his wife, when he came home that evening, "I am very much annoyed indeed that you should have spent all this time calling upon three stupid old maids, when I wanted you to go with me to dear Lady Wenlock's. I declare it's miserable to be a doctor's wife!"

It sounds bad, but no doubt there is something to be said on Mrs. Henry's side.

THE EMIGRATION OF YOUNG GIRLS.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MISS RYE.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

A CANDIDATE.

AVENUE HOUSE, PECKHAM, "up a dirty lane off the High Street," is by no means so unprepossessing a place as Miss Rye's good-humoured description would suggest. The avenue from which the house possibly took its name has disappeared; but the little domain retains many survivals from the time when it was a rural retreat. In the centre of the long lawn stands a magnificent hawthorn, squat and sturdy; and it has been found possible to save from the builder as much as three acres of kitchen-garden and playground, some of it destined soon to be covered with the new and urgently-needed buildings which Miss Rye has long set her heart upon. Over the entrance-gate a wooden board informs the world that this is "Miss Rye's Home for Destitute Girls," about which so much has been heard. The house itself is substantial, but unpretending; old-fashioned without being old. As a country villa fifty years ago it was of ample size; for its present purpose it is small indeed. It is easy to perceive that there is here no half-hearted belief in the virtues of fresh air. Every door and window stands open; the rooms are bathed in sunlight, and redolent of the sweeter atmosphere of those three acres of oasis in the desert of bricks and mortar which swells around for miles on every side.

When I paid my visit to Avenue House it was Saturday afternoon, always a half-holiday: and I learned that the girls were in the schoolroom at the end of the grounds, spending a pleasant half-hour with Miss Rye,

who, as may well be supposed, has but little time to spare for such diversions. The administration of three "Homes"—two at Peckham, and one in Canada—and the personal daily care of about a hundred girls, are tasks which leave but little leisure. The schoolroom had obviously been the stable when the house was a "genteel villa residence." It is large, airy, and entirely unadorned, save for a few texts arranged upon the walls—texts far more appropriate to place and circumstances than sometimes happens.

The girls, some fifty of them, stood in a great semicircle singing by way of recreation, and singing expressively, with a good ear for tune and time. All, from the great girls of fifteen or sixteen to mere infants of three or four, were dressed alike, in stout serviceable linsey-wolsey frocks, half covered by great holland aprons. All looked as healthy as dairymaids, with red cheeks and plump round faces instinct with happiness. And these fifty girls, and half a hundred more at the other Peckham Home, needed last year doctoring to the amount of £5 1s. 8d. only!

Fresh air, wholesome food, and equally wholesome work, produce marvellous changes in a few weeks in the ragged dirty children with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, who enter the friendly Peckham Home in a continuous stream. At a table, listening to the singing and enjoying it as much as the children themselves, sat Miss Rye, the organiser of this admirable system of making healthy women, of transmuting the sickly contaminated girls of the London slums into happy wives and mothers. Miss Rye has a tall and stately presence; but the eye is quickly arrested by the powerful, kindly face, in which benevolence is most strongly marked. Much of the success of her work at Peckham is undoubtedly due to her gentle friendly ways with the girls, who "take to" her at once. She speaks with them in a good-humoured motherly fashion which is neither familiar nor patronising. With children of the class from which the inmates of the Home are recruited a little kindness goes a long way.

After half an hour spent in listening to hymns and kindergarten songs—one in particular, which the girls hugely enjoyed, told how a little boy at school learned his lessons so conscientiously that he soon became "a Professor and an LL.D."—I made a tour of inspection of Avenue House. As a private residence the old-fashioned villa, with its panelled staircase, was no doubt an ample and a comfortable abode; but for its present purpose it is wofully inadequate. Nearly the whole of the upper portion is occupied by dormitories filled with long rows of snowy little beds. Very pleasant are some of these rooms, with their sweeping views away over the tops of the houses to Denmark Hill. Then there are the working apartments in which the girls are taught needle-work, the large bath-room in which every girl gets, at least, one warm bath each week, and a whole series of wardrobes and linen-rooms. Even the lover of the old-time farmhouse with its spotless dimity bed-curtains, and its dazzling table-cloths, is forced in Miss Rye's store-rooms to avow that he never saw really white linen and napery before. Anything more superlatively white than the counterpanes, table-cloths, and sheets washed by the girls at Avenue House could not be imagined by a steam-laundryman in a beatific vision. Cleanliness is taught very thoroughly indeed at Peckham, and the little maidens take a keen delight in their laundry and scrubbing operations. This early-implanted love of cleanliness is one reason why Miss Rye's girls are so much appreciated as servants in Canada.

MISS RYE.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Gagen and Fraser, Toronto.)

When we had finished our inspection I asked Miss Rye how long she had been engaged in this work, and how many children she had taken to Canada from first to last?

"I have been emigrating women and children for four-and-twenty years; but the work of taking out destitute girls only began in 1869. Previous to that time I emigrated some 300 governesses and working women; and my efforts in that direction are still being continued by the Female Middle Class Emigration Society. During the last seventeen years I have taken about 2,500 girls to Canada, and next week I shall take 109 more from these Homes. Upon my first journey I took out sixty orphan and deserted pauper girls from

BEFORE.

(From a Photograph by Mr. G. L. Collis, Rye Lane, S.E.)

Liverpool Workhouse, together with ten children picked out of the streets. I housed them in an old gaol which I had bought at Niagara. I ran a verandah round it, let in abundance of light and air, and surrounded it with a large and richly-stocked orchard. I soon found places for nearly all of them, and then I came back to England for more."

I asked Miss Rye why she had selected Canada for her field of operations, seeing that there are so many other British Colonies blessed with far more genial climates, and where the girls would be equally welcome.

"There were three reasons—the close proximity of the Dominion to England, the similarity of the two climates, and the habits of the people. The climate of the Australian colonies is exceedingly enervating, while that of Canada is stern and bracing, and better fitted for growing robust men and women. Then another reason was that the Canadian farmers, in whose houses the girls are exclusively placed, usually marry early, and it often happens that they have no more than one or two children, who are grown up and settled in the world by the time their parents have reached middle age. Thus, they not infrequently feel the need of youthful companionship, and adopt one, and sometimes two, of my girls. Most of them, of course, are indentured as servants; but about fifteen per cent. are adopted and brought up by their foster-parents as though they were their own children."

I turned over a great heap of photographs sent home by Miss Rye's former charges, and the contrast between those who had been adopted in their present position, and their appearance when they first entered the Peckham Home, was as amazing as that between Cinderella and her haughty, handsome sisters. It was easy to imagine that you were looking at photographs of young ladies who had never known anything but the refinements and elegancies of life. The majority of the photographs were those of intelligent, prosperous-looking young women. Many of them are married, some to young farmers, owning their own 100-acre holdings, and have children of their own.

"But," I asked Miss Rye, "do you never have any trouble with the children? It surely cannot be that, after their childish experiences, every one of these 2,500 girls has turned out well?"

"No, they do not all turn out well, of course, but only some four per cent. are incurably troublesome. We try to lay a religious, self-respecting foundation: and when the girls go out they are protected as much as possible by being sent to farms away from the large towns, and only to the houses of people whose character is above suspicion. I make careful inquiry as to the character of every applicant before I let him have a child, and the cases in which I feel bound to refuse do not number more than two in a hundred. But I do have to refuse a great number of applications because I have not enough girls, just as, I am sorry to say, I am often prevented receiving children who are sorely in need of a Home such as this. As soon as I have got the money which the enlargement of this house will cost, I shall be spared the pain of so many refusals, and I shall be in a position to find healthy occupation and happy homes for a great many more girls."

For the first five years, Miss Rye told me, she took

AFTER.

(From a Photograph by Mr. G. L. Collis, Rye Lane, S.E.)

out only pauper children, but when Mr. Sclater-Booth became President of the Poor Law Board, in 1874, he disapproved of Boards of Guardians spending money upon the emigration of the orphan and deserted children in their workhouses; and she then began to emigrate girls picked up in the streets and slums, and gladly handed over by parents who desired nothing better than to be rid of them.

I asked Miss Rye as to the details of the arrangement made with the masters and mistresses of the girls who went out to service. Up to the age of fourteen, I was told, they receive only their clothes, at fifteen they are given 12s. per month in lieu of clothes, and a year or two later they are paid from 16s. to £1 a month according to their qualifications. At eighteeen the indentures expire, and the girls can, if they choose, leave their places. As a rule, however, they prefer to remain in the place, where they have almost invariably received great kindness. Miss Rye gave me an amusing instance of the primitive manners and modes of thought of the small Canadian farmers. One of them, who was anxious to adopt a girl, was for some time unable to come to the point, for fear the lady would compel him to leave his foster-child an equal share with his other children of his worldly substance! It is known throughout Canada —and it is well it should be known in England—that Miss Rye is exceedingly particular regarding the persons with whom the rescued children are placed, and that certain obvious pledges are required from them. The innocent farmer was fearful that a legacy might be one of the conditions of his being allowed to adopt a child.

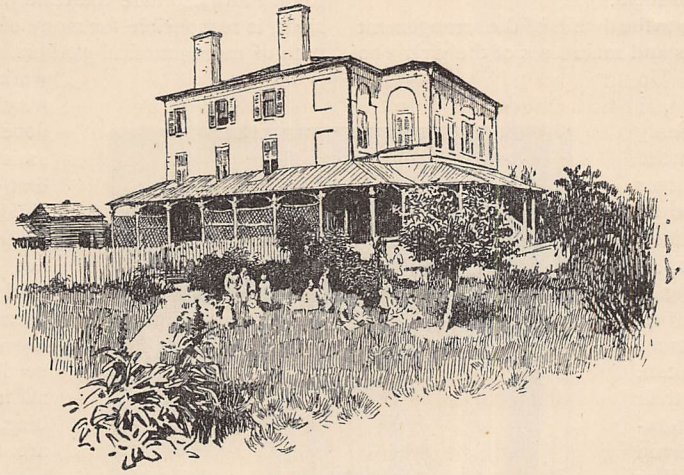
AN ERRAND IN THE NEW COUNTRY.

It is not to be supposed that even beneficial work such as Miss Rye is doing can be accomplished without disappointments and endless little troubles. Much harm is done by the well-intentioned but mistaken benevolence of ladies who seek to rescue young girls from their degrading associations without giving their charges to understand that work is their first duty. At Avenue House and its *succursale* over the way, every girl assists in washing the linen once a week. Some time ago a new-comer who had been taken over from another "Home" was set to this task with her companions, whereupon she became extremely abusive, struck the matron, and declaimed in the shrill falsetto of injured innocence, "I expected to be made a lady when I came here. What, bring me to a 'ome and expect me to work! Mother always washes for me when I'm at 'ome!" The sickly sentimentalism of ladies who "cannot endure to see those dear little baby hands and arms plunged in the soap-suds," and have to turn away to hide the tears which spring up at the sight, is responsible for many of the difficulties in the path of more practical workers. To teach the girls to work, to the end that they may in due time be independent of benevolent assistance, is Miss Rye's first concern. Most of the children, when they first enter Avenue House, do not even know how to hold a needle; but, added Miss Rye, "they rapidly learn to become good needlewomen. Then, in addition to washing, scrubbing, and housework, they are taught the three R's, with singing thrown in. The result of their having received a domestic training in early youth is that they speedily become good servants."

Miss Rye spoke enthusiastically of the happy useful lives her girls are able to live in Canada, as the wives of sturdy workers, and the mothers of a generation of Greater Britons, who will need abundance of sinew for the work of developing the wondrous resources of the Dominion. The contrast between the peace and prosperity which await the industrious among them beyond the ocean, with the deadly fall, or the almost equally deadly struggle, which must be their well-nigh inevitable lot in London slums and garrets, is discreditable enough to our social system; but, as Miss Rye observes, we must begin at the beginning. "Great girls of sixteen or so, who have grown up as my children would have grown up, had they not been rescued in time, cannot earn their own living, because no one has shown them how to do it. Girls are wanted in Canada, and they are not wanted here; and it must surely be good in every way to remove them from influences which must either ruin them, body and soul, or condemn them to toil unceasingly for wages which they call a living, but which I call a dying."

That Miss Rye's heart is in the work to which she has devoted so many years of her life, may be gleaned from the eloquent fact that she has made between

thirty and forty voyages across the Atlantic, to and from the beautiful "Home" at Niagara, with its eight acres of garden and orchard, in a lovely situation within sound of the Falls. A few days after I had this conversation with her, she again undertook the long journey which is now so familiar; and in a few months' time she will probably be again installed at Peckham, preparing a new detachment of girls—she usually takes out about a hundred at a time—for the life in which happiness and prosperity will take the place of the unspeakable weariness and misery in which their first years were passed.



MISS RYE'S HOME AT NIAGARA.

THE PRESERVING OF WHOLE FRUITS.

BY P. HOWARD DAVIS.

DOUBTLESS there are many housewives in the kingdom who during the fruit season have a plethora of fruit, and are at a loss to preserve it in any other way than converting it into jam.

Now, jam tarts are very nice things in their way, but one can soon get tired of them. But a cherry pie at Christmas!—what a mouth-watering thought! I dare say it would sound very odd at some New Year's festivity to hear the hostess ask, "May I offer you some cherry pie? It is made from fresh fruit of our own growing." This, however, is quite a possibility, "provided always" (as the lawyers say) that the directions given herein are implicitly followed.

I regret to inform those who would preserve fruits whole that half-measures will not do; the directions must be carried out in their entirety, or the preserving had better not be commenced.

First for the arbitrary rules, and the hints to guide all operations. The fruit must not be too ripe. It must be sound, and if morning-gathered it will be most likely to produce successful results. The bottles must be rather wide-mouthed, dry, clean, of equal sizes, and of equal substance all over: *i.e.*, the glass must have no thin places in it; a flaw or a crack is also very undesirable. The corks must be sound, and cut to fit the bottles very tightly—so tightly as to demand to be soaked in sugary water before they can be squeezed into the bottle-necks. A number of bottle-bags will be useful: they save hay, straw, and breakages; old canvas sacking does excellently well, and these bottle-bags can be used again and again to envelop the bottles while boiling.

We now proceed with the hints. Make your own bottle-wax; buy *red* bottle-wax from the oilman (the green wax is poisonous), and to every pound of it add one ounce of beeswax. Put both the articles into an earthenware pipkin over the fire to melt, stir well together, and then after the first boiling it is ready to dip the heads of the bottles into. Tie down the corked bottles with strong twine, and in ginger-beer bottle fashion, before dipping them in the wax. The wash-house boiler, the large stock-pot, or the deepest fish-kettle, will answer equally well for the boiling operation so long as a flat grating is put inside, so that the bottles may stand *quite* perpendicularly. Fill the vessel with enough water to come a little more than half as high as the bottles; then cover the latter with a wet cloth, put on the lid of the boiler or pot, and allow all to commence to heat up to boiling point.

So far, I hope, I am understood. All the foregoing

points are absolutely necessary if the best results are to be obtained. There are yet, however, one or two more which deserve to be noticed; for instance: Always boil gently, not hurriedly. A given period of "boiling" mentioned means boiling—actual boiling—and not so many minutes "on the fire." It is best to "double-tie" the corks: *i.e.*, after tying down one way, to repeat the operation again, but across the former one. Hay or fine straw may be placed between the bottles (while in the boiler) as a substitute for the bottle-bags, but it is wasteful and untidy, and the bubbling of the boiling water has a tendency to misplace the hay, &c., and allow the bottles to fall over. Be sure that the empty bottles are perfectly clean and thoroughly dry inside. In waxing over the corks, look carefully to see that no part has been left uncovered. Never, on any account, remove the hot bottles of fruit from the vessel in which they have been boiled until the water it contains has cooled considerably; the sudden change from heat to cold will crack the glass. For the same reason, do not stand the bottles while warm on a damp table or cloth, or in a draught of cold air. Inattention to this rule will cause many a regret.

A moot point now arises in my mind as to whether we shall preserve our fruit with or without sugar; we can adopt either plan, and bring about equally satisfactory results by whichever system we prefer to adopt. Suppose we discuss both?

To successfully accomplish preservation *without* sugar, we must follow a course quite different from the one which uses sugar; but as a recompense, we shall have only *one* lesson to learn for *all* stoneless fruits, and likewise shall have cheaper preserves—though we grant that the sugar will have to be added afterwards, and that the fruit loses some of its colour, and runs the risk of being "overdone" by the re-heating we are obliged to give it when we put it to use. Still, as we all have our fancies, we will, for the moment, talk of the unsweetened article. The procedure is this:—

Fill the clean, dry, wide-mouthed bottles with fresh, sound fruit of any kind. Add nothing—not even some water (which many people foolishly do), because it spoils the flavour of the fruit, makes it "pappy," and in no way adds to its preservation. Be sure that the fruit is well and closely packed in, and then ram the corks (best quality, not bungs—the latter are cut *with* the grain of the cork instead of *across* it) tightly down into the necks of the bottles till they are level with the glass. Now secure the corks perfectly with stout twine, and after putting the bottles into the bags, stand them in the pan or boiler of cold water. Let the water nearly, but not quite, reach the shoulders of the bottles, and stand the pan, &c., on a moderate fire, and allow the water to come up to the boiling point. Next boil gently for just ten minutes; remove from the fire, and allow all to get cold. Now remove the bottles, wipe them dry, and then dip the corks into either melted rosin or melted bottle-wax—taking care to cover every part of the cork—and the fruit will keep for years, if required. Supposing, however, we have to deal with stone fruit—such as damsons, plums, &c.—we must pursue slightly different tactics. To do these nicely, we must take the fruit before it is quite ripe, and it must be dry and sound. Pack the bottles rather closely, but not tightly, with fruit, and cork them a little looser than previously directed; bag them; put them in the pan of cold water only little more than *half-way* up the outside of the bottles. Now let the water heat gently—very gently—up to boiling point, and then keep it so for exactly three minutes, when remove the pan from the fire, and allow its contents to become quite cold. Then cork the bottles down tightly; tie them, dip into rosin or wax, and stand in a cool, dry place. They will then keep for ages.

The preservation of sweetened fruits may be simply performed. First make such a quantity of syrup with loaf sugar and water as may be required, to any strength of sweetness you may fancy (twenty-two degrees by the syrup gauge is the best), and allow it to get cold. Of course you will skim it while boiling. Now fill the bottles closely with fruit—taking care not to bruise any—then *nearly* fill up with the cold syrup, and now cork down tightly, tie, and put on the fire in the pan, &c. (The "time table" for boiling is given below.) After the boiling, allow all to get cold in the pan, &c.; take out the bottles, wipe them dry, dip the corks in melted wax or rosin, and then they are ready to be stored in a cool place, with the corks downwards.

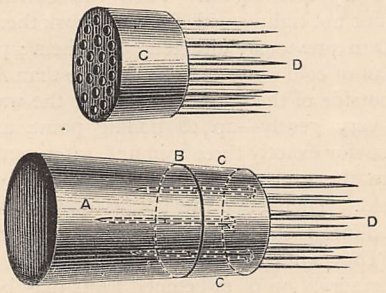
"TIME TABLE."

Fruit.	*Time of actual boiling.*
Green Gooseberries ("Warrenders" are best) ...	10 minutes
Ripe do. (Red or Yellow)	8 ,,
Green Currants	10 ,,
Red do.	8 ,,
White do.	10 ,,
Black do.	15 ,,
Strawberries ("Seedlings" are best)	8 ,,
Raspberries	8 ,,
Cranberries (English-grown)	8 ,,
Do. (Imported)...	10 ,,
Apricots (whole, Green)*	12 ,,
Do. (halves)	10 ,,
Peaches (halves)	20 ,,
Pine-apples (cut into fingers)	25 ,,
Apples (peeled and quartered)	25 ,,
Pears (do.) *White*	15 ,,
Do. (do.) *Pink*	15 ,,
Do. (whole, *small*)	18 ,,
Plums*	15 ,,
Damsons*...	15 ,,
Greengages*	15 ,,
Barberries...	15 ,,
Cherries ("Kentish Reds" are best)	10 ,,
Do. (Black)	10 ,,
Do. ("Bigaroons")	15 ,,

All fruits marked (*) should be slightly "docked" or pricked with a "docker" before being put into the bottles. A simple "docker" can be made in the following way:—

Take a good sound bottle-cork, and cut off a slice of its end about half an inch thick. Force through the flat side of the slice about twenty strong pins till their heads are level with the cork. Now fasten this piece of pin-studded cork upon the larger piece from which it was cut (by driving in two or three *brass* tacks), and in such a way as to hold the pin-heads tight and allow the points to protrude.

A piece of circular cardboard may be cut to cover the heads of the pins, and will improve the "docker."



In the above figure, A is the large piece of cork; B shows the junction with the smaller piece, C. It is by this joint the pin-heads are held fast. D shows the pin-points.

Do not "dock" the fruit too much, but be sure to touch the stone each time.

NOTES ON THE FRUITS.

Green Apricots.—These must be used before the stone has formed, and while a needle could be pushed easily through them. This fruit is extremely troublesome to preserve nicely, and requires great dexterity of manipulation. Vine-leaves, salt water, and numerous other accessories are required, and I would, therefore, advise that the bottling of green apricots should not be attempted at home.

Currants (*of all kinds*).—With the scissors nip the fruit off close to the stalks, and then shake them down close in the bottles.

Raspberries and Strawberries.—These must be picked clean, and the berries arranged in the bottles with a long knitting-needle. Be sure the fruit is neither crushed nor jammed in the bottles, and remember that these berries require the syrup to be a little stronger (sweeter) than usual.

Cranberries.—Be sure to distinguish between the English and the imported varieties; each requires a different boiling period.

Apricots (*in halves*).—These must not be over-ripe. Split the fruit and remove the stones. Crack these, remove and blanch the kernels, and soak them for an hour in cold water before adding to the fruit.

The latter should be peeled very thinly before being bottled.

Peaches (*in halves*).—Proceed as for apricots in halves, but parboil the halves of fruit for just *three* minutes in syrup first, *i.e.*, before bottling. This will allow the skins to be pulled off in whole pieces. When the fruit is cold, follow previous directions.

Pine-apples must be pared, the eyes removed, the central core cut out, and the fruit cut into fingers the right way of (not across) the grain.

Apples.—These may or may not be peeled, but the cores should be removed in every case. Drop each piece of fruit, as soon as cut, into cold water, in which a very small quantity each of alum and citric acid has been dissolved. This improves the flavour, and keeps the cut edges of the fruit quite white.

Pears (*White*).—These require greater care than apples. They must always be peeled, dropped in the acidulated water like apples, and then parboiled in it, without allowing the water to actually boil. The fruit is now to be strained through a colander, re-parboiled in cold, fresh, plain water, strained and re-parboiled in cold, fresh, plain water again; then strained, and finished off as usual.

Pears (*Pink*).—Proceed as above, but put a little liquid cochineal in the water of the second parboiling, and also in the syrup in the bottles.

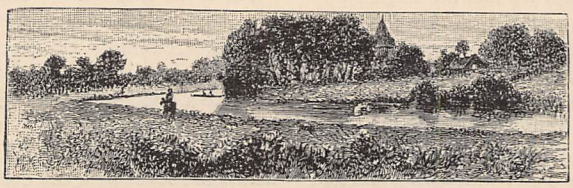
Plums (*Large*).—These must be "docked," and each one dropped at once into the pan of hot syrup just as it comes from the fire. The syrup should then be standing on a trivet near the fire. Let the plums remain in the hot syrup for an hour; then remove pan and fruit, and allow all to stand under cover till next day. Now remove the plums with a spoon, and fill the bottles with them carefully. Finish as usual.

Damsons.—As plums.

Greengages.—Ditto.

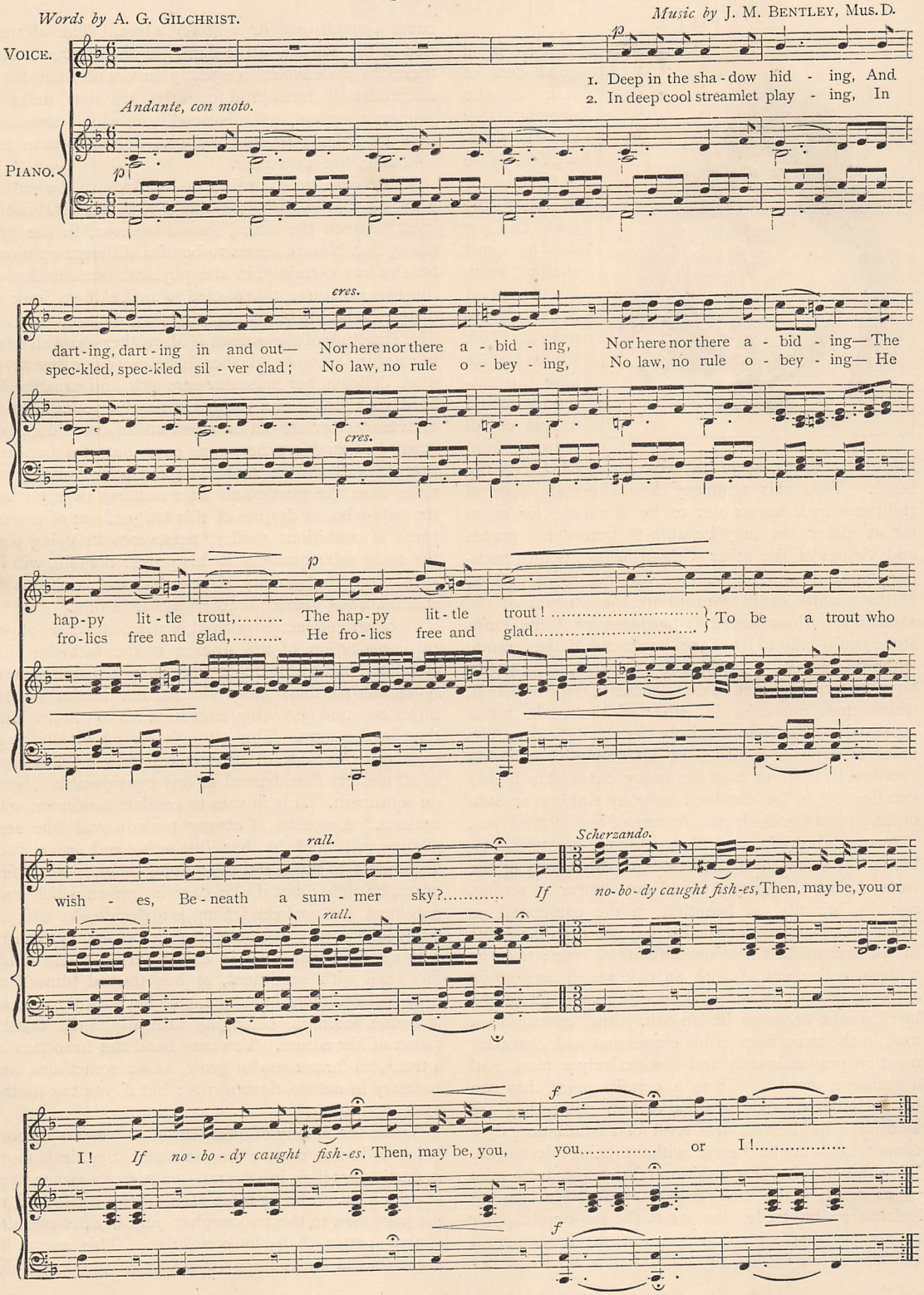
Cherries (*Red and Black*) require no additional treatment beyond the careful removal of stalks.

Cherries (*White*).—These are preserved with half an inch of stalk left on. The syrup should be stronger than usual, and into it should be put, and well stirred, some finely-powdered alum, in the proportion of a quarter of an ounce for every quart bottle of fruit. The alum keeps the cherries a good colour, and as the syrup is sweeter than usual, its presence can scarcely be detected by the taste.



The Trout.

Words by A. G. GILCHRIST. *Music by* J. M. BENTLEY, Mus. D.



A MAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMAN.

BY PROFESSOR J. STUART BLACKIE.

PART I.

THERE is a good deal of talk at the present day tending towards the abolition, or at least the softening down and shading away of the great lines of demarcation which Nature and the traditions and usages of all nations, from the oldest times, seem to have drawn between the sexes. That this tendency has a certain root of rightness in it seems not to be doubted; for in so far as either sex may be able to borrow the graces and virtues of the other without losing its own peculiar type, it will, of course, be the more perfect. If the granite could appropriate the warmth of the sandstone without losing its hardness, or if the sandstone could take to itself the hardness of the granite without losing its warmth, then, of course, there would be in each case a union of excellencies in the compound, which does not exist in either of the rocks taken separately. But here precisely lies the difficulty. The union of opposite qualities is, undoubtedly, a higher excellence; but in a great many cases this higher excellence can be obtained only by sinking or subordinating some distinctive feature of one of the types.

It were, no doubt, possible to create a creature combining the strength of the man with the beauty of the woman; but the strong would not appear so strong, nor the beautiful so beautiful, in the compound as when each was presented with its own peculiar virtue in its undisturbed and unconfounded type: even as a birch-tree mixed up with an oak would cease to be a birch, or an oak mingled up with the grace of the birch would cease to be an oak. And exactly so, a man in the main lines of his expression and character must be predominantly and distinctively a man, and a woman a woman. Up to a certain point they can be assimilated, and below a certain point they are identical; but beyond the level of assimilation, they cannot be brought nearer without being destroyed. With this proviso, the ambition of the woman to take on as much of the male culture as possible is quite legitimate; but let her beware of the too much. She cannot become a man in some of the fundamental qualities of her nature, any more than a bird can become a quadruped, or a flower a tree. The affirmation of the one sex is the denial of the other. Let us therefore endeavour to specify in detail what those distinctive features and qualities are that make a woman a woman, and divorced from which she wanders out of her type, and becomes neither a man nor a woman, but a monster.

Those who are so zealous to break down the wall of partition that by the precedent of ages has established itself between the sexes, should observe, in the first place, that Nature seems to be of a different opinion; for she has certainly, in the physical presentation of the two creatures, taken care to make them look as distinctively different as a birch-tree is from an oak. The structure of the woman is altogether more slender, her stature as a rule less, her tissue more fine, her nerve more delicate, her muscular strength and capacity for hard work less. Let a young man and a young woman of average fibre set out on a pedestrian expedition, and it will be found in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that the lady will be more fatigued after walking ten miles than the gentleman after walking twenty; and the lady who, in despite of this fatigue, out of a pure spirit of ambitious rivalry, perseveres in vying with the more robust animal in his proper domain, will be sure to pay the penalty of her abnormal ambition, if she live a few years, in more ways than one.

In close connection with this more delicate physical constitution of the woman is the fact that her emotional nature is more keen, her sensibility more quick, her passions more violent, her instincts more imperious, and less submissive to necessary limitations, than in the man. This strongly-rooted sensibility in women is the cause of their characteristic persistency in all matters that depend in any considerable degree on sentiment. It is in vain to combat sentiment with reasons. A woman of strong passion and fine sensibility will hold by her instincts, and leave your arguments to float, and in so doing may, in not a few cases, be right; but if the case is one in which cool judgment, and not keen feeling, is to decide, she will probably be wrong. Arguments in such cases are stronger with a man, because he is either naturally less richly furnished with sentiment, or has trained himself to keep his sentiment in subjection; but with the woman it is omnipotent, as belonging radically to the constitution of her nature. You may bend the branches of a tree, and force them to grow, as we sometimes see, contrary to nature, downwards; but if you tug at the roots, you kill it.

Again, the faculty of observation in woman is more quick and more minute than in man. She deals more in particulars than in generals—in persons rather than in principles. She is more akin to the artist and to the poet than to the philosopher, and in all cases describes better than she concludes. This seems to argue that in brain-force, or power of thinking, she

is, as a rule, inferior to the man. She argues generally rather by induction from special facts than by deduction from large principles; and she has a habit of leaping from a fact or two, accidentally picked up, to a sweeping generalisation, such as can safely be built only on a broad and deep foundation of facts. She seems to have neither range, nor patience, nor grasp for severe reasoning. Those who deny this—and I have no pleasure at all in maintaining it—are forced to attribute the general inferiority of women in persistent brain-work to neglected education, a narrow sphere of action, and the hereditary social tyranny of the stronger sex; but in the face of so many manifest differences, both physical and moral, it seems difficult for an impartial mind to believe absolutely in the cerebral equality of the sexes.

The acuteness of the observant faculty in women, combined with the larger amount of love and sympathy to be immediately noticed, opens up the famous chapter of the curiosity of the sex which, from Bluebeard downwards, has been famous in story. I do not think this quality a vice in itself: quite the contrary; for the want of curiosity arising from apathy or dulness is always a vice; and not to be curious is simply to be indifferent. Like all other healthy instincts, it becomes a vice only when in excess, or when wandering out of its natural domain. To be curious about other people's matters is certainly an impertinence; but a woman having no engrossing occupation will readily find frequent occasion to make herself at home in her neighbour's business, and will as readily justify herself by asserting her right, and even duty, to employ liberally the sympathy which binds together every member of the human family. In connubial relations, she will be apt to consider it a breach of confidence if she is refused access to all her husband's doings; and if she is yoked to an easy lord, she will certainly assert her right to open all his letters, and believe that it is not to gratify her own curiosity that she does so, but purely to save him trouble. All this is extremely amiable, but may sometimes be inconvenient.

If woman is differentially inferior to man in the thinking faculty, she is decidedly superior to him in the finer emotions; and let this not be considered a small matter; the emotions are the steam-power that sets the great moral machinery of the world in motion, or, as Burns has it—

> "The heart 's aye
> The part, aye,
> That makes us right or wrong."

And even the cold politic Napoleon knew enough to say, though he did not always act on his knowledge, that "the moral forces are two-thirds of the battle." Women have proverbially more love and more fidelity than men; and, if they have less energy, they have less selfishness. To those on her own level, woman is more sympathetic and more communicative; to those beneath her, more pitiful, more merciful, and more benign; to those above her, more deferential and more respectful. Her greater reverence and respect for authority makes her more devout and more religious than man, and she will overlook or ignore a gross superstition in the gratification of a noble emotion; insomuch that, while an irreligious man is not uncommon now even where the received faith is least liable to sceptical objections, and may, without piety, practise many virtues and exhibit many graces that will secure the esteem of his fellow-citizens, an irreverential and irreligious woman is always out of nature, and a sort of monster. The general moral superiority of women is apparent from what is commonly said, that when they are bad, they are very bad—meaning, of course, that they are generally good and better than men; or, as a Parisian correspondent wrote to a friend from the heat of the Barricades, in 1830, "if the men became tigers, the women became devils." Of course, in measuring the value of the emotions, it is always understood that, even in their greatest strength, they submit themselves to a certain regulation, owning always with graceful loyalty the natural sovereignty of reason as supreme in a reasonable animal; for emotion can no more act alone in the difficult passages of life than a ship, even with the faintest breeze, can reach its destination in safety without the pilot and the ballast. Intense love fixed on a single object may readily create intense hatred in other directions, as its natural negation; and intense hatred generally means great injustice; and so it shall come to pass that the most Christian women not seldom display a greater want of the specially Christian virtue of charity than their more cool yoke-fellows. They hate strongly, because they love strongly; and in this way a husband will often look with the most perfect indifference, or it may be with the most kindly charity, on slanderers and calumniators, whom his more sensitive yoke-fellow cannot name without indignation. Again, usurped by her finer sensibilities alone, a woman's daily life may become a torture to herself, and an annoyance to those about her. Sensibility acts as a spur to the imagination; and this faculty, if once allowed free rein, is apt to gallop off with the helpless rider to a phantom world of bright hopes, doomed to a speedy disappointment, and the self-projected shadow of imaginary fears.

To this usurped dominance of sentiment in women is to be attributed the not uncommon phenomenon observable even in the best specimens of the sex, that the living power of their faith, acting as a magnet pointing to the polar star of their life-voyage, is so feeble and variable in its action, as compared with the steadiness of their theological creed. In all cases with both sexes, intellectual faith or orthodoxy of creed is more easily maintained than the living faith of the heart, which has to do daily with the stormy buffets or the irritating frets of life; but in proportion as independent thought is less active, experience less wide, and sentiment more strong, the orthodoxy of the head which comes by tradition asserts a more undisputed sway over the soul. Women, therefore, as a rule, are more orthodox than men, though their faith under trying circumstances may be less reliable. I have known a mother who lost half the joy of her first baby by a morbid habit of magnifying into imminent realities every shadow of a possible danger to the dear one that might cross her path. Religious

mothers of this temper might learn to live a happier life if they would put into practice the familiar precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. (See Matt. vi. 25—30.)

In estimating the value of the emotions, we must distinguish them carefully from volitions. To wish is not to will; and it is not always that the nobility which inspires a woman's wish can shape itself to that firm determination of which the outcome is a noble deed. Decision in willing is, on the whole, rather a male than a female virtue; and when we say, as we often do, that a woman has a will of her own, or, as the song says, that you must "give her a' the plea," this only means that in cases where her interests are very strong and within a certain range that belongs more particularly to her, she will know how, with the generality of husbands, to take her own way; but this is a very different thing from saying that her will is constitutionally strong in proportion to her wish. Not seldom, when a bold resolution is taken to carry out any wish with which a woman's breast may be possessed, she will be found more fertile to object than eager to co-operate.

As a decidedly emotional creature, it may be looked upon as a kind of exceptional abnormality in a woman when she takes to studies and professions where the intellect only is exercised, and called upon to work independently of, and even antagonistically to, the heart, as mathematics, law, logic, and metaphysics. In this view it may be observed that women are made of the same stuff as great poets, who, like Goethe, love to furnish their imagination with concrete pictures, rather than to exercise their thinking faculty on abstract formulas. Like Goethe, also, it might be expected that natural history should be their favourite scientific recreation, as much as mathematics and logic should be their natural aversion. I have not found, however, that my fair friends have given themselves with any special prominence to the study of those fairest objects in the physical world of which themselves are the counterpart in the moral world. The Greco-Latin terminology, in which the science of flowers is encased, has sometimes seemed to me one strong reason why we can name so few distinguished female botanists. If this explanation be not accepted, then we must fall back on the principle that for pure science, as a cognitive process, women have naturally small taste, and that we are to look for the most luxuriant manifestation of their particular excellence in literature and the fine arts rather than in the domain of science; and so far as literature is concerned, they have, specially in the most recent times, vindicated their right to an honourable rivalry with the other sex. Of this George Eliot and Mrs. Browning may stand as sufficient proof; but in the region of the fine arts their successful efforts have as yet been few and far between; and the fact that no great female musical composer has ever yet appeared, even in the most musically-cultured countries, has been accepted by many persons as a satisfactory proof that women generally are deficient both in the constructive faculty and in the intellectual conception which leads to its exercise.

A MAN OF THE NAME OF JOHN.

By FLORENCE M. KING.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

DOUBTS AND FEARS.

"GEORGE, who is Mr. Holt?" It was Mrs. Marchmont who spoke, as she solemnly entered the study, where her husband was enjoying his pipe and his paper, on the morning after her arrival at home.

"Who is Mr. Holt?" repeated Mr. Marchmont in surprise.

"Yes. Who are his people? Where does he come from? What introductions did he bring?"

"Oh!" said Mr. Marchmont, laying his paper on his knee. "He didn't bring any introductions—he introduced himself."

"Then you know absolutely nothing about him?"

"Well," said Mr. Marchmont slowly, and with a twinkle in his eye, "he is an artist and a gentleman. I know that;" and then he took a gentle puff at his pipe.

"George, you are too tiresome!" said his wife, half laughing, half annoyed. "Do you call yourself a proper chaperon for your daughters? I leave you alone for a few days to keep Gypsy out of mischief, and come back to find a penniless artist, from no one knows where, like a tame cat about the house, and you looking on with your eyes shut!"

Mr. Marchmont puffed on placidly, and finally remarked, "Mr. Holt is not penniless. He told me he had private means."

"What are they? £100 a year—£200—£1,000? No, of course you don't know," as Mr. Marchmont made a gesture implying complete ignorance on the subject. "You never do know anything. You didn't know Jim was in love with Nellie till he came and asked for leave to marry her."

"What a match-making old mamma you are!"

"My dear George, it is all very well to talk, but one cannot be utterly blind. I must know what I am to do in this matter. You cannot throw young men and girls constantly together without having regard to probable contingencies. Have you not noticed Mr. Holt's manner to Gypsy already? Are you prepared to give one of your daughters to a man of whom you know nothing? If not, it is not fair to encourage him about the house."

Mrs. Marchmont spoke seriously, and paused for a reply. Her husband laid down his pipe, and considered the subject with the solemnity it demanded, and made answer—

"My dear, you know my sentiments on the subject. If my girls choose to remain single, I can always provide for them; if they wish to marry, I am thankful to say I can afford to let them marry poor men if they so desire. All I beg is that they will marry men whom they truly love, or not at all. As far as I know, Mr. Holt is an honourable and upright gentleman. If he wishes to marry one of my daughters, it will be time enough to inquire into his prospects when he tells me so."

"And suppose you find there is anything against him when it is too late?"

"My dear, if there is anything against him, Mr. Holt will never come to me at all."

"Well, all I hope is that Gypsy will not suffer from your faith in mankind!" said Mrs. Marchmont. "You really are too easy-going, George! And how about Cecil?"

"Oh, is he another of them? Really, Gypsy is quite a conquering hero," said Mr. Marchmont, laughing.

"You know quite well that he has been devoted to Gypsy for years."

"Well, if he has been all these years saying so, he can hardly be surprised if some one a little less slow of speech gets first innings. Besides, after all, he is nothing but a boy, though a very nice one, I grant you. Gypsy is worthy of something better, and I am very glad if she has found it out for herself."

Mrs. Marchmont was so surprised by these unexpected sentiments that she could only remark—

"Well, I never should have thought of your objecting to Cecil!"

"I don't object to him, nor to any other man who would make Gypsy happy. But I have long suspected that Cecil would not make her happy, and I am not surprised that she thinks so too. Come, mother, you need not look so shocked. I remember a young lady who used to tell me that she could not bear boys," said Mr. Marchmont, who was much older than his wife.

The allusion to her own courting days softened Mrs. Marchmont's heart, but she was not altogether pleased. It was hardly in human nature not to prefer the young squire to the poor artist, and she was so fond of Cecil herself that she could not understand Gypsy's not being so. However, if her husband wished Mr Holt to be encouraged, it was her duty not to interfere; but she did think it rather hard that she could not leave home for a few days without things going so much amiss.

"'GEORGE, WHO IS MR. HOLT?'" (*p.* 544).

"So this is what has been making my Gypsy so bright and like her old self," said Mr. Marchmont to himself, as his wife left the room. "What a blind old bat I am! Well, I am very glad of it; and yet—how I should miss her!"

There was a step on the gravel outside, and Gypsy appeared at the window.

"Come out, Daddy! Gerald and I are going down to the stables, and we want you. Never mind your old paper! Come along with us!" and Mr. Marchmont came.

The weather broke up just about this time, and a week of constant thunderstorms and rain set in. It was really quite refreshing, after all the previous heat, and it effectually put an end to all the idle lounging way of life that had obtained of late.

Mrs. Marchmont came home prepared to be extremely busy over the bazaar that was coming off in August. It was to be held in the Manor grounds, and the proceeds were to go to Ashleigh Church, which had been restored some time before, when the expenses had of course exceeded the estimate.

Gerald grumbled frightfully that his sisters were no use at all, always sewing their noses to some bit of rubbish or other. He fell back on Mr. Holt for companionship to a considerable extent; they got on very well together, and Mr. Holt was always ready for any sort of amusement.

One wet afternoon, when all three girls were hard at work in their sitting-room, he astonished them by walking in with Mr. Holt and Lal, whom he had fetched up to amuse him. Molly and Lena were busy at a table with a heap of gay silks and satins, and Gypsy, near the window, with a brown jug full of white lilies before her, was painting a panel for a small screen.

"Why, Lal, how did you get up here? Did you swim?" she asked, in surprise.

"Jan carried me inside his mackintosh, only my nose peeped out; it was such fun," said Lal, coming up to her. "How are you getting on, Gypsy dear?" and he put his head on one side, and gazed at the lilies with a critical air.

Gypsy had donned a painting apron, by way of being business-like.

"I hope I look highly professional," she said—flourishing her palette and brushes, and addressing the company generally. "I don't feel so. In my present state of despair, I feel inspired to paint the tip of Lal's nose bright yellow."

Lal skipped away, laughing, from the threatening brush, and Mr. Holt came up to inspect her work.

"Tell me what is wrong with it. It is hideous—perfectly hideous!" said Gypsy. "Shall I paint it out?"

"Well, not at present," he said. "But of course you can't manage it. Your lilies are upright, and your easel is slanted, and the lights and shadows come all wrong. Shall I see what I can do with it?"

He straightened the easel, took the palette and brushes, and set to work. Gypsy leant against the wall, with her hands behind her back, and watched the lilies springing into life under his skilful hand. Gerald sat down to the piano and began to strum cheerful comic airs.

"What a work of art this will be!" remarked Gypsy, after a while. "The joint effort of two such geniuses! Can't you sign it, Mr. Holt? It would be worth ten times as much for the bazaar."

"I am afraid my signature hardly commands its price at present," he answered.

"You might put R.A. after it—Rising Artist, you know," suggested Gypsy.

"By the way, Holt, have you anything in the Academy this year?" called out Gerald suddenly.

Mr. Holt seemed absorbed in his work. He answered absently, "No, not this year."

"Had you last year?" asked Gypsy.

"Yes, two little landscapes; I don't suppose you saw them, they were hopelessly skied. There, that looks better, I think."

Lal was turning over a volume of the *Graphic* on the floor; he looked up at this point to remark—

"Here's such a big ship, Jan. Just like the ones——"

"That's a transport, Lal: a ship that takes soldiers out; you never saw one," said Mr. Holt quickly.

"Have you ever seen any big ships, Lal? I never have," said Gypsy.

"Haven't you? I've seen lots," said Lal, surprised.

"When we went abroad this spring we started from London, and we saw plenty of big ships going down the river," said Mr. Holt.

"Oh, I suppose so," said Gypsy, wondering why Lal had suddenly turned scarlet to the tips of his ears.

A sudden idea seized Gypsy about this time that she wanted Lal's portrait painted by Mr. Holt. She harped on the subject perpetually for the next few days. It would make a splendid centre for their stall; it would command any price; it could be sold by auction to the highest bidder—always with the understanding that it would come eventually into her own possession. All the answer she ever got was that Mr. Holt did not consider portraits his *forte*.

Lal did his best to gratify her. He presented her one day with a photograph of himself and Mr. Holt, bought out of his own money. It was not a bad specimen of the local artist's skill, and Lal informed her that Jan had wished him to be taken alone, but that for his part he was quite sure she would prefer the group. Gypsy kissed him, thanked him warmly, and exhibited her new acquisition proudly.

"I told you she would like it better if you were in it, Jan, and she did; she said so," Lal reported, as he journeyed home on Mr. Holt's shoulder that evening. "And she has given me her likeness! such a good one; look at it, Jan!"

Mr. Holt took the proffered photograph, one of the very best, and gazed at it in silence. It was Gypsy's face in its sauciest mood, the curls ruffled, the eyes dancing with mischief, the mouth just curving into a smile.

"It is perfect, Lal; take great care of it," he said, as he handed it back.

A great disappointment befell Gypsy before July was out. Mrs. Lawson had promised to come down for the bazaar, and to stay a fortnight at least, and Gypsy had looked forward to her sister's visit more than usual—why, she hardly knew herself. To her great grief, Mr. Lawson was offered the loan of a house in Scotland for six weeks, and as he accepted the offer, the visit to Ashleigh fell through.

The Lawsons, however, ran down for a Sunday before they went north, bringing with them the family pride, a sturdy boy of two, who was as devoted to "Auntie Dyp" as she to him.

Gypsy was sauntering across the lawn with baby Arthur, commonly called King, clinging to her hand, and singing as she came, when Mr. Holt and Lal came up the path on Saturday afternoon.

"'Tis fine to be two years old, boy!
'Tis fine to be dressed in blue (only it is white)!
But I'm your old auntie, darling,
And I cannot marry you!"

sang Gypsy.

"King wants tea and take, Auntie Dyp," said the baby voice.

"King shall have it, lots of cake, and buns!

"No one has married me, darling,
No one will marry me now."

"Have you quite made up your mind to be an old maid, Miss Marchmont?" said a voice behind her; and Gypsy turned, laughing, to introduce her small nephew.

Then Mr. Holt promptly made another conquest, and King lived in a state of utter bliss till he was borne reluctantly to bed.

"I never saw such a man as Mr. Holt is with children," said Mrs. Lawson, when she and Gypsy were having a farewell gossip that night. "He is perfectly charming. I am in love with him altogether. Jim is jealous."

"So I should think!" laughed Gypsy. "Oh, Nell, I wish you were not going to Scotland!"

"Why not?"

"I don't know; it is so far, and I can't get at you; and I have a sort of feeling that something dreadful will happen while you are away."

"Nonsense, Gyp; you will have a very gay summer, and enjoy yourself immensely."

There was silence while they gazed together over the moonlit garden. Each sister knew what was in the other's mind, but neither liked to speak of it. In real life women are not apt to discuss their love-affairs.

"Gypsy, how is Cecil getting on?" asked Mrs. Lawson, at last.

"I don't know. Nell, what am I to do? When I am unkind to him I feel a brute; when I am kind I feel I am deceiving him. I know they will all say I flirted with him, and I wouldn't if I could help it, but what can I do?"

"Have you quite made up your mind about him?"

"Quite. Nothing on earth would induce me to marry him." Gypsy's tone was firm and decisive.

"I am afraid that sooner or later you will have to tell him so. It must come to it. Poor old Cecil! I am so sorry for him; he has been very faithful to you, Gyp."

"I know; that makes it all the harder."

"I wonder if Mr. Holt is well off?" said Mrs. Lawson, with apparent irrelevancy.

"I fancy not; in fact, I am sure he isn't, but he is very clever."

"You think he will make a name in time? I hope he will, but he will hardly be able to marry for years."

"I am sure he won't," said Gypsy quietly. "You see, Lal depends on him entirely; he has nothing of his own. Mr. Holt told me so one day quite casually, as if it was nothing to have adopted a boy like that. I call it splendid."

"'WHY, LAL, HOW DID YOU GET UP HERE?'" (*p.* 546).

Mrs. Lawson said no more; she was uncertain how far things had gone. That Mr. Holt admired Gypsy she was certain; that she reciprocated the feeling she suspected. But, then, a poor artist might think it more honourable never to declare his feelings, and in that case the less she betrayed her suspicions the better.

"Well, Gypsy, you will write and tell me all about everything that happens," she said at last. "I shall expect a budget once a week."

"All right," said Gypsy.

"And if you want any advice, you must ask for it, you know," went on her sister. "Tell me all about everything, and I hope you will be very happy while I am away, my dear old Gyp."

To her amazement the girl clung to her, half crying.

"Oh, Nell—my Nell! I *wish* you were not going away so far. I shall want you, I know I shall!" she cried passionately.

"Gypsy, my darling Gypsy! What is the matter with you to-night? Come with us, then, if you think you shall miss me so," said her sister, as she kissed the curly head that lay on her shoulder.

"No—oh, no! I couldn't leave home," said Gypsy quickly.

Then she recovered herself with an effort, and stood up.

"Good night, Nell; I must not keep you up; you have to start early to-morrow. I am very stupid to-night. I think I must be tired," and she tried to laugh.

Her sister kissed her again, and held her hands in her own.

"I think you must be overtired; you work so hard always," she said. "If you find life too much for you,

alter your mind and come with us. We don't start for a week yet."

"I couldn't, thank you, dear," said Gypsy gently. "Besides, I am surprised at you," with a sudden change of tone. "Think of the bazaar!" and she went off laughing.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

IN WHICH LAL APPEARS AS A PATRON OF ART.

A FEW dull, grey days had followed the thunderstorms and then the heat returned with double vigour. Country dissipations were in full swing, quickened by the glorious weather. There were flower shows, garden parties, or cricket matches every day.

Mr. Holt had taken to painting in real earnest, and spent long mornings in the forest; but he never failed to put in an appearance at the various social gatherings in the afternoon. He generally came with Alan Fortescue. The two men had become great friends, and appeared so often together in public, accompanied by Lal, that local wit nicknamed them the Harmonious Trio. Mr. Holt was asked everywhere, and his tennis and cricket made him very popular.

Sybil Crawford had a way of gently monopolising him at tennis parties that intensely amused, or disgusted, lookers-on. Sybil was an atrocious little flirt. She meant nothing by it, but she always liked to have a man dancing attendance on her; and as Mr. Holt was the most distinguished-looking man in the neighbourhood that summer, she quietly made a dead set at him.

Some of the other girls resented her monopoly; some laughed at her. The elder ladies made severe remarks on her conduct; and Cecil was so annoyed that he was moved to remonstrate with her at last.

He was roused to speech after a tennis party at Crawhatch, when Sybil, under pretence of taking Mr. Holt to see a famous ride in the forest, which lay just outside their gates, had absented herself from the lawn with him for the greater part of the afternoon. Mrs. Crawford never thought of interfering with her daughter, and the part of mentor was always left to Cecil.

"Sybil, I can't think how you can make yourself so conspicuous," said her indignant brother. "The way you run after Holt is perfectly sickening. You should have heard Mrs. Marchmont and Mrs. Ingram talking about you this afternoon."

"I dare say they said everything that was charming," said Sybil coolly. "I know their little ways."

"Well, all I can say is that I was utterly ashamed to be asked so often what on earth had become of you. The next time you intend to behave like that, you can kindly give me warning, and go to your garden parties alone."

"Oh, the ingratitude of this world!" sighed Sybil. "When you ought to be thanking me for keeping Mr. Holt away from Gypsy!"

Cecil turned on her in a fury.

"Sybil, what do you mean? Are you chaffing?" he cried in a tone that almost frightened her.

"Well, of course there are none so blind as those who won't see; but everybody knows that Mr. Holt has been smitten with Gypsy ever since he came."

Sybil was simply expressing her own sentiments, but Cecil did not stop to inquire into the truth of her statements. He turned away abruptly and left her, and she heard no more of her own delinquencies.

The opening day of the celebrated bazaar drew near at last, to the great relief of every one concerned. It was to be an open-air *fête*, and the stalls were scattered picturesquely under awnings over the principal lawn of the Manor. The business of erecting them began on the previous day, but Mrs. Marchmont was deprived of Mr. Holt's artistic aid, on which she had reckoned. Poor little Lal, in playing about among the carpenters' tools, contrived to cut himself rather severely with a chisel, and the result to the delicate child was faintness and a bad headache, which kept him at home for the rest of the day, with his beloved Jan in close attendance.

Mr. Holt was much missed, but none dared to suggest that he should leave Lal even for half an hour. Gerald went down early the next morning to inquire after the patient, and brought back word that he was all right again, but was recommended by the faculty to keep quiet all the morning, in order to prepare for the fatigues of the afternoon. He also brought back with him Mr. Holt's contribution to the bazaar—a series of sketches in the neighbourhood, executed in a masterly style, that would command a good price.

"But really I don't like taking them," objected Mrs. Marchmont. "He must have sent us everything he has done since he came. I really cannot accept them all."

"You'd better, or there will be an awful row," said Gerald. "I've had them thrown at my head once today already."

So the sketches were proudly displayed upon the Marchmonts' stall, which considered itself highly artistic.

Three o'clock was the opening hour, and by that time the stall-holders were all assembled, somewhat weary already from the fatigues of the morning, but trusting to excitement to sustain them. Gypsy looked her prettiest in an Indian muslin gown smothered in lace, and a sailor hat with white ribbons, and with a bunch of soft creamy roses in the front of her gown.

Her sunny youth and brightness seemed to strike the vicar, as he came up to her on his tour of inspection. Mr. Kendall was one of a not uncommon type of parsons; tall, thin, and grey-haired, with a fine, thoughtful face, but a careworn expression. He looked across at his own daughters and sighed.

"I hope Joyce is not very tired," he said. "She has been working very hard."

"I am afraid she has," said Gypsy. "I will look after her, and see she rests and has a proper tea by-and-by. She doesn't look well, Mr. Kendall; you and she ought to take a nice holiday together this autumn; your family are too much for you."

"I don't think I shall take a holiday this year," said the vicar. "It would be too bad to desert the church

after we have all just been working so hard for it; don't you think so?"

He went off with a smile, but Gypsy stood watching him with a heavy feeling at her heart. She had thought the Kendalls' means more straitened than usual of late, but she had not thought it was as bad as this. The vicar giving up his annual holiday—she knew what that meant! How well Joyce looked in her old white gown, but how many years it had done duty Gypsy was ashamed to think as she glanced at her own dainty raiment.

She was roused from her meditations by Cecil Crawford, who came to inquire what she had reserved expressly for him. There was an air about Cecil lately that she did not understand; he had a defiant sort of way of taking possession of her that bewildered her; it was so novel. She submitted rather than quarrel with him; she had grown very gentle with him of late; the snubbing was a thing of the past, and yet she was more indifferent to him than ever.

She was turning over her wares laughingly for his inspection, when an important little voice cried at her elbow—

"Gypsy! Here we are! And my hand is much better, and I have got a sling for it!" and she turned to find Lal beside her, and Mr. Holt in the background with a large flat parcel in his arms.

"We have brought you another contribution for your stall, if it is not too late," he said, and held out the parcel.

Gypsy took it in mute surprise, and cut the string, with a sudden conviction taking possession of her. Cecil looked on with a frown on his usually genial face.

There was a ripple of suppressed laughter from Lal, as the parted papers disclosed the desire of Gypsy's heart. There, duly framed and glazed, little Lal's face smiled at her, his very self, not merely drawn by a clever artist, but by one who knew and loved every line of the delicate features, every expression of the soft dark eyes. As a work of art it had its value; as Lal's portrait drawn by Lal's adopted brother, in Gypsy's eyes it was beyond all price.

"I say! That's good!" said Cecil, unable to restrain his admiration.

"It is—lovely! Is it for sale?" asked Gypsy, gazing at it with quiet satisfaction, and not doubting for an instant that it was for herself.

"TO HER AMAZEMENT THE GIRL CLUNG TO HER, HALF-CRYING" (*p.* 547).

"It is sold, and the purchaser will come for it this evening," said Mr. Holt.

"Sold?" and Gypsy looked up in blank dismay.

"Yes; it was an order."

"But *I* ordered it," argued Gypsy.

Mr. Holt laughed. "I don't remember taking the order; I thought I refused it," he said. "What price have you put on that little screen with the lilies? I want to buy it."

"Did you paint that, Gypsy?" asked Cecil, as he handed it down at her request.

"I don't know—did I, Mr. Holt?" she asked, laughing.

"Well, I don't know; it was a joint-stock affair, I fancy," he answered. "What's the price?"

"Two guineas—I'll give you three for it, Gypsy!" said Cecil, eagerly. Jealousy sharpened his wits, and he guessed who had had a hand in the painting.

"It is not allowable to alter the prices in any way," said Gypsy. "Are you really going to buy that useless thing, Mr. Holt?"

He began to count out the money by way of answer, but Cecil retained possession of the screen.

"Come now, Gyp, you have no right to refuse a good offer. I'll give you five guineas for it."

"Nonsense; Mr. Holt has bought it."

"Very well; I shall ask Mrs. Marchmont if that's how you do business."

Cecil was actually losing his temper, and Gypsy was quite alarmed lest he should make a scene. Instinctively she turned to Mr. Holt for help.

"You don't really want it?" she said.

"As we both spoke first, Crawford, suppose we draw lots for it?" said Mr. Holt coolly.

It was a fair proposal, and Cecil could hardly object.

"Very well; use Lal's cap," said Gypsy.

"Mr. Holt, the screen is yours."

Cecil turned away, too angry to trust himself to speak, throwing the screen roughly down on the stall. The two left behind took no notice; Gypsy asked Mr. Holt to place Lal's portrait in a conspicuous position, and asked, as he did so, how she was to know the purchaser.

"I'll see that the right person comes," was his answer.

"I do think it is too bad! Tantalus was nothing to it. To have it under my eyes all the afternoon, and not be able to buy it!" she grumbled. "Tell me who the purchaser is, and I will strive to greet him with complacency by this evening."

"The secret is not mine to reveal," said Mr. Holt. "Come, Lal, let us go and do the grand tour."

Gypsy drove a merry trade all the afternoon, and had little time for thought. But she kept a sharp look-out for a probable purchaser of the portrait, and tried vainly to guess who it might be. She could only conclude that it was Mr. Holt himself; but, then, why all this mystery? Every one admired the portrait. She had endless offers for it, but she was constrained to refuse them all.

Mr. Holt's sketches sold well, and more than one person would fain have given him orders for more, but he refused them all with quiet dignity, and said that Lal's portrait was the one and only order he had ever executed. Gypsy could not understand it; she felt vaguely excited and worried, and wished heartily that the bazaar was over.

Meanwhile it went off like any other bazaar. There was much fun and much fatigue, a great deal of flirting and chaffing, a great deal of money wasted on rubbish, and a steady flow of coin into the purses of the stall-holders. Gypsy hoped that the end justified the means.

Cecil came up to her in the middle of the afternoon, and asked her if she really wanted Lal's picture. Gypsy knew that he intended it for a peace-offering, and felt sorry to have to reply—

"Mr. Holt won't sell it."

"He shall if you want it; I'll make him;" and Cecil went off.

He tackled Mr. Holt, and told him to name his own price for the picture. He would give him ten guineas—twenty—fifty. He finally offered to write him a cheque for a hundred pounds there and then if he would only sell the portrait.

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Holt, "I assure you it is not mine to sell. It is sold already, and its owner would not part with it for a thousand pounds."

Whereupon Cecil flung off in a rage, and retired to the furthest depths of the kitchen garden to digest the useful lesson that money cannot buy everything in this world.

The day was nearly over, and the visitors almost all gone. The weary saleswomen were counting their gains, and comparative quiet reigned over the scene, when Lal came up to Gypsy with smiling eyes and an important air.

"I've come to buy something," he announced.

"Come on then, Lal! Good boy! What do you want?"

"I want," said Lal, slowly and distinctly, "my own picture, and here's the money."

And on the stall he solemnly laid a single shilling.

"Lal!" cried Gypsy, astonished.

"It is mine. I ordered it, and Jan did it, and I want it, please," said Master Lal complacently.

Gypsy looked up, and caught sight of Mr. Holt looking on with a quiet smile.

"It is all right; it is his," he said.

Gypsy handed it down with a deep sigh.

Lal put his one available hand behind his back.

"It is for you; I had it done for you, and I give it to you. You are to put it in your own room, and look at it every day and think of me," said Lal, with the air of a prince.

Gypsy glanced from one to the other. Lal's face was one beam of delight, and Mr. Holt's—she dropped her eyes as they met his, and putting her arms round Lal's neck, she kissed him.

"You are a perfect darling, Lal," she said.

"You do like it, don't you, Gypsy?" said Lal.

"I like it better than anything I ever had in my life before," said Gypsy.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

TRUTH BEFORE ALL THINGS.

IT was the first Sunday in September, and a very hot Sunday, too. Gypsy reclined on the haycock in perfect bliss and content, revelling in the drowsy heat. She had brought out a book, with excellent intentions, but the influence of the afternoon had been too much for her, and the book lay unheeded by her side, while she gazed at the blue sky through the green leaves, and gave herself up to the utter peace and stillness of the day.

The peace was the more soothing by contrast. They had had a merry, busy week. Two or three of Gerald's friends had come down for a cricket match, and stayed on for the first, and there had been a great deal of fun and larking. It was all very well in its way, and Gerald's friends were nice boys; but Gypsy had rather outgrown this style of society, or was not in the mood for it, and she was very glad that the last young Cantab had departed yesterday, and that there was no more entertaining expected of her.

In the hushed silence of the afternoon the rustle of a footstep on the grass caught her attention, and she roused herself to sit upright with a look of satisfaction in her eyes.

As she expected, Mr. Holt looked in through the drooping boughs.

"May I come in?" he said. "We overtook your sisters on their way home from Sunday school, and Lal is gone to see the plums with them, so I came on."

He did not explain why he had not gone on as far as the house, but came inside the charmed circle of greenery, and seated himself on the haycock.

"Isn't it a perfect afternoon?" said Gypsy.

"Perfect. What are you reading?" and he reached over for her book. "Robertson's Sermons?"

"Yes; do you know them? I like them better than any others I ever read," said Gypsy, in a dreamy, leisurely way. "I like that sermon I have just been reading. To my mind, the concluding words are the keynote of Robertson's character."

Mr. Holt looked down at the open page, and read—

"'The first lesson of Christian life is this: Be true. And the second is this: Be true. And the third is this: Be true.'

"Truth is your favourite virtue, then?" he said, after a pause.

"It is the one indispensable virtue, I think. Of all things, I detest and despise deceit."

"But in a man surely you would despise cowardice more?"

"Deceit is cowardice; besides, a man may be a coward by nature and a brave man on principle. If he owned to cowardice, I might be sorry for him, but I should not despise him in the same way. He might overcome his weakness in time, but you cannot teach a man who is false by nature to become true."

"Do you mean that you could never forgive one who had deceived you?"

"Never; that is, I could never trust him again. Anything else I think I might forgive; but deceit, never."

Gypsy looked straight before her, and spoke with the decision of a severe young judge.

Mr. Holt watched her in silence for a moment; then he said slowly—

"Do you know, I think you are a little hard. Of course it is natural for you, with your natural truth and openness, to speak so, but—you don't mind my saying it?—I think you, in your sheltered, happy life, can hardly realise what the temptations to deceit might be to a man out in the world."

"Brave men resist temptation," said Gypsy.

"But could you not forgive even harmless deceit?"

"I don't think deceit can ever be harmless."

"Deceit to shield a friend, for instance? A man might be driven to that; and would you judge him so hardly?"

"A man serves his friends best by truth," said Gypsy firmly.

"Or suppose, to put another case, that a man was led into deceit almost without his will—say he pretended, or hid something when he knew it could do no harm, and then was led on till he found himself living in a state of deception, and unable to break free without giving pain to others. Surely you would forgive such a man? You would not say he had lost all sense of truth because he persevered in innocent deception for the sake of others?"

"He would prove my point," said Gypsy. "There can be no such thing as innocent deception, or declaring the truth would not make others unhappy."

"What would your advice be, then, to such a man?"

"To have done with his deception at all cost, and to let the truth be known at once."

"And then you could forgive him?"

"I could never trust him again."

"You would not think his repentance and amendment sufficient atonement?"

"I might respect his desire to atone, but I should feel he desired what was impossible."

"But suppose it was some one whom you cared for? Your brother, for instance? Would that alter the case?"

Mr. Holt's tone was slow and leisurely; he turned over the pages of the book carelessly as he paused for a reply.

"It would make a difference in one's affection. Do you remember Mrs. Browning's knight, whose wife followed him to the wars disguised as a page, and then put the case to him under another name? He answered—

'I would forgive, and evermore
Would love her as my servitor,
But little as my wife.'

I think he was right. How could he ever respect again a woman who had so deceived him?"

There was another pause, and before Mr. Holt had made any reply, Gerald's voice was ringing across the lawn—

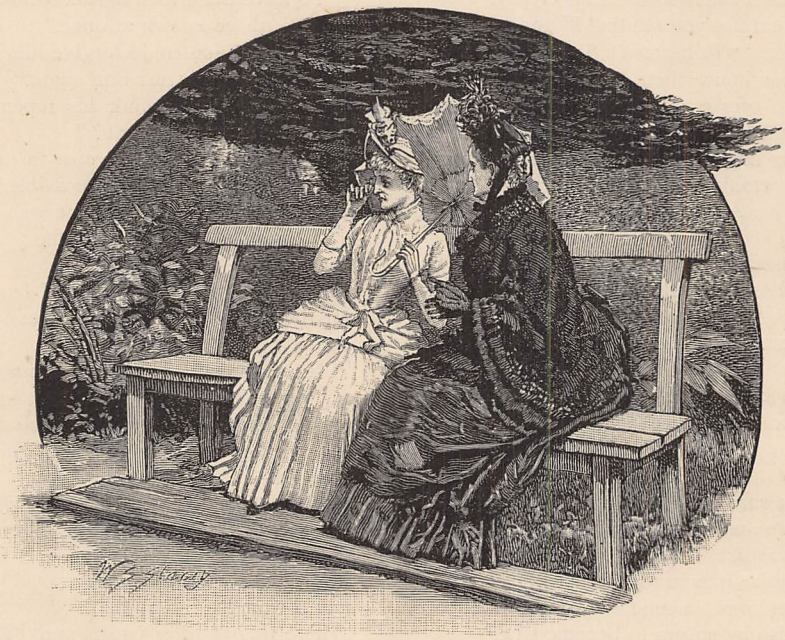
"Gypsy! Gypsy! Where are you? Tea is ready, and Fortescue is here. Come up on the front lawn!"

Alan Fortescue had come up to invite them all to tea at Ashleigh Place that week. The workmen were just out of the house, and he thought they might like to go over it before its new owner arrived. None of the party had ever been inside the house before, with the exception of Mr. Marchmont and Mr. Holt, who had smoked a pipe up there occasionally of late; and even they had only seen one or two of the reception rooms, and were as keen as the rest of the party to see the whole house.

Thursday was the day fixed, and the Crawfords were asked to come over, but they were already engaged, rather to the relief of more than one of the party. There had been of late a faint element of discord in the air whenever Cecil joined them. Every one else accepted; the Kendalls, even including the vicar himself, Mr. Holt and Lal, and the whole family of Marchmonts.

Thursday proved a glorious September day, clear and soft, with a dazzlingly blue sky overhead, brilliantly green grass under foot, and even the trees in the great avenue brightened by the genial influence of the autumn sun with golden touches on their dusky summer dress.

Alan received his guests in state on the great flight of steps in front of the hall-door, and led them across the oaken-floored hall, and through one of the rooms beyond, on to the broad terrace, where tea awaited them. Garden-chairs were modern luxuries unknown at the Place, but he had strewn the broad balustrade and stone benches with gay rugs and cushions, and brought out a stately arm-chair to place at the head of the table.



"THE ELDER LADIES MADE SEVERE REMARKS ON HER CONDUCT" (*p.* 548).

Mrs. Marchmont declined to pour out tea, saying it was the young folks' turn to take the trouble off her. Alan was turning to ask Joyce to take the vacant post, when Mr. Holt said quickly—

"Don't worry Miss Kendall; she has enough of that sort of thing at home. Let Miss Marchmont do it."

So Gypsy sat in the high-backed chair, her hat thrown off, and her curly head in relief against the dark carving, while Lal perched on its arm, and the young men waited on her, and the boys ran to and fro, and the sound of voices and laughter, such as the grey old walls had not echoed to for many a day, rose on the soft still air.

Mr. Holt stood near the head of the table, and ate cake out of Lal's plate, to the child's great satisfaction.

"I like to see you pouring out tea here; you look as if you were in your right place," he said to Gypsy.

"You are as bad as my sister, Mrs. Lawson," laughed Gypsy. "The last time that I was here she prophesied that Sir John would soon be taking me round to see the improvements, and now I suppose you think he will ask me to pour out tea?"

"Perhaps he may. Who knows? At all events, I should think you are the first person who ever did it on this terrace."

"There you are wrong!" said Gypsy triumphantly, "for we had tea here one day last spring, and my sister poured it out."

Alan Fortescue was in wonderfully high spirits to-day; elated, perhaps, by the success of his party. He kept every one in fits of laughter, and, tea over, incited the Kendall boys to such feats of daring in connection with the balustrade, that prudent Joyce hinted to Mrs. Marchmont to suggest an adjournment to see the house.

"I don't believe there is anything to see," remarked Gypsy, during the general move. "How should there be?"

"But the house is old, surely?" said Mr. Holt.

"Queen Anne, I believe; but the Warrens built that. They were the real old family here, but the last of them ran through his fortune, and was obliged to sell everything; so Sir James Hurst bought the place. He was an old nabob, rolling in money, who got a baronetcy by steady party-voting. The Hursts are mere mushrooms," said Gypsy in scorn.

After all, Gypsy was mistaken. The old nabob had not been in the East for nothing. The china, the ivory, and sandalwood, the carved black furniture, the Indian curiosities, and valuables that lurked in every hole and corner of the great dreary rooms, excited every one's envy and admiration.

"I call it a heavenly house," Gypsy said, sighing. "And how Sir John will ruin it! White and gold furniture upholstered in crimson will be his idea of the correct thing."

"No, no; not in these æsthetic days," said Mr. Holt.

"You forget he is a Liverpool clerk," returned Gypsy.

"I won't have Sir John run down," cried Alan. "I am deeply attached to Sir John. He is my very good friend. Come up and see the great picture gallery."

"Oh, dear! I wish I had the doing up of this house," sighed Gypsy, as they crossed the hall.

"I think I could make it rather fascinating," remarked Mr. Holt.

"HERE WHERE WE SAT AND DREAMT OF DAYS TO BE."

"LOVE WERE ENOUGH" (*p.* 553).

"I expect you could. I wish Sir John would let you do it."

"When he does, I hope you will give me your advice and assistance," said Mr. Holt quickly.

"Oh, certainly! Nothing would give me greater pleasure," said Gypsy.

The picture gallery, which was absolutely devoid of pictures, was chiefly fascinating to the boys, who ran races down the smooth, polished floor. Gypsy was more attracted by a room in the front of the house, which commanded a view of the broad gravel sweep below, and of the great avenue.

"If I lived here, this should be my sitting-room," she cried. "It is the loveliest room in the house."

No one heard her but Mr. Holt, who inquired, "Furnished anew in black and gold and dull greens, I suppose?"

"Yes, and hung with the loveliest pictures! You should paint me a series of forest views for it."

"Certainly. That's a bargain," he said promptly.

The party broke up soon after. Mr. Marchmont drove his wife home, and gave Mr. Kendall, who had to preach in Hengston that night, a lift as far as the park gates. The young people strolled homewards through the park, accompanied by Alan. Gypsy, and Mr. Holt carrying Lal, led the van, talking over the treasures of the place, and settling how beautiful and artistic a house they could make it.

"If only Sir John would give us carte-blanche to do the place up for him!" sighed Gypsy, as they reached the park paling and waited a minute or two for the rest of the party.

"Perhaps he will if we are nice to him," suggested Mr. Holt.

"Not he! He will be everything that is odious," returned Gypsy.

"Haven't you got your key, Miss Marchmont?" asked Alan, as he came up. "I am afraid I have left mine behind. I thought you would be sure to have yours with you."

"The dad has it," said Gypsy; "unless Gerald asked him for it. Did you, Gerrie?"

"Not I! I never thought of it. Hang it all! What shall we do?"

There was the park paling, and there was the Vicarage almost within sight, and for lack of a key they would have to go back right across the park, out at the great gates, and home by a long round. It was too tiresome.

"It all comes of having such a stupid little door! I wish there was a regular path and a gate here," said Gypsy.

"What an opportunity for willing!" said Lena.

"What's that?" asked Joyce.

"Oh, Molly was telling us of a girl she met, who declared she could will people to do all sorts of things when she was away from them. Now, if we could only will Sir John to make a gate here!" said Kitty.

"Perhaps we could," cried Mr. Holt, with fun twinkling in his eyes. "Let us try! All join hands—form a ring—now all will in silence that Sir John shall make a proper gate here!"

The absurd ceremony ended in an explosion of laughter, almost before the noisy ring had subsided into silence; and Gypsy, as she leant against the paling, shaking with merriment, exclaimed, "How mad we all are to-night! We must be fey!"

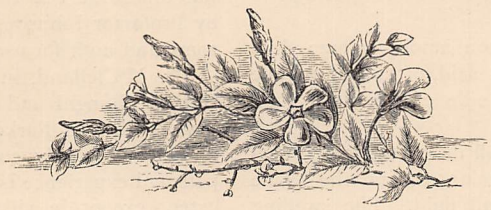
"I think some of us are," said Mr. Holt absently, with a slight sigh.

"Well, but what are we to do?" asked Joyce.

"Gerrie, can't you climb over and get two chairs from the Vicarage?" asked Gypsy. "With a chair on each side of the fence we could all of us easily get over, too."

The suggestion was acted on amidst general mirth, and the noisy party left Alan forlorn on the other side of the paling, with many injunctions to stir up Sir John about that gate.

END OF CHAPTER THE NINTH.



LOVE WERE ENOUGH.

LOVE, if you came to me, as once true-hearted,
Here where we sat and dreamt of days to be,
I should believe that we had never parted,
And that your heart had never gone from me.
Nay, do not fear, I should not blame or chide you,
We would not speak of all that bitter pain;
It were enough to know I was beside you,
It were enough to hear your voice again.

We would go dreaming in the golden glory,
From spot to spot along each well-known way;
Take up the threads of our long-silent story,
And weave again the same sweet dream to-day.
Then in a moment, all the past retrieving,
Love would come back, and faith and hope restore;
Then I should know, beloved and believing,
Know that your heart was mine again once more.

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

DERBYSHIRE NECK: ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE peculiar ailment which forms the subject of my paper for this month is one from which, happily, the majority of my readers are free, while many may never even have heard of it. Nevertheless, one must sometimes write for the minority, and I have the best of reasons for believing that the complaint is painfully prevalent in more than one district into which our well-known yellow-covered MAGAZINE monthly finds its way, both in India and England. In a back number, while writing on the care and culture of the voice, I mentioned the existence of a peculiar gland called the thyroid, which lies in front of the windpipe. Well, for some reason or other, not sufficiently explained by even our best physiologists and most skilful practitioners, this particular gland becomes in some people enlarged, and the enlargement goes by the name of goitre, or, more commonly, Derbyshire neck.

Than this unsightly ailment, nothing perhaps is more dreaded in the districts in which it is apt to prevail.

The swelling begins gradually on the front and lower part of the neck, and for a long time may be little else except a sort of fulness, which some have gone so far as to characterise as graceful. It is a sad gracefulness.

The disease is not, as a rule, a painful one, nor does it give rise to any constitutional symptoms, but it is a deformity if it reaches any size, and, if it gets very large, a great inconvenience as well. It is not unusual for the neck, at the part where the goitre is, to measure nearly two feet.

It is very much more common among women than men—in the proportion, it is said, of twelve to one—and is often larger on one side of the neck than on the other.

The grain—if I might so call it—of the gland gets bigger, its blood-vessels are enlarged, and the whole organ filled with a thick viscid fluid. The swelling may be soft, or firm, or even hard.

One of the worst and most trying features of a case, consists in the fact that the goitre may continue for quite a long time, years indeed, of a size that may be little short of the so-called gracefulness, then begin suddenly to enlarge to an enormous extent.

I have said, as a rule, the tumour is painless, but it may give rise to symptoms that are in themselves very distressing indeed, if not absolutely dangerous.

The least disagreeable of these are caused by the weight of the tumour, which is in some cases a terrible drag. It may also impede the passage of the blood from the head, and thus cause feelings of fulness therein, singing and noises in the ears, and even deafness. The teeth often decay, probably from the same cause.

If, along with the goitre, there be anæmia, or poverty of blood, the symptoms consequent on that state of system will be much increased, and we may have throbbing of the veins, palpitation of the heart, distressful dyspepsia, lowness of spirits, and sleeplessness.

While, however, a very large tumour may exist without giving rise to any symptoms of a very urgent character, a small one may be so placed as to cause feelings of suffocation, or great difficulty in swallowing, or it might even encircle the trachea so as to make swallowing impossible.

There has been no lack of skilful investigation among medical men of the causes of this deformity, and many facts have been elicited that are not only interesting in themselves, but which aid us in our attempts at giving relief or actual cure.

Here is one, and I make no apology for quoting it, because it may serve to bring hope to some afflicted one who reads this paper: Dr. Edmund Parker thinks it is certain that the water of goitrous districts contains large quantities of lime and magnesia, being derived from limestone and dolomitic districts. During the ten years 1843—53 the water used in the food and drink of the prisoners at the Durham county gaol contained large quantities of sulphate of lime, carbonate of lime, and chloride of magnesium. The men in all classes, whether on low diet or otherwise, suffered extensively from goitre. The pumping machinery of the well, however, got out of order, and the water (filtered) of the river Wear was temporarily introduced for the use of the gaol. The effect soon became apparent on the health of the prisoners, and the affections of the neck speedily subsided. So marked was this result that the water of the well was analysed by Professor Johnson, who condemned it as unwholesome and unfit for use.*

Mr. M'Clelland, in his sketch of the climate and soils of Bengal and the North-West Provinces, believes with Dr. Parker; and the evidence he brings forward is highly conclusive, for the result of his personal experience is that goitre never prevails to any extent except in villages situated upon or close to limestone rocks. The natives themselves ascribe the prevalence of the disorder to the use of limestone water; and in the districts watered from slate or green sandstone rock, goitre is almost unknown.

However, as if to shake our faith in these statements, a French surgeon mentions the fact of two villages divided from each other only by a glen, both standing on the same kind of soil, and both watered from the same sort of rock, and both on the same level, and goitre prevailing in one and not in the other. An important part of the Frenchman's state-

* *The Edinburgh Journal of Medicine*, 1885.

ment is this, that *there is iodine in the water of the village exempt from the disorder.*

After all it is probably the most sensible plan to believe that while the water has a very great deal to do with the production of goitre, other causes combine with it to generate the disease, notably the marshiness and unwholesomeness of the soil and the peculiar habits of the people.

There is a still more distressing kind of goitre, which I cannot do more here than simply mention. It is exophthalmic bronchocele, and is characterised specially by three sets of symptoms—enlargement of the gland itself, protrusion or bulging out of the eyeballs, and palpitation of the heart.

This is sometimes called Graves's disease.

There is usually short-sightedness, no doubt arising from the changed shape of the eye, which is sometimes so large that the eyelids cannot cover it at night. There is also a pulsation and thrill felt in the tumour if the hand is placed over it. The pulse is easily excited, the heart itself may be much enlarged, and the general health much disturbed, the appetite either gone or capricious, the patient subject to attacks of vertigo and fainting, and usually sleepless.

Now for the *treatment* of ordinary goitre. What I have said about the water of the district being, seemingly, a common cause of the disorder, gives us hope. It was quite wonderful, indeed, how soon the gaol patients recovered, after the filtered water of the Wear was substituted for that of the well impregnated with both lime and magnesium.

The fact that the soil, if unwholesome, or the district generally, has a tendency to induce goitre, points to the very first and most important indication of treatment—removal of the cause; in other words, the patient who has goitre coming on, goitre in its incipient and most "graceful" form, must seek an immediate change.

As females suffering from goitre are usually afflicted in other ways, they should not only change their residence to a more healthy country, but put themselves under the charge of a medical man for a time.

But cases may be in existence, and doubtless are, where a poor patient finds it impossible to change his residence. He may turn to the advising doctor and say—

"It's all very well to recommend change of residence. How am I to be sure of getting work to support my family in another part of the country?"

Well, to such as these I would reply—There still is hope if you do this: Boil, soften, and filter every drop of water you use, either for drinking purposes or for cooking; and, if it be possible, distil it.

Is there medicine for the cure of goitre? Yes, assuredly there is, but you *must* see about the water.

And our sheet-anchor in the therapeutic treatment of this unsightly disorder is undoubtedly iodine in some shape or form. The iodine must be taken internally, and employed externally as well. The simplest form of iodine treatment is that by iodide of potassium. This may be adopted at home without even consulting a doctor. Suppose it is an adult, the following would be a useful formula:—

R.

Potass. iodidi	grs. 90.
Vin. ipecac.	℥ iij.
Succi tarax.	℥ i.
Decoct. sarsæ. co. ad....	℥ viii.
	M.

Label, one-sixth part thrice daily after meals.

At the same time, either iodine liniment is to be smeared over the tumour, or it may be painted as often as the patient can bear it with the strong tincture of iodine.

A better or stronger form, in which to take the iodine internally, is to commence with three grains of the iodide of ammonium, in an ounce of the infusion of bark, thrice daily before meals, and gradually increase the dose up to ten or twelve grains. Consult your physician first, however.

The iodide of iron may be tried now and then, but most cases will yield to the above treatment. A modification of the somewhat heroic treatment of Major Holmes of the Indian army—he was killed in the Mutiny—will often do good. It is simply the rubbing in, every alternate night, of an ointment of the red iodide of mercury, fifteen grains to an ounce of lard. The neck must not be blistered, however, or bad constitutional effects may follow.

This, then, is the main part of the treatment I recommend. To epitomise: it is simply either the removal of the patient entirely from the insalubrious district, or a radical improvement by means within the command of all of the water used, *plus* the use of iodine internally and externally.

Can nothing more be done? Nothing to aid this treatment? Yes, a good deal. If you have incipient goitre, you must look upon yourself as in the clutches of an enemy, and leave nothing undone to get clear away.

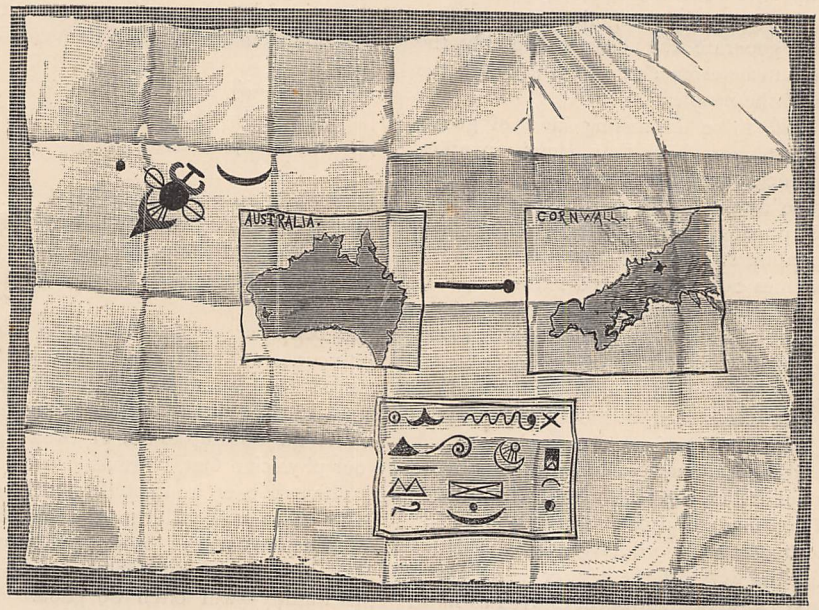
Without weakening yourself by such a course, you may take a warm bath every third day. This will tend to keep the blood pure, and get rid of obnoxious matter. But the blood must be sufficiently rich as well as pure; take, therefore, four grains of the citrate of iron and ammonia in a bitter bark decoction, thrice a day.

Now and then a fortnight's course of quinine will do good—the citrate of quinine and iron. The system must be kept free by an occasional aperient, by fruit in the morning, and oatmeal porridge. The bath must be taken daily. The diet must be nourishing, and an extra amount of exercise taken in the open air.

If, then, in this brief paper I have made the state of the case plain to you, and given you hope, I am happy.

LETTERS FROM THE PLANETS.

FROM OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.



THE HIEROGLYPHICS.

WAITING FOR NEWS.

I READ and re-read my strange letters. Should I ever hear more from my unearthly visitor? How could he again send to me, when he was some thirty millions of miles off in the planet Venus, or would his powers reach so far as to transmit to this little spot of earth a bolt such as he had certainly been able to hurl from Mount Aristarchus on the Moon?

I was much interested in the matter, and often thought of my strange visitor and his still stranger letters from regions where the foot of man has never trod. Often also did I go on the moor and look at the curious post-office, the riven rock, and the *débris* we had caused round it by the explosion. I searched the neighbourhood attentively. I examined the rocks and the turf bogs and the cairns around, but in vain. No sign of change was apparent, no vestige of violent explosion, nor the launching of bolts with gigantic force, such as I had seen on the former memorable occasion.

Months passed and there was nothing to be seen. At length I gave up my visits to the moorlands. It was useless to search for what did not exist, and I gave up all hopes of hearing more from another world.

NEWS AT LAST.

I had given up all thought of hearing from my unearthly friend, although his memory often haunted me, and, indeed, will haunt me to my dying day. Things went on as usual in our peaceful moorland parish. The great world troubled us not, and save for the news in the daily Plymouth paper, I heard little of it.

Suddenly a strange change came on my little home circle, and new vistas of the realms of space—tens of millions of miles off—opened on my dazzled eyes. It came in a most unexpected manner, and in a much more commonplace way apparently than before.

One morning the servant brought me a letter with the post-mark, "Perth, Western Australia."

The letter was not prepaid, so I had to pay the postage, but the strange handwriting, a graceful imitation of printing the Latin characters (as of one who did not know how to write, but imitated printed letters, yet a hand too refined and cultured to be mistaken for an ignorant person), was too striking to be mistaken. It was Aleriel's, manifestly.

I took it to my study and broke the seal with trembling hands. Inside, instead of the letter I expected, there was a beautifully painted sheet of hieroglyphs. They were rather puzzling and tantalising to one who knew but little of the celestial alphabet, as I did. I looked at and tried to decipher them. They were exquisitely painted on the delicate sheet of a tissue, such as I had never seen before.

Let us see if we can make them out.

THE HIEROGLYPHICS.

First, there is a most extraordinary compound symbol. I look at it again and again, but there is nothing earthly like it, so I have to give it up. It is

manifestly a combination of symbols ; perhaps it is a name, possibly of the sender.

Then next it is a little map of Australia ; a very good map, too ; and in it, near Perth, in Western Australia, is a red mark. I look at it ; perhaps there is the place from which the messenger has written.

Then there is a little map of Cornwall, neatly done, and a small red cross close to my neighbourhood. That must mean the place where I reside.

And between the two maps there is a deep, thick, red line, with a knob at the end towards the Cornish map. What can that mean? Can it be—coming from Australia to England? Is he coming, indeed?

But there is more : a page drawn in outline, with small hieroglyphs roughly inscribed on it. What can it be? Is it only a symbol of a letter, *i.e.*, a tablet containing hieroglyphs?

I read and re-read, as best I could, these symbols. I held them up to the light, suffered the daylight to be transmitted through them, examined them even with my botanical microscope. The study was interesting, especially the last test. The tissue was exquisitely delicate. It might be the skin of some plant, if we may so call the vegetation of our sister-world. But there was nothing more to be learned about what I wanted to know of my strange friend.

At last the thought struck me of examining the envelope. I carefully tore it open, and there in a corner found, rolled into a very small space, such as could be put into a filbert-shell, a delicate little packet of a kind of tissue paper. I opened it with great care, not succeeding, however, in avoiding two or three rents in the tender, flimsy sheet. I unfolded it at last. It was written over with what looked like an imitation of Aleriel's handwriting, but not very well done, as if each letter had been imitated unintelligently. However, in spite of this and of the rents, I could make out the following strange narrative, an evident continuation of the letters which I had received from Mount Aristarchus in our satellite.

LETTER THE THIRD.

THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY, OR PLANET OF LOVE.

OUR journey to our beloved home in Venus was a long and dreary one. As before, we got on one of the great meteoric systems for a part of the way, and then launched into space (a space now more illumined than before by the ceaseless blaze of the King of Day —the mighty Sun—far more brilliant in ether than he seems even at noon on Earth's tropics).

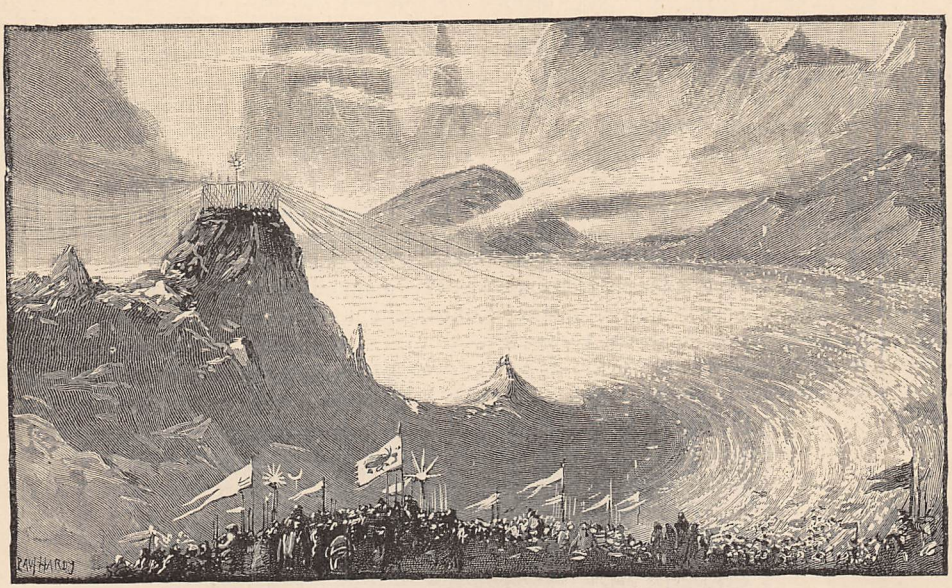
There he shone in that region of eternal day, blazing forth in the cloudless and pure ether into infinite space, with his burning rays of intense light. Nearer and nearer we went, brighter and brighter shone the King of Day.

At length the brilliant orb of our beautiful world grew larger than the sun himself. Then it spread over space as a mighty and gorgeous globe. The seas and the continents opened up in their soft or brilliant tints of blue and silver, the table-lands with dazzling brightness from their crystal surface reflected the intense sunlight.*

Nearer and nearer we went. Soon the mountain-peaks, with their serrated ridges, were in sight, the ring mountains mottled the surface almost like that of the mountains of the moon, only the clouds and mists gave a certain earth-look to the scene.

Down, down to the alpine regions of the Antarctic continent we flew, down homeward.

* The intense brilliancy of some spots of the surface of Venus are among the problems of planetary astronomy ; are they caused by vast surfaces of crystals or metals?



THE ASSEMBLY.

We descended into the great ring-chain of the Simerian Mountains, in the centre of which is a lovely lake in which, upon a mountain raised over its fair surface, is the city of Simeria. Our approach was noticed immediately. The silver-covered towers and spires of Simeria glistened in the sunlight, and as we drew nearer, blazed forth in every hue of banners, in welcome to us on our coming. Then, over the placid lake there boomed the sound of explosives—not used by us, any more than on Mars (in the present enlightened state of that grand world), for destruction of life (as upon the Earth), but simply for engineering operations, for signals and rejoicings. So the explosions boomed from the silver towers and echoed over the lake to the great wall of mighty mountains, some fifteen, some twenty miles high, which formed the circle of Simeria.

At length we drew near one of the temple spires, and on its summit yoked our ether car. Then we descended into the great Garden of Simeria, where already the chiefs of the city were gathering to welcome us.

We descended, and once more touched the surface of our beloved world. The Simerians welcomed us with songs of greeting. The loud song of triumph burst from a thousand lips. We were conducted to the great temple of the city, where we offered our thanksgivings to God who had preserved us through our long journey.

Then we had a hearty and kindly welcome from our friends, and the chiefs of the city consulted what should be done in honour of our arrival.

It was arranged that we should narrate our adventures publicly to a general assembly not only of the Simerians, but of those of the neighbouring nations who chose to attend and were interested in the subject of our sister-worlds. The place where the assembly was to be held was a gorge of the Simerian Mountains, where the assemblies of that nation are usually held. A day was given for us to rest and prepare, and also for those from afar to come to hear us. The electric flash had already communicated to all our lands our arrival, and the aërial cars bore thousands from distant spots to welcome us home and hear the news we had to bring from distant worlds of space.

Let me explain the object of these assembly-places, which in our world each nation has for itself. The idea of representative government is a transitional form of rule suited to the present condition of the Earth, but is not the most natural, and therefore not the most perfect. The ancient ideal of antique Europe, of the Greek cities where the demos gathered in the agora, or in wilder nations where the whole tribe gathered on important occasions, is far truer, though unsuited to a transitional state like yours. No man can fairly represent another. Minorities are not really represented on earth. The ideal of perfect liberty is that of the antique world of democratic Greece, where each citizen represents himself, or at least his family. But as time went on, of course, on Earth, this became impracticable. Assemblies were too large, journeys were involved when means of locomotion were imperfect. So representation became desirable, and assemblies of citizens delegated their powers to chosen representatives, and oligarchies took the place of popular government, or popular government assumed the form of an oligarchy. But this is by no means necessary in highly-civilised communities. Where passions are controlled, quarrels are unlikely, or will be wisely suppressed. As rational beings obtain control over natural forces, locomotion becomes easy and rapid. The microphone and telephone convey sound. So really the need of representation ceases. Smaller business may be handed to chosen committees of specialists, but on important matters each citizen may personally give his vote. This is our mode of government; a simpler and more natural, and, therefore, a truer one than representation, but one only suited to small or else to highly-cultured societies.

So we went (accompanied in triumph by the princes of the nation) to the assembly-place of the Simerians. It was a magnificent ring-circle inserted in a gorge of the Simerian Mountains. About four millions of our compatriots were assembled, ranged along the slopes or on the rock-terraces (improved by art) of the amphitheatre of the mountains. The scene was impressive, with waving banners and symbols and the millions of brightly-attired listeners. We stood with the chiefs of Simeria on a rocky peak in the centre, whence telephones and microphones communicated all we had to say to the most distant limit of the vast amphitheatre.

At length the Prince of Simeria signed for silence to the assembly. Then he spoke thus :—

"Simerians and Friends,—Our comrades have returned from their long journey over planetary space. They have seen other worlds than ours, and come to unveil to us the wonders of the great Creator's works. Who can but wish to hear them tell what they have seen and where they have been? Let us ask them to narrate their story. First, what they saw of Earth, then of Mars, then Jupiter, then Saturn."

The multitude applauded with loud applause, and then were hushed. ALERIEL.

The manuscript here ended. It was evidently but the first page.

IN ANSWER TO AN ADVERTISEMENT.

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER. BY THE AUTHOR OF "A STEP IN THE DARK," "A FOOL'S HARVEST," ETC.

I WAS young and inexperienced when first I undertook to keep house for Uncle George. I need not now speak of my aunt's last illness, nor the reasons which induced me to try to take her place. At the time I had no doubt in which direction my duty lay, so I put my shoulder to the wheel, and tried to do my best.

My uncle's family numbered eight in all. The four elder ones were away from home: Charlie at Oxford; Mary and Maud in Germany; Walter at Eton. Frank and Willie, two well-meaning but mischievous little urchins, graced a preparatory day school. Gerty and Hetty, aged nine and seven respectively, brought the list to a close.

At first I taught the two little ones myself. Uncle George, however, thought I had not time to do myself or my pupils justice, so he decided to engage a resident governess. I was not altogether pleased at the suggestion. A daily governess would have relieved me; but I did not like the prospect of living in constant intercourse with a stranger. I pictured the newcomer as a sour-visaged lady, whose correct grammar and irreproachable conduct would probably have the effect of damping my spirits. Something of this I hinted to Uncle George, but he was not particularly sympathetic; in fact, I doubt if he quite followed my meaning.

"Where shall we find a resident governess, uncle?" I asked, half hoping we might experience some little difficulty in doing so.

"Advertise in the *Times*, my dear," was the ready reply.

As Uncle George spoke, he drew some writing materials towards him, and, in a few seconds, handed me a sheet of note-paper.

"There, my dear, see if you think that will do."

I glanced at the paper and read as follows:—

WANTED, a Resident Governess, to undertake the Education of Two Little Girls. Must be prepared to furnish good references and testimonials.—Apply between eleven and one at The Limes, Clapham. No notice will be taken of letters.

"But, uncle, why are they to apply in person only?"

"Because we shall be overwhelmed with correspondence if we are not careful."

"Why not mention a time when you will be at home yourself then, uncle?

"Because I think it is a matter you can arrange for me, my dear."

"I have no idea as to the necessary qualifications of a governess. Oh, uncle dear, do see those dreadful young women yourself."

"Nonsense, my dear; I have every confidence in your judgment."

"Now, uncle, you are making a big mistake; I have no judgment whatever. I should not be able to tell if a young person's French accent were pure from the shape of that said young person's nose; nor would the colour of her eyes convey to my mind any just estimate of her mathematical knowledge."

"You can easily recognise a gentlewoman by the tones of her voice, and her choice of words. The expression on her face will also tell you if her disposition be kindly. Deeper penetration than this I shall not expect from you, my dear."

Uncle George spoke so gravely that I thought he must really be a little bit annoyed, so I let the matter drop. The next day he told me the advertisement would appear the following Monday.

On Monday morning I got up feeling that something unpleasant was about to happen. Then I remembered the advertisement. "Well, they can't be here before eleven," I thought, as I ran down-stairs.

We were rather early folk at The Limes, so by nine o'clock breakfast was over. I was just about to commence my usual morning's work when I was told a lady had come in answer to the advertisement.

"Already!" I exclaimed. "Very well, Peter; show her into the library."

The butler retired with a "superior" smile on his stolid face. He was the only man-servant we kept, and had been with my uncle for years. He was always well-informed as to the plans of the family, and probably knew as much about the advertisement, and my objection thereto, as I knew myself.

I turned the handle of the library door with some trepidation, but all my uneasiness vanished when I stood face to face with our would-be governess. She was young, and rather under the middle height, with soft, brown, pleading eyes, and a very sweet voice. She seemed a trifle agitated, and in my endeavour to put her at her ease I forgot my own nervousness.

Her story was a sad one. Her father, a country clergyman, Robert Ord by name, died when she and her little brother were children. The poor mother struggled on, and lived just long enough to learn that her son had gained a scholarship which would enable him to enter the Church. At that time the daughter was at a large middle-class school in one of the Midland counties, where she remained on after her mother's death, first as pupil-teacher, afterwards as assistant mistress. The work had, however, proved too hard for her, and three months previously she had reluctantly resigned her situation. Since then she had been staying with her brother, who had a curacy in Norfolk.

"But you have not come from Norfolk, to-day?"

"No; I have come from Camden Town. I have been staying with a friend, who has just recovered from a long illness. I saw your advertisement before eight o'clock, and started at once. I hope you will forgive me for presenting myself before the specified time, but I was so anxious to be the first upon the scene."

She was very eager to obtain the situation, urging me with gentle persistency to write to Miss Price, the proprietress of the school where she had been teaching.

"Could I not call on the lady with whom you have been staying in Camden Town?" I asked. Inexperienced as I was, I felt that an interview would be more satisfactory than a written reference.

"Unfortunately Mr. and Mrs. Carter intend starting for the sea-side this morning. I was to have accompanied them had not your advertisement caused me to alter my plans. I am afraid the date of Mrs. Carter's return is so uncertain that you would not care to wait."

I was very much prepossessed in favour of Miss Ord. The few words, too, she had dropped about having given up her trip to the sea-side, made me all the more anxious to engage her. Still, I felt that she was too young, too delicate-looking, too pretty for a governess. And yet I could not quite see why these attributes should stand in her way. Anyhow, I could not decide without first consulting my uncle, and so I told her. Very reluctantly she wished me good morning, the tears coming into her eyes as she said—

"You *will* write to me either way, won't you? Suspense is so hard to bear."

By eleven o'clock the hall was lined with ladies who had come in answer to the advertisement. I sat on till six o'clock, receiving them. Then I escaped to dress for dinner, leaving word with Peter that we were suited should any more call.

"Well, how many?" asked Uncle George, as we sat down to dinner.

"Oh, I lost count after a time, but I should think fifty at least."

"Poor things—poor things! It is terribly up-hill work for a gentlewoman to earn her living. Did you see any one likely to suit us, my dear?"

"I liked the one who came first, best, I think, uncle."

"A case of the early bird and the worm, my dear."

"She was a very early bird indeed, uncle, for she started before eight, and arrived here soon after you left."

And then I told uncle Miss Ord's history.

"Well, I think we can't do better than write to this Miss Price. What do you say, my dear?"

"Miss Ord is quite young, and very pretty, uncle," I replied doubtfully.

"All the better, my dear; I like bright, young faces about the house."

And so my uncle wrote to Miss Price; received a satisfactory reply; and before the week was out, Miss Ord was installed at The Limes.

I found her all that I had hoped she would be. The children took to her at once, while I thoroughly enjoyed her companionship. There was, however, one consideration which caused me some uneasiness—in a week or two Charlie would be home for the long vacation. I well knew the susceptibility of undergraduates, and I certainly did feel somewhat anxious whenever my glance rested on the new governess. Really she seemed to grow prettier every day. What a pity it would be if Charlie were imprudent—how it would spoil everything! I wondered Uncle George had not thought of this danger; but then he never did seem to realise that his boys and girls were growing into men and women.

When Charlie did appear upon the scene, Miss Ord's manner towards him was so discreet that my already high opinion of her increased day by day. I cannot say as much for Charlie. He evidently admired the governess, and he did not attempt to disguise his admiration.

About this time Miss Ord took me into her confidence respecting a gentleman who had paid her some attention while she was staying with her brother, and had since asked her to be his wife. She acknowledged she was attached to him, and only hesitated to accept his offer because his social position was so superior to her own. I fancied she told me this to allay my fears respecting my cousin, and I felt grateful to her for doing so.

At length Charlie allowed his attentions to become so marked, that I ventured to hint to him I had reason to believe Miss Ord's affections were already engaged. He did not take my remarks in good part, and the only effect they seemed to have was that of making him the more eager to press his suit. At last I lost all patience with him, and was thinking seriously of drawing my uncle's attention to his conduct, when an event occurred which turned my thoughts into another channel.

I am not naturally careful. I try hard to become so, but very often have to deplore my carelessness. Consequently, when I returned one afternoon, after lunching with a friend, and noticed that the diamond mourning-ring I wore in memory of my dear father was not on my finger, I thought that I had left it on my friend's dressing-table. Much as I valued the ring, I had mislaid it too often to feel uneasy. When, however, my friend called herself in reply to my hasty note, and assured me she had noticed, directly I drew my gloves off, that I was not wearing my ring, I began to feel somewhat alarmed. I hunted high and low, but to no purpose. I could distinctly remember putting the ring on before breakfast. Now, if it were true—and I did not doubt it—that I arrived at my friend's house minus my ring, I must have left it on my own dressing-table before starting.

Miss Ord was most sympathetic, helping me to look for the missing ring until we had left no possible place unsearched.

"Well, I give it up," I said at length. "I must have dropped it out-of-doors putting on my gloves. I was late setting out, so probably I drew on my gloves as I ran down the hill."

"'GET UP, MISS ORD,' I SAID STERNLY" (*p.* 563).

"Was it loose enough to drop off?

"It has never done so before, certainly. Still it must be somewhere, and where *can* it be, if I did not drop it out of doors?"

Miss Ord closed the door, then lowering her voice to almost a whisper, she said—

"Don't you think it possible that you *did* leave it on your dressing-table, and that *somebody* has taken it? You say it was a valuable ring."

I started. "Somebody taken it?" I exclaimed, feeling hot and cold in turns. "Why, no: who is there to take it?"

"One of the servants, perhaps."

"But I have left that ring about scores of times; they could have taken it before, had they wished to do so. I feel confident, too, that the servants are to be trusted. All four have been with my uncle for years. I would rather lose the ring twenty times over, much as I value it, than suspect one of them."

"Have you perfect confidence in Peter?"

"Peter! Why, he has been in the family fifteen years. Poor, old, grumpy Peter! I know he likes whiskey; and won't acknowledge he wears a wig, although it is plain to the most superficial observer that he does do so; but I never have, and never will, suspect him of a weakness for diamond rings."

"I was going to observe," said Miss Ord, rather coldly, "that I saw him near your bedroom-door about a quarter of an hour after you went out yesterday. But, of course, as you have such confidence in him, no importance is to be attached to the circumstance."

"No, I certainly shall attach no importance to it,"

I replied, a little hotly. Nevertheless, when my ring turned up a few days after in the bottom of my work-box, I felt immensely relieved.

"There now," I exclaimed triumphantly, "poor old Peter had nothing whatever to do with the mysterious disappearance. I distinctly remember getting out my work-box to mend my gloves before starting that morning. I must have taken my ring off then. It is rather in the way when one is working."

"And I as distinctly remember searching in your work-box," replied Miss Ord meaningly.

"I suppose you wish to insinuate that Peter *did* take my ring off my dressing-table, but that, thinking better of it, he put it in my work-box?"

"I certainly do think such a thing possible. But there, I see it is a subject that distresses you, so I will try to believe I overlooked the ring when I turned your work-box out."

Miss Ord spoke so gently, that I felt a little ashamed of the warmth I had exhibited.

"I don't think I will wear my ring every day in future, as I am so dreadfully careless. I will lock it up in the iron chest with the rest of the jewellery."

"Have you much jewellery?"

"Yes, I have a quantity in my possession, but I don't wear much because I am still in slight mourning."

"But you don't keep valuable jewellery in the house, surely?"

"Yes, indeed, I do; it is in this very room, but you would never guess where."

Miss Ord made one or two guesses.

"Cold—lukewarm—cold again," I laughingly exclaimed, thinking of the days when we used to hide things in play.

"I shall have to give it up," she said, at length.

I took the cover off my dressing-table, removed a flat piece of wood, to which was fastened the pink lining and white muslin with which the table was decorated, and exposed to view what looked like a large travelling trunk in a brown-holland wrapper. Removing the wrapper, an iron chest stood before us.

"Fancy that innocent-looking dressing-table turning into an iron chest!" exclaimed Miss Ord. "Do let me see the jewellery. Is it very beautiful?"

"Yes, a display of which a duchess might well be proud."

I unlocked the chest, and took out case after case, containing complete sets of precious stones.

"Why, you have enough to stock a jeweller's shop. Is it all yours?"

"No; it is to be equally divided between my eight cousins and myself."

"But the boys can't wear diamond bracelets."

"No, but their wives—when they get them—can."

"All this jewellery belonged to your aunt, then?"

"Yes; a year before she died, her godmother left it to her. There was quite a commotion at the time, for it was said to be worth a large sum, and some of the relatives were very angry to think it was going out of the family. They declared they would dispute the will. I believe they did consult a solicitor, but he assured them they had no case at all, so they were obliged to submit with the best grace they could."

"Are you not afraid to sleep in a room containing such treasures?"

"I don't think there is any danger. Even the servants don't know what the chest contains."

"I suppose you do not often go to it yourself?"

"Very seldom, indeed."

This happened on Thursday. The following Tuesday, I *did* go to the chest again. It was a particular anniversary on which I always made a point of reading some old letters, and looking at a few trinkets, treasures which I kept in a box at the bottom of the chest. I also opened one or two of the other cases, so I was positive that on the Tuesday evening the jewellery was safe.

The next day I again lunched with my friend, arriving home in time for dinner. An unpleasant surprise was in store for me. Miss Ord's brother was ill, and she was anxious to go to him at once. It was arranged she should start at eleven the following morning, taking her luggage with her in case she should not return.

I felt quite melancholy the next morning when I saw her trunks in the hall. I had planned a little surprise for her. When she was looking at the jewellery, she had admired a small gold brooch of an uncommon pattern. As it formed part of my own share, I thought I would give it to her. After breakfast, I secured my door, unlocked the chest, and took out the tiny case. I opened it. To my astonishment the brooch was gone. Case after case I unfastened. *All were empty.* On Tuesday night the jewellery was safe, and now on Thursday morning it was gone. For a moment I was dazed; then I saw it all: Miss Ord's attempt to make me suspect Peter, and her indifference to my cousin's advances. She must have intended to rob me from the beginning, and probably knew about the jewellery when first she came. But I would be even with her yet. She should not take away thousands of pounds' worth of jewellery in her boxes without my making an effort to recover it. It was then ten. In an hour she would start. I prepared to go out at once.

"Peter," I said, "on no account allow Miss Ord to depart before my return. Mind, not a word of this to the other servants."

I hurried to the police station. In half an hour I returned with a detective; and in a few minutes Miss Ord was standing before us.

"I am sorry to have to tell you, Miss Ord, that the whole of the very valuable jewellery I showed you the other day has mysteriously disappeared, As you are about to leave suddenly, I think it better that your boxes should be searched."

"LOST? You do, indeed, surprise me. Yes, I am quite willing for my boxes to be searched. It is only right that they should be; although I am sure you cannot suspect *me* of theft."

She was so calm and collected that I began to doubt her guilt. Her boxes were, however, brought into the room, and she handed the keys to the detective.

Article after article he took out and carefully shook,

but no trace of the missing jewellery could he discover. Then he measured the sides of the trunks in order to see if they had false bottoms, but all to no purpose.

"I don't believe the jewellery is here, miss," he said, looking terribly disappointed. "I think, if the lady doesn't object, that perhaps you had better—— "

"Search *me*," said Miss Ord, as the detective hesitated. "Yes, do, I don't mind in the least," with a winning smile.

"I really don't quite like to," I said, "but if you are sure you don't mind—— "

"Indeed I don't; let us go up-stairs at once."

"Might I suggest, miss, your taking one of the female servants with you as a witness," said the detective, as we prepared to leave the room.

Miss Ord was so anxious we should do our work thoroughly that she even insisted on unfastening her hair and taking off her boots. The search, however, proved fruitless, and I began to feel thoroughly ashamed of the base suspicions I had entertained towards my former favourite. Embracing her tenderly, I begged her to forgive me.

"I was so shocked to find the jewellery gone, that I think I must have taken leave of my senses," I said, by way of apology; and then I left her to finish her toilet, and ran down to speak to the detective.

He was still examining the boxes, while their contents lay scattered about.

"We're on the wrong track, miss," he remarked despondingly.

"Yes, that we certainly are. I think we must put these things back. Miss Ord will lose her train if she does not start soon. The books had better be put in the bottom, as they are heavy," I remarked, as I noticed two piles on the table. They were uncovered, being very securely strapped together in two lots of six volumes each. As I handed them to the detective, I glanced at the titles, and found that the twelve volumes comprised one work, a large Encyclopædia. Now, it so happened that Uncle George had a copy of the same Encyclopædia, and I often had occasion to refer to it. Uncle's had been received in monthly parts, and afterwards bound, and was a full-sized edition.

"Well, that's strange," I remarked, as I looked at the volumes carefully.

"Eh, miss? what's strange?" asked the detective eagerly.

"Why, our Encyclopædia is in only ten volumes, and this is in twelve, and the volumes are much larger too. I wonder how that is?"

Just at that moment Miss Ord entered, and overheard what we were saying.

"Put my things back quickly, please; I am afraid I shall lose my train." Her voice shook, and she was very pale. Altogether her bearing had completely changed. The detective noticed this. Springing to the door he locked it, and put the key in his pocket. Then he returned to the table, and began unstrapping the books.

"Oh, have mercy, have mercy! take the jewels back, and let me go!" Miss Ord fell on her knees, and clung to my skirts, as the detective opened one of the make-believe volumes, and displayed some of the missing jewellery carefully wrapped in cotton-wool.

"Get up, Miss Ord," I said sternly; "it is useless to plead for mercy."

Volume after volume the detective opened, till at length all the missing jewellery was laid on the table, together with a key, evidently a duplicate of the one which fitted the iron chest. The books were really boxes. Cleverer imitations I have never seen; the marbled leaves and morocco backs might have deceived a binder.

I gave Miss Ord in charge. She was afterwards tried, found guilty, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. In the evidence, it transpired that her brother, who at one time was a lawyer's clerk, had seen the will bequeathing the jewellery to my aunt. Getting into bad company, he and some others vowed they would become possessed of the jewels. For months they watched their opportunity, but as none of our servants knew where the jewellery was kept, gaining information on the subject was a difficult matter. At length Peter, whilst being treated to "six of whiskey hot" at the "White Horse," let out that Uncle George was about to advertise for a governess, hence Miss Ord's appearance upon the scene. Poor old Peter was publicly reprimanded for his share in the affair, and it was some time before he was his dignified self again.

I need scarcely add that Uncle George never again engaged a lady presenting herself in answer to an advertisement, without first ascertaining that she was worthy of his confidence.

THE GARDEN IN AUGUST.

NO excuse can be given for not having a garden as gay and radiant as possible in the month of August. Not to mention our hardy and herbaceous plants, our half-hardy and tender ones are one and all now contributing their share of the gaiety of our little half-acre.

Foremost, however, amongst the operations that occupy us just now, are the preparations for another season of bloom, and not later than the middle of the month should, at all events, the commencement of these operations be delayed. We refer, of course, to the taking of our stock of cuttings. For this purpose we go round our flower-beds with our keen knife and garden truck-basket, and take off our cuttings as far

as we can without leaving any bald patches on our beds themselves. With the system of gardening, however, that we have always advocated—that, namely, of an interspersion of annuals, perennials, and bedding-out plants—our garden, when we come to take cuttings, will show little or no sign of having been robbed, more especially if we have in readiness a good and well-assorted supply of flowers to take the place immediately of any whose beauty has faded. Our cuttings once taken, we do not at once house them under glass, for a month later will do very well for that, but we harden them by a few weeks' outside exposure. Exposure, however, in the month of August does not generally imply a risk from frost, but a risk from sun, and more particularly does our stock of cuttings require a little watching the first week after being taken. Say that our boxes of cuttings are standing all along the side of a walk. If they are exposed to the full glare of an August sun, which sometimes, as was the case in August last, is at its very fiercest at the end of the month, we shall find our whole stock stricken down unless a good watering be

given. A better plan is to have our stock for the first week in a shady situation, and when we see, by the fresh and upright position of our little plants, that they have "struck," they can be moved again to a warmer aspect before they are finally removed about Michaelmas, or a little earlier, according to the season, to their winter quarters in our greenhouse. As for the soil we use when taking our cuttings, let it be fairly rich, or at all events such as that we use when we give our February repotting, only take care that plenty of silver sand be used, and that this be on the surface of your soil and firmly pressed round and against the little stems of your cuttings themselves.

In August our single dahlias will be at their gayest. These and all flowers that require stakes must now be properly secured; the chrysanthemums, for example, will require this attention, for as the autumn comes gradually on, so also will these showy flowers, the last hope, for the most part, of our out-door flower-show. Then, again, for those who like to raise bulbous-rooted plants, this is a good month for sowing such seed, which can be done as soon as it is ripe; the seed, for example, of all sorts of lilies, hyacinths, tulips, crocuses, &c., may now be sown either in large pots or in the open ground; if in the last-named, take care that the seed be not afterwards disturbed. Have it well raked in, and a little light earth sifted afterwards over the whole. If you sow in large pots, place them in a cool frame until the seeds germinate in the spring.

August is also the month for that interesting operation of layering our carnations and picotees, and though this should not be done until the bloom has passed its prime, yet it is important to have the layering done early in the season, as unless the shoots get well rooted before they are cut off, they will run a chance of being "cut off" in a very different way by the severity of the winter. Then, again, in the rose garden, budding in a warm and thundery season may still go on, but a constant and careful examination of those stocks that were budded last month should be made; and most important is it for the first two months after budding that all growth be rubbed off the stock. Failing this attention, your buds will only fall off altogether.

Camellias have by this time made their growth and set their bloom-buds. They should be stinted of moisture, but not, of course, housed for another month yet. Should it chance to be a wet summer season, the camellias, now that their growth has been made, should not be exposed to the rain, which might induce a second growth that would not be at all beneficial to their success.

In the kitchen garden we shall find plenty to occupy us. Now that our cucumber supply will soon be beginning to fail, we can well utilise our frame for a while as a mushroom-bed. To do this, from the declining hotbed scrape off all the mould but the last two inches that lies upon the dung, and then make holes in it some six inches apart, taking care that these holes go down to the dung itself. In these place the mushroom spawn; cover them over afterwards with the mould you have taken from the holes; close your frames, but give occasional air, and also shade off the sun by means of matting or some such protection. A good month is this, too, for making up an asparagus-bed, if you have not already got one. And that very important and domestic matter, the cabbage-bed, should at this time be seen to. Seed should be sown in the first half of this month, on good ground and in a good open situation, to raise for the supply of next year, while any seedlings that you have already strong enough should be planted out in any vacant spot, planting them thickly, so that some may be used as greens, or rather coleworts, in bunches. By this means you will have the remainder thinned to proper distances.

Horse-radish does not generally occasion us much horticultural trouble or anxiety, and yet we do not like to be without it when the roast beef season comes round; so we plant some about this time, putting in pieces of root, an inch or so long, at the bottom of trenches fifteen inches deep. In properly manured ground each piece will make a plant. And as for salads of all kinds, we still go on sowing them: mustard and cress, lettuces and onions, for drawing when quite young. One large onion-bed, however, we now draw and store for winter supply, allowing all to lie on the ground for a while before carrying them off, so as to let them harden and dry; but if, after having been drawn, much rain sets in, they had far better be carried off and dried under cover.

The celery also from about this time will need constant earthing up as the plants go on growing. This should be done on dry days with earth well bruised, and not in large lumps.

In our fruit garden, but not later than the middle of the month, we make up our strawberry-beds, by taking off the strongest runners and planting them out six inches apart in rows a foot apart, or we can edge the warm side of the kitchen garden with young strawberry plants. And as for our now rapidly-ripening wall-fruit, we do all we can to keep off the wasps and large flies by day-traps, such as bottles of beer and sugar, also by the hand-picking of slugs and snails in the evening time, the most effectual, though a tiresome remedy.

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

I FEEL sure that our time will not be wasted if we spend it in an examination of the employment of type-writing, for the conclusion formed from information gathered from various reliable sources is this, that at this present time there is plenty of work for type-writers, and to all appearances the future will bring more, rather than less, employment of this particular kind. I will mention some of the different lines in which type-writing is of service, and then you will perceive that the business of a type-writer is likely—may I not venture to say, is certain?—to increase the more this valuable and efficient aid is known and felt.

The MSS. of authors can be written out clearly and legibly by this wonderful machine. The advantage is considerable, and lies in this:—When a manuscript is placed in the hands of a printer direct from those of the author, the type has to be set and the sheets printed off, and then sent to be corrected by the author. Naturally many corrections usually have to be made. Words are altered, some sentences are transposed, others are inserted, some are dismissed altogether. When these alterations have been made, the corrected proof-sheets are returned to the printer, who thereby has the extra labour of altering the type according to the corrections indicated. All this adds much to the expense of bringing out a book of any kind, large or small; yet it is essential that the author should read the pages of his book in print, for it is impossible to correct manuscript pages satisfactorily. At this point the type-writer offers its valuable help—it can supply a clear and distinct copy of the manuscript in characters which closely resemble those of printers' type, and these sheets obtained with comparatively so much less amount of labour, and at a cost so much smaller in proportion, will serve as a proof-copy on which to set down the corrections necessary before the book is finally printed for publication.

Consider next the piles of papers which it is desirable should be in distinct type, but yet need not be printed. Law papers have to be copied, examination papers have to be put in clear form before the student, and in these days of incessant examinations, with their attendant crowds of pupils and students, there will be a constant demand for the services of the type-writer.

Then there are the lectures which are delivered in public, and the speeches delivered in public. Now it is well known that lecturers often find a difficulty in deciphering their own handwriting, and when they stumble over their words and struggle with illegibility, and flounder about in a confused mass of words crossed out and sentences interpolated, they are very well aware and feel keenly that much of the enjoyment, and in a great measure of the instruction also, of those who listen, is spoilt and lost. In this difficulty the type-writer again steps forward, and at a trifling expense provides a clear copy, from which the lecturer can read the outcome of his brain and researches with ease. In this way, too, those speakers and preachers who do not speak and preach extempore, turn to the type-writer for the help it can afford them in the shape of easily-read notes in comparatively small space.

The copying of circulars, and the addresses on envelopes and wrappers, are other things this machine can be engaged to do; and, added to all the foregoing, there is another use for the type-writer, that of writing from dictation.

Many mercantile men dictate their correspondence to a type-script, and thus the letters are quickly written, and can be taken away and posted at once. When shorthand is employed for this purpose, the letters have to be copied into intelligible form before being sent off.

I have now enumerated some of the many ways in which type-scripts and their machines are employed, and I think you will agree with me that there is a very fair prospect of this becoming a remunerative employment. Printing is expensive, handwriting is slow, type-writing comes in and supplies the advantage afforded by the former process, and doubles the rapidity attained by the latter. Its clearness is equal to that of the printer's type, and its speed can reach seventy words per minute, while it is only a very rapid hand-writer who can reach thirty words per minute.

The instrument by which this operation is done costs a round sum of money. The value of a good machine reaches beyond twenty golden guineas. Small ones can, of course, be bought for less than that sum; but where the aim is to undertake work of all kinds, a machine which will write capitals and small letters, and print in several styles of type, should be the one chosen by the buyer.

So far as experience goes, the wisest plan to pursue is that of combination, by which I mean that instead of several persons each getting a machine and endeavouring to find work to do in their separate homes, success will be much more certain if ladies will join together, if they will enter into partnership and establish an office to which work can be sent. In this way their venture becomes more widely known, and also it wears a more business-like aspect, an important consideration to business men, and they, be it remembered, are the chief patrons. In several large

towns in England, offices such as these have been started by ladies who have entered into partnership for this purpose, and the records of all of these show that this comparatively new process of writing meets with increasing favour, and the ventures thrive and prosper. A type-script can earn from ten shillings to two guineas per week.

I will just give a few items of the sums usually charged for work done, which will serve to give an idea of the remuneration—

Fifteenpence per 1,000 words of MS. Ninepence per 72 words of French into English. One shilling per 72 words of English into French or German. Law copying, three-halfpence per 72 words. Typing from dictation, half-a-crown an hour. Hire of a machine and operator per day from 10 to 5 o'clock, seven shillings and sixpence.

The above items will also serve to show that the type-script has to be something more than a mere machine herself. Not only must she observe the rules of great exactness, correctness, and neatness, but those who transcribe the writings of others have to understand in a great measure the sense of what they are deputed to make clear, otherwise they will fail in the chief point for which their aid has been sought. A six months' steady training in a well-established office is needed before any one should attempt to start one under their own superintendence.

In London the art of manipulating this machine, and of satisfactorily conducting a business of this kind, can be thoroughly learnt at a type-writing office which was established by ladies more than two years ago in the Lonsdale Chambers, a large block of buildings in Chancery Lane. Here machines are kept on which learners may practise, and as there is a constant supply of work, and many women-clerks are employed, there is a certainty of each scholar becoming an adept who really sets herself to master the mysteries.

The difficulty of finding dressmakers who are skilled in the art of taking patterns and "cutting out" still exists. There appears to be throughout the country a lack of those competent to fit the varying figures of womankind. It is said that no two faces are ever precisely alike—of course difference of expression may have somewhat to do with this endless variety—but setting aside expression, the features of each face do differ to a remarkable degree. So, too, each form and figure has its own peculiarity; it cannot be said that any individual figure resembles another in every minute detail; this being so, it would seem reasonable to think that each figure should be measured for its own pattern, and not that we should expect one pattern can be made to fit many figures.

This more sensible view of the matter has been acted upon much more during the last few years. The American systems of dress-cutting have been gradually gaining ground in this country, and their use recognised. Before-time, and even now, a pattern was marked out such as would fit a perfect figure, and each dressmaker tried to adapt it to all the varying figures of her numerous customers; the result in very many cases was an utter failure, as you and I know too well, and this in spite of "tryings on," of "taking up" here, and "letting out" there. No doubt there are skilful, clever women, whose eye can guide them to trace the outlines of different figures; but I speak of the majority who depend upon patterns which have been traced by a pattern-drawer.

Now the drift of these remarks is that it is a matter of surprise that more gentlewomen do not take up this particular branch.

Whenever I propose dressmaking as an employment (and there seems to be ample room for more adepts in this work), I am always met by several objections, one of which is the expense that has to be incurred in starting an establishment, and the risk of losing by the venture—the rent of the work-rooms, the payment of, and the trouble involved in managing, its occupants, the difficulty of persuading ladies to send their work to be done by those of their own class, who they consider are sure to be incompetent; and besides these, the fear, by no means unfounded, of not being paid by their customers—at any rate until after the lapse of months, in some cases after years of waiting for payments due.

One can hardly wonder at this faint-heartedness. Nevertheless, for those who have skill in this art, and a fair amount of determination, and can afford to wait until the general public have discovered their merits, there seems to be every promise of success.

To return to the point from which we started—women can always be found who can sew, but few are to be found who are competent to "cut out." Think of the immense number of dresses which are spoilt in comfort and appearance, think of the moans and the groans daily uttered in town and in country by the expectant wearers who, on donning the new dress, find they are pinched and pinioned, or lost in space.

Well, gentlewomen could learn the art of taking measurements, and of tracing out the correct lines of each individual measurement, by the help of these systems, and would thus be able to supply a correct and reliable pattern. I feel sure that there are many, many ladies, in every town and country place throughout the kingdom, who would gladly pay five shillings to possess a pattern which they knew was a perfect representation of their own size and form—knowing that they could easily find sewers who could put the dress together for them.

I am aware that this idea has been carried out to a certain extent, but as yet this want is not fully supplied. The Eureka system—one easy of attainment as well as reliable and accurate—can be learnt at the school, 225, Regent Street, London. There are schools also in other towns. The sum charged to the learner is one guinea. All the various styles of bodice, skirt, and sleeve patterns can be studied, and lessons on the draping of skirts are also given.

The Scientific Dress Cutting Association has a school at Regent Circus, and in many towns in the provinces there are branches of this school.

A. S. P.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. FROM OUR PARIS AND LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

THERE is certainly a very great change creeping over the capital of France. To those who know where to seek what is needed, it doubtless still remains the mart of the world, as far as fashion is concerned; but speaking generally, clothes are expensive; the cheap treasures are things of the past, which years ago made a lounge amongst Parisian shops a ruinous amusement to minds not insensible to bargains. Our Transatlantic cousins have tended to make everything costly, and the world now comes to England for the cheap trifles which Great Britain imports from Japan and the world at large. Still, many of the best gowns worn during your London season come from across the Channel, and a large number were sent over for your Jubilee celebrations. I have been admiring from time to time some wonderful embroideries and beadings. The newest idea appears to be to have the bead and the foundation of the same tone, and to use the beads so liberally that but little of the foundation is seen.

Young girls' summer gowns for smart occasions have been happy combinations of soft, inexpensive wool and silk; indeed, though we heard a great deal of this being a silk year, most of the every-day gowns I have seen have displayed a preponderance of wool over silk. The French are very skilful in the amalgamation of their whites, especially when wool and silk are used together. Lacing is employed a great deal,

both as a fastening and by way of ornamentation. Many panels on the sides of skirts are laced with thick cord; and I am happy to say most dinner-gowns are laced in front—a very easy, comfortable arrangement, as it is possible for the wearer to fasten them, which cannot be done when the lacing is at the back.

Heliotrope remains the most fashionable tint in Paris, but it includes many tones, from the lightest fleur de pêche to deep rich violet. Parisians excel so much in the amalgamation of materials, which intensifies the beauty of colours. If velvet is introduced on silk, it is darker, and yet equally intense. Gold embroidery on heliotrope was a new idea, largely employed on the Jubilee gowns, and coloured lace to exactly match looks well in the peach tones: it shows them up better than white, which is, however, greatly employed with them. Many bonnets worn with this tint are composed entirely of violets.

Brides in England have been sending to Paris for the simplest wedding-gowns of white muslin, and having richer cream silk or satin made up for evening wear; but French brides go to England for Honiton lace, with which the whole front of the skirt is covered, and ignoring the simple beauty of tulle, think a Honiton lace veil the acme of fashion. Valenciennes lace is largely employed on day gowns and bonnets. Many dresses, however, show no lace at all, only a trimming of crêpe; and the white crêpe fichus for summer wear are really worth a thought. Grey and brown is a combination to be seen in some of the best show-rooms, and so are shot silks with shot velvets, but they require to be made up with skill. Ruby and pink, and deep cardinal and straw, are mixtures seen in many of the new dresses. They are certainly conspicuous, but nothing to the plaids which Frenchwomen cling to, and Englishwomen refuse to adopt at any price, let the manufacturers bring them forward in what guise they will.

A very pretty new pink tone has been brought out, and is sent over to England principally in the form of tea-gowns. It looks best in the soft make of silk now so much used, and lace insertion is introduced into this, but it is nearly always mingled with crêpe de Chine, for nothing drapes so gracefully. A tea-gown should look loose and easy, but really be so deftly conceived that it shows off the good points of the figure. The back of the bodice is mostly made in the Watteau style, which of late has changed its form: it is no longer a pleat, but starts from a lace-bordered point, and falls as a drapery at the back, as though the corner of a shawl had been so arranged. "Shirring," as the Americans call gathering, is generally introduced on the front or sides of such tea-gowns; at the waist often in as many as a dozen rows, which tend to make the waist look smaller; it is softened by cascades of lace at the sides. Very often striped Pompadour silks, having pretty floral sprays, intermingle with the crêpe and the plain silk. The sleeves of tea-gowns now are rarely of the coat order, never unless they have a pendent sleeve outside; they mostly hang from the elbow in a point, being drawn into the arm in front, with soft falling lace to drape it. Sleeves are undergoing a great metamorphosis in Paris; some of them are cut quite straight, and gathered into a band at the wrist.

Suède gloves are giving place to the French kid; they last better, but are expensive to start with, for they are many-button length, and very few of the little animals produce skin enough to cut a pair of twelve-button length gloves. There is a yellow tone in the tan colouring, which is new, and a very light and beautiful grey is being used for full-dress morning and evening wear.

The tuckers most employed now with dresses are not cream at all, but of a colour; and ribbon with a picot edge is doubled, so that both the picot sides show; this is becoming to the skin. The narrow Frivolité ribbon is also used in a succession of loops, but it easily spoils. There is a great disposition to judiciously introduce colour into the adjuncts of dress, where it shows itself as a surprise. Handkerchiefs tucked into the front of bodices are out of date, but they are allowed to peep from side bodices and skirt pockets: the slits being introduced, it would seem, on purpose. If these handkerchiefs are coloured

A BRIDESMAID.

the pattern is carried all over, not merely as a border. The fine white hem-stitched handkerchiefs edged with lace, perfect as to needlework and fabric, are what Frenchwomen mostly use in the morning.

The group in the Champs Elysées shows a mother and her two young daughters dressed in the latest style. The mother's bonnet is made without strings, but with a large upstanding bow of closely-pleated silk. The front of the skirt is thick white guipure on a net foundation, the back and bodice of red spotted silk; and a band of red velvet and two points of velvet meet in front over a white vest. The soft woollen material worn by the elder girl looks smarter by reason of the white waistcoat, within which is a full-gathered vest of soft silk, matching a side sash and a tuft of bows which peep above the brim of the hat. The younger child's frock illustrates the new make of sleeve, and is of foulard trimmed with white embroidery.

II.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

There is one point in which English modes assert themselves: viz., in picture hats, as they are called. In France designers take a wider field and borrow ideas from all periods; but in England, when we talk of a picture hat, we mean one which has the Rubenesque element therein, large in the brim, high in the crown, and turned up wherever the fancy takes the milliner. These are just the sort of head-gear that suits certain phases of our young English beauty, and that is in demand in the present month, when the maidens of England are spending their time by the sea and river, or in the sweet, fresh country, where lawn-tennis parties are events of very general, almost daily, occurrence. But even these picture hats take a certain amount of inspiration from current fashions and taste. However high the crown, the trimmings are piled up on the top, whether they be bows or bunches of roses. The brims are lined beneath with velvet, which throws a becoming shade on the face, and the crowns are often simply entwined with cotton crêpe, or wide lace, secured at the side and top by a bunch of flowers. Any girl with a very moderate talent for millinery, and a knowledge of what suits the shape of her head and face, could arrange such a hat for herself. White and yellow, or rather cream and yellow, is a most happy combination for summer-time. For older women, black lace hats of the same shape are much worn. Sailor hats every one wears this year, but narrower in the brim and higher in the crown than heretofore. They are quite easy to trim: they only require a band of ribbon round the crown, a strap at the back from beneath the brim to the top, and a large bunch of bows resting on the crown behind. A black one trimmed thus with red ribbon and poppies, worn with a cream dress, is stylish and becoming. The "nutmeg" straw, rough in the plait, but with a shiny surface, is used for all kinds of hats.

Those who ride will be glad to hear of a chevrette glove, soft but durable, made with four buttons.

Many mothers just now are busy preparing their children for the seaside, or repairing the ravages school wear has made on their wardrobes, and consequently will be glad to hear how some of the most popular frocks are made. I think a blue serge with a striped blue and white petticoat had much to commend it. The petticoat was perfectly plain, the serge tunic quite simply draped; the bodice made with a striped yoke, long and full, falling over the waistband. The sleeves of blue serge formed a puff to the elbow, with under-sleeves of the stripes. If serge is too warm or too hackneyed, useful and pretty frocks are being very simply made of blue and cream or brown and cream checks, like dusters, with velvet collars and cuffs. Their simplicity makes them good style. There is a new mode of draping the fronts of tunics for children with pleats meeting towards the front, so that the fulness is brought forward. Norfolk jacket bodices are much worn by girls in and out of the school-room, and suit slender figures well; when yokes are introduced (as they so often now are) they are frequently tucked, especially when the material is striped, for it tends to give solidity to the colour. Vests of the V form, in velvet or plain woollen stuffs, are a favourite arrangement for the bodices; then the fastening is an invisible one on the left side. A distinct piece of the material in loose pleats, carried across the bodice like a sword-belt, is another fashionable style. Large lace collars are used for quite young children, but more for dressy occasions than ordinary wear. Simple kilted skirts, with no drapery and a blouse bodice, is a usual way now of making up children's cottons for every-day wear. White piqués are coming in again; they do not crease, and, for white, keep clean a fairly long time.

Tailors will be busy now, for travelling and seaside dresses come mostly within their province. Faced cloth, such as is used for liveries, is being largely employed for ladies, especially white, with the new Gobelines blue and stone shades. The draperies are long and straight, giving the idea of one skirt opening over another. Often the cloth is gathered into large sash ends, terminating with a tassel or gimp ornament. Braids of a good width, and interwoven with designs like an Oriental letter, are much employed, especially on yachting-gowns. For positive summer wear there are some new makes of woollen stuffs used by tailors, such as the so-called "hygienic cloth," closely allied to the old Carmelite, and the "sponge cloth," very suggestive of house-flannel, being loosely woven. This looks well for bright cardinal gowns, a colour still well worn.

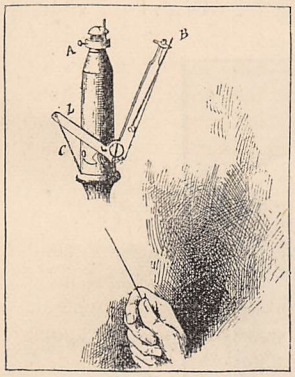
The jackets made by tailors are jaunty-looking, with lapped seams and rolled collars, fastening at the side, either close-fitting or with loose fronts.

We give in our illustration a dress suitable for bridesmaids or for full-dress morning wear. It is made either in clear muslin over a skirt of striped muslin and lace, or in soft silk with lace insertion introduced. The upper skirt is caught up with sashes of silk pinked at either edge, for pinking is now much worn. There are lace-trimmed braces on the bodice, with a Steinkirk lace tie and vest. A broad belt of silk encircles the waist.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

An Electric Gas-Lighter.



The figure illustrates a new device for lighting gas by the electric spark. The spark is produced by a small induction coil, not shown, but the illustration shows how it is applied to the gas-jet when required. A metal collar, A, is insulated from the tip of the burner, and has a small binding screw on it which connects it in circuit with the secondary or sparking wire of the induction coil. It also carries a point projecting upwards, as shown. A crank lever, L, is fixed to the side of the burner-holder, so that when the cord, C, is pulled the other arm of the lever, B, is brought up close to the projecting point of the collar, A. This arm, B, is also the circuit of the sparking wire of the coil, and when it nears the projecting point a spark passes which ignites the gas of the jet. Other forms of the device are made, the idea being to render gas-lighting automatic.

Echoes and Icebergs.

The captain of the ss. *Kaipoura* recently tried an interesting experiment in detecting icebergs in foggy weather by the echoes which they give back. He was surprised to find echoes returned of remarkable distinctness, and it is to be hoped that other mariners will test the method when they have an opportunity.

Artificial Whetstones.

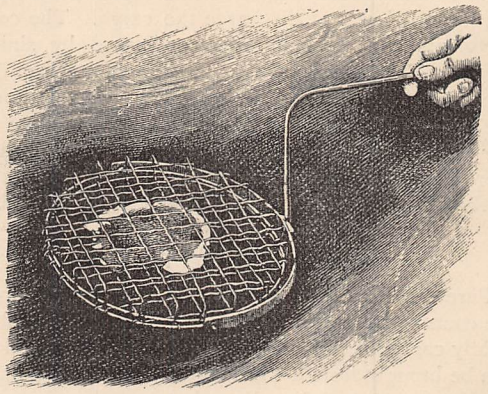
A French scientific review gives the following method of making whetstones artificially :—Dissolve good gelatine in its own weight of water, the operation being performed in a dark room. To the solution add one and a half per cent. of bichromate of potash, previously dissolved in a little water. A quantity of very fine emery, equal in weight to the gelatine used, is to be intimately mixed with the gelatine solution ; or, in default of emery, use powdered flint. The mass is to be moulded into the desired shape, then consolidated by a heavy pressure. It is afterwards dried by exposure to strong sunlight for several hours.

Panics and Exits.

The recent burning of the Opéra Comique Theatre in Paris has given rise to several suggestions, which are well worthy of consideration, as means of preventing loss of life during a panic in such public buildings. One of these is given by a gentleman signing himself "B. M.," Norwood, and is to the effect that the exits provided should be not locked doors, as now, but thin partitions of plank which would stand a moderate pressure on ordinary occasions, but break down easily under forcible pressure. They might be inscribed with the notice, "In case of panic, break through." Another suggestion is that attendants should always be stationed at the exit doors to open them and let out the people. A third suggestion, which comes from Germany, is that luminous paint should be used to mark the exits in case of darkness.

An International Hydrometer.

Mr. Frank Spence has devised a hydrometer for measuring the strength and specific gravity of a solution, which can be used in all countries alike. In this instrument the scale is not arbitrary, as in existing instruments, such as Baume's or Beels's. The International Hydrometer is based on the simple principle of subtracting from the specific gravity scale the figure 1·00 for the constant—water—and leaving the remaining figures to indicate the regularly increasing or decreasing strength of a solution. To get the specific gravity from these figures it is only necessary to add 1. In the same way, for liquids lighter than water, the specific gravity is got by deducting it from the progressive figures on the scale.



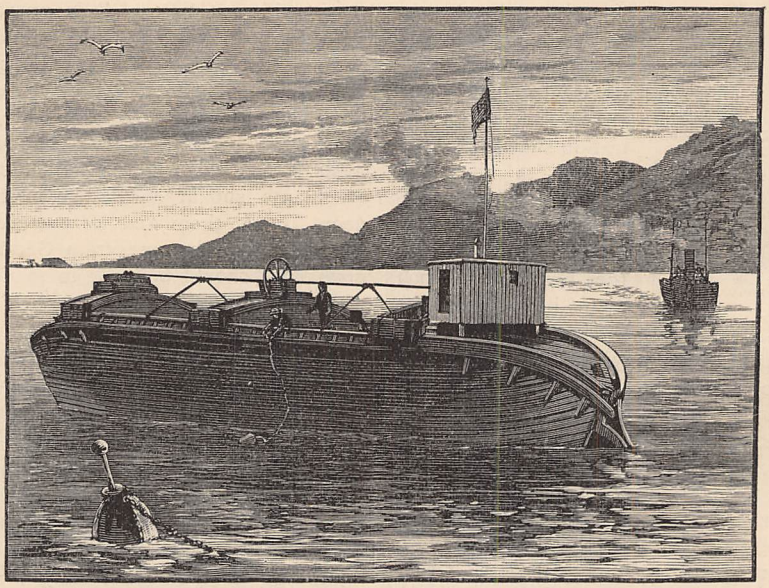
A Revolving Toaster.

The revolving toaster and fryer which we illustrate is designed to cook fish and other things with ease in turning, and the preservation of the fish in a whole condition. It consists, as will be seen, of two flat wire cases which close together over the fish, and are

hinged so as to turn over in a half-hoop, which is provided with a long handle. It can be used in connection with an ordinary frying-pan.

A Dumping Barge.

A barge or boat for discharging or "dumping" mud or other refuse in deep water automatically has been introduced into England from America. It is shown



DUMPING BARGE.

in our illustration, and with it two men are said to be able to discharge 500 tons and wash the boat besides in five minutes. It is built in two longitudinal air-tight compartments, hinged at the top so as to open outwards below and discharge the cargo. The compartments can be held open or closed by simple means. The boat is of use at seaports, and can discharge sewage if need be. As the outlet is under the surface, the refuse is not so likely to float on the surface as if it were simply thrown overboard. New York is stated to have thirteen of these boats at work. They can be repaired without being docked.

Cream by Parcel Post.

Pure cream can be sent direct to consumers from the country by parcel post. If put up in tin cylinders tightly corked it will keep fresh for many days, and so can be brought from a considerable distance. Country farmers would doubtless be only too glad to despatch their cream in this manner if arrangements were entered into with them.

Electroplating Flowers.

A new process for electroplating delicate organic things, such as flowers and insects, and so preserving them, has been brought out in France. Copper, silver, and gold are the chief metals electro-deposited on their fragile bodies; but in order to do so it is necessary to have a conducting skin or coating on the body itself, to which the metal will adhere when reduced from its salt by the electric current. This coating is by the new process produced as follows:— A quantity of snails or slugs are washed in ordinary water to free them from all earthy or calcareous matter. They are then placed in a vessel containing distilled water, and are left in it a sufficient time to enable them to give off the albuminous matter they secrete. This matter is then filtered and boiled for about an hour. After boiling, a quantity of distilled water, sufficient to replace that lost by the boiling, is added, with about 3 per cent. of nitrate of silver. This solution is then placed in bottles, which are sealed, and kept in the dark. To use this liquid for the preparation of specimens to be electroplated, about 30 grammes of it are dissolved in about 100 grammes of distilled water, and the objects are immersed in this solution for a few moments. They are then placed in a bath consisting of distilled water with about 20 per cent. of nitrate of silver in solution, and afterwards submitted to the action of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which decomposes the nitrate of silver adhering to the albumen-coated surface of the object. The silver reduced fits the object to receive the metallic deposit produced by galvano-plasty.

A Test for Olive Oil.

Since, according to our Consul at Leghorn, olive oil in Florence flasks is now largely adulterated with cotton-seed oil, the following test for detecting the adulteration in question may be useful. We may

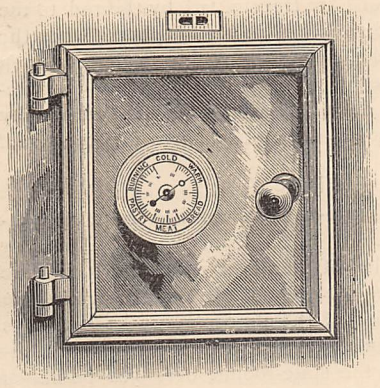
state, moreover, that Mr. Inglis, the Consul, advises persons wishing to get good pure Tuscan or Lucca oil, to order it from firms of good standing and repute, by whom the genuine oil has been imported and bottled, otherwise the Florence oil is likely to be impure. The test consists in taking $\frac{1}{7}$ to $\frac{1}{6}$ ounce of nitrate protoxide of mercury (the yellow simple salt $2H_9O_1NO_5HO$) and dissolving it in a test-tube with from $\frac{1}{6}$ to $\frac{1}{5}$ ounce of nitric acid. On this solution the oil to be tested is poured, until the test-glass is two-thirds full. The two fluids are then shaken up together for five or six seconds, and the change of colour noted. Cotton-seed oil becomes dark brown, or almost black; but after a short time the solution becomes colourless and clear. Pure olive oil has a greenish or light yellowish tinge, while the solution under the layer of oil takes a dark red or brown colour. Olive oil mixed with 50 per cent. of cotton-seed oil assumes a brick-red to brownish tinge. When mixed with 25 per cent. of cotton-seed oil it becomes orange-yellow to red-yellow. The solution of the mercurial preparation remains for the most part colourless when mixed with olive oils, as well as pure cotton-seed oils. Pure olive oils ought not to acquire a reddish tint under the test; the redder or browner the oil is, the more cotton-seed oil it contains. The test, with some practice, is capable of showing even 5 per cent. of cotton-seed oil.

A New Sleeping-Berth.

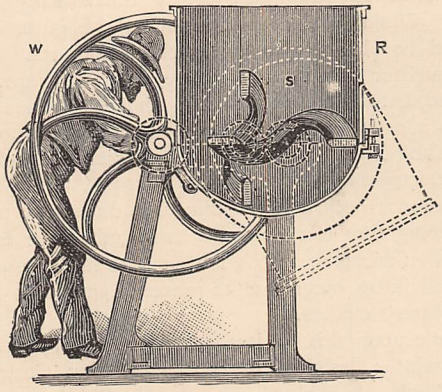
A berth for emigrant vessels, which is constructed of iron, and is capable of being taken to pieces and folded up, has recently been brought out. It is put together in a few minutes, like an iron bedstead, and, when taken down, can be stowed away in the compass of a few rods of iron.

An Oven Heat Indicator.

A heat indicator for domestic ovens is shown in our engraving. It resembles a watch-dial, and is marked "cold," "warm," "bread," "meat," "pastry," and "burning," while it also tells the temperature in Fahrenheit's scale up to 600°. It is attached to the oven-door, so that it is not necessary to open the latter to tell how hot the oven is. It can be fixed to any oven-door, by drilling a small hole through it, passing the spindle of the indicator through, and fixing it by means of brass screws provided for the purpose.



The indicator must be applied to the oven-door when cold. It is best, however, to cook with it once, in order to see what particular degree of heat on the scale is suitable to the particular oven, as ovens vary in their "cooking" temperatures.



A Mixing Machine.

Our figure shows the interior of a mixing machine for paint, cement, and such-like materials. As will be readily understood, the materials are put into the receptacle, R, and the wheel, W, is turned. This revolves the curved stirrers, S, inside, and mixes them. The dotted lines show how the receptacle is turned to empty the mixture afterwards.

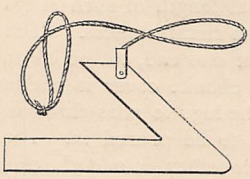
A Pocket Accumulator.

The following instructions have been given by an electrician for making a pocket accumulator:—An ebonite box, with a partition down the middle so as to form two compartments, is varnished with shellac or elastic glue to make the partition watertight at the edges. The plates are made from sheet lead $\frac{1}{12}$ inch thick, cut into six strips, an inch wide, so as to go easily into the two cells or compartments, three in each, side by side. The usual length of such strips is 3 inches, but this depends on circumstances. Each strip should have a "lug" at one end, cut so as to project beyond the cell. The ebonite cover is cut in two, and holes are made for the lugs to pass through, as well as pents for the acid to be poured in. The set of three plates are put together into each cell, with two india-rubber bands round the middle one, vertically, to separate the plates from each other. The tops are then put on and glued carefully to prevent leakage of the acid. There are now six lugs of lead projecting from the cover, three in each cell. The two outer lugs of one cell are now to be joined to the middle or inner lug of the other cell, and the inner lug of the first cell fixed to a binding screw. The two outer lugs of the second cell are similarly fixed to another binding screw. These screws are to be fastened to their respective sides of the top. A small glass tube about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch long is then placed in the two remaining holes. A layer of glue is put all over the cover, so that only the ends of the tubes and

binding screws are clear of it. The binding screw connected to the middle of the first cell is marked +, and the other —, as the centre plates in each cell will be the + plates. Acid is then run into the cells in the proportion of 1 part of sulphuric acid to 6 of water. The cells are then "formed" by charging with electricity and discharging them many times over. When carried in the pocket the glass tubes should be closed with gutta-percha stoppers. This accumulator may be used before the plates are fully formed, but the forming process should continue until it has a capacity of two ampere-hours, that is to say, until the output is two amperes of current for an hour. The electro-motive force of the cells is 4 volts. Their total cost is only a few shillings, and they are useful for giving tiny electric lights from miniature lamps and other purposes. It is advisable to further enclose the cell in an outer case, to prevent damage to it or the wearer's clothes.

While upon this subject we may mention a tubular accumulator designed by Mr. J. J. Van Gestel, of New York. It is chiefly intended for lighting railway carriages and for propelling tram-cars. Mr. Van Gestel takes a lead-covered copper wire and surrounds it by a lead tube, the space between being filled with red lead. This compound tube is then bent on itself to form a flat rectangular spiral. The plates thus formed are perforated with numerous holes, and crushed glass is filled into the cell to prevent the spilling of the solution. We may add that the Elison accumulator which is being made for the new electric vessel *Victoria* has the lead plates perforated with holes, in which a spiral tape of lead is coiled, the layers of the tape being separated by asbestos. The *Victoria* will be the largest electrically-driven vessel yet built. She is 90 feet long by about 11 feet wide, and will carry a dynamo on board to charge the accumulators with the electricity necessary to propel her. She is expected to cross the Channel when ready.

An Artist's Clinometer.

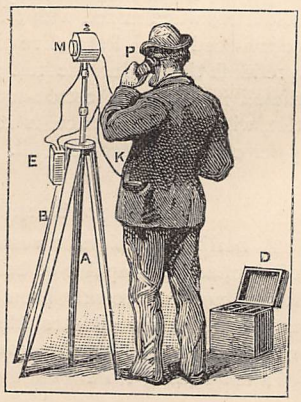


An artist sometimes uses the plummet to get the relation of objects to the vertical; but usually he trusts to his pencil, held as horizontally as he can, to get their relations to the horizontal. The "Artist's Clinometer" shown in the accompanying engraving is intended to assist him in this matter. It also shows the angle of 45°, useful for getting the pitch of inclined lines, such as the slope of roofs, and in addition it gives the vertical. The Clinometer is simply hung by the cord which is attached to it by a pivot, allowing it to hang by gravity and give the horizontal and other lines.

A Paint Current Indicator.

Mr. H. Crookes, who recently brought out a heat-indicating paint, mentioned in the GATHERER, has applied it to indicating the strength of an electric current in electric lighting or other circuits. It is well known that a current flowing in a wire tends to heat it, and the temperature produced increases with the strength of the current. If, therefore, the wire be coated with the heat-indicating paint, the latter can be made to tell approximately the strength of current in the wire. Mr. Crookes uses a thin ribbon of copper coated with his paint instead of a wire coated with it. The paint is red, but becomes darker by degrees as the temperature of the ribbon rises with the strength of current flowing in it. The better to distinguish the change of colour in the paint, the ribbon is surrounded by a screen painted the same red hue as the fresh paint. When the ribbon becomes black the current in the wire is too strong, and it is necessary to cut off some of it. Thus by inspection of the painted ribbon it can be seen whether the current in a circuit is too great or not. It will, of course, be understood that the painted copper ribbon is joined up in circuit with the electric lighting or power apparatus.

The Hydrophone.



Our figure represents a contrivance devised by Mr. A. Pares, of Altona, for detecting leakage in water-mains. A rod, A, made of wood which conducts sound well, is held in a vertical position by a tripod, B; and to its upper extremity is attached a metal box containing a microphone, M. The apparatus is completed by a regenerative dry battery, E; a telephone receiver, P; a contact-maker, K, to close the circuit of the battery when an observation is to be made; and a box, D, to hold the parts. On moving the rod, A, over the water-pipe, the sound of the leaking water causes the rod to vibrate. These sonorous vibrations are transmitted by the rod to the microphone, and so heard in the telephone, when the key is closed and the electric circuit complete. When there are extraneous noises it is well to use two telephones, one for each ear, or to close the free ear by a small "Antiphone," which Mr. Pares has contrived.

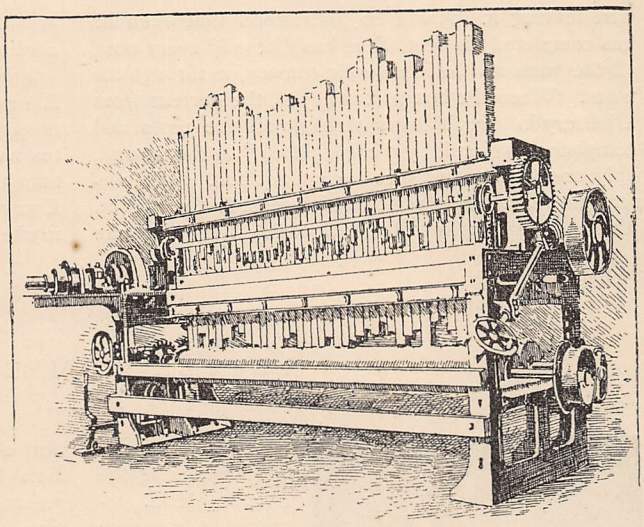
Pure Air.

The purity of mid-Atlantic air has been demonstrated by Professor F. S. Dennis, of New York, by means of capsules of sterilised gelatine, which were exposed to it on the promenade deck, where there was free circulation of the atmosphere. In ten days a few points of infection were developed. When exposed in one of the state-rooms, over 500 points of infection were developed within eighteen hours. But when a capsule was exposed over the bow of the ship it was found to be entirely untouched. The experiments show how pure was the mid-ocean air

outside the enclosed spaces of the vessel. While upon this subject we may mention the recent investigations made by Professor Carnelley, Mr. J. S. Haldane, M.B., and Dr. A. M. Anderson, M.D., on the carbonic acid, organic matter, and micro-organisms in air. These gentlemen make the following remarks on the subject of pure air in dwellings and schools. They infer that the defective ventilation of many Board schools hurts the child's health, and the result may sometimes be ascribed to "over-pressure" of education when due to bad air. Mechanical ventilation is required for schools, because the windows cannot be kept open in winter. In mechanical ventilation it is better to blow air into a room and let it find its way out up chimneys, and so on, than to ventilate by extraction. The former plan avoids draughts better, and the latter is apt to create a suction, drawing in sewer-gas, if there is any in the vicinity. Warm air is recommended to be blown in at low velocity through large upright shafts. In regard to houses, mechanical ventilation is not suited to houses as a rule; but in large blocks, let in flats, a large open space on each landing provided with wire-grated but unglazed windows, to allow a circulation of air in the passages, is recommended by the authors. The practice of keeping a lamp burning during the night in small houses is condemned as vitiating the air. Cleanliness is of much importance in keeping the air pure of micro-organisms. The frequency with which the air of a room is changed is, in the authors' opinion, more important than the providing of abundant air-space, though this too is advantageous. Ventilation by mere diffusion should never be depended on, for though it may help to remove carbonic acid, it has probably little effect in reducing organic matter and micro-organisms. The windows of houses and schools should be made to open widely, so that currents of air at intervals can be sent through the rooms. With fires the carbonic acid and organic matter appear to be less, and the number of micro-organisms more, than with hot-water pipes.

A Beetling Machine.

A beetling machine for cloth is being exhibited at the Manchester Exhibition, and is illustrated herewith. The cotton cloth to be beetled is wound on a long roller, several pieces being wound side by side with a space between. The roller is placed under the beetles of beech-wood, which have a stroke of 11 inches. By means of a series of cams, not shown in our engraving, the beetles are alternately raised and let fall on the cloth while the roller is slowly revolved. Cloth shrinks in the weaving, and the beetling restores it to its proper width, while giving a finish to the fabric. It is only with the finer goods that beetling is resorted to; for commoner goods the calender is employed.



A BEETLING MACHINE.

The engraving shows two rollers, one of which is beetled while the other is being stripped of the beetled cloth and supplied with unbeetled.

Fish-Leather.

The skin of the cat-fish is now tanned into leather in Germany. The new leather is tough, supple, and of good appearance. It is made into purses and shoe-laces. Tanned salmon-skins are used as robes by the women of Castrie's Bay.

New Inventions for Home Use.

An imitation of chamois leather has recently been invented for domestic use. The new fabric, which is woven, is in feel and appearance much like the true leather; but, unlike the latter, it keeps its softness after being wet, or used for cleaning windows, and washes well. For cleaning and polishing silver and plate, as well as for window-cleaning, this new fabric should be very useful.

A safety feeding bottle for infants is one of the latest devices. The dipping tube is non-porous, and will neither break nor chip, and on the flexible tube there is a light clip which is used to regulate or stop the supply of milk, but which will not cut or damage the tube. Glass is used only for the bottle itself, all the fittings being of other materials and unbreakable.

A Watchman's Tell-Tale.

An ingenious plan for checking the fidelity of watchmen on their beat in guarding premises has been successfully introduced. It consists in arranging a series of posts or "boxes" in an electric circuit. The posts are placed at convenient points of the watchman's beat, and each comprises a key-hole into which the watchman, as he goes along, inserts a "key." This has the effect of establishing electric connection inside the post between the wire coming to it and the

wire leaving it. It will be understood that when he has completed his beat, if he has "keyed" every post, all the posts will be in metallic connection through the wires. When the last post is keyed, the current from a battery in circuit flows through all the posts and completes its circuit by "earth plates" in the ground, only one connecting wire being required. The current also actuates a pencil which records the fact on a strip of paper rotated by clockwork. Thus the time at which the beat is concluded is indicated. The recording clock may be placed in the manager's office or any other convenient place in the metallic circuit. A further operation of the watchman with his key reverses the current and sets all the posts and apparatus as they were before, thus allowing the watchman to repeat the process when on his second turn. Every post must be called at, and every journey is marked.

LETTER COMPETITION.

AFTER carefully considering the 221 MSS. received in response to his offer of a Prize for the best Letter written under the circumstances detailed on page 320 of the April MAGAZINE, the Editor has awarded the PRIZE OF TWO GUINEAS to—

G. B. BURGIN, 7, Dryden Road, Bush Hill Park, Enfield, Middlesex,

whose Letter is given below.

High Commendation is awarded to the work of

Eliza J. Adair, Belfast;
Edith A. Stokes, Acton, W.;
Elizabeth M. Brant, Ilkeston;
Lucy Gibbs, Sheffield;
S. E. Wargent, Hereford;
John C. Hudson, Calverton, Bucks;
F. Clifton, Aldershot.

The following is the Prize Letter:—

MY DEAR ALPHA,—Beta is out calling on the Standishes this afternoon—she says they are so dark that she thinks the first Standish must have been called Ink-Standish—and as it is just that kind of weather when one feels inclined to sit down and write, I am inflicting myself on you.

A robin is piping by the window in the pertest possible manner, and every flirt of his tiny tail indicates how thoroughly he enjoys existence. By the most natural transition in the world, I reflect that we are not particularly enjoying existence just now. I found Beta in tears last night, and, without forcing her confidence, could easily see that something very serious had happened to disturb the friendship which has existed between you for so long. I dare say, if I could interrogate that robin, I should find that he does have little differences of opinion with his fellow-robins, and that sometimes his outward gaiety is only assumed. Beta has been very much like the robin lately—her gaiety appears to be assumed. You know how sensitive she is, and how apt to have a fixed idea where she loves strongly. A coolness has lately arisen between her and her *sweetheart*—I hate those finicking French words which are so namby-pambily inexpressive—and as you are her most attractive girl friend, she has instituted comparisons which have finally resulted in the somewhat illogical conclusion that Guy has transferred his affections to you. I very much fear that it is a repetition of—

> "Alas, they had been friends in youth,
> But whispering tongues had poisoned truth."

These things always right themselves in time; but, my dear girl, life is so short that one cannot afford to waste any portion of it in estrangements. There is only one way to overcome them, and that is, to disregard the "whispering tongues." But then pride and prejudices crop up, and the more one is inclined to brush away these cobwebby differences, the more difficult it is to do so. There is always that horrid question of who is to make the first advances. Beta misses you constantly; the old familiar wish for your presence rises to her lips half a dozen times a day. Then, recollection intervenes, and she looks inclined to cry. Love is such a sacred dream to a young girl that she is apt to over-estimate the value of the man who has won her, forgetting that he may not be equally fascinating in the eyes of others.

But I have probably made mountains out of molehills. Beta has just returned; I put down my pen for a moment to tell her that I am writing to you; she looks pleased. By the way, you have not yet brought me that orchid you have been growing for me. Orchids are enviable flowers; they live on air, and yet can always keep up appearances—even in Jubilee year. If you should happen to drive over in the pony-carriage to-morrow, you will find us in our customary places. I am anxiously toiling at an Afghan for the bazaar. I always thought that an "Afghan" was a formidable ruffian; mine is more harmless. But come and judge for yourself, and believe me, *sans adieu*—I am degenerating into French phrases, but they *are* expressive sometimes—yours very sincerely,

DOROTHY TEMPLETON.

A MAN OF THE NAME OF JOHN.

By FLORENCE M. KING.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

SIR JOHN TO THE RESCUE.

THE Harvest Thanksgiving at Ashleigh was impending, and in the week following the tea-party at the Place, Gypsy went down to the church one morning, to meet Joyce by appointment, and discuss decorations. As she came up the churchyard path, she became aware of two figures standing near the porch. On a nearer approach she discovered that one was Alan, talking earnestly to Joyce, as she leant against the wall, and listened, with her eyes fixed on the ground.

Gypsy would fain have retreated, but it was too late. At the sound of her footsteps on the gravel, Alan looked up and saw her. He said a few hasty words to Joyce, and turned away, simply remarking as he hurried past Gypsy and lifted his hat, "Good morning! What a lovely day!"—a proceeding so contrary to his usual custom that she was immediately certain that something unusual had occurred to disturb him.

Joyce, however, came forward tranquilly to meet her, and proceeded to discuss their work in a set, quiet way that compelled Gypsy's respect. But the restraint she was evidently putting on herself was too unnatural to last. She suddenly broke off in the middle of a sentence, and put her hand wearily to her head.

"I don't mean holly; I mean oats. Oh, Gyp dear! I don't think I can arrange it now. My head aches, and I feel so ill. I think I must go home."

"All right; I'll see you safe there. You look like a ghost," said Gypsy, linking her arm in her friend's.

The two girls passed through the churchyard and up the Vicarage garden in silence. Gypsy was debating the whole way whether she should try to force Joyce's confidence or not. On the one hand, such a proceeding was quite contrary to her principles; on the other, she was already more in Joyce's confidence than any one else, and Joyce had no one else to turn to. Kitty was too young to give advice in any emergency at present.

Peace and silence reigned in the Vicarage for once; the children were all at cricket in the field. The two friends went quietly up-stairs to Joyce's room, where she seated herself mechanically in a low chair, and, taking of her hat, leant her head back wearily, and shut her eyes.

"Joyce dear, what is the matter? You do look so ill," hazarded Gypsy, sitting down on the window-seat close by her.

"I shall be better presently," said Joyce faintly.

Gypsy's resolve was taken. She would know what was wrong.

"Joy, what is it?" she asked again. "What have you been saying to Alan Fortescue?"

His name broke the spell; quiet, steadfast Joyce broke down into heavy tearless sobs.

"Oh, Gypsy dear, what shall I do?" she moaned. "He says I ought to say 'Yes,' and I feel I ought to say 'No.' I daren't say 'Yes;' I can't—I know I can't! What shall I do?"

"Why can't you say 'Yes,' Joy? Surely you care for him?"

"Care for him? I should think so! That is what makes it so hard. But how can I leave father and the children? I say it is my duty to say 'No,' and he says it isn't. I don't know what to do."

There was silence for a few moments. Then Gypsy took Joyce's hand lovingly in hers. "Tell me all about it, dear; I don't understand yet," she said. And Joyce told her.

It seemed that ten days before Alan had heard through Mr. Freeman that Sir John had only lately become aware of the terms of his uncle's will, and that he intended to carry out Sir Charles's intentions as far as Alan was concerned. It was this unexpected good fortune that had caused his high spirits on the afternoon of his tea-party.

Further, on writing to inquire if Sir John would accept him as a tenant for High Beeches, he had been answered that he might either take it on a long lease, or if he preferred he might have the farm as part of his legacy. Full of delight and confident of success, he had hastened that morning to ask Joyce to share his happiness, only to receive a decided refusal, on the score that it was impossible for her to leave her family.

"I know I ought not to leave home," sighed poor Joyce. "I would have promised in the spring if he had asked me then, as he so nearly did. But I see now that my being prevented was providential, and so I must not do it."

Gypsy was so completely astonished by the whole story that she hardly knew what to say.

"But what is the use of Kitty?" she asked. "And why couldn't you consent to a long engagement? You need not be married at once."

"Nothing would induce me to consent to a long engagement; it is so wearing, and so hard on the man," said Joyce with decision. "And Kitty is much too young to be left at the head of the house. Think how many years I have been learning how to manage! And every year the glebe brings in less, and our income gets smaller. Oh, I could not leave them all; it would not be right."

"And what does Mr. Kendall say?" asked Gypsy.

Joyce did not wish him to say anything. It would

only pain him to know of her pain, and he could not but agree with her. She had made Alan promise not to appeal to him.

Then Gypsy waxed wroth, and declared that Joyce had no right to sacrifice Alan to her family, and that Mr. Kendall ought to know all about it. Finally she delivered her verdict: that if Mr. Kendall was not told the state of affairs in four-and-twenty hours, she should come down and tell him herself. In vain Joyce pleaded and urged, Gypsy was firm; and at last she left Joyce much revived by the necessity of defending her own conduct, and not sure in her heart of hearts that Gypsy was not right.

Self-sacrifice is second nature to women. Their great difficulty generally is to know to whom they ought to sacrifice themselves, and, alas! too often they make fatal mistakes on that point with the best intentions, for want of a little common-sense.

Gypsy wended her way homewards in a very thoughtful and doubtful state of mind. She longed for a confidante of her own, and wished with all her heart that she had Mrs. Lawson to take counsel with. Alan Fortescue's good-fortune perfectly amazed her, and in spite of her prejudice she could not help owning that Sir John had done a very generous thing. She had a lurking conviction that Mr. Freeman must have had something to do with it, for he must have known Alan's aspirations quite as well as she did, and it was quite possible that he might have suggested to Sir John this act of reparation.

She sighed as she thought how hard-pressed the Kendalls must be for Joyce to have refused to benefit by her lover's improved prospects. And if she felt it her duty to remain at home, Gypsy knew nothing would move her. Her heart ached as she thought of the bright and happy visions that must have arisen before the young couple that morning, and from which Joyce thought it right steadfastly to turn away.

As she was turning in at the Manor lower gate which led into the pleasure-grounds, she was overtaken by Mr. Holt and Lal.

They had come to beg for the loan of the pony for Lal that afternoon. Mr. Holt and Alan Fortescue were going for a long walk in the forest, and Lal wanted to ride with them. It was a long-promised favour, which Gypsy readily granted, asking where they were going to.

"Up Fawley way, where we have never been before," said Mr. Holt. "Have you heard of Fortescue's good luck?"

"Yes, indeed I have," said Gypsy. "He is a fortunate man."

Mr. Holt leant against the paling, idly scraping off the moss with his stick. "Has it altered your opinion of Sir John at all?" he asked, without looking up.

"I am sure I don't know; it depends whether this was his original idea, or whether some one put it into his head," said perverse Gypsy.

"Poor Sir John! You never give him credit for a good motive, do you?" said Mr. Holt involuntarily.

Then he stood upright. "Come, Lal, we'll go home and rest, as you are going to emulate Dick Turpin this afternoon. Good-bye, Miss Marchmont. Thanks very much."

Gypsy wondered a little if she had done anything to offend him, as she wandered slowly through the pleasure-grounds. She had been conscious of a change in his manner for the last few days, imperceptible perhaps to outsiders, but very patent to her. He seemed to be under a sort of constraint, absent and preoccupied. With Lal, or in society, he was as bright as usual: when they were alone together, he relapsed into a quiet gravity that seemed to create a distance between them. Gypsy could not account for it in any way; but the fact was there. Since that afternoon at the Place, when she had declared they were all fey, he had never been like himself. She was quite persuaded that there was something on his mind. Perhaps his holiday was drawing to an end, and he was reluctant to leave Ashleigh, she had thought hitherto. Now it occurred to her that he might possibly be in financial difficulties, and even to-day somewhat envious of Alan Fortescue.

At this point in her reflections it struck her that she ought to have inquired if Alan wished his windfall to be generally known. But when she met her family at lunch, she found that Mr. Marchmont had seen Alan that morning, and was full of the news. No one could say enough in praise of Sir John. Of course Gypsy argued that some one else must have suggested the idea, and scouted the notion that any credit could possibly be attached to an act committed by a person rejoicing in the name of John. As a matter of fact, she was really glad of any excuse for the random talk which covered her real excitement on Joyce's account.

She went down to the Vicarage next morning, and found Joyce very heavy-hearted. She had taken Gypsy's advice, and told her father the state of affairs; and, much as Mr. Kendall wished to see his daughter happy, he was obliged reluctantly to confess that he did not see how they could get on without her.

"Alan begs so hard for a definite engagement, even if it is to last for years," said Joyce, sighing. "But I think it would be more trying than if we were both free. Oh, I don't know what we ought to do. I don't know what is right."

Gypsy could only listen in silent sympathy. She felt the matter was too grave for further interference from her.

She was sitting in her own room next morning, debating whether or not she should write and tell Mrs. Lawson all about it, when there came a knock at the door, and Joyce herself entered. But such a transfigured Joyce—radiant with smiles, with happiness dancing in her eyes and ringing in her voice, as she swiftly crossed the room, and, flinging both arms round Gypsy, cried—

"Oh, Gyp! My dear old Gyp! I have come up myself to tell you, because it is too good to be true."

Gypsy had never seen Joyce so excited before, and the wildest visions flashed through her brain, as she sprang up, crying—

"Why, Joy, what *has* happened? Have you got a legacy too?"

"Better than that! Sir John is going to make father Rector of Ashleigh, and we shal have an increased endowment!" cried Joyce in triumph.

Gypsy felt perfectly bewildered. For a moment she felt a strange sensation as if she were in some way responsible—as if some beneficent fairy must have heard her conversation with Mr. Holt, and acted on it.

"My dear Joy! It can't be true!" she said.

"That is what I said. I read the letter over and over; we all did. We couldn't believe it. We thought we must all be dreaming," said Joyce in incoherent delight. "But it is true. The Vicars of Ashleigh are to be Rectors from henceforth. And because there is a legal process to be gone through, and all these things take time, Sir John has sent father a cheque for £300 as a first instalment. Oh, Gypsy, can you imagine what it is to us? I don't think you can. You should see the dear old father. He is simply beaming with joy."

"And Alan?" asked Gypsy.

A happy light shone in Joyce's eyes as she answered, "Oh, Alan! Father sent him word at once, and he came down. It is all settled. He says nothing will induce him to wait more than a year now, and indeed I don't think we need."

"You are an angel without the wings, and you deserve it all," said Gypsy solemnly. Come down and tell mother the news."

As the news spread, Ashleigh became wildly excited. All the neighbourhood joined in congratulating Mr. Kendall on his well-earned promotion, and in assuring Alan how glad they were that he was to settle among them. His engagement was a general satisfaction, if not a general surprise, and every one wished Joyce warmly the happiness she deserved.

Sir John's generous acts had created, too, a distinct impression in his own favour. They were hardly evidence of the grasping disposition that Gypsy had foretold.

"If only we could see Sir John, and tell him how happy he has made us!" said Joyce after a dinner at the Manor, when they had drunk the health of the new Rector amidst great enthusiasm. "I wonder if he has the least idea what he has done for us?"

"I think he is a perfect paragon of squires. I wish there were more Liverpool clerks in the world," said Alan Fortescue, looking wickedly across at Gypsy.

"We shall have to forgive him that, and let him start fair, I think," said Gypsy condescendingly—a vast admission for her.

"You can forgive him some things, then?" asked Mr. Holt, who was standing behind her chair.

"SHE DISCOVERED . . . ALAN TALKING EARNESTLY TO JOYCE" (*p.* 577).

"I suppose I must own that he has good qualities! Really, to tell the truth, I could forgive him a great deal if he would only change his name," said Gypsy. "Joy, what is his writing like?"

"He did not write himself," said Joyce. "Mr. Freeman wrote."

"He ought to have done it through me," put in Alan.

"He never has written to you yet, has he, Mr. Fortescue?" asked Gypsy. "Isn't it odd of him? Is he ashamed of signing his name?"

"He would be if he had ever heard you talk about it," laughed Joyce.

"Well, I think it is very silly; I hate all mystery and concealment," said Gypsy. "I believe he has something to be ashamed of."

Whereupon arose a general chorus that she was not to abuse their beloved Sir John any more.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

NOT QUITE CANNY.

"It is not canny," said Alan Fortescue. "It really is not canny."

A Committee of Ways and Means was being held round the Vicarage porch. It was Giles's eighth birthday, and the Marchmonts had come down to suggest a picnic tea in the forest that afternoon in honour of the occasion, since the wonderfully warm

weather still held. Gerald was mounted, ready to ride on and invite the Crawfords if Joyce approved the plan, and Lal—who with Mr. Holt had been summoned to join the conference—was perched

"'I HAVE COME UP MYSELF TO TELL YOU'" (*p.* 578).

proudly in front of him, smiling down at Gypsy as she stood near.

"What is not canny?" asked Joyce, looking up at the sound of his footstep.

She stood within the porch, with the children round her eagerly clamouring for the proposed treat, looking bright as the sunny September morning itself, and handsome enough to make her lover a proud man.

"Oh, Alan, it is my birthday, and we are going to have tea in the forest!" cried Giles, in great excitement.

"Are we? How delightful! There, Gillie, don't cut your fingers more than twice a day," said Alan, presenting him with a many-bladed knife.

"But what is not canny, Alan?" asked Joyce, serenely unconscious of the ensuing hubbub.

"Not another surprise of Sir John's, by any chance, I suppose?" asked Molly.

"Yes, it is, indeed," said Alan, with a laugh. "You shall all have three guesses, if you like."

"Oh, no; we can't wait," said Gypsy decisively. "If it is another of Sir John's vagaries, please put us out of suspense at once."

"Well, it really is most extraordinary," said Alan, looking round him almost apologetically. "I really am not taking you in or chaffing. Sir John has sent word that on inspecting the plan of his property, he is dissatisfied with the only approach to the house being out on the Hengston road, so far from the village——"

"And he wants a proper gate made instead of that door?" cried half a dozen voices, followed by a shout of laughter.

"Not only a gate, but a regular carriage-road across the park, and a lodge at this end," said Alan, laughing heartily. "It is the most extraordinary thing I ever knew. It positively is not canny."

"Mr. Holt, this is all your doing," said Molly, turning on him suddenly, amidst the ejaculations and exclamations that followed.

Mr. Holt, who was lounging against the porch with a far-away look in his eyes, seemed for once completely taken aback. "What do you mean?" he said blankly.

"Why, this is all the result of our willing, of course, and you proposed that, so you are responsible," said Molly.

"Oh, of course!" said Mr. Holt, recovering himself. "Yes, what else did you expect? Your faith is very weak, I am afraid."

"Shockingly so! Of course this is the result of our willing; that is just what is so very creepy," said Alan solemnly. "This shows how dangerous it is to tamper with powers whose strength we——"

"Mr. Fortescue," broke in Gypsy's clear voice, "did Sir John write himself this time?"

"No; the letter was from Mr. Freeman, for a change."

"Now that really is extraordinary," said Gypsy. "Why on earth does the man never do his own business for himself?"

"Because he pays Mr. Freeman to do it for him," said Gerald, laughing. "That's simple enough."

"It really is very odd," said Alan soberly. "I can't help thinking there is something queer about it all. How does Sir John always manage to find out exactly what we want, and apply it at the right moment? One would almost think he had some one here to keep watch for him, and report everything."

"Well, I don't care if he has, when the results are so pleasing," said Gerald. "I want a new hunter, and I hope if Sir John's emissary is anywhere about that he will make a note of it."

Gypsy was drawing patterns on the gravel with her stick, with a thoughtful expression on her face. It seemed to her very odd that in all these things it was always a strong wish of her own that was carried out. She remembered telling Mr. Holt how unjust she thought it that Sir John should have the great tithes; and she also remembered how she had confided to him one day the story of the unsigned will, and Alan's lost legacy, in answer to his inquiries as to her constant allusions to Alan's disappointment. No one but herself had taken his misfortunes so much to heart. Then, too, it was she who had declared that there ought to be a proper gate into the park. Altogether she could not rid herself of a vague, uncomfortable feeling of being in some way responsible for all these

events, and she quite agreed with Alan that it was not canny.

"Well, I'm off then," Gerald was saying, when she roused herself to listen again. "The cliff above the Pool at 4.30 sharp; all right. Lal, are you coming with me?"

"How well Lal looks now!" Joyce remarked to Mr. Holt, as Gypsy lifted him down from the horse.

"MR. HOLT CAME BACK WITH A HUGE FAGGOT" (*p.* 582).

"Yes, indeed, he looks quite a different boy from the Lal I brought here," said Mr. Holt, with a smile of satisfaction.

Lal was indeed a different boy; there were faint roses in his cheeks now, and though he was still delicate, he had lost his painfully fragile look. His delicacy had the effect of refinement now, not of weakness.

"Yes, at least Ashleigh has done him no harm," said Mr. Holt, so much to himself that Joyce did not catch the words.

In due time that afternoon a goodly procession started from the Manor gates. A pony-cart packed with hampers led the way; then came Lal, mounted upon his favourite Peggy; and then the rest of the party, straggling gaily along the road.

"There ought to be plenty of blackberries in the forest now," said Gypsy. "I have put some empty baskets in the cart on purpose. We must have some blackberrying expeditions next week, eh, Joyce?"

"Yes, down in the woods. You don't half know the woods yet, Mr. Holt; you have still something to live for," said Joyce.

"I am afraid I shall have to live on the hope of seeing them at some future time. Lal and I will be leaving Ashleigh next week," said Mr. Holt quietly.

Leaving Ashleigh! Gypsy felt her heart stand still within her; she could not find a single word to say. She was thankful that a chorus of remonstrance arose which covered her silence. But Mr. Holt was deaf to remonstrance. He quietly said that his holiday had lasted long enough, and he must get to work again. Lal and he must be off next week.

"But that is no reason why we should spoil our last expedition by lamentation," he said, rousing himself to put an end to the regrets that threatened to cast a shade over the entire company. "We are all going to enjoy ourselves immensely this afternoon, and it is such a glorious day!"

It was a glorious day indeed, and when they turned away from the road, and entered on the rough cart-track that led into the depths of the forest, the beauty round them was sufficient to raise their spirits in spite of themselves.

The earth was too dry for the damp rich scent of autumn; only the faint fragrance of the pines filled the air. There was nothing but the changing leaves and ripening blackberries to tell that the year was waning fast. Gypsy put away from her blindly all thoughts of the future. It was summer still, and summer pleasures were not yet over, she would enjoy them to the full while they lasted, and forget that chill autumn and desolate winter must surely follow in their course.

So amongst the merry party none were more blithe and merry than she. And as she led the way down the rutty road, walking at Lal's bridle, no one would have thought that the girl who was the life and soul of the party could have any secret care or anxiety on her mind.

By-and-by they came to an opening among the trees where the road turned sharply away, and here the Crawfords, who had made their way across by forest paths from Crawhatch, were already awaiting them. Then ensued great bustle and activity. The ponies were tied up to the trees, the cart unpacked, and every one lent a hand to carry hampers, rugs, and cushions down the steep hill-side to a plateau, shaded by a huge beech, whence the sharp cliff went sheer down to the Pool below. A rough path led down the side of the cliff to the water's edge, and round the head of the Pool to the pine-woods that sloped steeply upwards on the other side.

On the open space on the top of the cliff the fire was to be lit and the kettle boiled, and every one started at once to collect sticks. Mr. Holt, who had wandered to some distance, came back with a huge faggot just as the fire was beginning to burn up under the anxious care of Gypsy and Cecil.

"It wants a little more draught," Cecil was saying. "Where's the poker? That's right; you're a splendid hand at a fire, Gyp! Now, more wood!" as a bright flame shot up in response to Gypsy's deft touch with a short thick stick.

"We shall set the whole place on fire if we burn all this," said Mr. Holt, looking round at the heap of wood. "What a huge fire you are making, Crawford!"

"I suppose a man may burn his own sticks if he likes," said Cecil, with what for him was a touch of arrogance. "Let's have some straw, Gyp; do you remember the glorious bonfire we made the night Claud got his commission?"

Cecil seemed to take a pleasure in calling Gypsy by her Christian name in Mr. Holt's presence, and in reminding the landless artist that he had been accustomed to make fires on his own property for years. Gypsy was secretly annoyed with him, but she was anxious to keep the peace, and quietly turned the conversation. Mr. Holt moved off, and devoted himself to keeping the children amused and out of the way till tea was ready.

If this was the last of their summer festivities it was certainly the gayest. Never had they enjoyed a merrier *al fresco* tea. For once there was not the slightest jar to disturb the harmony of the meeting, and so delightful was the occasion that no one cared to be the first to break the spell by breaking up the circle.

"To Giles's health, and to our next merry meeting!" cried Mr. Marchmont, at last, as he held up his last cup of tea. "I hope we shall see you again next summer, Mr. Holt, as I hear you are leaving us soon."

"Thanks, very much. I trust we may be here," said Mr. Holt, but in a tone that struck Gypsy as being singularly wistful.

"And I don't," muttered Cecil in her ear. "Too much of a good thing is enough."

Gypsy jumped up hastily. "Blackberries!" she cried. "Who is coming to pick?"

The elders of the party undertook to repack the hampers, and the rest scattered gradually over the hill-side, making their way slowly down towards the water. They were to meet again at the bonfire at half-past six, and Mr. Marchmont was specially charged not to let it go out in the meantime.

Gypsy, who never did anything but with her whole might, became so absorbed in her blackberry gathering that she did not notice that she had gradually outdistanced all the party. She made her way onwards from bush to bush, heedless of time and distance, till a voice near her said quietly—

"Don't you think we have picked enough now? We might almost take a rest."

She looked round in surprise, and found no one near her but Mr. Holt. The retreating voices of the rest of the party sounded faintly in the distance. She had made her way right round the Pool till she was almost opposite the cliff where the bonfire blazed brightly against the shadowy woods. Dark figures flitting past it showed that the party was reassembling, but Gypsy felt no keen desire to return. She took off her hat, and laid it with her basket on a great stone by the water's edge, against which she leant as she answered, "Yes, I really think we have earned a rest. How good we have been!"

Mr. Holt made no reply. He stood thoughtfully gazing across the water into the dim shadows above. Gypsy, watching him with a heavy feeling at her heart, thought that she had never seen him look handsomer, more stately, than he did there in the gathering twilight.

"Like a prince in disguise!" she thought to herself, sighing.

The happy silence, that falls at times between two congenial spirits, lay unbroken for several moments; then Gypsy said softly—

"What a lovely evening it is! And how lovely the dear old forest is in the gloaming!"

Mr. Holt turned, and spoke in a tone of intense, restrained passion. "I love the forest!" he said. "I love it for itself, but, above all, because you love it, and because I love you, my darling!"

Gypsy never moved, nor turned her eyes from the crimson glow behind the purple woods. She hardly knew if she had heard aright, or if it were only part of some delicious dream.

"You know it, don't you, Gypsy?" he went on, firmly, but with a strange ring in his voice. "Whatever you may think of me, if you blame me as you so justly may, say to yourself that I loved you from the first moment I saw you, and shall love you till I die, Gypsy, my one, my only love!"

It dawned upon her vaguely that the poor artist felt he had no right to lift his eyes to her, but the thought was all the sweeter that she loved him in spite of his poverty; and she raised her face with a new expression in the soft grey eyes that told him what he longed

to know—that her heart was his. But the words died on her lips unspoken, and the light faded from her eyes, as she saw her lover's face. It was set and still, as of a man braced for endurance, and yet there was a pleading, wistful yearning in his eyes, that went to her heart, as he said tenderly—

"I have something to confess to you: something that you must hear before I dare to ask you for your love. I know you hate and loathe deceit; you say you cannot forgive it. I think, if you knew all I had suffered for the last ten days, you would, perhaps, forgive me. I have deceived you, Gypsy."

Her incredulous glance urged him to explain himself at once before she could interrupt.

"I have deceived you all," he said, slowly and distinctly. "I am not Jan Holt, the wandering artist—I am Sir John Hurst!"

Gypsy felt as if the solid earth had given way under her feet.

"I don't understand you!" she cried, bewildered. "What—what do you mean?"

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

BY THE FOREST POOL.

"WHAT do you mean?" said Gypsy, gazing at him perplexed and bewildered.

"I wish you would sit down on this stone and rest," he said quietly, in return. Now that the dreaded confession was over he had regained his usual manner, and was solicitous as usual for her comfort. "It is a long story, but I must ask you to listen to it before you can understand or judge me fairly."

"I would rather stand," said Gypsy curtly, leaning heavily against the great boulder. She was too much excited and strung up to heed politeness in speech or gesture; it was a moment for plain unvarnished truth—if there was truth in anything, which she almost doubted as she looked at the man before her.

"I can't believe it," she said helplessly. "You cannot be Sir John!"

"I am, indeed," he said gently. "Though why Mr. Freeman has always chosen to address me by my second name I do not know. No one has ever used it before except Lal, who abbreviated it in order to make a name of his own for me. Every one else who ever called me by my Christian name knew me as Geoffrey."

He paused, as though uncertain how to proceed.

"Go on; please tell me all about it," said Gypsy, looking straight across the water.

He bared his head to the evening air, and pushed his curling hair back from his forehead with a gesture like Gypsy's familiar action. Then, standing near her, and watching narrowly the clear-cut profile turned steadfastly away from him, he began—

"I am afraid I must plead guilty to being a Liverpool clerk. My father was a Liverpool doctor, and at his death I found myself almost penniless, and was only too glad to obtain a berth in the office of one of his old patients. But I had advantages which some of my fellow-clerks did not possess; I had many kind friends in Liverpool, and the country houses of my Eton and Cambridge friends were open to me whenever I could obtain a holiday. Still my salary was not large, and I think it was the change in our circumstances as much as her grief that killed my dear mother; she did not long survive my father. After that Frank Lorimer's house was a second home to me until he died. And then, when otherwise I should have found my lodgings dreary and desolate to come home to every night, there was always Lal."

His voice softened as he spoke the child's name. Gypsy sighed. The thought of Lal awoke a train of recollections which almost maddened her just then.

"But what made you turn artist?" she inquired coldly.

"Lal was ill last winter—dangerously ill. I was anxious to take him out of England during the cold winds of May, and I got leave to take my holiday earlier than usual. We were just going to start for the Continent, when I saw Freeman's advertisement. It struck me suddenly that my grandfather's name was Humphrey, and that I was probably the heir they were advertising for. As Lal and I were just starting for London, I thought I might as well call at Freeman's office, and establish my claim. I was anxious to get Lal out of England, and my prevailing idea with regard to my inheritance was that it had come too late to save my mother. Therefore I felt little interest in the necessary business, and left everything as far as possible to be settled on my return. At that moment I had no more thought of coming down to Ashleigh *incognito* than Lal had."

The emphatic tone of the last few words carried conviction with it. Almost involuntarily Gypsy said, in a low voice, "I am glad of that."

"While I was abroad I spent a great deal of time in sketching, and rather to my amusement was taken for an artist by some English people we met, who wanted to order a picture of me. That put it into my head that it would be good fun to run down here for a few days, and take a private view of Ashleigh before I made my appearance *in propriâ personâ*. When we got back to England I told Mr. Freeman of my intentions."

"Then he has been in your confidence all this time?"

"Mr. William Freeman—yes, or I should not have been able to carry out my idea. It is only fair to him to say that he strongly dissuaded me from it, and declared that such romantic proceedings, however charming in poetry, were fatal mistakes in real life."

"He was quite right," said Gypsy bitterly.

Sir Geoffrey—to give him his proper title—sighed, but went on steadily:—

"I insisted on taking my own way, and came down here, intending only to remain a week or so. I found from my landlady's conversation that Mr. Marchmont was my principal neighbour, and determined to make his acquaintance on the pretext of acquiring information about the forest. With that idea I came up to the Manor, and then—I saw you!"

"'I CAN'T BELIEVE IT,' SHE SAID HELPLESSLY" (*p.* 583).

In spite of himself his voice took a lower and more tender tone, and he went on with suppressed feeling:—

"When I left you that morning I would not have changed places with any man on earth. I was already madly, hopelessly in love with you, and rejoiced to think that my home was in Ashleigh, and that I might spend the coming summer there near you. I had every intention of telling you the truth about myself in the course of the afternoon, passing off my feigned name of the morning as a mere joke. But in conversation with Fortescue I learnt that you had conceived a prejudice against me, that my very name was a hindrance to your favour, and that if you learnt who I was, you would probably turn from the Liverpool clerk in scorn. Can you wonder that I resolved to try and win your heart first, and disclose the truth afterwards? I was wrong, I know; I see it now, but the temptation was so strong."

He spoke in pleading tones, but Gypsy was pitiless.

"And how did you manage to persuade little innocent Lal to be a party to your deceit?" she asked.

"Lal's share in the deceit has been very small. He always disliked Liverpool, where my work took me away from him for so many hours in the day. I merely told him that we were never going back there, and that I did not wish any one to know we had ever lived there. I said I would take a fresh name, and forget all about the past, and we would live together in the country for the future. After all, Hurst and Holt are not so unlike. They mean the same thing, don't they?"

"I wonder you could teach Lal to equivocate like that!"

"Lal had no idea of equivocation. He was simply delighted, and entered into the idea with all his heart. He once said to me how odd it was that Sir John should be a Hurst and come from Liverpool too, but a child of his age is very unsuspicious. He never even went near to betraying me, except that once when he nearly said he had seen plenty of big ships in Liverpool."

Gypsy was revolving the facts slowly in her mind, striving vaguely to reconcile them with the past. The afterglow had faded now, and the faint stars looked down through the twilight on the valley lying in dusky gloom. The fire on the cliff blazed and flickered brightly against the dark woods, and from the happy group gathered round it floated the sound of a chorus in which Gypsy had often joined. The music woke

fresh memories that stung her into speech. She turned fiercely upon her companion—

"You told us you had had pictures in the Academy."

"It is true. Last year I sent up two small pictures that, to my surprise, were hung, and sold."

"Then, I suppose," said Gypsy, collecting her energies, "that it is you who have given Mr. Fortescue his legacy and Mr. Kendall his tithes?"

"It was I," he answered. "I did it at your instigation: to please you. The matter of the tithes was already in training, when I found from Fortescue that Mr. Kendall's lack of means stood between him and his happiness. A letter to Freeman merely hastened matters. I thought you would be so glad to see your friend happy."

"I glad? Shall I ever be glad of anything again?" cried Gypsy from the depths of her pain.

He drew nearer to her.

"If you can forgive me, Gypsy, I think you will be glad," he said solemnly. "I know what I am asking; I have known ever since that Sunday when your scorn of deceit opened my eyes to my true position. Till then I was happy in the thought that you would easily overlook a harmless deception. Afterwards I realised that I was doing an unmanly thing, striving to win your love under false pretences, and insinuating myself into the confidence of you all as an impostor. If you could guess what I have suffered since, I think you would feel for me a little. Your look, your voice, your presence, have been almost more than I could bear. And yet I tell you all, and I entreat you to forgive me, because—because I love you so!"

Very proud, very stately, he looked, even as he thus accused himself; very tender, very pleading his voice and words; but Gypsy was unmoved.

"It is not often a man of thirty can say what I can say to you," he said. "In all my life I never had the faintest fancy for any woman but you. I loved you from the first moment I saw you; my heart is yours and yours alone, and will be till I die. Gypsy! Forgive me!"

In the darkness, his hand sought hers, while he bent his head to catch her answer. But the touch broke the spell that had hitherto kept her silent. Sharply drawing away her hand, Gypsy drew herself up to her full height, and answered passionately—

"I will never forgive you as long as I live!"

Very seldom was she moved to anger; when her wrath was really roused, it quite carried her away.

"How dare you ask me to forgive you?" she cried, in her bitter scorn. "Forgive you! You who have led me to speak against yourself, to deliver harsh judgments in ignorance of facts, to make you confidences that would have been carefully hidden from Sir Geoffrey Hurst! Do you suppose that my love can be bought by bribes, that you tell me how you have made Alan and Joyce happy, to please me? Do you suppose I shall think better of you for knowing that you only do acts of common justice at my desire?"

"Not to please you alone; but I thank you that you pointed out their justice," he said gently.

"Of what use to point it out, if you could not see it for yourself?" she cried. "I think you have killed my faith in men for ever. I thought you so true, so upright, so honourable. And you come among us under a feigned name, as a mean, treacherous coward!"

"Not a coward," he said gently. "That is a name I cannot bear, even from you."

"Yes, a coward! a deceitful coward!" reiterated Gypsy, with flashing eyes. "What else were you if you dared not own the truth? And you thought to win my heart! Well, if it is any satisfaction to you to know it, Jan Holt, the artist, had won that for which Sir Geoffrey Hurst may plead in vain. I could have shared poverty with him gladly." Her voice broke and trembled in spite of herself. "But you!" she cried fiercely. "I don't know who or what you are. Mr. Holt does not exist. There is no such man as I fancied: brave, and tender, and true: only a man who has so many names, I know not which to use—who fancies love can be bought by riches, and forgiveness with a title. A mean, faithless, scheming, Liverpool clerk!"

He stood, apparently unmoved, while Gypsy heaped her reproaches on his head; it was too dark to see by the expression of his face what he was suffering. Perhaps he guessed that she scarcely knew what she was saying in her fury of mortification and wounded pride. He could attempt no defence; all she said was true. He had deceived her; he had let her find fault with him, almost slander him, to his face; was it likely a girl would forgive such treatment? And yet—how he loved her!

"Gypsy," he said, at last, when her upbraidings had ceased, and the singing on the further shore had died away, and his voice sounded very low and tender in the utter stillness; there was no reproach in it: only the infinite yearning for the love that would never be his—"Gypsy, I have no more to say. You cannot blame me more than I blame myself. But—I think I could have forgiven you anything."

Did he mean it for a last appeal? Perhaps it might have sounded so to her had she not been too utterly overcome by her passion to be really conscious of his words. The one great fact that he had deceived her—that her fair ideal of manhood was gone—had never been—had blotted out all else from her mind for the time being. She leant on the cold stone, gazing over the dark water in blind and dumb despair. She was oblivious of the flight of time, almost of his presence. She realised nothing but that the love of her life had been given on false pretences, and that the man she loved had slain it with his own hand.

He roused her at last, speaking in his ordinary voice.

"We must go back!" he said. "They are calling us. Hark!"

Over the silent Pool floated the distant voices, "Gypsy! Gypsy!" and then in the sweet, childish treble, "Jan! where are you, my Jan?"

She turned with a slight shiver, and moved towards the path, but he barred her way still.

"One moment," he said gently. "May I ask you to leave it to me to make known my own name in my own time and way?"

"Certainly," said Gypsy, in utter scorn. "What further interest can the matter possibly have for me?"

She made her way wearily back along the path, guided by the beacon fire, vaguely conscious that she was very tired, and very, very sore at heart. They were almost within sight of the rest of the party, when she turned upon him to say, in sudden alarm, "My basket—I forgot it!"

She was schooling herself to meet criticising eyes, and was just aware that the absence of her afternoon's spoil would provoke remark.

"It is here; I have it," he said quietly.

Even at that moment, it struck her with a sudden pain that he could still think for her.

Then they stepped out together into the bright circle of light. Gypsy breathed more freely when she perceived that her mother was no longer there.

"Mrs. Marchmont started home some time ago; it is getting so late," Joyce said, in a quiet matter-of-fact tone, coming up to Gypsy. "I think it is quite time we followed her example."

Sir Geoffrey picked up Lal, and carried him up to the spot where the pony was tethered.

"I am to ride all the way; Giles is gone in the cart," said Lal. "And please, Jan, will you walk close by me all the way? Because it is so very dark, and Dick says there are ghosts in the forest. Are there ghosts, do you think, Jan?"

Ay, truly, little Lal, ghosts of a golden past which will never blossom into a tender future; ghosts of happy hopes that lie dead and buried for evermore. The forest is a haunted place from henceforth, and the ghosts of the forest Pool no man can lay.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

SOME STRANGE ANTIPATHIES.

IT is no uncommon thing to meet with people who have a strong antipathy to some particular thing or things. Sometimes it is a matter of pure sentiment; sometimes it is the association which brings the disgust; in other cases it is a mere affectation or an unreasoning or ignorant prejudice. At times it arises from a sort of mingled fear and dislike, as when ladies scream at the sight of a timid mouse—a "wee cowering beastie"—far more frightened than they. It is not our purpose in this paper to descant upon these comparatively commonplace and trifling antipathies, but to give instances of some well authenticated and deeply-rooted dislikes, ineradicable even by the strongest effort of the will.

It seems absolutely incredible that Peter the Great, the father of the Russian navy, should shudder at the sight of water, whether running or still, yet so it was, especially when alone. His palace gardens, beautiful as they were, he never entered, because the river Mosera flowed though them. His coachman had orders to avoid all roads which led past streams, and if compelled to cross a brook or bridge, the great emperor would sit with closed windows, in a cold perspiration. Another monarch, James I., the English Solomon, as he liked to be called, had many antipathies, chiefly tobacco, ling, and pork. He never overcame his inability to look with composure at a drawn sword; and it is said that on one occasion, when giving the *accolade*, the king turned his face aside, nearly wounding the new-made knight. Henry III. of France had so great a dislike to cats that he fainted at the sight of one. We suppose that in this case the cat had to waive its proverbial prerogative and could *not* look at a king. This will seem as absurd as extraordinary to lady lovers of that much-petted animal, but what are we to say of the Countess of Lamballe, of unhappy history, to whom a violet was a thing of horror? Even this is not without precedent; for it is on record that Vincent the painter was seized with vertigo and swooned at the smell of roses. Scaliger states that one of his relations was made ill at the sight of a lily; and he himself would turn pale at the sight of water-cress, and could never drink milk.

Charles Kingsley, naturalist as he was to the core, had a great horror of spiders; and in "Glaucus," after saying that every one seems to have his antipathic animal, continues:—"I know one [himself] bred from his childhood to zoology by land and sea, and bold in asserting and honest in feeling that all without exception is beautiful, who yet cannot, after handling and petting and examining, all day long, every uncouth and venomous beast, avoid a paroxysm of horror at the sight of the common house-spider."

The writer shares this dislike to a painful extent; in this case it is inherited from his grandfather. The genial author of the "Turkish Spy" says that he would far prefer sword in hand to face a lion in his desert lair, than have a spider crawl over him in the dark. The cat, as we have previously mentioned, has repeatedly been an object of aversion. The Duke of Schomberg, though a redoubtable soldier, would not sit in the same room with a cat. A courtier of the

Emperor Ferdinand carried this dislike so far as to bleed at the nose on hearing a cat mew. A well-known officer of Her Majesty's army, who has proved his strength and courage in more than one campaign, turns pale at the sight of a cat. On one occasion when asked out to dinner, his host, who was rather sceptical as to the reality of this feeling, concealed a cat in an ottoman in the dining-room. Dinner was announced and commenced, but his guest was evidently ill at ease; and at length declared his inability to go on eating, as he was sure there was a cat in the room. An apparently thorough, but unavailing, search was made; but his visitor was so completely upset that the host, with many apologies for his experiment, "let the cat out of the bag" and of the ottoman at the same time. Lord Lauderdale, on the other hand, declared that the mewing of the cat was to him sweeter than any music, while he had the greatest dislike to the lute and the bagpipe. In this latter aversion he was by no means singular. Dogs too have come in for their share of dislike. De Musset cordially detested them. When a candidate for the Academy he called upon a prominent member. At the gate of the château a dirty ugly dog received him most affectionately, and insisted on preceding him into the drawing-room, De Musset cursing his friend's predilection for the brute. The Academician entered and they adjourned to the dining-room, the dog at their heels. Seizing his opportunity the dog placed his muddy paws upon the spotless cloth and carried off a *bonne-bouche*. "The wretch wants shooting!" was De Musset's muttered thought, but he politely said—

"You are fond of dogs, I see?"

"Fond of dogs?" retorted the Academician—"I hate them!"

"But this animal here?" queried De Musset: "I have only tolerated it because it was yours, sir."

"Mine!" exclaimed the poet; "the thought that it was yours alone kept me from killing him!"

We have read somewhere of a man who, if he saw a crayfish, became perfectly limp and helpless, while the perspiration streamed from his face. The writer's brother has so strong a dislike to beet-root, that a dish of it placed near him will not only destroy all appetite, but cause him to turn pale and feel faint.

Boyle, philosopher though he was, tells us himself that he was unable to overcome his aversion to the sound of a jet of water splashing from a pipe. He records the case of a man whose antipathy to honey was so great, that a poultice of which it was an ingredient applied to his foot made him ill. He mentions that a servant of his never could hear a knife sharpened, or a sheet of brown paper torn, without bleeding at the gums. Chesne, secretary to Francis I., would bleed at the nose at the sight of apples. Jean Jacques Rousseau writes of a Parisian lady who was always seized with uncontrollable and violent laughter at the sound of any music. A friend of the writer's is affected obversely; at the sound of a barrel-organ it is only by the strongest effort of will that she refrains from sobbing and shrieking aloud. The aversion in this case is only to barrel-organs; street-pianos do not disturb her peace more than to the inevitable extent. Another lady friend at the touch of a russet apple shudders and has all her teeth set on edge.

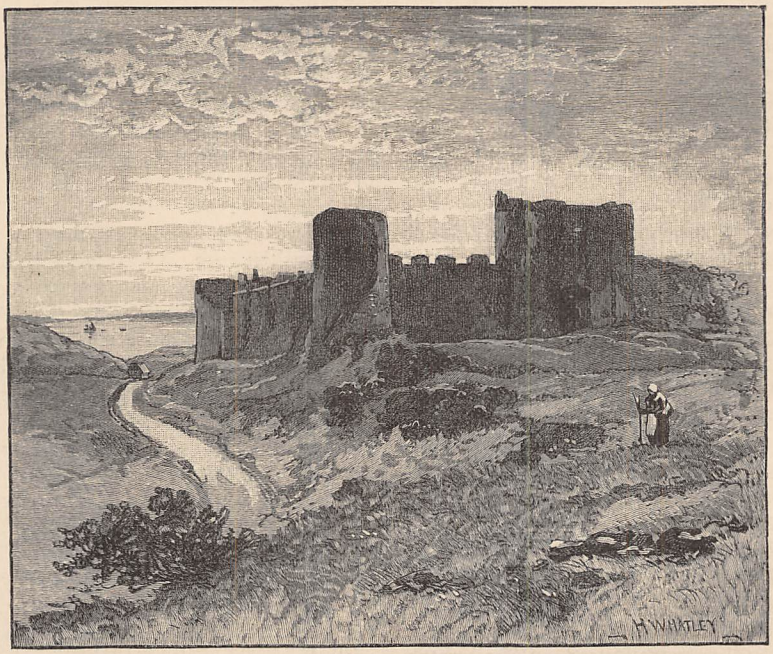
It may be said that the majority of the above-mentioned cases, curious as they undoubtedly are, are merely mental or nervous antipathies; constitutional and deep-seated perhaps, but still affecting only the nervous system. We will now, however, give some well-authenticated instances of strange antipathies, which literally prove to a remarkable degree the truth of the adage, "One man's meat is another's poison." Mr. Lewes in his "Physiology of Common Life," to which we gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness, mentions the case of a soldier, who in 1844 was compelled to quit the French army owing to his invincible repugnance to animal food. The Abbé de Villedieu was another who disliked all animal food, and for thirty years subsisted entirely on vegetables. He was then, much against his will, persuaded to try a meat diet. Commencing with fish and meat soups, he eventually partook of mutton and beef, but the event justified his fears; for plethora and sleepiness supervened and were shortly followed by cerebral inflammation, of which he died. Dr. Prout writes of a man on whom mutton acted as poison: "He could not eat mutton in any form. The peculiarity was supposed to be owing to caprice, and the mutton was repeatedly disguised and given to him unknown, but uniformly with the same result of producing violent vomiting and diarrhœa. And from the severity of the effects, which were in fact those of a virulent poison, there can be little doubt that if the use of mutton had been persisted in it would have destroyed the life of the individual." There have been well-known cases of coffee invariably producing violent sickness; while gooseberries and cherries, even if moderately indulged in, in some individuals cause general inflammation. Others cannot take eggs, and even in cakes or puddings will detect their presence by the serious disturbances consequent. Hahn relates of himself that seven or eight strawberries would throw him into convulsions; while Tissot tells us he could never swallow sugar without vomiting. Shakespeare, whose observation nothing ever escaped, in the *Merchant of Venice* (Act iv., Scene 1) makes Shylock say—

> "Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
> Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
> And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
> Cannot contain themselves; for affection,
> Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
> Of what it likes or loathes."

Shakespeare could assign no reason for these antipathies, neither shall we attempt it. Nature is full of variety and originality. It is as though, with a grand prodigality, a magnificent recklessness, she broke her moulds, lest she should repeat herself. Infinite if subtle are the differences and idiosyncrasies which go to make up individual character; and what to one man is a source of comfort or delight, may be to another an object of loathing and aversion.

ROUND THE BRISTOL CHANNEL CIRCUIT.

BY JAMES BAKER, AUTHOR OF "JOHN WESTACOTT," ETC.



MANORBEER CASTLE, PEMBROKESHIRE.

NEW playgrounds and pleasure-haunts for the "intelligent tourist" are continually being suggested; but to hint at the Bristol Channel as a playground full of deep interest and wondrous sights, will be to many, who perhaps have travelled far and wide in Europe and in Oceana, but an offering of the "bare imagination of a feast" to those whose appetites are cloyed and surfeited with richer banquets. But where in Europe, at least, can such a combination of pleasures be found as the circuit of this Channel affords to the thoughtful traveller?

The circuit here referred to but embraces the shores of the Bristol Channel, from the mouths of the Avon and Usk to a line which shall be drawn from Hartland Point across Lundy Island to St. David's Head.

From the mouth of the Avon where the "yellow Severn sea" overwhelms the lesser Avon flood, the first spot that excites the interest of the traveller is that "haven under the hill" where in a quaint late Norman church lies the body of him whose love enriched our language with "In Memoriam." The absence of beauty in the sea at this little town of Clevedon, and the muddy and forlorn appearance of the black rocks that form its shores, make one feel surprised that such a spot should have inspired the "Break, break, break, on thy cold grey stones, oh, sea!" and yet here also lived he who wrote the "Ancient Mariner." But the poor nature of the coast-line soon gives place to bolder headlands, as the Severn sea gradually loses that tint and body that made an Irish stewardess speak of it as "pay-soop," and becomes first of all a thin grey, and then slowly develops from a light grey-green into a deep blue; and so with the increase of beauty in the sea, the coast-line increases in grandeur.

The first rocks that give a hint of the mighty headlands that soon will rise from clear, pellucid waters, are the alabaster rocks at Blue Anchor; and here, too, the idyllic charm of the scenery begins to assert a sway that ever increases until the extreme point of our circuit is reached. But a short distance inland from this bay of Blue Anchor, a pleasant stroll betwixt the lanes, lies the Abbey of Cleeve amid the "Vale of Flowers." A lovely spot, and full of interest to historian and archæologist. Enough of the work is left to prove its former grandeur; the day-room with two central pillars, and the refectory with its fine carved roof, and figures on corbel stones, proving its importance in bygone days.

At the end of Blue Anchor Bay, just a short stroll inland, rise the wooded heights of castle-crowned Dunster; and to those who dislike the mud shores and pretensions of Minehead and its uncomfortable hotels, Dunster is a haven of rest and beauty to fly to, and an additional spot of interest to those who

have already lingered over Cleeve Abbey ; for there are church, castle, and camps wherewith to occupy the mind.

But the coach does not run through Dunster, and the tourist who has landed at Watchet, if he would get back again into the old coaching days, must run on to Minehead and mount the four-in-hand that now will take him down the whole of the western shore. From the sea, the coast now exceeds in beauty the more widely known Kyles of Bute. Precipitous headlands of beautiful formation and of lovely hues jut out and shelter bays where no landing can be effected, and where the grass-grown heights tower up above grey and ruddy rocks some thousand or fifteen hundred feet. The sea now rolls in against these rocks in purest blue when the sky overhead is unclouded ; and the white foam leaps high on to the multi-coloured rocks, and increases their beauty as it leaves them glittering in the sunlight. No foot of man ever trod many of these precipitous heights ; but the green slopes are specked with feeding sheep that seem to cling to the hill-side.

This beauty can only be seen from the deck of yacht or steamer ; but the inland beauty through which the four-in-hand coach rolls on is equal to it, and added to by the human interest of the calm village life and the relics of former days.

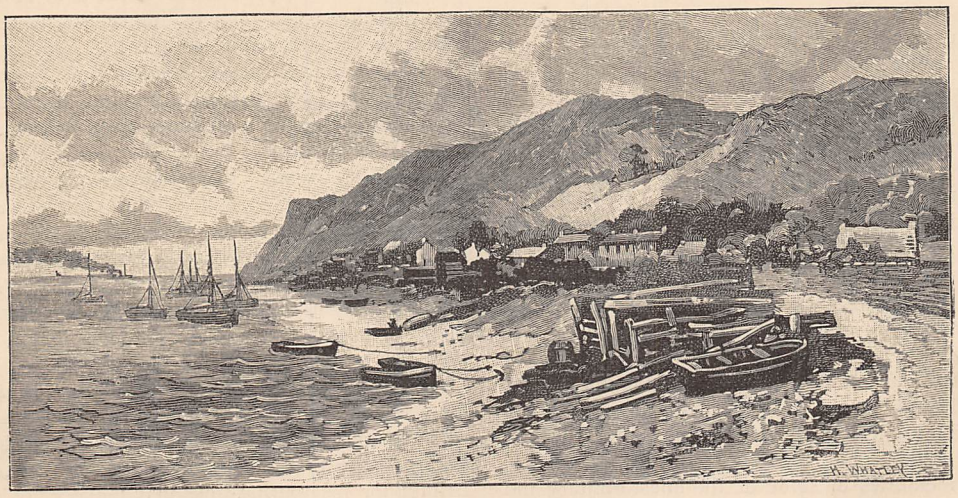
Even the *diligence* ride from, say, Airolo to Lugano does not surpass in variety and charm the coach ride from Minehead to Lynmouth ; and there is the spice of danger and excitement here present that adds to the pleasure of gaining safely valley or hill-top. The villages are the picture of quiet ease, cleanliness, and comfort. The shady avenues and wooded lanes alternate with the barren moorland, where no tree will grow, and where the Atlantic winds sweep over in unchecked fury. The churches will greatly interest the antiquarian, and the seeker of epitaphs may add many a quaint verse to his collection, as the one in Porlock Churchyard that runs exactly thus :—

"He first departed, she for one day try'd
To live without him, lik'd it not and dy'd."

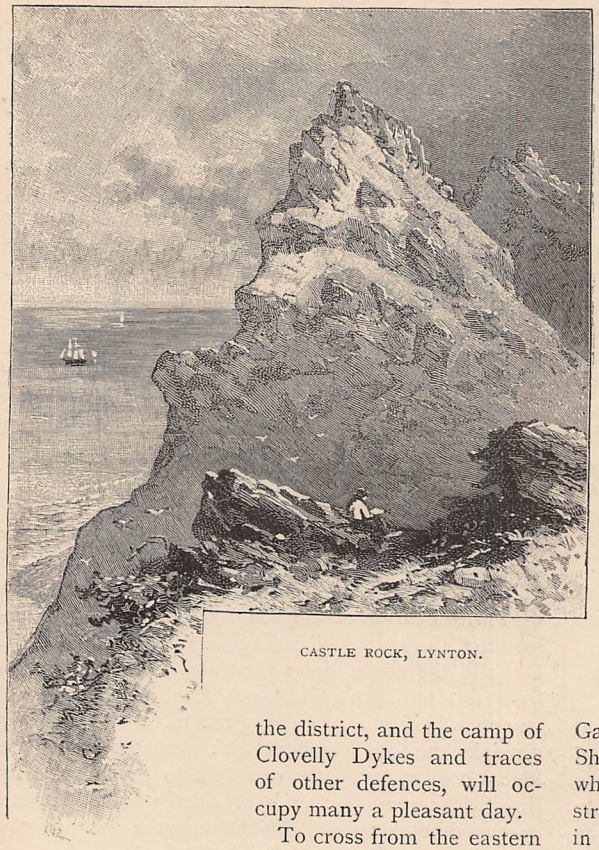
But this district is by no means wholly given up to the gentle and melancholy. The trampling of horses' hoofs quickly tells one that this is the centre of the stag-hunting district ; and Whyte Melville's "Katerfelto" comes into the head, and the tourist takes an interest in warrantable stags, and learns the meaning of "brow, bray, and tray, and three on the top." Dunkerry Beacon looms up behind Porlock, and onward Badgworthy Water is followed up to Oare Oak Hill : a name entirely awkward to cockney visitors, who deem the aspirate a troublesome consonant.

Few sensations are more tinged with excitement than sitting on the off side of a coach, and descending Countisberry Hill into Lynmouth. The sea lies some five hundred feet beneath, with nothing to stay the fall into it if but an off-wheel breaks down or the coach sways over.

But at the foot of the hill are idyllic joys innumerable : of rippling streams that leap and tumble over boulders and shallows ; for no more picturesque water bits can be discovered in the three kingdoms than the varied courses of the two Lyns, where the fisherman and the artist will find ample work for their craft. But still the coach bears the traveller onwards, away from this paradise of hill and rock, sea and inland stream, where one can enjoy the mere fact of being alive in the soft southern air : onwards through a lovely country, past the one spot to be shunned by those who care not for bands, crowded promenades, and crammed hotels ; past Ilfracombe, again out into the uplands on to Barnstaple, and Bideford, and so down through Hobby Drive to famous Clovelly : this unique retreat of fisherfolk, who express their surprise where all the people come from day after day to see their lovely home. Not far from here is the ending point of the eastern shore of the Bristol Channel ; but between Clovelly and Hartland Point are some wondrous bits of coast scenery, and the churches of



THE BEACH AT THE MUMBLES.



CASTLE ROCK, LYNTON.

the district, and the camp of Clovelly Dykes and traces of other defences, will occupy many a pleasant day.

To cross from the eastern to the western shore of the Channel is a difficult matter. A smack may be obtained at Hartland perchance to get on to Lundy, and from there a stray steamer may call *en route* for Tenby; but the point in the line of Lundy, St. David's Head, can be reached only by the aid of a fishing-boat, or by doubling back from Tenby.

But, safely landed upon the extreme point of St. David's Head, how great is the change in scene, in interest, and in people! Here all is barren and savagely wild. No luxuriant foliage lends charm and beauty to valley and upland; scarcely a blade of grass grows upon the headland, round which surge and rush the fierce currents of the meeting waters of the north and western oceans. But if nature is less beautiful and wilder in her aspect, the human interest increases; for here, and around this headland, are traces, and no vague traces, of man back into prehistoric days; and at the village city of St. David's are glorious relics, and yet intact mighty monuments, of our Norman forefathers and their successors.

Along the eastern coast of the Channel, castles are by no means plenteous, but on its western shores they abound; and between St. David's and Tenby perhaps half a dozen Norman and Tudor castles may be visited, each of which would give enjoyment for a day to even the least interested in historic monuments. To name Pembroke or Carew, Manorbeer or St. Roch, calls up memories of some of the finest military and domestic architecture to be met with in Britain; and within this district, at a little village high up on the waters of Milford Haven, are a people whom the ethnologist will find an interesting study. Here, at Langum, are seen the women who wear the short, budgy petticoats, the flat hats and lace head-dresses, that are met with in the streets of Antwerp. Living amongst a Welsh-speaking people, they only speak good English, and without even the peculiar accent that nearly all residing in the district soon acquire: of different mien and expression from their neighbours, and living and intermarrying but amongst their own people: descendants of Flemings, and Flemings to this day in appearance and customs, though not in speech.

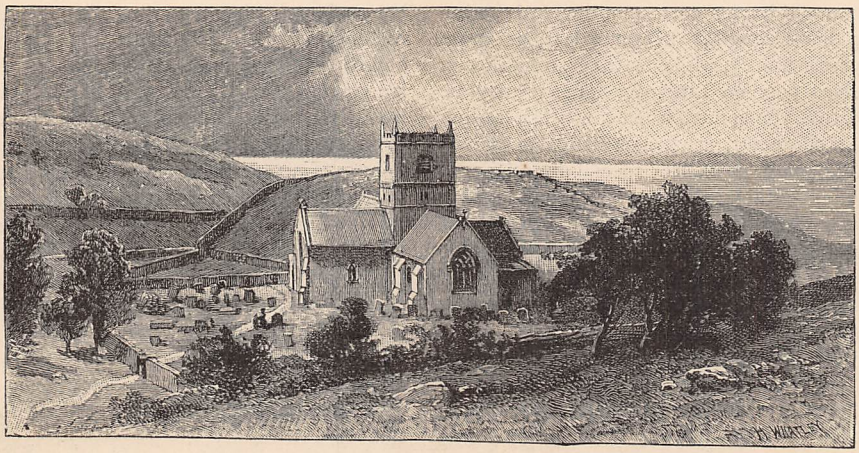
Although a great part of this district is poor and barren, yet natural beauties, especially along the coast, are in profusion. The coral-like rocks and worn pillars, haunted by thousands of sea-birds, and the marvellously beautiful caverns as at Lydstep, are, if anything, more enticing than the rich headlands and rocks of the opposite coast; and above these beauteous rocks the archæologist will linger, and debate whether the numerous camps that speck the whole of the coast be Gaelic or British, Roman or Danish; and the Shakesperean student will haunt the caves from whence the sea has receded (perhaps for miles) and strive to prove which was the cave that is described in *Cymbeline*.

Onward from Tenby, north-eastward runs the land of Gower, the "little England below Wales," and here also are castles and churches to study, and again the peculiarity of an English-speaking people surrounded but untainted by a Welsh population; and in this district the churches, with their embattled and saddle-back towers, will be compared with those just left in Pembrokeshire. Out of Gowerland, making the picturesque district around the Mumbles a final rustic resting-place, the traveller leaves the land of romance and past ages, and plunges into this present age of steam, and iron furnaces, and coal.

Swansea and Merthyr, Cardiff and Newport will scarcely hold the tourist who has been loitering in wooded Devon, or amidst the prehistoric huts of St. David's Head; but at Newport, at the mouth of the Usk, where the Channel circuit ends, is Caerleon; and the sight of the earthworks there, over the swift but muddy Usk, will make him wish he had extended his journey from Hartland Point at least onward but a short distance to Tintagel by the western sea; that he might have embraced these two points in King Arthur's history in his journey.

Of runic crosses and submerged forests, or of all the wonders of the shore to be met with in this circuit, we have not spoken; but, perchance, enough has been said to prove that the traveller who is tied to Great Britain for his touring-time may make a not unsatisfactory journey in the named circuit of the Bristol

Channel. One thing he must bear with, and that is rough accommodation in the matter of steamboats; for in this western land they have not yet taken a lesson from the Rhine or Clyde, or even Solent, in the management, cleanliness, speed, catering, or appointments of their steamers.



CLEVEDON CHURCH, SOMERSET.

A MAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMAN.

BY PROFESSOR J. STUART BLACKIE.

PART II.

CONFORMABLY to the delicacy of her frame, there is a beauty in the composition of a woman, a grace in her motions, a charm and a fascination peculiarly her own. This nature seems to have given her as a sort of compensation for her lack of strength and energy, so that in her weakness, as Anacreon sings, she can conquer both fire and iron by the mere graciousness of her presence. Let her never forget this: and in all that she does, be assiduous to temper and to harmonise and to sweeten that society which she cannot always guide. Let her know also that by a gentle influence, indirectly applied at a convenient moment, she may secure greater victories in important social matters than by planting herself as an armed champion in the war. As personal beauty is her special dower from nature, so it is natural to expect that she should have a finer æsthetical instinct than the man, and that this should manifest itself in her habitual presentation and in the quality of her surroundings: she should delight in dress, in elegant articles of furniture, in tasteful decoration of all kinds, in flowers, in birds, and in everything, whether in life or nature, that appeals to a fine sense of the beautiful.

In a man's rough work, a very delicate appreciation of beauty, with its natural accompaniment of a horror for what is opposed to beauty, would in many cases rather be a hindrance: so, except in the special case of the artist and the poet, nature has taken care in respect of the atmosphere in which he must move, to make him somewhat pachydermatous. Education and habit, of course, go far to strengthen this fine instinct in women; insomuch that a disorderly woman or a slut is justly as much an object of contempt as a coward is amongst men. The passion for dress and decoration in women is, of course, fostered by the admiration which their graces extort from the other sex; and, though there is a sense in which, as the poet has it, beauty when unadorned is adorned the most, in the general case elegant and tasteful, and sometimes even gorgeous, dress will perform the same service to a beautiful woman that a good frame does to a picture; and I for one should not feel inclined to have anything to do with a woman who had not the sense to know this. A magnificent picture always demands a somewhat costly frame; while, on the other hand, a plain woman, like a plain picture, though she should not affect a flaunting showiness in her apparel, will hardly fail to find a certain compensation for her meaner figure and features in a tasteful regard for her dress. Whether in reference to the desire to display themselves to advantage women are naturally more vain than men, is a question which I cannot answer; but the love of a spontaneous tribute of admiration from our fellows, which is principally concerned in vanity, seems to be natural to all creatures; and the only difference between the sexes in this regard will be that each sex will naturally seek to attract admiration, and to feed its vanity, where vanity is not altogether extinguished in subordination

to nobler sentiments, by the display of its strongest and most effective points. Now, as the glory of a young man is his strength, and the glory of a young woman is her beauty, it is natural to expect that, while the woman, when vain, will have pleasure in parading her graces, the man will have a corresponding satisfaction in exhibiting his strength. Nevertheless, as dress strikes the eye constantly, while feats of strength can show themselves only on rare occasions, it may be true, as a rule, that young men, when vanity is a leading element in their character, or when on critical occasions their personal appearance excites special attention, are no less apt to display their self-appreciation by dressing well than young women; only a certain carelessness in the matter of dress, for many good reasons, will be much more readily pardoned by a young woman in her lover than the lover will be willing to overlook any such carelessness in his fair one.

What has just been said about vanity may apply to ambition. Is woman more ambitious than man? No. Every creature not weak, feeble, and insipid must in a certain sense be fond of power: power is only unhindered or victorious energy: unhindered energy is highly accentuated life: and this every living creature in good condition must desire. But every creature will naturally direct its ambition to that sphere of energy which nature has shaped out for it. Every married woman, therefore, will naturally be ambitious to exercise an influence over her husband, and even to direct and to rule him in that sphere of his action which is not altogether independent of her. She will be ambitious also for her husband's fame, because such ambition is the natural expression of that respect which is never absent from the right hand of love: in proportion as she honours her husband privately she will wish him to be honoured publicly; and as there is no stage for public honour in a free country so grand as politics, she will wish her husband to be a statesman, a member of Parliament, or some sort of Court official; and she will delight in the parade and show, the flaunting of titles, and the blowing of trumpets which such position implies. But the pure love of power in the political sense is a passion of which only exceptional women are capable: women cast in the mould of the Scottish Lady Macbeth, the Greek Clytæmnestra, and some few ladies remarkable for beauty and badness in the annals of the Tower and the pages of the Criminal Calendar.

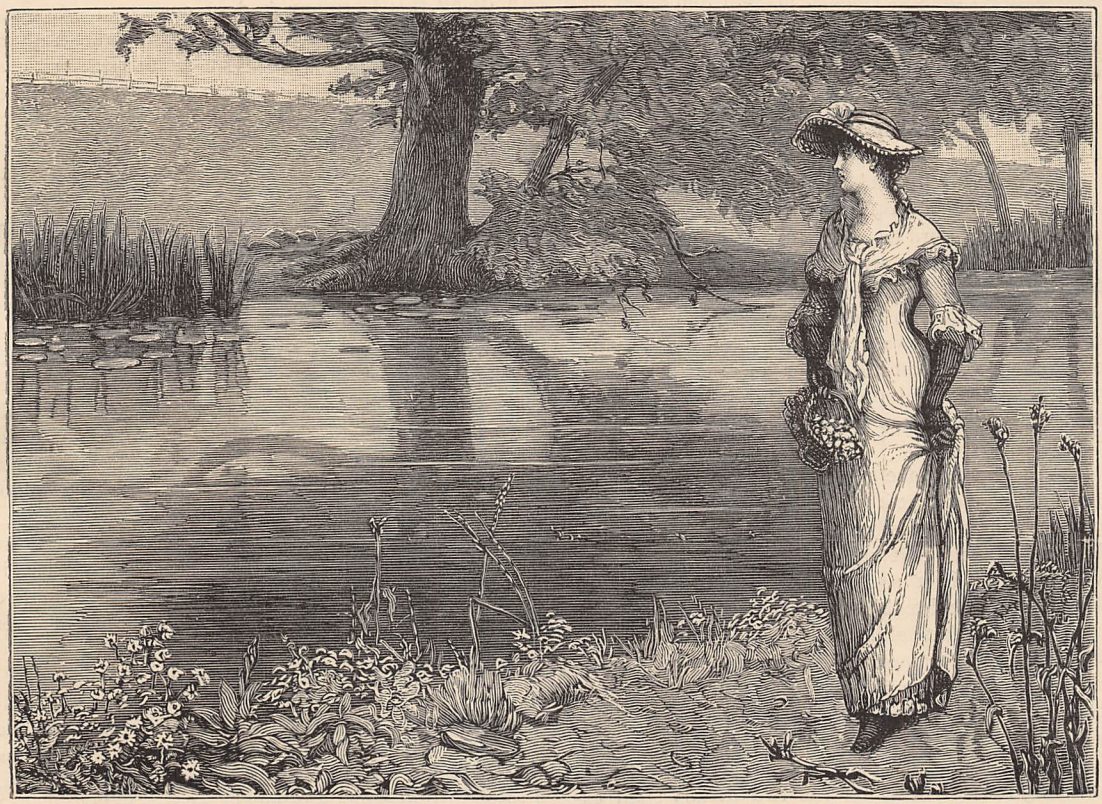
As being stronger, more energetic, and more aggressive than woman, man is naturally the more courageous animal; while the woman is constitutionally timid. She knows her place, and will not naturally put herself in face of a danger where she cannot stand. Riskful courage she may indeed show on great occasions, and when under the stimulus of a strong excitement, as in hunting; but as a rule she is not made for bold physical venture, and instinctively prefers the kindly occupation of waiting on the wounded to the soldier's duty of dealing hard blows in the battle. To this natural timidity may be ascribed, no doubt, that disproportion of the female will to the female wish previously noticed. A woman retreats from the offered realisation of her wish not so much from deficiency of will as because she shrinks from the dangers which its realisation may imply. In her own sphere, where she thoroughly knows the ground, she may have will enough. As a timid creature, she is also fearful of being alone. She must always have some one to walk with her or to talk with her, and support, encourage, and direct her in sudden emergencies. Altogether, she is more of a social and gregarious animal than the man. But of this love of company, timidity is not the only, or indeed the principal cause. Women have greatly fewer absorbing occupations than men; severe study and concentrated thought, also, which demand solitude, are foreign to a woman's nature: so to fill up the void she must always be talking to somebody about something or nothing; and, when she cannot find this society, she naturally flies as a refuge to what is nearest to her: viz., the last new novel, a sort of loose Epos of daily life, full of the sort of stuff—personal character, adventures, and incidents—which forms the staple of social converse on common occasions to men no less than to women.

As a creature of less forward daring than the man, the woman is gifted by nature with a certain fine tact of doing with a delicate indirectness things which the male achieves shortly and effectively, but not always without harshness, at a single blow. Everybody knows what the French word *finesse* means; and it is a word rich with a various fulness of significance which no bearded creature, even with all the address of a practised French diplomatist, can exhaust. And if the exercise of this fine social subtlety in the woman has its root in a certain feeling of weakness, it is not therefore a fault. On the contrary, she is just doing what every wise strategist does when dealing with a strong enemy: he plays the fox because he can't play the lion. It may be quite true in the general case, as Napoleon said, that Providence is on the side of the strong battalions; but even when the battalions are strong, as the French were at Crecy, the battle may not always go with them; and where the battalions are decidedly weak, as the English army of brave Henry on that field was, the weak men must be compensated not only by valour, but by wisdom. But there is another cause of this dexterous social strategy in word and deed so characteristic of the sex. The finished lady avoids the direct utterance of her purpose, not because she is afraid in any self-regarding sense of some harm that may befall herself, but because she is afraid of giving offence and causing pain to others. This, of course, is only a familiar phase of that supercharge of love which is her divinest gift; and one cannot but pardon a certain want of truthfulness on occasions which proceeds from so unselfish a fountain. On not a few occasions, to understand what a woman really wishes, a man requires to have an eye well exercised in the amiable discounts and dainty abnegations so familiar to the best specimens of the sex, to understand at a glance that when she says "No," she really means "Yes."

Not only from their timidity, but, as above remarked, from their great nervous susceptibility, women are

naturally unfit for the military profession; and not only for that, but for all fields of activity in which hard and severe work, with great strength and cool endurance, are required. No man expects a penknife or a razor to do the work of a hatchet; and the works of women are, by the necessity of their physical constitution, finer and more feeble than the works of men. It is accordingly one of the signs of a low stage of civilisation when women are made to bear heavy burdens, and to perform hard tasks belonging properly to the stronger sex; and—though it is difficult to see why women should be debarred from the general practice of medicine, for which in some of its branches they seem rather to have a peculiar fitness—if for certain operations of surgery no common physical strength, with great firmness and coolness, are required, I should say that, as a rule, men are better calculated than women for the performance of such operations.

THE LILY WREATH.



TOWARDS the stream a little maid
Now trips across the lea,
And who to-day so blithe and gay
And light of heart as she?
As on she speeds, she laughs and sings,
And joy pervades her song,
While birds essay to trill her lay
The trembling reeds among.

She comes to search the streamlet's bed
For lilies white as snow,
A wreath to twine, that she may shine
Wherever she may go.
For she's to-day the Queen of May,
A sovereign of renown,
And 'tis proclaimed that all so famed
Should wear a dainty crown.

She weaves the flow'rets one by one,
A zone of beauty grows,
And proud is she that majesty
Is hers where'er she goes.
Anon the village green she nears,
Where stands the May-pole tall,
And every tongue, of old and young,
Proclaims her queen of all.

But soon those flow'rets fade and die,
And droop athwart her brow;
Her queenly pomp 'mid dance and romp
Has gone for ever now.
"Alas!" she cries, "I see full well
That pride is but a dream;
It comes and fades for little maids,
Like lilies of the stream."

EDWARD OXENFORD.

WHAT IS BI-METALLISM?

ABOUT two years ago a meeting was held in the Memorial Hall, London, for the purpose of establishing a Bi-Metallic League. The object of this League was declared to be to urge upon the Government "the necessity of co-operating with other leading nations for the establishment, by international agreement, of the free coinage of gold and silver, at a fixed ratio." Since then the Government has appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into our currency system; and this, we take it, is a step towards meeting the wishes of the Bi-Metallic League—at any rate, towards endeavouring to find out what of good is in its object.

Meanwhile it may not be uninteresting to our readers to have it explained to them what bi-metallism is: the more so as the word is comparatively new, and is not to be found in dictionaries and encyclopædias except those of recent date. Of course, we are not going to pronounce an opinion upon one system of currency or another; we merely wish to put the reader in a position to follow with interest the discussions that are sure to supervene on the completion, if not during the continuance, of the labours of the Gold and Silver Commission.

From what we have said of the object of the Bi-Metallic League, that it is the promotion "of the free coinage of gold and silver at a fixed ratio," the conclusion is obvious that such coinage is not free now. Wherein then is it restricted? In 1819 a law was passed in England making gold alone legal tender for any sum above forty shillings, and limiting the coinage of silver to a fixed amount. Previous to that sums of any amount might be paid either in gold or in silver, according as the person that had to pay thought fit, or as it might suit his convenience. Now it is a return to this system that bi-metallists desire, together with a law fixing the rate at which the two metals shall exchange for one another.

In England, then, though both gold and silver coins circulate and are interchanged at a fixed rate, yet silver, as already pointed out, is legal tender only for debts not exceeding forty shillings, and is limited as to the amount that may be coined. Gold, on the contrary, may be coined to any extent and is legal tender for debts of any amount. Such a currency as this is a mono-metallic currency. The currency of India is also mono-metallic; but there the metal used is silver, which is legal tender for all sums and may be coined to any extent—gold being treated just like any other merchantable article. Mexico has a currency similar to that of India, viz., a silver-mono-metallic.

With regard to the currencies of Continental countries, they have within recent years been undergoing a transition from the bi-metallic to the mono-metallic. In 1867 there was formed an International Association for the purpose of regulating the coinage of gold and silver. This association was called the Latin Monetary Union, and embraced France, Italy, Switzerland, Greece, and Roumania; it, moreover, favoured bi-metallism.

Now, in 1871, Germany, which till then had been a silver-mono-metallic country, decided to change her currency into a gold-mono-metallic like the English. In doing this Germany had, of course, to sell out a great proportion of her silver; this operation threw a large quantity of that metal on the market, and consequently reduced its price from $60\frac{5}{8}$ pence per ounce in 1870, to $46\frac{3}{4}$ pence per ounce in 1876, by which time the Scandinavian States had followed the example of Germany and thereby contributed to further depress silver.

Here, then, were forces in operation tending to raise the exchange value of gold and to sink the exchange value of silver. The consequence was that the Latin Union, seeing the appreciated metal (gold) slipping out of their hands while they were being flooded with the depreciated metal (silver), began to restrict their coinage of silver in 1873; in 1874 they further restricted it, and by 1879 they ceased altogether. This was a fresh blow to the prestige of silver; and the states comprised in the Latin Union, though theoretically still bi-metallic, are now practically mono-metallic.

Another blow still to silver is threatened from the United States. In 1878 there became law what is called the "Bland Act," by which not less than two million and not more than four million dollars in silver were to be coined monthly.

Here was a market for silver to the extent at least of two million dollars' worth per month; and to that extent, accordingly, silver has been flowing into the American Treasury, where the accumulations are now so large as to cause a reaction against the Bland Act. President Cleveland is in favour of its abolition; and the fears that many entertain of this, which would mean the closing up of another market for silver, have still further contributed to sink the price of that metal. Such then, in a few words, is the position of the greater part of the civilised world in the matter of currency.

Why, it may be asked, should the price of silver in terms of gold not be fixed by law or otherwise, and the free coinage of silver as well as its unrestricted use in paying debts not be allowed?

It is often asserted that the price of gold is fixed by statute because an ounce of gold is always worth £3 17s. $10\frac{1}{2}$d., and from this many people infer that we could also fix the price of silver. The price of gold, however, is not fixed because it is enacted that an ounce is equivalent to £3 17s. $10\frac{1}{2}$d.; all that such an enactment means is that out of an ounce of gold $3\frac{229}{480}$ sovereigns shall be made; in other words, that the sovereign shall always contain a certain

quantity of gold. To fix the price of gold would be a much more complicated thing than this; and the law so fixing it would require to say how much butter, how many eggs, how much cloth, how many pounds of beef one would receive for a certain quantity of gold. In fact, to fix the price of gold would involve the fixing of the price of everything that is exchanged for gold—an impossible task. Indeed it is impossible to fix by law the price of anything.

Our silver coins are just now circulating at 66 pence per ounce, while silver uncoined is said to be worth only about 40 pence per ounce. Such a difference in the value of coined and uncoined silver offers great temptation to illegal coinage. Another disadvantage pointed out arises from our exchanges with India, a silver-using country as already remarked. For instance, it is said that when a man sails from this country to India and there receives part of his wages, say 50 rupees, to send home, his relatives, or whoever he sends the money to, instead of receiving £5, receive only about £3 10s.

The reason alleged for this is that the rupee is valued at two shillings, and if he take up 50 rupees this is put down against him as £5, the fact being that, owing to the depreciation of silver, the rupee is worth only about 1s. 3d. Thus on every two shillings the man in such a position loses ninepence. Certainly those that make a statement of this kind do not tell us who gains the ninepence that the unfortunate seaman thus loses. The discovery of the gainer might enable us to put a different construction upon statements of this kind.

The question of our exchanges with India will doubtless be made much clearer by the investigations of the Currency Commission, which according to the Treasury Minute is, among other things, "to inquire what has been the bearing of the changes in the value of the precious metals upon the following matters of practical business:—

"Upon the remittances of the Government of India.

"Upon the persons in India who have to make remittances home in gold.

"Upon the producers, merchants, and taxpayers of India.

"Upon merchants and manufacturers at home who trade with India."

The facts that will be brought out under these four headings, must shed a great deal of light upon the processes of exchange between gold-mono-metallic and silver-mono-metallic countries.

It is worth while pointing out why in the wisdom of Parliament it should have seemed fit to limit the coinage of silver, and its legal tender to forty shillings. Let us suppose, as many people are now asserting is really the case, the silver in twenty shillings to be worth only two-thirds of a sovereign; and let us farther suppose a man to have the payment of a debt of twenty pounds to make. If he be at liberty to pay this in gold or in silver, which metal under the supposed circumstances will he pay it in? He would most undoubtedly pay it in silver, and thereby really pay only two-thirds of his debt; for with thirteen pounds and a half in gold he could buy silver which, by being broken up into so many pieces of a certain shape and with a certain stamp, would suddenly assume the same value as twenty pounds in gold. It was to prevent creditors from being defrauded in this way that the coinage, and the use of silver as legal tender, were restricted.

W. B. R.

A TRIAL BY FIRE.

(THE CHRONICLES OF CARDEWE MANOR.)

BY LUCY FARMER.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

TWO PAIRS OF LOVERS.

I MUST say Mrs. Cardewe is very kind, Lucy; but can we manage to get ready in time?"

"Of course we can, Charley. We do not get offers like this every day. Why, in three days I can do everything, have the things washed and all! Of course we'll go!"

"That settles it, then," replied my husband. "If it won't put *you* out—it was only on your account that——"

"Yes, Charley, I'm much obliged, dear; but do you run up and tell Mrs. Cardewe that we'll take care of her friend's house at Slapperton-Regis, and come and talk after. The children will be wild with delight. Run along."

I managed to get him out of the house at last, for I believe he would argue with the vicar if he took it into his head. Fancy *thinking* about accepting the offer of a sea-side house in the autumn for three weeks' care-taking while repairs were doing! Three weeks' sea air, and only our tickets to pay for; and Charley hesitating! Well, some men have queer notions about their families.

In three days we were off—just as I said: packed, and everything seen to by myself. Men are no use in packing.

"Well, Charley," I said, as we got into the train, "we're off at last."

"Not yet," said he, in his provoking way; "it wants ten minutes to the time still."

"Upon my word, Charley, you're enough to vex—— Oh! look, there's a grand lady; and, my! what a pretty girl; isn't she, Charley?"

"Yes; I'll get out a minute, Lucy. I——"

"No; you stay where you are," I cried. But he was off "to buy a box of fusees," he said.

"She *is* pretty, I can tell you," he said, after; "and looks as good as pretty. Her mother is a very haughty lady, I should say; and here's another pair. See!"

I looked, and noticed a fine old gentleman with grey hair and whiskers—well dressed—not grandly, but nicely—walking with a gold-headed cane, and leaning his other arm on his son's. The young man was very nice-looking, and they passed near our carriage—although it was a second-class—passed on, looked along the train, and came back to our carriage. They got in.

I whispered to Charley, "They're going to Slapperton-Regis. I saw their tickets. Now, it *will* be fun if the ladies are going there too."

He said nothing; only laughed—his horrid guffaw laugh which always annoys me; and sure enough at Slapperton out got the two gentlemen; out we got; and to my delight we saw the two ladies on the platform also.

"There, Charley!" I said.

"Where, Lucy? What?"

"Have you no eyes? The ladies!"

"I don't stare at ladies, Mrs. Farmer," said he, as he went after the luggage. I knew he felt small by his way of answering. He saw I was right.

Afterwards their boxes were carried down, and the driver was told to go "to Myrtle Cottage." The gentlemen we had seen, and a few other passengers, went into the little town. Charley got our things, and we drove in a fly, very grand, to the house which was called Lettis House.

"Ah!" says Charley, "I suppose he will."

"Will what?" I asked, as we stopped before the gate.

"Let his house," he said, "of course. D'ye see?"

"See what? The house? Yes, and it looks rather upset, too, I must say. There ain't much roof left, and if we wanted an upper bed-room ever so, we couldn't have had it."

"You wanted fresh air, and now you've got it," laughed Charley. "Come along; there's plenty of room."

So there was. After all, the lower rooms and the kitchens were all right and furnished for us. The back part was unroofed, though, and only an inside wall was between us and the workpeople, who were rebuilding a wing or something. But the weather was splendid. There was a nice garden, with fruit and a well—which I think dangerous for children—a summer-house, and all complete. The sea was close in front; the Downs were behind the house—rising hills—though why such high places are called Downs Charley couldn't say; and I can't either.

The very first walk we took we passed a very pretty little house, beautifully furnished—some new furniture even then coming in—and pictures—elegant hangings—and who do you think in the front garden? The pretty girl we had seen with her mamma! This was Myrtle Cottage, then!

The elder lady came up when we stopped. She took no notice; but there was something in her appearance, elegant as it was, tidy and neat as she was, that I didn't quite like. Her eyes were not straight; and there was a queer look about them—a sly glance, so to speak—as if she were afraid of somebody. It would have been no use to mention this to Charley, because he would have laughed at me.

We went about with the children on the beach and on the cliffs; and it was very funny to watch the manner in which the two gentlemen got acquainted with the ladies. Every day they met, and sometimes walked together. The widow—as we set her down to be—was evidently setting her cap at the rich old gentleman, who, we heard, was the brother of a lord, and the young gentleman was the young lord whose guardian the elderly man was. The young people often strolled about, and at times the widow would wait on the cliff, pretending she was tired, watching for the guardian with the gold-headed cane and satin tie; quite an old bow, Charley said: though when I told him it was almost new, and made up to fasten behind the neck, he nearly had a fit, and said it was French.

Well, French or no French, many's the time when I spied out my lady sitting on the cliffs watching. What she suspected, or whether she suspected anything, I do not know. But one day, as I was strolling along with little Charley and his sister, I came suddenly upon her.

She turned sharply, and looked at me with those keen eyes of hers as we approached. She had a book in her lap, her sunshade was lying beside her, and I fancy she expected some one else. She knew me by sight, and said, "Good morning." So did I; and when I turned round I saw the old man walking into the trap. Silly old fellow!

"Charley," said I, that evening, "Mrs. Myrtle" (we called her that) "will soon carry off the old man. She's a sharp customer."

"Not half as sharp as he is," replied Charley, picking a shrimp.

"Not as sharp as *him!* Why, he's a baby in her hands. You are almost as simple."

"I wish I had half his sense—ay, and I wish you had a quarter of it. You should hear him talk. He's a very clever old gentleman, and won't be hoodwinked by Mrs. Myrtle, you'll see. I wish *you* had a quarter of his ideas."

"I should not have much, then, Charley. Well—there'll be two weddings—Miss Elsie and the nephew, Mrs. Myrtle and the guardian. Isn't it hot?"

"Yes; we needn't go in just yet," said Charley. "Lucy, it's my opinion that Mrs. Myrtle yonder is not quite straight; and if, as you say—and you *are* right sometimes—the woman is deluding the old man, can't

"SHE TURNED SHARPLY" (*p.* 596).

you give the young one a hint? Hush! see, here they are."

We were sitting on a small rustic seat in our garden. Charley had a handful of shrimps; I was knitting, chatting, and listening for the children, for little Charley is restless in hot weather. As we were talking, up came the young lady, Miss Elsie Vernon, and the young nobleman. He was saying—

"Then, darling, may I tell your mother?"

"She is not my mother," replied the girl. "I am an orphan. Didn't you know that I am a 'companion'?"

"All the more reason why you should consent. Never mind Mrs. Merriton. We can be married——"

"Oh, your lordship! I really——"

"Lordship! What do you mean? I'm not a lord."

"Not a lord! Then, what are you? Isn't your name Wembury—Lord Wembury? Mrs. Merriton said so."

"Barron is nearer the mark," he replied. Then they passed on.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

A CONFLAGRATION.

"HALLO there! hallo, bear a hand, Mr. Farmer! Rouse up! Come and help. Fire! Fire!"

There came a thundering at the door and a loud shouting of men, who were hurrying about, tramping, and calling Charley—not me at all!

We both jumped up and looked out.

There were men in the yard carrying away the

ladders ; and when they saw us they shouted, "Bring blankets ! "

Charley threw the window higher up, and said—

"What's the row ? What are you doing with the ladders ? "

"Fire's the matter—Myrtle Cottage all in a blaze ! Come down, and bring blankets."

We dressed as quickly as we could. I locked the children in and ran off. They were fast asleep, and safe enough for a while ; besides, I had to watch over Charley for fear he would get hurt ; and in my humble opinion husbands ought to come before children in emergencies ; though I know some wives of contrary opinion, who complain of being neglected after a while, too ! Whose fault's that ?

We had not far to go. The blazing cottage was quite visible when we got on the beach road : a red, lurid, smoky spot against the dark sky, and black figures dancing round in and out of the glare, like the imps in the pantomime. Sometimes they were quite plain, then they vanished again into the smoke and darkness.

"It's terrible, Charley ! do be careful," I cried. "Poor woman ! I wonder whether she and Miss Elsie are safe."

We hurried on, and soon came near the fire. As we approached, Charley carrying two blankets, Mrs. Merriton came to the upper window, and screamed for help. The flames were not near her yet, and she made a terrible noise. She was partly dressed ; and a woman's eye in all that light—particularly the eye of a lady's-maid, as *I* had been—soon discovered that she had never undressed at all that evening. She was too tidy for a woman alarmed out of her sleep.

"Keep quiet, ma'am—quiet now, if you please," cried the old guardian, who was standing close beside us. "Be cool, my dear madam. I would not lose you for the world ! "

"There, Charley, didn't I tell you——" I began.

But he paid no attention. He hurried off, when all of a sudden through the crowd came the young baron, and, seizing me, said, in a fury like—

"Where is Miss Vernon ? Have you seen her ? "

"No, sir," I answered. "I believe she's safe."

At that moment she appeared on the roof in her dressing-wrapper, her hair flying loose about her shoulders, her feet bare, and a volume of smoke rising around her. Every now and then a great lapping tongue of fire would come up from the window to the parapet, and she would hang back.

"Save her ! save her ! " shouted the sailors. The women screamed, the men ran up with the ladders, and the young baron first of all.

"Let me," he cried. "I am light and active. I *will* go ! Oh, Elsie dearest ! Hope, hope ; I am coming ! "

He rushed forward, and in a moment had gained the summit of the ladder. He sprang on the parapet, and with a strength for which no one present would have given him credit, he lifted her up, and, carefully as a nurse, handed her to the sailor who was standing on the top rung of the ladder.

There was a loud cheer as the sailor came down with the young lady, but the young gentleman did not stir. He shouted out to Mrs. Merriton to stay where she was, and he would rescue her too—but she seemed demented. She had jewels on her neck and arms, and, unclasping them, she deliberately, as it seemed to me, threw the necklace and the bracelets into the flames.

"She's mad, Charley, she's mad ! All her beautiful furniture, too, destroyed. What will she do ? "

Charley, who had been standing near me for a while, now made a rush up a ladder, and darted in at a window free from fire, and partly clear of smoke. The young nobleman who had rescued Miss Elsie joined him ; other men rushed in—Mrs. Merriton was saved. She had not a burn nor a bruise on her, but she seemed wild and dazed-like. In her hand she carried an old cash-box and a small case.

"This is all I could save," she said. "All—all is lost. This is terrible ! Where is my darling Elsie ? "

"Safe and sound, ma'am," we cried. "She was rescued by the young gentleman."

Charley came up about this time and said, "I say, Lucy, the old gentleman is a trump. I declare he rushed in through the parlour window as if he had been a fireman, and ran about trying to stop the flames. Mrs. Myrtle yonder seemed quite careless about the fire. Is she sane, do you think ? "

"She can't be, Charley. I saw her taking off her necklace and jewels and throwing them away ; and then she was never undressed, *I* know."

"Well, she isn't mad because she sits up late, Lucy. There goes the roof, and here's a fire-engine—just in time to be too late ! It's a terrible loss."

"Can't we take the ladies home to our house, Charley ? It would be only kind, I think."

"All right," he said. "Do as you please."

So I asked them ; and in ten minutes several men carried the two ladies, well wrapped in blankets, to our lodging, where we put them into bed, not much the worse, except for fright and cold. Miss Elsie was shivering, but Mrs. Merriton was as composed as a piece of music, and as cool as a cucumber.

"I am most unfortunate," she said. "This is the third time my house has been burned. It is so provoking, too—my nice new furniture all spoiled, and only a little ready money and some old trinkets left me."

"It was fortunate you sent our dresses up to Wilkins's last week," remarked Miss Elsie.

"Yes, indeed," she replied. Then, with a glance of her serpent-eyes, she whispered, "Hold your tongue, stupid ! "

I heard no more—I detest eavesdropping. So, having dressed, I went down to Charley, and we sat chatting until daylight. Then we had some tea, and then Charley went down to the cottage.

A great deal was injured, and many things destroyed, but considering the suddenness of the outbreak, it was astonishing the place was not gutted. The old guardian and his nephew examined the ruins and headed a search. Everybody pitied poor Mrs. Merriton and her young companion, and some

charitable people proposed getting up a concert for her benefit.

There were some grandees at Slapperton-Regis then, and the concert came off just three days before our departure. We were able to give the poor ladies a room or two; and very grateful they were. They stayed in the house, and the young nobleman came sometimes of an evening to see them, but the old gentleman seldom did.

We thought this curious, as he had been so warm before the fire, and he now had cooled down. On the evening of the concert the young gentleman called for Miss Elsie. He seemed very fond of her, and as I saw them seated together in their evening dress, waiting until the fly came, they looked as pretty a pair as ever I saw.

"I SAW THEM SEATED TOGETHER."

"You see, Charley, I was right. They will be married. The old gentleman is coming to fetch Mrs. Merriton, too. So I *am* right!"

"Very likely," replied Charley; "only there's many a slip between the cup and the lip!"

"Not in this case, Charley. There's the fly. Now we shall see."

But it wasn't the fly. It was the postman; and Mrs. Merriton came into the room—in a nice evening dress—for her letters. There were some for her, and an official-looking one.

"Oh! from the insurance people," she said. "Dear me! Why," she continued, "it is mean of them: they are going to send their agent here, and decline to pay until his report has been received. I shall not remain here to be insulted and questioned by agents!"

At this moment the old guardian came in—with another gentleman.

"My dear madam, are you ready? My friend, Mr. Strong, and I——"

"Charles," I gasped, "it's Strong—you remember him; he's the man who——"

"Hush, can't ye!" exclaimed Charley. "Here's a game somewhere. Listen."

"We will accompany you, madam, and leave the young people to follow us. The cab is waiting."

"I ordered a fly," she said. "I am not going in a close cab. I will wait."

"I'm afraid, ma'am, that we can't wait," said Strong. "You must come quiet. I've got the warrant."

"Warrant!" she exclaimed. "Do you dare to accuse me of crime?" Then she stood up boldly.

The young lady and her lover had also risen. He was very much surprised; she was quiet and pale, but seemed resolved.

"Of what am I accused, pray?" asked Mrs. Merriton, with a haughty toss of her head. She didn't seem so alarmed or so ashamed as I would have fancied she might have been under such circumstances. "Of what am I accused, sir?"

"Arson," replied Mr. Strong. "Wilfully and with malice aforethought setting fire to a dwelling-house for the sake of the insurance, &c."

"It is false!" she cried, suddenly losing her confidence and growing livid. "And if it were true, you can't prove it. No one can!"

"*I can*," said Miss Elsie quietly.

"You, Elsie!" exclaimed the young nobleman.

"You, miss!" cried Mrs. Merriton. "Silence, this instant! Who are you, indeed?"

"She is a *young lady*, whom you fancied you could cajole," replied the old guardian. "But she has confided to me her suspicions. I knew her parents in years gone by, and only knew who she was when my nephew here, Jack Barron, proposed for her, and asked my consent. Jack, you have done well."

"And who are you, then?—a detective, a policeman, I suppose?"

"No, madam; I am a retired manager of one of the London assurance societies; I, hearing of certain frauds, volunteered to ascertain facts. My nephew is in the office. We are very quiet, common-place people——"

"*Very!*" sneered Mrs. Merriton. "You are quite right—quite!"

"Whom you fancied grandees, and tried to catch in your wiles. We have escaped them. You, madam, cannot escape. Mr. Strong, do your duty."

She was carried away, and I heard she was imprisoned. We left soon after. Miss Elsie and young Mr. Barron were married in the spring, after Easter, and Charley and I often talk over the grand Mrs. Merriton and her plans for wealth. But she burnt her fingers that time, as Charley says.

THE GARDEN IN SEPTEMBER.

THE uncertainties of our English climate are proverbial; but yet, when we hear of our neighbours across the water and even our brothers in Australia complaining of droughts, wet seasons, and May frosts, we are, depend upon it, not so badly off after all. "Forewarned is forearmed," so we intend this September to prepare for any contingency. A year such as this has been, with winter itself almost holding on by the skirts of midsummer, often finishes up with summer prolonged up to Michaelmas, or even as late as Guy Fawkes' Day. Time, however, will show.

All gardening is, of necessity from its very nature, a preparation for the future, and one varied operation that occupies us this month is the storing of our greenhouse, not only with our supply of cuttings—taken last month, or, at the latest, at the beginning of this—but with a selection of a few plants able to prolong the gaiety of bloom up to Christmas, and of a few others that will begin to bloom as soon as Christmas is upon us. Thus, at all events, we shall be able to keep up under our glass a succession of bloom all the year round. Early in a hot September we do not recommend the immediate removal of our stock of young cuttings into the greenhouse; but so long as the boxes, pots, and pans which contain our stock stand in a well-chosen spot where slugs and snails cannot get at them, they will be much more hardy, and run a far better chance of facing without damage the rigours which—who knows?—may be in store for us during the coming winter. The cuttings, however, if they are in the open during the later part of September, had better have some slight protection given them at night-time. All this will afford us a good opportunity of carrying out painting or any other repairs necessary in the greenhouse before the winter. Notice here particularly, too, after rain, where any drip comes through, as woe be to the plant which is afterwards exposed to it!

About Michaelmas—or a little earlier in a rough or chilly season—house your stock, having the cuttings on your lower range, where you can the most easily manipulate them; as you will find that were you to have your cuttings on the top shelves, they would, as the season advances, have a tendency to become drawn and weakly, and give you a good deal of trouble in the early spring. Any cuttings, of course, that you regard as the most delicate you might have nearer to your stove end, and, on the other hand, the most hardy the farthest removed from it. But on no account have your camellias exposed to artificial heat, as, if you do, you will get no bloom, the buds perhaps dropping off just as they are on the point of opening. Some salvias, a few fuchsias, one or two long-lived geraniums, and your chrysanthemums, will give you bloom well through the autumn; and mignonette, if sown for successional flowering, will also scent your greenhouse at the same time.

Meantime, our open flower-beds should yet be gay with dahlias, and such tall growers as the tobacco-plant, the culture of which has of late years found more favour amongst us, will keep our beds gay and showy until late in the season. From the first-named, however—the dahlias—take off the dead and faded blooms as they decline. Indeed, about this time of the year you will find that a tour round the garden with basket and scissors for the purpose of decapitating decayed flowers will probably encourage the blooming of others on the same head that would otherwise never—the season being late—develop themselves. This will be particularly the case among the roses, which in a mild winter can often be induced to go on blooming until nearly Christmas, if they have been pretty generously robbed for house decoration.

But the kitchen garden will demand this month a full share of attention, where in a well-ordered garden "seed-time and harvest" seem to be coming constantly in the course of a year.

Make up now a good cabbage-bed; your young plants of this most homely English vegetable can, indeed, be planted out in any spare quarters, some five or six inches apart from each other, and the rows themselves only sufficiently distant from each other to allow of your walking between them; yet first of all they may be moderately close together if you so contrive as to draw every alternate one afterwards as winter greens, and later on, *again* every alternate one. Those that then remain will have room to cabbage finely in the early spring. It is by these little artifices, indeed, that we can make the most of a small garden.

The potatoes by the end of the month we shall begin to get up for harvesting; some we have doubtless been digging for use as we want them, but the main crop should not remain longer under ground than certainly the first week in October, and then be housed where neither frost, nor wet, nor heat can get at them.

Cauliflowers that you want to stand the winter will need protection alike from heavy rains as from frosts. Choose, then, a sheltered spot in the garden—not a damp, but well-drained, piece; have it dressed, and then over it place your garden-frame; rake all the surface even, and from your seed-bed plant out in it as many young cauliflower-plants as your frame will hold, letting them be some three or four inches apart. When they get large enough they can at the proper time be planted out in their final places.

Then, again, our fruit harvest, commenced with the strawberries in July, is still going on until we finish off in October with the apples and pears, and perhaps

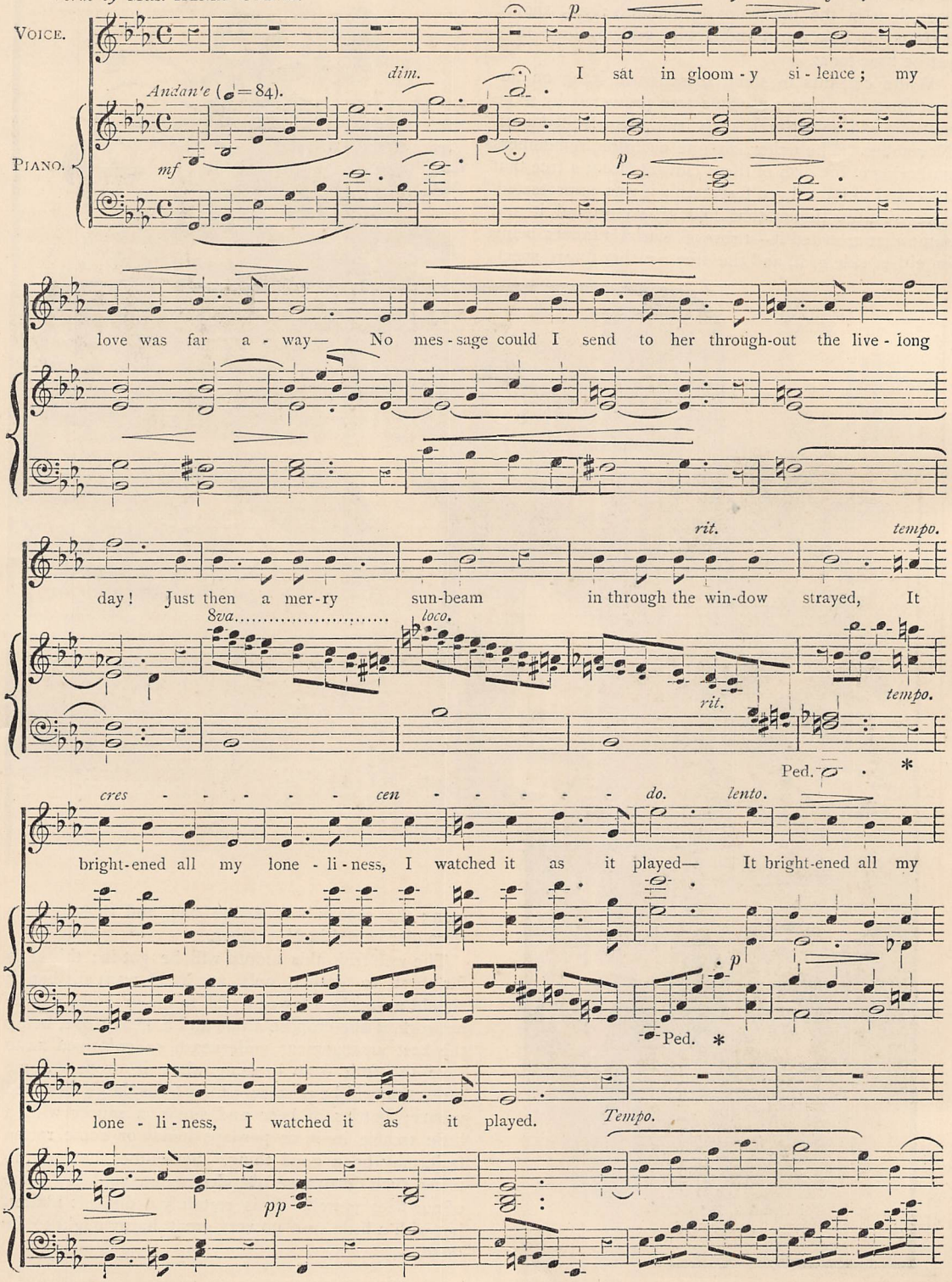
with our nut grove. In passing, let us notice, *apropos* of strawberries, that if we are still wanting to make up new beds, not a day must be lost, as this should have been done in the middle of last month ; yet, should it chance to be a warm and genial season, there may yet be time for it.

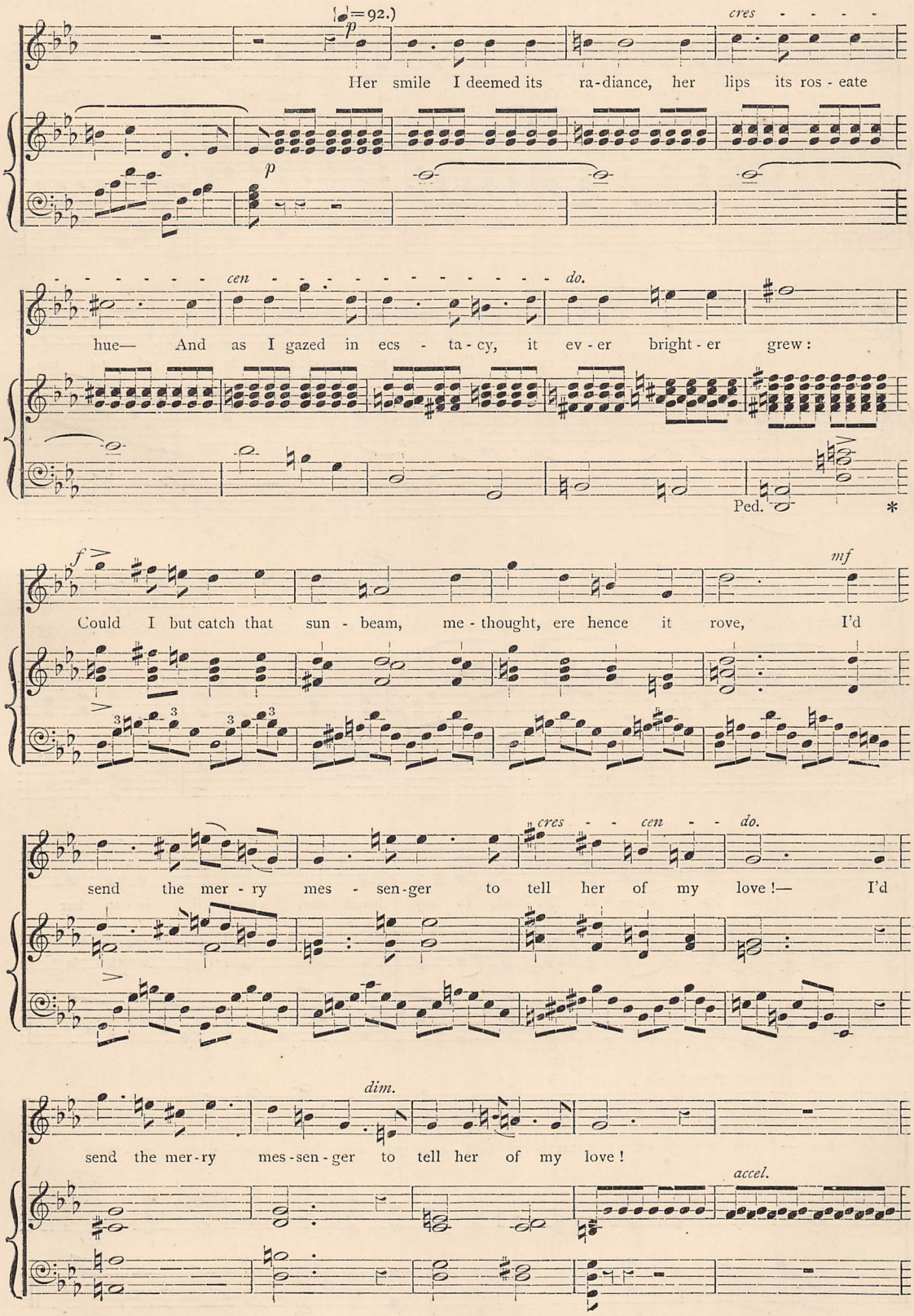
White currants in some seasons will hang on unhurt for a long time ; a whole tree protected by some matting will sometimes keep fruit unshrivelled until November. The writer, on one occasion, remembers gathering a fine dish of these currants from a tree that appeared to have been forgotten ; it was unprotected, save by a few things that had grown around it and somewhat crowded it—a row of scarlet runners being on either side of it, and the tree a rather dwarf specimen ; the season was a fine one, and the currants were discovered in November.

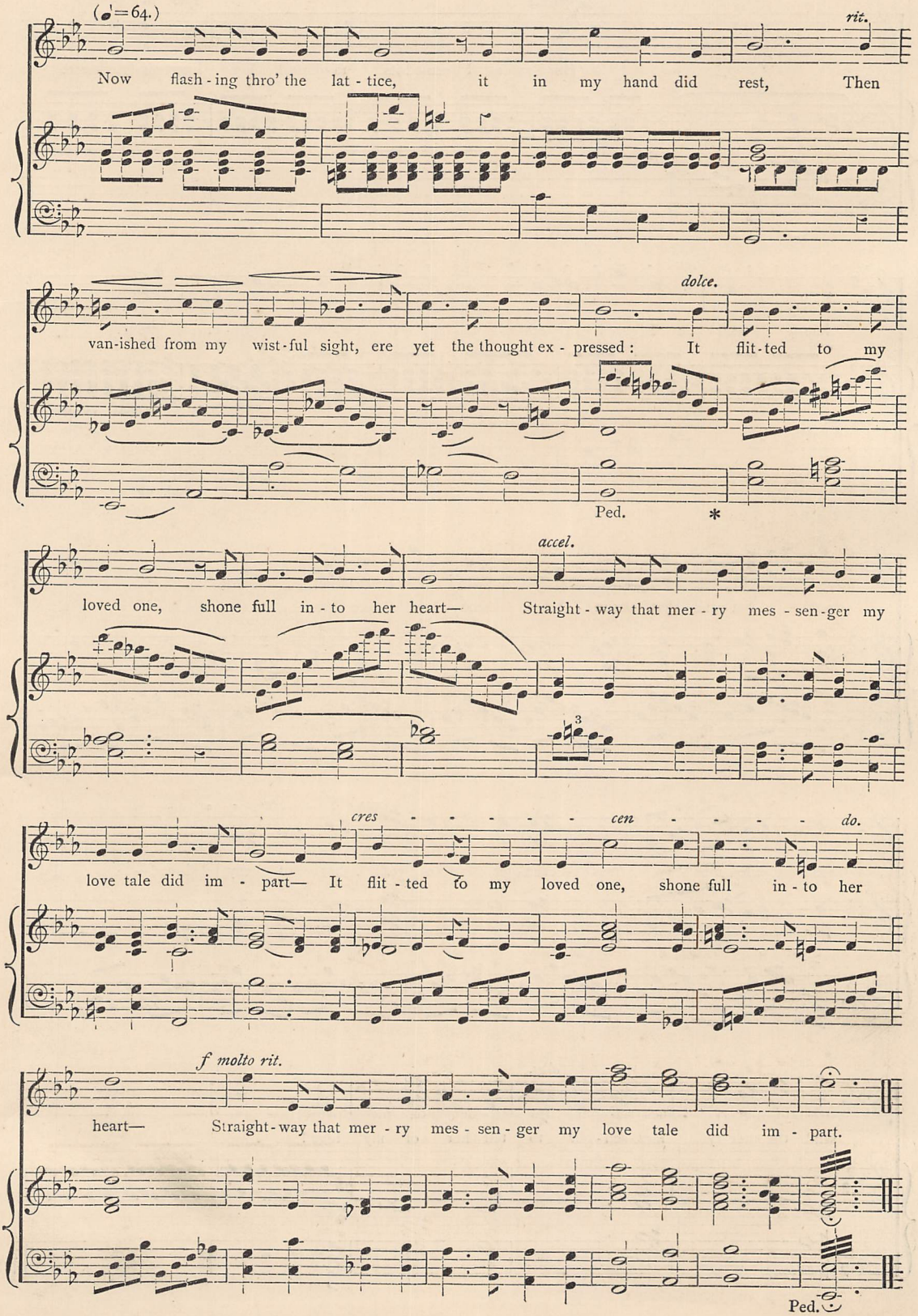
The wall fruit this month will be got in; this it is far best to gather only as it is wanted, but it should never be allowed to fall to the ground ; a little network, if the crop be a fine and a heavy one, being the best arrangement underneath, so contrived as to save the fruit from bruising when it drops. Some protection will be necessary from birds, large flies, and wasps ; bottles of beer and sugar, a saucer with a little treacle in it, or perhaps honey or some rotten fruit, may be a good thing. Sometimes, however, in using such decoys we also destroy unavoidably some of our bees as well. It is certainly a difficult matter, but with a little care no very great harm ought to be done.

A Sunbeam Messenger.

Words by MRS. HENRY CREWE. *Music by* T. R. G. JOZÉ, Mus.D.




(♩=92.)
p
cres
Her smile I deemed its ra-diance, her lips its ros-eate
p
cen
do.
hue— And as I gazed in ecs-ta-cy, it ev-er bright-er grew:
Ped.
*
f
mf
Could I but catch that sun-beam, me-thought, ere hence it rove, I'd
cres
cen
do.
send the mer-ry mes-sen-ger to tell her of my love!— I'd
dim.
send the mer-ry mes-sen-ger to tell her of my love!
accel.


(♩=64.)
rit.
Now flash - ing thro' the lat - tice, it in my hand did rest, Then
dolce.
van-ished from my wist-ful sight, ere yet the thought ex - pressed: It flit-ted to my
Ped. *
accel.
loved one, shone full in - to her heart— Straight - way that mer - ry mes - sen - ger my
cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do.
love tale did im - part— It flit - ted to my loved one, shone full in - to her
f molto rit.
heart— Straight-way that mer - ry mes - sen - ger my love tale did im - part.
Ped.

PRISONS AND PRISON REFORM.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE REV. J. W. HORSLEY, M.A.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

THE REV. J. W. HORSLEY, M.A.

THERE are few men so fully entitled to be heard on the subject of prison reform as the Rev. J. W. Horsley, who was for over ten years chaplain at Clerkenwell Jail, now, as the reader will be aware, done away with in deference to the widely expressed opinion of the undesirableness of the existence of prisons in the centre of thickly populated districts, and in consequence of the happy decrease of 5,000 in the daily average of our local prisons in the last decade. Not long since Mr. Horsley published his deeply interesting work entitled "Jottings from Jail,"* which we recommend to the attentive perusal of all who are interested in the subject, and wish to learn Mr. Horsley's views on other topics barely touched on in the interview which our special commissioner was enabled to have with him a short time ago.

"Mr. Horsley," he writes, "is a man of distinctly striking appearance. He is tall and powerfully built, with a figure well calculated to command respect even from jail-birds, while his face, set off with a flowing auburn beard, has a pleasing expression, betokening energy of character and a kind disposition. He lives in one of the prettiest houses in the pleasant little colony of Bedford Park, where so many literary and artistic celebrities have found homes. Passing into the dining-room, I noticed an admirable likeness of Mr. Horsley, painted by his friend Mr. Hamilton Jackson. I was shortly afterwards joined by Mr. Horsley himself, who invited me into his study. He showed me a wonderful collection of burglarious implements, including 'jemmies,' 'twirls,' 'neddies,' and numerous other mysterious tools and weapons, whose uses it would almost require a lifetime to understand. Not the least interesting of his prison curios was a lace-bordered sampler worked entirely with hair from the head of an unfortunate woman who was during her lifetime over 300 times brought up for drunkenness and attempts at suicide, and who spent the greater portion of her unhappy existence in prison. She had a luxuriant head of hair, and in the intervals of enforced soberness was wont to do fancy work from her own hair!

"Mr. Horsley first contrasted the condition of prisons in the early part of the century with their state at the present time.

"'All matters,' he remarked, 'connected with prisons, and the treatment of prisoners, have made immense strides in recent years. The sufferings of those imprisoned a century ago are almost inconceivable, and prisons, as they existed throughout Great Britain, were a foul disgrace to a Christian country. Even thirty years ago, though much had been done by John Howard, the king of philanthropists, and others, in the way of needful reform, yet much still remained. An excellent description of the condition of prisons at this recent date is to be found in Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "Her Majesty's Tower." Most American prisons are, strange to say, at the present day surprisingly badly managed, and remind us of a state of things which we have long since left behind. There are, of course, exceptions, and a very different picture is seen in—for instance—the New York Reformatory at Elmira, a prison containing about 500 male inmates, whose ages vary between sixteen and thirty. There is at Elmira, amongst other admirable details, a system by which prisoners are released from jail on parole, when the reformatory authorities think that they may safely be set at liberty. These prisoners are known as "indefinites," and they can obtain conditional release within a year of their imprisonment, or absolute release within eighteen months, if their conduct has been sufficiently satisfactory. In fact, the prisoners at Elmira may be said to daily work out their freedom, to their own infinite benefit, and that of society at large. It must

* "Jottings from Jail. Notes and Papers on Prison Matters." T. Fisher Unwin. 1887.

be obvious how much better this system is than ours, under which an offender is, say, sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and is aware that he must, as he terms it, "do" at least four of the five years, the incentives for him to strive to become a better man being thus reduced to a minimum.

"'There are,' continued Mr. Horsley, 'four great objects in the existence of prisons. First, we have in view the punishment involving pain and shame to the offender. Secondly, the deterring effect not only on the individual, but on others who might be desirous of committing a similar crime, yet have a wholesome dread of the known consequences. Thirdly, and of extreme importance, the reformation of the prisoner's character, so that he may be restored as a useful limb to society; and, lastly, we have to consider the protection of the State. It is very difficult, as may be supposed, to keep these four ends in view.

"'The punishment in prisons is too often a farce. Many an honest working man works harder than our prisoners. The popular mind associates prisons with the treadwheel, and imagines that the inmates have day after day to walk appointed distances, for long periods of time, without being permitted once to leave the track. The fact is that only about one out of every three local prisons, and none of the convict prisons, contain treadwheels. Thus, only two out of the nine prisons in London are supplied with this form of punishment. It is but fair to state that it is the intention of the Commissioners ere long to add to the number of existing treadwheels, since the "vertical care-grinder," as Bill Sikes terms it, exercises a wholesome influence upon the minds of the would-be criminal. Picking oakum, again, though monotonous in the extreme, and not the sort of occupation that any one would choose, is assuredly not hard work. The women have to knit stockings, sort paper, &c., those tasks being termed "hard labour." Practically, then, for most prisoners, true "hard labour" does not exist at all. There are no cranks, and only a few treadwheels. Where there are treadwheels, many prisoners do not get on at all; those who do, have to go on only for the first three months, except as a special punishment; and no one has more than six hours a day, which is divided into two periods. Besides this, every man has five minutes' rest allowed him at the end of each quarter of an hour. I would have each prisoner taught a trade, and forced to do really hard work. In America they contract for prison labourers; thus a brickmaker had leased out to him 150 men at seventy-seven cents. a man per diem. This is hardly practicable in England, where the conditions of labour are so different. The intense jealousy of trades at the competition of prison labour is a narrow-minded, though natural, view, and aggravates the difficulty of finding the best method of employing prison labour. You might as well remove the bars from the tigers' cage at the Zoological Gardens, as let loose your prisoners ignorant of trade, and showing no signs of reform.

"'I pass now to the moral aspect involved in the chief desideratum in connection with prison reform: the restoration of the character of the criminal. This point is, I am convinced, not sufficiently attended to by the Home Office. Even the chaplain himself may be said to be merely a concession to the existing religious feelings, and I am not sure that he is not looked upon as a necessary nuisance by some of the authorities. According to the Home Office, apparently, the alpha and omega of good government consist in discipline and sanitation; hence the all-important functionaries are the doctor and the governor. The sanitary arrangements of our prisons are, in truth, admirable. Hardly a century ago John Howard describes as a typical example of a cell a room lighted and ventilated by means of a wicket seven inches by five, three men being confined therein; while "jail-fever" was as common as it was fatal. Now "jail-fever," or "typhus," is unknown, and each prisoner's cell contains an ample cubic amount of air, while separate confinement is the rule, not the exception. A proof of the excellence of the sanitation is to be found in the fact that the death-rate is 8.4 per thousand, against 21 per thousand in London, and this notwithstanding the extreme unhealthiness of the classes from which our criminals mostly come. It would be well, as I have said, if half as much attention were paid to the moral and spiritual oversight of the detained. During my chaplaincy at Clerkenwell there were on an average 20,000 arrivals per annum; the daily average being over seventy. It was a physical impossibility for me to see them all. The chaplain ought, therefore, certainly to be allowed a staff of paid assistants, in addition to as many volunteer workers as he deems fit. The Royal Commission on Reformatories and Industrial Schools has borne witness to the great services which benevolent individuals have rendered, adding further that "without their personal labour and aid, the State would have been unable to accomplish the work." Let us have in prisons also more light and air from outside. There are many among us with the courage and devotion of Elizabeth Fry, though happily now we have a public opinion not indifferent to the condition of our prisons. Let the chaplain admit moral teachers and lecturers; and allow letters to be read more frequently. Neither visits nor letters may be received more than once in three months, save in very exceptional circumstances. A letter containing good advice from a reformed "pal," leading to higher things, may do more good than all the labours of a chaplain. At Clerkenwell there was but one lady admitted—a remarkable contrast this to America, and many Continental countries, where volunteer workers of the various religious denominations are welcomed to reclaim and instruct.

"'Another point on which I would strongly insist is the necessity for classification. It is obvious that the harm done by the present system must be very great. Now the first offender, of hitherto blameless character, convicted of embezzlement in an office, has to herd with regular jail-birds, and the worst of the criminal classes. I should like to see prisons established where none but first offenders should be sent. The same remark applies, by the way, to our reformatories,

where it is extremely undesirable that a youngster of eleven years of age should be sent to associate with hardened lads of eighteen or nineteen. It would be an excellent thing could the former be sent to a separate home where kindly and judicious treatment would render the chances of a relapse into crime far less likely. As it is, boys too often learn in our reformatories lessons in the art of burglary which they will hasten to apply on their release.'

"'Have the efforts of the School Board,' I asked, 'proved of much avail towards the lessening of crime?'

"'It is a well-known fact,' replied Mr. Horsley, 'that the number of young clerks who forge letters and cheques, and commit similar crimes, has of late years much increased; but there can be no doubt that the gradual spread of education amongst the so-called lower classes has a beneficial effect as regards criminal statistics. Last year there were no less than 47,000 prisoners who could neither read nor write. Of these a large number were of such an age as to show that they must have succeeded in escaping the vigilance of the School Board officers and the compulsory bye-laws. Whilst on this branch of the subject, it may be of interest to mention that of 78,416 persons arrested in the metropolis in a recent year, as many as 4,677 females, and 8,426 males, were unable to read or write. It is a very sad fact that on examining prison statistics we find that the great crime-incentive is drink, and that this intemperance, a national disgrace, seems to be yearly on the increase. Within five years, for example, it is found that cases termed "drunk and disorderly" have increased by 26,000.'

"The last topic dealt with in our conversation was the work of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. Mr. Horsley spoke much and earnestly of the need for more money and more helpers. 'Were funds forthcoming,' he said, 'more homes and refuges could be established for the benefit of men and women, to which they might go directly after leaving prison. One society of Christian workers does much excellent service in this direction. The 400 members endeavour to obtain employment and homes for discharged prisoners, and generally interest themselves in and help such. But it and other similar associations are sadly hampered for want of funds, and I would, in conclusion, urge on all to consider the duty that is laid upon them by their Master to help the weak and afflicted, and those who are in trouble.'"

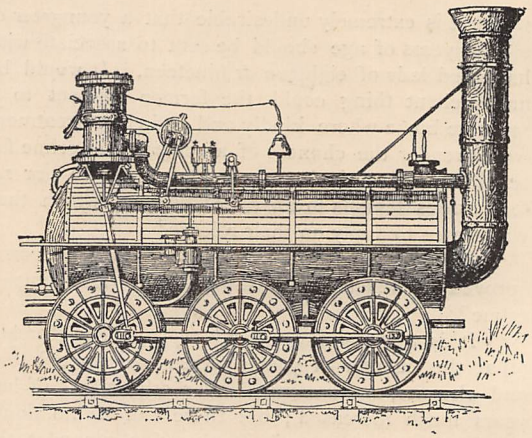
LOCOMOTIVES ON THE LINE.

THERE were locomotives before the line—as we know it—was begun. Trevethick and Blenkinsop had completed their locomotive engines between seventy and eighty years ago; and Hedley's "Puffing Billy," the oldest engine in existence, did duty three-score years and ten ago. But it was not until the year 1825 that the first public railway in the world was opened, and thus it is that locomotives on the line date from that year. On the 16th of September, 1824, an order was given to the then young firm of Robert Stephenson and Co., to construct two locomotive engines "for the sum of £500 each." The earliest delivered of these is now placed on a pedestal near Darlington Station, and it is the parent of "locomotives on the line." It differed widely from the engines we know; its weight was about a tenth of the heavy engines of to-day; it drew a gross load of forty tons, at a speed not exceeding twelve miles per hour, and its cylinders were perpendicularly placed. The story of this early locomotive, of its completion in the old factory on Tyneside, of its being sent by the great road to the south, drawn by horses, and raised on the line near the village of Great Aycliffe—that story is well known. After this came, in due time and order, "Hope," "Black Diamond," "Diligence," and the "Royal George"—the first four were Stephenson's engines, and the latter was Timothy Hackworth's. Not alone in dimensions, but in mode of construction and in powers of endurance, these old travellers on the line differed from those of to-day. In the workshops there were no tools except hand-lathes; there were no turn-tables, only ropes and pulleys for the lifting of the engines, and the "screw-jack" was the sole means of raising the locomotive, so that the work of construction was slow. One of the oldest engineers told the writer that the wheels were metal with iron tyres, and for repairs they were hammered on and off, as the one way of removing and refitting them. At one time, out of twenty-two locomotives on the primal line, fifteen were off work for repairs. The story is told of how the engine-drivers dealt with the refractory or worked-out engines: in "slippery weather or on some long greasy incline the speed would flag rapidly; the engineman, first lavishing oil on the rods and bearings, and then forcing the wheels round with a crowbar, would cry out to the fireman, 'Give it to her, Bill, man; give it to her,' as Bill with his shovel strode alongside, frantically scraping up small ballast, and dashing it before the wheels to make them bite," vainly. Then the fire was roused up, and the engineman and fireman sat down on the side of the bank until "steam rose, and off she went."

There are local stories told as to the esteem and the mystery that surrounded these early locomotives in the popular estimation. On the occasion of the

opening of the first railway, an attentive Durham man regarded "Locomotion" with anxious care, and finally concluded in the country Doric, "I's warrant she gans by smoak," whilst one in a higher social sphere inquired of one of the projectors of the line, who had his hand on the side-bar, if that was the motive-power.

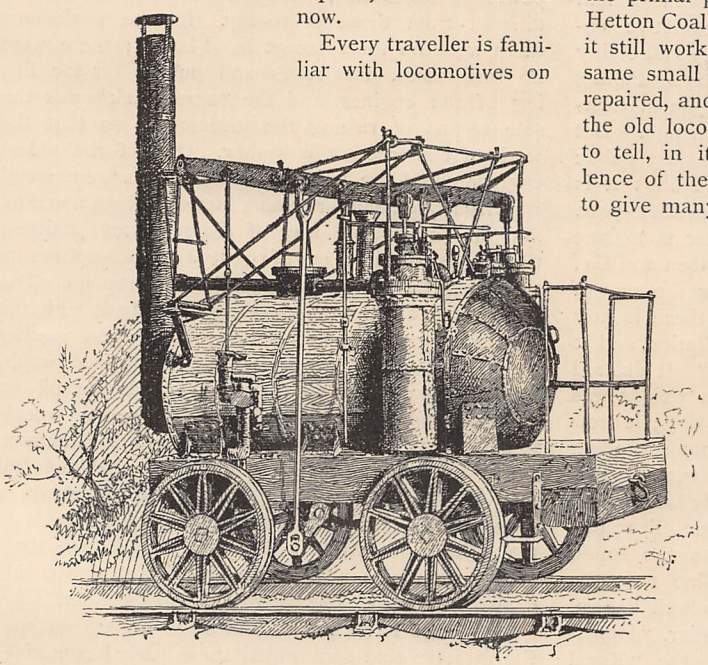
This was in the early days of railways, when passenger carriages were not trusted to locomotives, but to horses: when a bell or trumpet was used for signalling purposes, and when the banks of the Tees had the only public railway in the world. As time passed on, the railway system grew, the number of engines and engine-builders increased, and the competition at Liverpool determined for a time the use and the form of the locomotive, and decided also its value for other purposes than haulage of coal. For it is remarkable that coal-transit brought into being the engine: on a coal line, in 1804, one of Trevethick's engines ran; on "Middleton Coal Railway, near Leeds," Blenkinsop's engine worked; and at Wylam and Killingworth collieries, Hedley's and Stephenson's engines worked. But the use of the engine for passenger traffic caused the need for speed as well as strength, and gradually the locomotive was made more compact, the stroke shorter, the number of tubes was increased, the consumption of fuel was diminished, and the multitubular boiler became common. The old locomotive has disappeared from the line—one is "laid up in lavender" at Kensington; a second guards the northern bank of the Tyne, and, close to the high-level bridge and to the old castle, is a connecting link between the distant past and the present; and a third, as we have said, is mounted on a pedestal at Darlington, once the brain and the pulse of the railway system. But, with one exception, none are in use now.



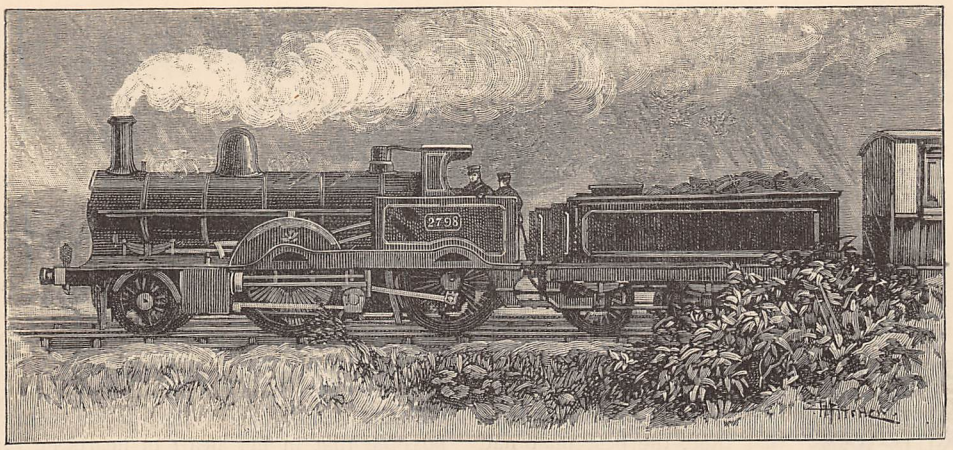
"THE ROYAL GEORGE" AS REMODELLED BY HACKWORTH.

Every traveller is familiar with locomotives on the line in our day, and those whose journeys are fairly frequent can tell the dark London and North Western engines before they see their names, can contrast them with the light hues of those on the Brighton line, or the ruddy-brown of the Midland, or the green of the Great Northern. Experts, too, can pick out the rather ponderous express of the North British from the splendid ones that do the best duty on the North Eastern; whilst the special features of the Crewe compounds, the bogie engines that do duty on some of the dale lines, or those of the "Lord of the Isle" class which run long distances, scooping up the water they need whilst flying along—these are all determinable easily at a glance.

We have named an exceptional old locomotive still at work. One of the first four engines built for the primal public railway was sold years ago to the Hetton Coal Company, and on the line of that company it still works. It has the old upright cylinders, the same small body, and, though parts are renewed and repaired, and some slight alterations have been made, the old locomotive remains, after sixty years' work, to tell, in its wheezy puffs, the story of the excellence of the work of its builders. It would be easy to give many stories of the drivers of the old locomotives—of those who, in days when "Time-tables" were not, regularly stopped at one prolific field to gather mushrooms; of the straight-spoken engineman who, when remonstrated with for "racing" at the rate of fourteen miles per hour, averred that he would keep up to that rate if he "burst the boiler;" and of the North-countryman who, not a score of years ago, declined to join in a strike because of his attachment to the engine he drove, and he "couldn't trust her" to a stranger. But the service "on the line" has been systematised now, and whilst the convenience of the public has been consulted, the idiosyncrasies of locomotive builders and drivers have



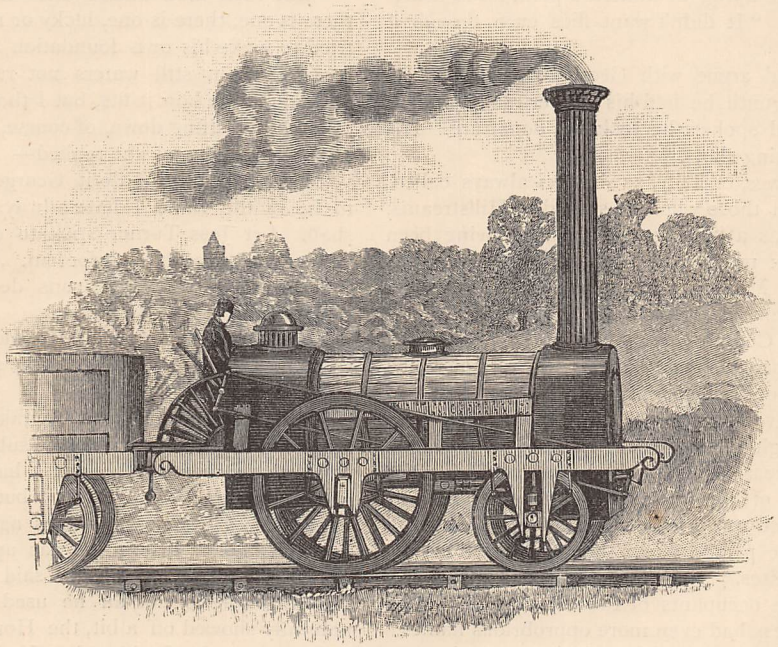
ONE OF THE EARLIEST LOCOMOTIVES—"PUFFING BILLY."



CREWE COMPOUND HIGH AND LOW PRESSURE EXPRESS ENGINE.

gone. The construction of the engine is no longer confined to one small establishment at Newcastle, nor the repairs to a "barn-like erection" at Shildon, in Durham, as was the case in 1825. The Tyne is no longer the chief of constructing centres — Manchester and Glasgow are its rivals, as far as private builders are concerned; and Crewe with its wonderful works, Derby, Doncaster, Manchester, Swindon, and other places, are the centres of the works of those great companies which chiefly build their own iron steeds. There can be no greater contrast than that of a picture of the first engines, and that of one of to-day; but changed as are the dimensions and altered the position of the parts, and increased the speed and weight, the cost and the strength, yet the thousands of locomotives on the line now in every land are in the main principle what they were when George Stephenson was "first railway engineer" at a salary of £300 per annum, at a time when his broad Northumbrian dialect puzzled the committees of the Commons House, when his son Robert was engineer to the Hetton Coal Company, and when Hackworth was practically a foreman in some small engineering works, and the whole of the engine-building and repairing operatives in the world did not number 180. And those who travel on the line, and those who compare the modes of travel of the present and the past, would wisely give credit to the early engineers whose constant care and experiment and work brought to its present perfection the chief means of land travel.

J. W. S.



PASSENGER ENGINE BY STEPHENSON, 1831.

A TREACHEROUS CALM.

By THOMAS KEYWORTH, Author of "Mistress June," &c.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

DRIFTING APART.

"We two were pretty babes; the youngest she,
The youngest and the loveliest far, I ween,
And Innocence her name; the time has been
We two did love each other's company;
Time was we two had wept to have been apart."

CHARLES LAMB.

THE population of Hillstreams increased very fast after the railway was made. Before that time, the best plan had been to drive all the way to Mirkaster. Very few people cared to avail themselves of the trains passing through Long-cutting, which was a small station four miles from Hillstreams, on a line which reached Mirkaster by a roundabout way.

Every new house which was erected was looked upon by the native Hillstreamers as an encroachment on their privileges.

"Mirkaster men's doing it," said Jess Turner, "and Mirkaster folks 'll come an' live there. We're nowt but slaves, not us, indeed. It looks bad for th' nineteenth century, as we hear about now and then."

George Dawes could not always rise above the temptation to speak on the opposite side. It was not a case of love me, love my dog; but hate me, hate my doctrine.

"Thou'rt like a frog 'at wanted a pond all to itsel'," was his reply. "It didn't want flies even, though it lived on 'em."

Nobody could argue with George Dawes, because he never spoke until he had his answer ready, and as soon as he had spoken, he took his departure. His shots were parting shots.

Matilda Dawes, or Tilly, as she was always called, took sides with those who had settled in Hillstreams, because she was a "foreigner" herself, having been born about six miles away. When the Penthursts removed from Mirkaster she came with them, and remained in their service until she consented to share the fortunes of George Dawes.

Censorious people (and where is the retreat which knows them not?) whispered their opinion that she would never have married George if he had not been fortunate enough to obtain the position of postman. This made a great difference to his income, and in the eyes of some of the ancient Hillstreamers he was almost a landed proprietor. Jess Turner included him among the people whom he condemned as the ornamental classes. For the Tollingwoods, the Penthursts, and the occupants of the villas which dotted the hillsides, Jess had even more opprobrious names.

Tilly would speak up for the Penthursts wherever she might be, and whoever might attack them. She was what some people called a champion sitter-down, and she had manifested her tendency in that direction when at Lowfield Lodge, but she had been treated with tenderness and patience, the effect of which had been to produce gratitude in her heart.

The only person outside the Penthurst family whom she ranked with them was Horace Ingleton. He was quite equal, in her estimation, to Mr. Penthurst's sons, Guy and John, perhaps superior to them; and it is possible that in her heart of hearts he ranked next only to Annie. She was never tired of telling George all she knew about these two, and unless George happened to have a quarrel of his own on hand, he was never tired of listening to his wife's story. When the outside work was done, and the mail had been despatched, George would give an hour or two to his proper trade. Then Jess Turner and all the disagreeables which he represented were put out of mind, and the couple chatted away about what Tilly called the properest courtship which could be imagined.

"But thou knows, Tilly, there's a proverb or some'at that has to be remembered," was George's remark, as he stitched away, seated on the table; and he did not look so diminutive then, for the unusual shortness of his legs did not show.

"Proverbs are unlucky things, George," was Tilly's rejoinder. By a remark like this she was able to half answer any objection beforehand.

"But then thou knows there is a proverb, and if there is one, there is one, lucky or not." Thus George tried to make his own foundation good. "There's a proverb about still waters not running smooth. I don't quite see how it fits, but I thought it did."

Tilly was sitting down, of course, and she shook her head sorrowfully, as she replied—

"I don't think I'd do it, George. Proverbs ought to be in the Bible, I have always said, and always shall. Let Jess Turner stick to other sorts of proverbs, he's better cut out for 'em. What you mean is, the course of true love runs deep, which is very different."

"No, there's some'at in it about love not running smooth," George protested, and he seemed to be growing dogmatic.

Tilly's plan always was to take up her topic at another point, and to ignore the subject of disputation.

"Perhaps master's blindness had something to do with it, George," she said; "but how and why is beyond me. Times and times again have I said to Priscilla Mason, before she was upper housemaid at Combermere House, I have said to her, 'Priscilla, Mr. Ingleton is not all he used to be.' Priscilla naturally showed off a bit, the House being so much bigger than the Lodge; but I always stuck to my

point, as you may do, whether there's two servants in the place or ten, or whatever there is."

Here George had something more to say about true love and still waters. Tilly heard him out, and then went on with her tale.

"It was after master's blindness, as I know well; because up to that time Mr. Ingleton was as punctual as the milk. Not that I mean to say the milk was never late, which is different altogether. Then there was a falling off. I couldn't account for it, and my solemn opinion is that Priscilla Mason couldn't do so neither, because of nasty remarks she made. 'People that's eating sugar,' she says, 'pities them that hasn't a sweet tooth, but they may find that toothache grows in the sugar-pot.' That was when you became postman, George. You remember we met Priscilla when we went walking together for the first time."

George looked better pleased than he had done for many days.

"Ha, ha! sugar-pot was it, Tilly?" he said, going on with his work, and laughing; "and then the toothache! But what's that proverb about sour grapes? Some'at about fox-hunting, I know. Ha, ha! I like that—toothache!"

"Not that I ever looked down on Priscilla," continued Tilly, "or talked about you, in a way of bragging; but she did act disagreeable, and she said that Miss Annie was to blame for everything, and that Mr. Ingleton was taking up with the young gentlemen all around, who were up to games and larks, and I don't know what besides."

"Such as the Prestwitches," said George.

"Yes, and the Dingworths," replied Tilly "Says Priscilla, 'There's a storm a-brewing, and them as lives longest will see most; always supposing they can see, and are not blind Cupids.'"

"Ha, ha! But Priscilla didn't say that, did she?" George exclaimed, looking up at last, a broad grin upon his face.

"She did, George," Tilly affirmed, with emphasis; "because I remember thinking of window-curtains, and valentines, and that fixed the words in my mind. 'If they are not blind Cupids' were the exact words."

"Ha, ha! but Priscilla is not a bad one. Blind Cupids!" The name tickled George's fancy, and he laughed again.

Thus in their home retirement these two discussed the affairs of Horace and Annie. There seemed to be a change in the attitude of the young people after Mr. Penthurst's misfortune; and it was remarked by other people in Hillstreams besides talkative Matilda and satirical Priscilla, that, as they said, "th' young swell does no' tak' his sel' down to th' Lowfield as often as he did."

It came to the ears of Jess Turner even, and he had a full explanation of all the circumstances.

"Much 'ud have more," he said. "This here Ingleton 'll have all Tollingwood's fortune. An' what then? He wants another fortune on th' top of it. But fortunes isn't found in a house where a blind man's moping about like a frog in a gutter; not so. No, there's likelier to be some'at in that line where yond' new houses is, an' my gentleman is all welt an' sole with Prestwitches an' Dingworths, an' that style o' folks."

The abstract idea of fortune-hunting is never popular, and even among those Hillstreamers who had the smallest souls, and who gave themselves up to the meanest lives, there was condemnation for any one who could be supposed to prefer gold instead of love. People who would have done almost anything for a sovereign, would have detested anybody else who had been sordid enough to prefer wealth to simple affection.

But every community has its representatives of magnanimity. There were men and women among the rude villagers who adopted the view that there is always something to be said on the other side, and they were prepared to say it. Perhaps an inherent love of contradiction had something to do with it. But if we begin to impute motives, where is there a disputant who can hope to escape scot-free?

"I doubt very much whether there's either love or money about it," said Jess Turner's wife, Susan: a very hard-worked woman, who had to pay the penalty of constant toil for the privilege of having married a man who knew more than his neighbours, and whose idea of putting his candle in a candle-stick, instead of under a bushel, involved a great deal of loitering and talking.

"Susan'll put it as it ought to be," said Jess, who lavished more sarcasm on his wife than on anybody. "She's just splendid at explaining things. I hear that blind Penthurst intends to turn ditch-water into diamonds. Our Susan'd show him how it's done."

Susan was silenced. But the conversation happened to be held at the cottage door, where several neighbours were standing about, and they knew by experience what it was to be "shut up" by Jess Turner; so they took her part, their zeal owing some of its impulse to the recollection of personal affronts.

"Thee say what thou likes, Susan," one of the women said. "Your Jess thinks he's in th' kitchen o' th' 'Clog Sole,' an' he's nowt but a pack o' men to talk to. I'd show him different, if I wor thee."

But Susan could not state her case very clearly. What she meant was that Horace Ingleton had found new friends, and friends were like shoes. "If you wore one pair you didn't wear another pair: at least, not at th' same time."

"I knew she'd clear it up," said Jess, looking round upon the company with a sneer. "It's as clear as mud."

But popular feeling was not with him, so he walked along the street in the direction of the "Clog Sole," as the public-house was called which native Hillstreamers loved to patronise.

"Jess is nowhere if you stick up to him," said one woman to another afterwards. "He's like Bob o' Dick's dog: it runs and barks at folks, as if it meant to eat 'em, but if they turn round and lift a foot, it goes off home again as if it had twenty kicks inside it."

"I think Susan's right," said the other. "This here young gent is al'ays spoken of as an open-handed

'un, an' it's none so easy to get a character for that if you keep your fist tight. Tight-fistedness goes wi' money-loving here i' Hillstreams, an' till I learn different, I shall think it does in th' new house yond' : Comermere House, or whate'er they ca' it. Depend on't, th' young man's picked up wi' some fresh faces, an' he's none so fain to see th' owd un as he wor."

"It's a pretty face, too, is th' 'owd un, as you ca' it," was the reply. "Happens th' young lady tired th' first. Wenches does sometimes weary o' th' chaps; an' if wenches, why not folks as is better off? They do say she's powerful busy, too, finding things out, and fastening 'em up i' bottles, same as doctors does physic."

"You never knowed a wench weary of a decent chap," replied the other. "Wearying's th' other way. If this young lady's shown him th' front door, it's because he's got in wi' a marlocking lot that's no good. Our Rabbit's gone to work at Mirkaster, as you know, and he says them young Prestwitches and Dingworths are just about as loose as they mak' 'em—real queer uns, he said—and you may be sure it is so, for Rabbit's no rattle-pate ; he'll none call mice rats, or larks throstles. But it's time for me to be stirring."

So the women separated.

Jess Turner found some of his friends in the "Clog Sole," and he began by telling them that it was easier to get butter out of a shoe-heel than to get sense out of a woman.

This sentiment met with hearty approval among the topers who were there assembled.

Then Jess explained the circumstances which had caused him to make the sapient remark. He did not condescend to show the connection between one proposition and another ; like men who speak in aphorisms, he took for granted that his own identity would be a sufficient background for disjointed statements, and would give them all necessary sequence and cohesion. The kitchen of the "Clog Sole" was his favourite resort ; there, as it seemed to him, he was understood and appreciated, and there he could pour out his copious speech without question or contradiction.

It is not necessary to repeat all that was said about Horace Ingleton, who was referred to by various names, among which were "the gent," "the swell," and "the nob." But if a stranger had been present to hear the conversation, it would have been clear to him that among the people who had settled at Hillstreams there were some who lived rather fast, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, very fast, and that Horace had become very intimate with them.

Nobody raised any objection to Jess Turner's sentiment when he declared that there are many ways in which a man can make a fool of himself, and when he added—

"That there young gent is making a fool of hissel' in about as many ways as one chap can manage at a time."

Then Jess ordered another pint.

In a place like Hillstreams it was very difficult for people to have private affairs. Even the better-class families, who lived outside the village, had their business talked about by servants, who became intimate with the cottagers, and chatted about any subject which promised to be interesting. It would not be wise to accept every statement made by the gossips ; but by carefully sifting the rumours, and by putting one fact with another, an impartial listener might safely come to the conclusion that when Horace Ingleton was twenty-one he had become the constant companion of several young men who were notorious for their unsteady habits, and that he was not a frequent visitor at Lowfield Lodge, where the blind chemist still lived, and where his daughter Annie was supposed to be working by his direction, and trying to complete some mysterious experiments.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

THE FORTUNATI.

"On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale."—POPE.

WONES COLLEGE had its fast set. There were fathers in Moistershire who thought that residence at a University was full of perils, but that by sending their sons to Wones College there were no dangers to be feared. The youths, if the railway accommodation were satisfactory, returned to the parental home each night, and were thus under the watchful care of those who were most interested in their well-being. Then the engineering and chemical departments made it a suitable college for those whose training was intended to be of a technical character. The old-fashioned culture was not neglected, and Moistershire men were in the habit of boasting that their sons got at Wones all they could get anywhere else, and a great deal which was peculiar to the place. A large proportion of the students were quiet, steady workers. But there was a fast set there, and unfortunately for Horace Ingleton, they sought his company, and introduced him to other friends whose way of life was faster than their own.

There were hundreds of wealthy families in Moistershire only one generation removed from poverty, and in many cases everything had been neglected but the accumulation of money. Fathers had toiled and mothers had pinched to lay up hoards of gold, and the sons and daughters became heirs and heiresses without any refinement or sense of responsibility. There were others who had been trained to regard life as something more than a mixture of factory and Vanity Fair. Some of the noblest men and women in the county were the offspring of parents who had owed everything to their own industry. But the young men who gathered round Horace were what a severe critic called "gilded dirt." They had plenty of money, and they spent it freely, but they spent it only on those objects which suited their tastes.

There were many private clubs in Mirkaster which were established and supported entirely for the sake of gambling. Some of these were very low, and were patronised chiefly by boys and youths, who speculated with their pocket-money, or with the petty cash which

came into their hands. These establishments were nominally clubs, but in reality the secretaries were the proprietors ; or perhaps, instead of secretary, the proprietor called himself manager. There was one club called Fortunatus, and the members were called a great deal about sport, and could enter heartily into any question which referred to the chances of a horse or a dog in any pending contest.

The manager of the club was a man called Scobley, who was always prepared to lay the odds of the day

"'WE MUST STEP ASIDE,' SAID ANNIE TO THE GIRL" (*p.* 615).

Fortunati. This was frequented by young men who had plenty of money, and who were fond of sport. Though the subscription was low, yet it was not easy to gain admission. Having money and having money to spare were the two requisite qualities for membership. The manager was the owner, and the subscription was a pretence.

Budd Wakestaff introduced Horace to the Fortunati, and Horace found them a merry lot of fellows ; some of them were not over-refined, but they all knew with the gentlemen who frequented the establishment. He was a pleasant fellow, and might have been mistaken for the manager of a mill rather than the owner of a thinly-disguised gambling-house. Most of the members were on very friendly terms with him ; the one who seemed to treat him most coldly was Budd Wakestaff.

"I cannot stand Scobley," Budd said to Horace ; "he is a trifle too familiar. Then, if you notice, he is fond of talking about students, and he calls them

stowdents. I am strongly inclined to draw the line at that. But you will meet some good fellows here, so you must join. Scobley does the balloting himself: a good plan, too; the right men are never black-balled here, and the wrong ones have no chance."

It was at the Fortunatus that Horace became intimate with Prestwitch and Dingworth. They both had settled at Hillstreams, but Horace felt on better terms with them in consequence of a single evening with them at the club than would have been possible after twelve months of ordinary neighbourly intercourse. *The* Prestwitch and *the* Dingworth, in Horace's estimation, were Gus and Rob, and they were the eldest sons of their respective fathers. Gus Prestwitch, though a young man, was a heavy drinker, with manners to match; and Rob Dingworth dressed almost like a groom, and talked like the worst kind of grooms.

In the company of Budd Wakestaff, Gus Prestwitch, Rob Dingworth, and other Fortunati, Horace learnt a number of ways in which money can be risked; he also made himself familiar with various games of skill and chance; while, as if to accelerate his fall, he found that excitement made him thirsty. To remain thirsty at a place like the Fortunatus was never heard of, so in a short time he acquired habits of drinking which would have filled a man like Jabez Tollingwood with amazement.

It was absurd for Horace to remain at Wones College, because he did scarcely anything except to attend the lectures. If he had ever felt any zeal for chemistry, that was gone. It was possible for students at Wones to spend a very lazy time. Perhaps there was not a better college in the world for a painstaking and enthusiastic worker, but there was not a worse for one who wished to waste time and neglect opportunities. Horace learnt nothing; and those of his fellow-collegians with whom he was most at home were a set who sneered at every earnest purpose, and looked down with contempt upon honest effort.

The Tollingwoods were not blind to the change which had taken place, but Mr. Tollingwood refused to notice it as long as he could. His wife was unwilling to say anything about Horace which would seem to disparage her husband's choice. She knew that her own feelings had never been as warm as her husband's from the beginning; it was not her plan, but his, that Horace should be adopted, yet with cordial conscientiousness she had welcomed the boy, and had treated him with unvarying kindness.

When Mr. Tollingwood could deceive himself no longer, he spoke to his wife in a cautious manner, as if he was trying to discover her thoughts without betraying his own.

"Martha," he said, "I don't think Horace goes much to Lowfield now. I fancied at one time that Annie was his attraction there more than chemistry."

"He has not been much of late," was the guarded reply.

"He seems fonder of running about with those young fellows who have come from Mirkaster—Prestwitch and Dingworth—than of asking Penthurst about chemistry. And he seldom comes back from Mirkaster till the last train, and very often he doesn't come at all. He says he and Budd Wakestaff work together at night. Budd seems a steady young fellow, but those others are a queer lot. There is no accounting for taste; but how anybody can prefer the company of Prestwitch and Dingworth to that of the Penthursts is a puzzle to me. Why, Penthurst's sons are worth a thousand of them; and then there is Alick, the wisest, surest fellow I ever knew, and his wife, who can keep her heart up whatever there is on it. Then Annie! Martha, times are changed since I was young. But I shall talk to Horace, though I hate doing so. The lad has had everything he could wish, and I have enjoyed letting him have it. What I want to know is this: why don't people let you go on being kind to them, without acting so that you have to say disagreeable things?"

Mr. Tollingwood was reading the newspaper before he commenced the conversation; he threw it violently from him, as if the harmless sheet had contained a leading article on the necessity for good-natured people saying ill-natured things to the people whom they love.

"I have not said as much to Alick Penthurst as I should," Mr. Tollingwood resumed, "because I did not know how matters stood between Horace and Annie, but I mean to ask his advice."

"Speak to Horace himself before you speak to anybody else," Mrs. Tollingwood suggested.

"But then, Alick is not like anybody else," Mr. Tollingwood said, in a tone of remonstrance; and he did not perceive how absurd his remark sounded, coming immediately after his wife's words. "You know, Martha, I have always felt that I could tell Alick anything; and I think he is wiser now he is blind than he was when he could see. He is more hopeful, too, I am sure. I know of nothing more beautiful than to see him in that laboratory, with Annie lending him her eyes, as he calls it. When I heard that he was blind, I felt sure that he would mope himself to death, for he was a great reader; and people tell me that it is worse for a reader to be cut off from his books than for a man like me to be kept away from business. It seems very strange, but then we are not all made alike, Martha."

Mr. Tollingwood was one of those men who can give many reasons why they should follow the dictates of their own judgment instead of acting according to their wives' advice, but who seem to exhaust their opposition in controversy, and end by doing as they are recommended. He did not say anything then to Mr. Penthurst, but he resolved to do so as soon as he had spoken seriously to Horace.

* * * * * *

It was a grievous disappointment to Annie when the change came over Horace which seemed to estrange him from the friends who had welcomed him ever since he first settled in Moistershire. Her father, in the early months of his blindness, spoke about the help which his pupil would be able to afford; and much of his

trustfulness in reference to the great scheme for which he had toiled and suffered was based upon the expectation of having a helper, besides Annie, who was acquainted with his method of work, and familiar with the experiments which were completed. The blind man never felt the loss of Horace's services as he would have done under ordinary circumstances. Annie was as full of enthusiasm as her father, and with her at hand to work with him, he went forward from stage to stage in his tedious and often-repeated endeavours. As he sat in darkness while all around was light, he continually estimated the progress which was being made, and encouraged both himself and his daughter by saying—

"We are a long way from the end yet, but we are moving onward, and every week sees some obstacle removed. I believe we shall succeed."

Annie could not understand all the experiments which she made under her father's direction ; she told him she was only part of the apparatus, and was really blind—he alone could see in the truest sense, for he perceived the full scope and intention of his plans, and kept in his mind an accurate record of all that had been accomplished.

"Without you, Annie, my work would have been wasted," he replied, "and my plans could never have been completed. Horace has not given his heart to study as I thought he might do. It will be a great disappointment to Mr. Tollingwood, and it is a great disappointment to me."

Nothing about Annie, of course ; how could there be? But she could blush there in safety, as she pursued her task, and she could allow the look of fixed sadness to linger on her face ; there was no need to deprive herself of that cheap luxury, for nobody was present but her sightless father.

There was one reason why Horace did not feel comfortable when he thought about his old friends at Lowfield. He had disgraced himself with some of his companions, and he knew that Annie had witnessed his misconduct. She had never mentioned it to any one, but she often thought about it, and was ashamed of her old playmate and work-fellow, and could scarcely regret that he absented himself from her home.

One evening she went on an errand of mercy to Moor Edge, where a woman lay sick in a cottage. A servant-maid accompanied her, and the two were returning towards Hillstreams when they heard several men approaching by the lane from the "Hare and Hounds," which was an old-fashioned inn, much frequented by sportsmen. It was dark, and the place was lonely. Annie knew by the shouts of the men that they were under the influence of drink. They sang short snatches of songs, and raised loud laughter, and pushed each other about roughly.

"We must step aside," said Annie to the girl, "until these men are past. They will not see us, and we have nothing to fear."

There was plenty of shelter near, and all would have been well ; but the girl gave a scream, and then ran as fast as she could down the path.

The men began barking like dogs, and started in pursuit ; but the girl was far too fleet for them. Some of the men fell, and others rolled over them, for they were drunk ; and they began struggling and fighting together near the place where Annie was crouched behind a bush. The combatants were separated, and all laughed again. They were about to start towards Hillstreams, when one of them saw something white ; he raised a loud shout, and ran towards it ; in a moment he had seized Annie roughly by the arm, and his noisy companions were yelling around.

"Caught!" cried the man who held her. "And now, a kiss."

"A kiss !" said the others, crowding near.

Annie's terror turned to agony when she discovered that the one who held her was Horace Ingleton, and yet there was a feeling of thankfulness, too, for she was in a dreadful predicament.

"Horace Ingleton, how dare you?" she exclaimed.

He was not so drunk but he recognised her voice, and he loosed her at once.

"I beg your pardon, Annie," he stammered. "I thought—I did not think—whatever are you doing here?"

The other men stood back, amazed ; and Annie walked through them without another word. The girl was waiting at the bottom of the hill, trembling, and wondering what had become of her mistress. Annie rebuked her for acting so recklessly, and the two returned to the house. The girl did not know about the encounter ; and Annie said nothing when she reached home.

Horace and his friends had been to a rabbit-coursing match at the "Hare and Hounds." Budd Wakestaff was there, though Annie had not noticed him, so were Prestwitch and Dingworth, besides several other Fortunati.

Horace was sobered by the shock, and he felt mortified at the trick which luck had played him ; for in spite of all his folly, he valued Annie's good opinion more than anybody's.

Annie was very sad. She had seen her old friend, maddened, as it seemed to her, with drink, and she had narrowly escaped violence at his hands. Her heart seemed to say, "Good-bye, Horace Ingleton."

Fortunately she was busy, and had not time to dwell much upon the confusion which had come into her life. Horace called to see her, and apologised very humbly for his misconduct. His two excuses did not mend matters much : one was that he had drunk more than was good for him, and the other was that he had no idea that it was Annie.

He still called her by the old name, and she made no change in her custom. Horace and Annie they continued to be to each other, but both were glad when the interview was over.

"You must forgive me with all your heart, Annie," he said.

"I have not much to forgive, Horace," she replied. "What I feel is sorrow. I do not know who were with you ; but they were not fit companions, I am sure."

"It would be a very great grief to me if I were banished from Lowfield," he continued, evading the matter which she had referred to last; "and of course I could not come if it were known how I acted."

"It will not be known by my telling," said Annie.

"'HORACE,' HE SAID KINDLY, 'THERE MUST BE AN ALTERATION'" (*p.* 617).

Then a great weight was removed from the mind of Horace. Annie had revealed nothing. He thanked her very profusely, and then took his departure. But he did not visit Lowfield much, and when he called, Budd Wakestaff was with him.

* * * * * *

One morning, Annie was reading the *Mirkaster News* to her father, and she saw a paragraph which startled and greatly pained her. A police raid had been made the night previous on a suspected gambling-den in the city, and among those who were apprehended by the officers was Horace Ingleton, of Combermere House, Hillstreams.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

A STORM AND A LULL.

——"a youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven."—Wordsworth.

Mr. Tollingwood had not been able to carry out his intention of speaking plainly to Horace, when he also was startled by the same paragraph in the *Mirkaster News*, which seemed to prove that Horace had given himself up entirely to folly, and that he intended

to forfeit the good opinion of all whose respect and approval were worth keeping.

"Here we are," he said to his wife: "'Combermere House, Hillstreams.' There is nothing like publicity. It's almost a pity he did not give in his name as Jabez Tollingwood, while he was about it."

"What is it, Jabez?" Mrs. Tollingwood asked.

Mr. Tollingwood struck the table with the paper, and managed to overturn the milk.

"I won't take the wretched thing in," he said. "For the last week there has been nothing in the papers, and this morning I read that Horace Ingleton, of Combermere House, Hillstreams, is in the hands of the police for being found in a gambling-den. I am expected to pay a penny a day for that kind of rubbish."

Then Mr. Tollingwood overturned his cup, and saying that he hated breakfast, he went into another room.

Mrs. Tollingwood read the paragraph which had disturbed her husband, and then she went to seek him.

"What do you intend to do?" she asked, when she found him making mischief among the flowers in a conservatory.

"I intend to let the young puppy rot in prison," was the reply.

"But he is not in prison," she said; "the names and addresses of the persons present in the place were taken, and they have to appear before the magistrates to-day."

"They were bailed out, I suppose, and Horace would send for some friend of mine to free him from the lock-up." Mr. Tollingwood spoke these words very bitterly.

But he went to Mirkaster, and met Horace at the police-court. Horace saw that his foster-parent was grieved and angry, and he felt more ashamed of himself than he had done before.

It appeared from the evidence that the police had heard complaints about several places which were called clubs, but which were nothing but gambling-dens. Raids had been made on several of them on the previous day, and among them the Fortunatus. The others were very shabby resorts, and the evidence against them was conclusive; but there was a technical difficulty about the Fortunatus, and the most was made of this point by the clever lawyer whom Scobley employed. The magistrates dismissed the case, with a warning, and they spoke strongly about the young men who frequented such places, to fleece or to be fleeced, and expressed a determination to put a stop to the practices which were becoming notorious in Mirkaster.

There was afterwards a painful interview between Mr. Tollingwood and Horace. Like all self-made men, Mr. Tollingwood had firmness for the foundation of his character. Kind and indulgent he was, to a fault; but he had built up his fortune by shrewdness, tact, and perseverance; the men who do that may be tender, but they are not vacillating. Horace felt that he had reached a crisis, and for a moment there passed through his mind painful thoughts of a permanent estrangement between himself and the man who had been as a father to him.

Among Jabez Tollingwood's friends there were few who would have placed foremost among his qualities his inherent gentlemanliness. Practical, honest, truthful, kind: thus they might have enumerated his virtues; but the priceless one of enlightened considerateness, which is the basis of true courtesy, might not have been mentioned. There was one blind man, however, who would have made no mistake on this point. Alexander Penthurst knew that his friend was at heart a gentleman—one of those who suffer in their solicitude to keep from paining others.

It was this quality which made Mr. Tollingwood's task a difficult one. He knew, as Horace knew, that a crisis had come, and that it was necessary to have a full understanding about the future; but he would rather have cut his tongue out than he would have spoken a word which sounded like a recapitulation of the many favours the young man had received.

"Horace," he said kindly, "there must be an alteration. Decide for yourself whether you will continue to attend Wones, or you will come to the works. I am afraid you have not made as much progress in chemistry as you might have done. If you have not sufficient taste for the subject, say so, and there is an end to it. You may come into the office. I intend the business to be yours, my boy, but you must thoroughly understand it in one way or another."

Horace's mind and conscience were very busy just then. He had been taken from a home of poverty and neglect, and he had been treated with boundless generosity. The Tollingwoods had indulged him with lavish kindness. He thought of the Penthursts, too. Mr. Penthurst had treated him with a father's confidence. Then there was Annie, whom he had almost forgotten that he loved. The friends whose society he had preferred to these—the Prestwitches, the Dingworths, and other Fortunati—seemed infinitely worthless in comparison.

"I think I would rather go on with the chemistry," he said. "I have lost some ground, I know, but a bit of extra work would make up for that."

"And now about these clubs?" Mr. Tollingwood said. "They are not real clubs, my boy: they are the curse of Mirkaster. I know something about them, and feel justified in calling them nests where crimes are hatched. They exist for nothing but drinking and gambling. Are you connected with any besides that Fortunatus?"

Horace mentioned another, and said that these two were all.

"You must promise not to enter a club again without mentioning it to me first," Mr. Tollingwood said, with what might be called intense calmness. The conflict of emotions within him, his desire to be gentle and the necessity to be firm, seemed to lift up his whole demeanour, and to give him a dignity which was like a revelation of character to Horace.

There was a momentary pause. Though the young man had just felt disgust for the companions who had

usurped the place in his life formerly held by the blind student and his sweet and gentle daughter, yet he could scarcely contemplate the idea of cutting himself away from the Fortunati without a pang.

But the promise was made, and Mr. Tollingwood asked for no reiteration of it. That would have implied a doubt, and he did not want the young man to begin building a new career on a foundation made rotten at the outset by implied or expressed mistrust.

"Are you in debt?" was the next question. Horace had never been kept short of money, but Mr. Tollingwood knew that gambling is like a cormorant, and its appetite is insatiable.

He owed something, but not very much.

Nothing was said about the iniquity of getting into debt under such circumstances, but Mr. Tollingwood wrote a cheque for the amount, and then he said—

"I am sorry to ask you for so many promises, Horace, but it is the only way I can see before me. You must promise me not to get into debt again."

Horace was crimson with shame. He had expected an outburst of wrath, but this steadfast pursuit of one course by Mr. Tollingwood startled him. His better nature seemed to say, "He is putting me upon my honour, and I cannot violate these pledges without contemptible meanness." And behind everything was the often-recurring thought, "He is not a man to be trifled with; he will cast me from him if I betray his confidence."

That promise was made also, and Horace felt that he must perforce begin life afresh. He had not sunk so low that folly satisfied him; but he had sunk low enough to feel that he would painfully miss many of his late pursuits.

Budd Wakestaff was the first to be taken into his confidence, and Budd sympathised with him on his enforced reformation.

"But there is a best side to everything," Budd said, "and wise men look for it. A little closer attention to work will do you no harm. Mr. Penthurst must resume his tutorial duties; but most men would feel no hardship in becoming half a class, if the other half were the teacher's fair daughter. Then, as to the Fortunati, if we cannot go to them, they must come to us. You are still permitted to enter the humble doors of the Wakestaff mansion. Pardon me for saying mansion, but it sounds better than house. The choicest of our beloved friends might join us there."

Who were the choicest, and what made them choice? Both Budd and Horace understood the title to signify the very men who had done most to bring about the trouble which had aroused Mr. Tollingwood's suspicions. Prestwitch was choice, and so was Dingworth.

"How did you escape being swept into the net with the rest of us?" Horace asked, in order to change the subject, for he did not like to enter upon a scheme which would enable him to keep the letter of his engagement, and break the spirit of it.

"Luckily for me, I had just gone out, or I should have been taken with the rest of you. The card-room was rather close, and I thought a cigar in the 'open' would suit me better than watching excited play. When I came back I saw that something was wrong, so I kept quiet until all was over. You see, Horace, my position is peculiar. A worthy relative is paying my expenses at Wones that I may qualify myself for some important sphere of life, I scarcely know what—tuition, I suppose—and if I were to fall into the hands of the Philistines, as you did, it might destroy my prospects."

"The Fortunatus will be watched," said Horace. "The game is risky, and will lead to trouble."

"Just my own humble opinion," replied Budd; "and I am afraid it will not be a safe resort for me at present. That is why I thought we could frustrate the minions of the law, and at the same time hoodwink the parents or guardians who, in their zeal for reformation, impose burdens upon the youthful habits which are too grievous to be borne."

"I cannot say that I like the word hoodwink," Horace remarked, with a frown.

"Nor do I, O Knight of the Square Table," Budd replied. "Round Table, the poets say, but square table is what we know most about. Night at the square table, it might be, were puns permissible. I don't like words of any kind, and have often wished the primitive system of hieroglyphics had not been superseded. Perhaps, however, hoodwink is as near the hieroglyphic as we are likely to get in these degenerate days. Call it something else, or call it nothing. What boots it, eh?"

The resistance which Horace made was not very vigorous, but in his mind one thing was clear—he would break no promise he had given to Mr. Tollingwood.

"Is it right to find new ways of doing what he dislikes?" a voice within seemed to ask. But man's inner monitor should be attended to at once, or the sharp edge of its rebuke is worn away. Conscience can become more an inconvenience than a safeguard; and men can endure, as Horace did, a constant sense of wrong-doing without being quickened to right behaviour.

Hillstreams gossips noticed a change.

"Talk about crying over spilt milk," said one of them—Deborah Frutcher it was—"but that's none so bad as crying over milk that isno' spilt. Th' young chap wor only in a bit of a huff. Why, he's off to Lowfield now as regular as our Ned come to see me when he wor courting."

"Happen 'twor her as wor huffed," replied Phœbe Slackside. "He's picked hissel' up, an' sin' that bother i' Mirkaster, he's not been th' same soart. As like as not her's tipped him a smile or two, and that's brought him. Chaps is fine and soft when they're young."

Mr. Tollingwood was delighted with the change. Horace came home earlier, when he did come home; and the nights he remained in Mirkaster he spent with the Wakestaffs. The old studies with Mr. Penthurst were resumed. The blind man did not reveal, more

than was necessary, that Horace had lost ground instead of gaining it since the studies were interrupted. To Mr. Tollingwood's inquiries he said—

"We must not spend too much time in trying to picture the 'might have been,' especially what I may call 'other people's might have been.' Perhaps we are tyrants to ourselves when we use memory as a rod; but we are far more prone to tyrannise over others when we use imagination that we may appoint the standard which they should have reached."

Whether this was intended as a compliment or an excuse for Horace, Mr. Tollingwood could not feel certain, and he thought it the best to ask for no explanation.

"I'm as fond of the lad as if he was my own son," he replied, "and if there is the making of anything out of the usual way in him, I should like to see it."

"We must be thankful for reasonable averages in mental stature," Mr. Penthurst said. "A world full of geniuses would be an uncomfortable place to live in. They are the spice of society; but we could not exist on pungent tastes and aromatic smells."

"Bravo, Alick!" Mr. Tollingwood exclaimed; "it is good fun to hear you say that clever men are no great shakes; because you are the cleverest man I know, and nobody can pretend that you say it out of jealousy."

Horace took a real interest in the experiments which were still in progress for what Mr. Tollingwood had called the Philosopher's Stone.

"This is the kind of chemistry which is really fascinating," he said to Mr. Penthurst and Annie, one day when they were in the laboratory, and he had been informed about the stage which had been reached with the investigations. "To think of all the waste which is going on continually in Moistershire, and the great heaps of refuse which lie worthless in every direction, and you are studying a plan by which it can be made useful and valuable! You talked about the poetry of science when I was a lad. There is a poetry about it, too."

"And a prose," Annie replied, smiling, as she looked around the room, at the results of toilsome years upon the shelves. Then she gazed very tenderly towards her father, whose face was worn and seamed, and whose eyes were closed.

Mr. Penthurst seemed to know what was passing through his daughter's mind, for he stretched his hand towards her, and said—

"Come to me, God's gift. It has been all poetry to me, and you have had all the weariness."

"Now, father," Annie said, with mock chiding in her tone, "you must not assume that I have not been as deeply interested as yourself. That would not be fair. We have shared both poetry and prose."

Then she drew her fingers through the hair which lay thin and white upon the well-shaped head of her father, and sang in a low, sweet voice—

"The cloud came after rain,
And after rain the cloud;
Wild wind chased wind again,
And mocked the thunder loud.

"But calm prevailed at last,
With spreading, searching sway;
And when the storm was past,
Bright stillness crowned the day."

The heart of Horace went out to her as she sang, and she seemed to know it; but nothing was said then.

Lowfield had real charms for Horace, and he asked himself many times whether Annie had forgiven him, and cared for him or not. Annie was in strange uncertainty. There was something about Horace which she could not quite understand. That he loved her, she believed, but he seemed to have a divided heart; and then, one morning, came the anonymous letter, which said that he was playing a part and deceiving his friends. Chill and gloom came upon her, and the words which the "Preacher" has applied to the condition of feeble age seemed appropriate to her. Thus to herself she said—

"The clouds return after the rain."

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE WAYS OF WAGTAILS.

FEW families of British birds are more characteristically grouped, or better known, than the *Motacillidæ*, which is merely a translation of wagtails. The members of this family are continually jerking their tails up and down, running on a little, taking a short flight, and again shaking their tails as they alight. Indeed, these pretty birds seem never quiet. In France, they are appropriately called *hochequeues*, and from the fancied resemblance of their attitudes to those of washerwomen, *lavandières*. "Dishwasher" is a common provincial name for a wagtail in England. In Scotland "quaketail," "waggie," and "waterie" are other ordinary names. They are distinguished by the possession of slender awl-like bills, tails of twelve feathers, and short claws, of which, in some species, the hinder toe is elongated like the pipit's. These birds are only natives of the Old World. One of the most beautiful and singular of the wagtails is the King-king, of Java, which glories in a fine black crest, and black and white forked tail. Its habits much resemble those of the English wagtail.

At all times of the year the naturalist may easily find wagtails for study at the sides of streams and rivers. Occasionally some draw nearer to houses, especially if there is a well-shaven lawn on which they may flit about, or when they are famished in a cold winter. Some are migratory as species ; while many of the individuals, even of those kinds which stay here all the year, are fond of migrating. Consequently, wagtails form a favourite study of bird-lovers. They are so well marked, too, as birds, that even the most superficial observer cannot well make a mistake about the ordinary British species, although there are several rare varieties which might and which have puzzled veteran ornithologists. The wagtail which is most common with us is the pied wagtail, known also as Yarrell's wagtail. Its plumage is dark—black mottled with white—and it is found throughout the United Kingdom, although individuals are fond of migrating in winter. Some of these birds reach down as far as the western part of North Africa. It rarely perches on a tree or bush, and loves the neighbourhood of water where it can procure flies and aquatic larvæ. Mr. A. E. Knox, an excellent ornithologist, who has lately passed away, spent much care and time upon the migration of this

species. He found that it left us about the middle and end of August, returning to Sussex about the middle of March. This is the bird that most country-lovers are familiar with. It haunts lawns and yards, as well as streams, and often forms the foster-nurse of the young cuckoo.

The white wagtail is a very rare British bird everywhere, save in the South of England; and indeed it is not often taken there. Not only so, but it requires a practised ornithologist to detect the difference between it and the above species. Its distribution is much wider, being found from the North of Europe to the Mediterranean, in Africa, India, and as far eastward as Lake Baikal. The feathers on the back of this bird are grey, whereas in the pied wagtail these are black, at all events during summer.

Much more beautiful than these birds is the grey wagtail, with its grey back, black and white wings, and bright yellow breast and under parts. Much wilder too are the localities which it loves to frequent, mountainous districts and rapid clear streams. Thus it is only a local resident, and is only found for the most part in the Eastern counties of England as a winter visitor. It loves the society of its mate, and of their family party, till late in the season, when the young ones quit and probably go abroad, and the two old birds may be seen in their usual haunts. It is a most restless bird, ever on the wing, and flirting its tail on the gravel beds at the river's brink which it frequents. It is supposed to have two broods in the year. Though unknown in Norway or Iceland, according to Prof. Newton, it yet penetrates through Persia and South Siberia to Japan. The bird is dear to the trout-fisher in rocky districts, who invariably looks out for it and another characteristic water-bird, the dipper.

The yellow wagtail, while in some respects resembling the last, is a smaller bird, and of very different habits. It is only a summer visitor to our islands, arriving about the beginning of April, and disappearing in September. It is fond of flying in little companies about hedgerows, and does not draw near to gardens, or care much for a running stream. It, too, has two broods during the summer. The breast is of a beautiful yellow; indeed, this may be called the predominant tint of the bird's plumage. No more joyous creature of the hedgerows can be found. It often frequents commons, and feeds near cows as they pasture, and if it only were fonder of man and his habitations, would doubtless become one of our most popular birds, as it is one of our most graceful.

These are the chief of the British wagtails. The blue-headed wagtail, much like the bird last described, has been occasionally found in Great Britain, but is not likely to be known to most country dwellers. It may be distinguished from the yellow wagtail by the white streak over its eyes. Three more wagtails are known on the Continent, but have not been obtained in the United Kingdom.

The poets have not condescended to write much on the wagtail. It is not a classical bird, and so none of our greater poets notice it. Montgomery may be termed its laureate. He sings—

> "What art thou made of—air, or light, or dew?
> 'I have no time to tell you, if I knew,
> My tail—ask that—perhaps may solve the matter;
> I've missed three flies already by this chatter.'"

Mr. P. Robinson helps us to another quotation from the same poet—

> "'I'm the lord of the creation,
> I, a water-wagtail bold!
> All around, and all you see—
> All the world was made for me!'
> Here the pretty prattler ending,
> Spread his wings to soar away;
> But a cruel hawk descending,
> Pounced him up, a helpless prey."

If most of the wagtails are shy of man, the pied wagtail is certainly the most patient and forbearing of birds. Last year we watched a young cuckoo, twice as big as its foster-parent, crouching on the grass and screaming for food. As often as this took place, the wagtail brought it some, and was most attentive to its wants. When it is remembered that the cuckoo had already thrust the wagtail's brood out of her nest, the wagtail's conduct is all the more striking.

"WILL HE COME?"

THE sun has lit the wood and set;
With heavy dews the grass is wet;
The firs stand out in silhouette,
Sharp, tall, and stilly;
Sometimes a rabbit flits in sight,
A scampering whisk—a gleam of white;
Naught else. Her scarf she gathers tight—
The air is chilly.

The belfry-clock strikes slowly—eight!
"Ah, waning love makes trysters late;
Slack suitor he whose queen may wait!"—
She stops and listens:
A deaf leaf rustled—that was all!
Well, maiden pride will come at call;
She will not let the teardrop fall—
It stands and glistens.

She turns—but hark! the step she knows!
The branches part and, swinging, close;
What penance now on him impose
The tryst who misses?
She can't be hard, though sore she tries,
For love will melt through loving eyes,
And all the chiding words that rise
Are crushed with kisses.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.

"WILL HE COME?"

(*See page* 621.)

HOW I ENTERTAINED A HUNDRED PEOPLE FOR FOURTEEN SHILLINGS AND A HALFPENNY.

A SHORT time ago, I wrote a rough sketch of "How I Furnished my House for a Hundred Pounds," for the benefit of the many others who are wanting to do the same; and now, for a similar reason, I want to tell you how I entertained a great many people for a very small sum. And I have a still stronger reason for dwelling on this subject, and that is that so many young married couples begin life by making the lamentable mistake of refusing to mix in society at all. "We cannot afford to entertain, therefore we cannot go out." So all invitations are declined, and Darby and Joan begin to live for themselves alone. Protestant as the English Darby generally is, there is still something of the Pope in his composition—his great temptation is to shut himself up in his castle or little villa, and, regardless of the claims of his neighbours and the outside world, to form a little court of his own, in which his opinion and his will are infallible.

His Joan soon becomes listless; household cares cannot occupy her all day; she tires of her accomplishments, and does not even take the trouble to read or think for herself; and when, on rare occasions, she finds herself one of a large company, she is ill at ease and shy; she has forgotten how to talk and what to talk of; and when she notices that her husband's self-confidence has deserted him, and that he looks quite at sea among his fellows, her last remnant of courage goes, and she longs for flight.

We certainly require the healthy friction of society to "rub our angles down," and from the day upon which I began life as the happy wife of a comparatively poor man, I resolved that, for our own good, no excuse of poverty should make us retire from the world. I had seen my husband caressed and honoured, one of the shining lights of society, and as for me!—well, he chose me; and, at any rate, I had read a great deal and had many interests, and though a great antagonist to the rights of women, I was somehow beset with a haunting fear that there was some power in that little gold ring which might reduce my conversation to details of my cook and housemaid, only varied, as the years went on, by little Tom's measles and Mary's teeth.

The first four months of our married life were spent in decorating our house, and in accepting invitations from many people in the town. At the end of that time we felt the time had come to make some return. Now we had not much choice about what kind of return to make, for our means were very limited. Dinners were quite beyond us, and even large musicals, with ices and supper, were not to be thought of; and yet there were a hundred and thirty people who must be asked and fed, and more or less amused. Now our rooms, fortunately, were not small, there was space and ventilation for every one, so we resolved to divide our party into two, and have one entertainment in the afternoon and one in the evening. We sent out the invitations, giving about ten days' notice, and a hundred and four accepted. To the afternoon we asked the delicate and old people who would be afraid of the night air, but who would enjoy meeting their friends in the day. Forty accepted for that party. Now, an afternoon party is of all things the most difficult to make succeed; there is a flatness about the whole thing which ruins it; but as ours was certainly an exception, I will minutely describe what we did.

First of all we guarded against the usual mistake of the guests taking tea in the dining-room before seeing their hostess; if they do this, there is nothing to do when they are shown into the drawing-room. Our tea was laid on a long trestle table at one end of the drawing-room. The table was covered with a white cloth with a wide border worked in blue cross-stitch. In the centre of the table stood our silver kettle on its stand, doing duty for once as a tea-pot; our large brass urn was used for the same purpose, the tea being sewn into a muslin bag. This is a much better plan than constantly having to re-fill tea-pots, and the little spirit-of-wine lamp keeps the tea really hot. There was no choice of tea and coffee, because I could not afford the coffee; but when expense is not an object, it is nice to have both coffee and chocolate, whipped cream being used for both. I had plates of brown bread and butter, and white bread and coburg. I had two large dishes of sponge cake, which was considered delicious. It was really one of those ordinary tenpenny sponge cakes; as these are often dry after being kept at a grocer's, it is best to soak them in milk and to put them into the oven for a quarter of an hour, when they come out perfectly fresh. I also had a Valentia cake at fivepence halfpenny, and threepennyworth of halfpenny buns, these being cut in two and spread with Devonshire cream. A quarter of a pound of cream is quite sufficient for this dish. A small quantity of plain cream for the tea goes much further if it is whipped and a little milk added. My tea I always buy from a merchant in London, and give one-and-sixpence a pound, and find it equal to local teas at a much higher price. I only used three-quarters of a pound at the two parties.

We had plenty of easy-chairs in our rooms, and there were comfortable seats for every one, little tables being scattered about for the tea-cups. The first hour was taken up with tea and talk; then, when subjects were getting a little worn, we suggested an adjournment to the dining-room, where some blind girls from the Blind Asylum were ready to sing. They gave us

two or three beautiful glees, and then I sang and my husband recited. The blind girls were so delighted at hearing us that others of the company volunteered, and so quite a concert ensued. Seven o'clock was striking before the departure of the last guest gave me the opportunity of seeing if my tea had been appreciated. Plenty had been eaten, and the blind girls did ample justice to the remains.

Now I knew my afternoon party would go off well, but I was very anxious about the sixty guests who were coming to spend an evening with us. An evening party is more trouble than an afternoon, for several reasons. More refreshments are expected, and if it is to go off well some kind of entertainment must be provided; still, it has many advantages over the afternoon. It is always easier to get more gentlemen, and people are more at leisure and ready for amusement at that time of the day, and consequently more easily amused. As our income did not at that time exceed £280 a year, any kind of supper was out of the question, so we arranged our programme so as to have refreshments the last thing instead of on arrival.

We had given much care and thought as to what kind of entertainment would be novel and inexpensive, and we determined to give a Shakespeare reading. We wrote to some of our visitors asking if they would take parts (of course there was no acting), and they seemed very pleased to do so. We decided upon the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which is a play that if well read is delightful. The parts were all allotted to the different readers, who had time to practise them beforehand.

The guests arrived punctually at 8.30—they had been asked to be punctual. When they had laid aside their out-door wraps, they were ushered into the drawing-room, where the chairs of the readers were arranged in a large circle, each chair bearing a ticket with the name of its owner. The people who were not going to read had chairs facing the others, so they were all able to see and hear well.

The readers sat till their turn came to "enter," when they stood till their reading for the time being was over. The play went beautifully, every one seemed to read excellently, and the audience was entranced. We finished at about eleven o'clock, then adjourned into the dining-room, where a table was spread with tea and coffee, dishes of sandwiches, plates of cake and bread-and-butter. All were glad to take something and to talk over the reading, which was pronounced "first-rate." At a quarter to twelve they took their departure, after congratulating us upon our "charming evening," which all said they had "thoroughly enjoyed."

The next morning I sat down to do my accounts, and to see at what cost I had entertained a hundred people, and as it seems to me that the sum was small in comparison to the amount of enjoyment we gave and received, I venture to put down the sum total and the items at the end of this paper.

The afternoon party for forty people cost four and sevenpence halfpenny, the items being:—

	s.	d.
A quarter of a pound of tea	0	6
Do. of butter	0	6
Do. of Devonshire cream	0	6
Milk	0	4
Two loaves of brown bread	0	6
One coburg	0	4
White bread	0	4
One sponge cake	0	10
One Valentia cake	0	5½
Six halfpenny buns	0	3
Sugar	0	7
	4	7½

The evening party for sixty-two people was as follows:—

	s.	d.
Coffee, half a pound	1	0
Tea, do.	0	9
Sugar	0	4
Milk	0	6
Cream	1	0
Tongue in a tin for sandwiches	2	0
Sponge cake	0	10
Bread	1	0
Butter, three-quarters of a pound	1	0
Currant cake	1	0
	9	5

Total of both being fourteen shillings and a halfpenny.

AN OLD LOVE.

BY M. PAYNE SMITH.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"DON'T be a goose, child! say 'Yes' or 'No,' but make up your mind and have done with it"—and Aunt Eleanor's voice grew grave as she looked lovingly at the fresh-faced girl who sat opposite, trying apparently to ruin the shape of a pretty summer hat.

"I don't want to make up my mind, auntie. He's very nice! I know that, but two years is a long time; and suppose I meet some one I like better?"

"Suppose you do nothing of the kind. Suppose you send him away, and then two years hence find he is the only man in the world for you, and that he has met some one he likes better. How about that, Madge?"

The girl's face fell, and the brim of her hat got a vicious dent.

"Some horrid minx!" she ejaculated.

"Nothing of the kind! Mind you, I am not supposing for a moment that, if he were engaged to you, he would as much as look at any other girl; but if you refuse him, why in the world should he not offer

himself to some one else? If you accepted another man, no one would blame you, you know."

"Perhaps not," said Madge dreamily, as she gazed abstractedly out of the window; "only somehow—Jack Fraser is a dear boy, and I—like him—I love talking to him, and there is no one I like so much to play tennis with, and I always feel proud when he walks home from church with me. Only, my idea of a husband is quite different; I should like to marry a man I should look up to ever so much, and reverence, and never dream of disobeying. And you know how Jack and I argue."

"Never about essentials," answered Aunt Eleanor, with a merry look in her eyes. "Besides, the first time your ideal got a cold in his head, and was a little bit grumpy, you would think he was not an ideal at all. You can't put a man on a pedestal and worship him, Madgie darling, he is sure to slip off somehow, and get a nasty fall; but if you begin by loving him as a man, and making allowance for human infirmity, you and he can work upwards together, till you are both fit for something far better than a pedestal." Her voice softened as she spoke, and a longing look came into her bright dark eyes.

"I suppose I had better do it," said Madge, with a half-sigh. "And all the 'glorious possibilities of youth,' that I was reading of the other day, become a long engagement to a man I've known for years." The girl pretended to speak carelessly, but there was a little quiver in her voice that said plainly enough that, after all, she was not so very sorry to change possibility for certainty.

"There are worse things than a happy home and a strong man's arm to lean on," said Aunt Eleanor gravely, "while the 'glorious possible' might become the impossible. You would not be the first woman who has come to grief that way," she added sadly.

"Auntie, did you? Is that what makes you always understand everything so much better than any one else? Oh! how horrid you must have thought me, to come and bother you with all my affairs like this! Only you know mother never thinks me anything but a child, and somehow one naturally comes to you for sympathy."

"Don't quite throttle me, child," was Eleanor's answer, as she disengaged herself from the girl's embrace. "Yes, I had a story twenty years ago, and some day I will tell it you, if you like; not just now, though, for there is some one at the gate who looks as if he wanted to see you home."

Madge was on her feet in a moment, putting on her hat before the glass. "Oh dear! oh dear! what have I done to it?" she cried, as she attempted in vain to rectify the damage done by half an hour's reckless pulling and pinching. "And it's Jack's favourite hat, too."

"Let me have it; you are making matters worse," and between the two, the little hat was restored to something like its original shape. Eleanor stood for a few moments at the window to see the happy meeting, which said so plainly what Madge's answer would be, and then, as the young couple disappeared down the lane, she turned to her piano with a sad feeling of loneliness, which neither books, music, nor flowers would entirely take away.

Eleanor Douglas had been the safeguard and safety-valve of her brother's household ever since, some two years after Magdalen's birth, she and her mother had taken a small cottage in the little suburban village where he had settled. In nearly twenty years the village had grown into a town, and Mr. Douglas's house was surrounded with "desirable residences" and villa gardens. Eleanor's pretty home had suffered less, it was still two miles from the nearest station, and no one had interfered with her large garden and two or three fields.

Madge and her brothers had always looked upon the place as a sort of earthly paradise; there was a pony, which was almost as much beloved as its owner, and all the liberty so precious to children who are used to a rather confined space. But it was not till after their grandmother's death that the children grew old enough to appreciate the gift of sympathy which Eleanor possessed in a remarkable degree.

As the girl grew up, her aunt became more and more her friend and companion; for Mrs. Douglas was so much taken up by the boys who came after Madge, and by the small children in the nursery, that she was quite incapable of even realising that her eldest child was a woman grown, much less that she had reached an age at which a disturbing element is wont to make its appearance.

So Eleanor had heard all about Jack Fraser long before it even dawned on Madge that he was anything more than a friend of her brother Hugh's, and was not surprised when the girl came, blushing and smiling, to say that Jack wanted to marry her, and that she was not quite sure whether she would or not. And it was Eleanor's kind, sensible advice that sent the young couple happily home that evening, while Madge was quite surprised to find how glad she was to have said "Yes," and how miserable she would have been had Jack gone abroad without the promise which bound him as well as her.

As for Jack, handsome, high-spirited, clever lad that he was—too clever for a stool in a merchant's office, some people thought—he was content enough. His prospects were good, and those two years in India, which had given him a reason for speaking to Madge, were to be the prelude to a position in his firm which would enable him to give his wife a happy, comfortable home. Still it was rather a wrench to part, after one short fortnight's engagement; neither of the lovers being old enough to realise that the very shortness of the time made it all the sweeter, or that what might have palled in a month or two was specially delightful with a long parting in the background.

In course of time Jack departed, and Madge devoted herself to letter-writing, and to the society of Aunt Eleanor, who had slipped a little into the second place while the newer attraction was to the fore. So one autumn afternoon, Madge referred to the story her aunt had promised to tell her.

"Only, please don't tell it me if you had rather

not," she added gently, for the idea of Eleanor with a life and history quite unknown, seemed very strange to her.

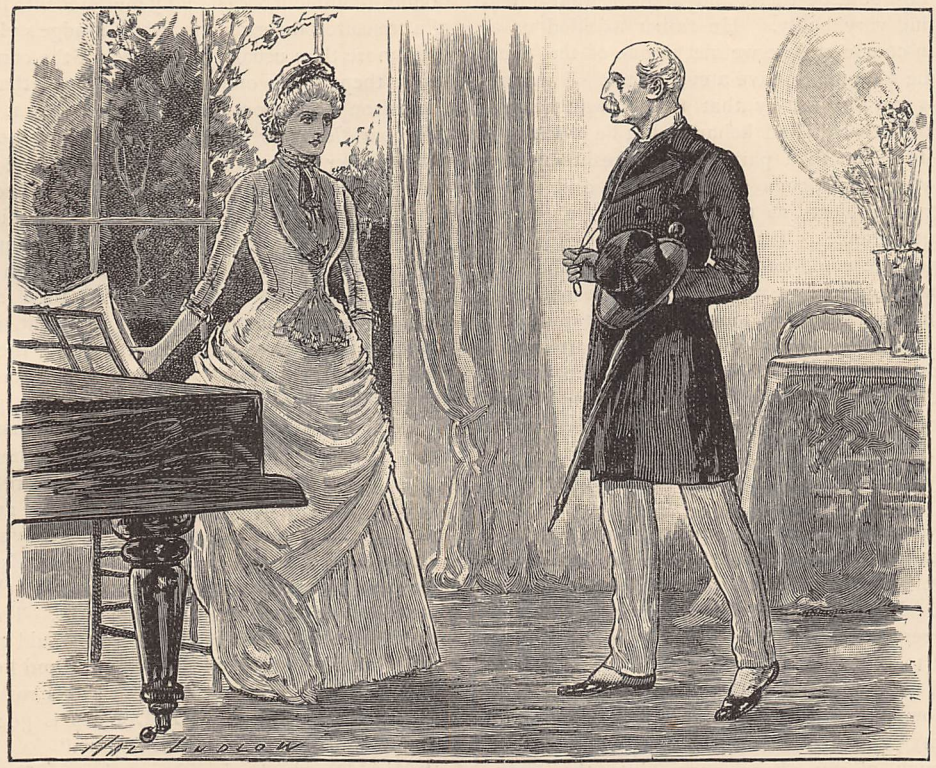
"I don't mind, child; indeed, I am rather glad to tell it; seeing you in the same case has brought it all back again," was the answer, and she began at once:—

"It was more than twenty years ago, when I was about your age; your grandmother and I were living at Petley, a garrison town, as you know. I was a good-looking girl then, and had the name of it too, so I got a good deal of attention at archery and croquet parties. Croquet was a new amusement then. I did not care much for any of my admirers, and laughed at them all; indeed, I had no wish to marry, for I had a very happy home, and pretty much my own way in everything. Then too, my music took up a good deal of the day, and so did my garden, and I used to say that I had no time for love-making. I flirted a good deal, I must acknowledge; but I don't think I did much harm. I made no secret of my friendships, and very few men made what you could call love to me. One winter when I was about four-and-twenty, a new battery of artillery came to Petley, and as we had been very friendly with the last set of officers, the new ones succeeded them as a matter of course. One of them, Mr. Stevenson, fell in love with me, and I fell in love with him." Miss Douglas paused a moment, then took up an album and handed it to Madge. "That is his picture, faded now, but you can get an idea of him from it."

Madge looked at it with interest. A handsome face, with clear dark eyes and a determined mouth: the face of a man you could trust, but whom it would be as well not to offend.

"How handsome he is, auntie!" exclaimed Madge. "Why did not you marry him?"

"I don't know," answered Eleanor slowly. "I loved him, and he loved me; but then, I had never loved any one before, and I never realised that I cared for him till it was too late. He was often at our house, but he never talked much to me (or to any one else, for that matter); we played croquet together a good deal—an amusement that you girls despise now—and I used to ride with him sometimes, as I had ridden with other men before his time. I knew that I liked to be with him, and I thought a good deal of his opinion, but as long as he was there I troubled myself about nothing further. At last he spoke, and managed to offend me. I am proud enough now, but I was far prouder then, and something in the way he took my love and consent for granted made me furious. I did not go into a passion, though I was very near it, but I told him in my very coldest voice that he had made a mistake, and that I only cared for him as a friend."



"'I—I—CAME DOWN TO BRING A PARCEL FOR YOUNG FRASER'" (*p.* 627).

"And what did he say, auntie? Was he very angry?"

"He set his mouth hard (as he could when things went wrong) and said he must apologise for his stupidity, but he had imagined that his intentions had been clear, and had not realised how trifling they would seem to any one so accustomed to admiration as I was. Then he wished me 'Good afternoon,' and went away."

"And was that all?"

"Ah! at that moment. There was a flower-show the following week, and I went, in fear and trembling, knowing he would be there, and knowing that I had treated him very badly. He rather avoided us at first, but in course of time we met in one of the tents, and then he took me to have a cup of tea. I wanted to beg his pardon, for by that time I was heartily ashamed of the way I had behaved, but he would not allow it—took me to a part of the refreshment tent where a lot of our friends were standing, and talked on indifferent subjects, as though we were the most casual acquaintances. I did manage to say something about hoping he would forgive me, as he took me back to my mother, and he answered, 'I beg you will never think of it again; it was a mere piece of stupidity on my part;' and then he left me. Two days afterwards he went on leave, and before his return the battery moved to Ireland. Soon afterwards your grandmother got tired of Petley, and we came here, and I have got rooted," she concluded, with a sigh.

"I think he was a brute," remarked Madge energetically.

"He was not that by any means, but he was a proud man, and he could not forgive me for having led him on, as he very justly thought, only to throw him over. If we had met again, things might have been different, but after three or four years in Ireland, they went to India, and he got transferred, I believe, for he did not come back with the rest of them. If he met me now he would not recognise me, after more than twenty years. And now, Madgie, we have had quite enough of my affairs; come into the greenhouse and see how well the chrysanthemums are coming on."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

MADGE'S letters (which came with most edifying regularity by every mail) were, as a rule, more interesting to herself than to the general public; but one day, when Jack had been gone rather more than a year, the exciting news arrived that Mr. Fraser had been on a shooting excursion with an old colonel who had been very kind to him; and that the spoils, in the shape of some beautiful birds, were coming home to Madge.

"The old fellow will bring them," wrote Jack, "as he is going home directly; and mind that you are very civil to him, for he has been awfully kind to me."

The "old fellow" had taken a great fancy to the young merchant; there was something so bright and genial about the lad, that Colonel Stevenson (who was generally voted very crusty by the pert young subalterns whom he commanded) was very glad to show him kindness, and even took him out shooting.

Game was by no means plentiful, but Jack was so happy among the strange surroundings of an Indian jungle, so delighted with the bright birds which were to be had in plenty, and so eagerly interested in the process of curing, which was to prepare the skins for Madge's acceptance, that the colonel not only managed to enjoy himself thoroughly, but even volunteered to take the parcel back to the young lady on whose charms his companion was never tired of expatiating. "Hope the girl's good enough for him!" was the doubtful comment occasionally muttered into the depths of a treasured meerschaum, when Madge's virtues had been more than usually the subject of the conversation—but then, every one in Bombay knew that Colonel Stevenson was an out-and-out woman-hater.

Preparations for going home rather absorbed the colonel after his return to Bombay. Home! It was a dreary-sounding name to him. He had been twelve years in India, having exchanged when his battery was ordered home, and now his time was up, and he must go back to England, and settle down in some place he knew not where, among strange faces, with no soldiers to command, no mess to live at, and, worst of all, no near friend or relative to take the place of those he was leaving. No wonder he looked low-spirited when he came in to smoke a final pipe with Jack Fraser a few evenings before he embarked. "By the way, how am I to send these skins?" he inquired in course of time. "You told me they were to go to Pitchhurst, but I never heard of the place; and I don't think you have ever told me the young lady's name."

Jack laughed: "Just like me! Madge's name is Douglas, her father is a banker, and Pitchhurst is about half an hour from Cannon Street. They would be awfully pleased to see you if you would run down, and I am sure you would like Madge and her father. Mrs. Douglas is very nice too, but she is rather taken up with the children. Miss Douglas is generally to the fore, and she is uncommonly jolly."

"Miss Douglas! I did not know Miss Madge had a sister?"

"No more she has—at least, not one that counts—there are two or three in the nursery. Miss Douglas is her aunt, and is quite the nicest old woman I know. Not that she is very old, only about forty-five, and she plays the piano better than any one I've ever heard."

"I'll go!" said the colonel abruptly. "Combe House, Pitchhurst, I shan't forget. Mind the box is on board in good time—we start early Monday morning, you know." And he was gone before Jack could give him any more information about the Douglases.

"Miss Douglas! about forty-five! uncommonly jolly! plays the piano! Could it be Nell still unmarried?" The idea took away all Colonel Stevenson's distaste to England, and it was not till the greater part of his voyage was over, that he remembered that Douglas was by no means an uncommon name, or that even if Miss Douglas did prove to be Nell, she might be as unwilling to change her name now as she had been twenty years ago. "And yet I believe she would

have had me after all, if I had asked her again. What a brute I was never to go near her all those years we were in Ireland! What a fool I have been!" Certainly Colonel Stevenson would not have been recognised by his friends in India, who declared that he never willingly as much as looked at a woman.

Eleanor was at her piano one bright spring afternoon, when her maid brought in a card—"Colonel Stevenson, R.A.," and then a Bombay address. "Jack's friend, I suppose," was her thought as she rose to meet a grey-haired, bronzed, elderly man, whose general appearance was strangely familiar, and whose manner was remarkably nervous.

"I—I—came down to bring a parcel for young Fraser, and I thought you—I mean, I thought I—in short, that I might call," he concluded, after various unsuccessful efforts.

Eleanor had entirely recognised him now, and came forward with both hands outstretched.

"I am so glad to see you!" she cried. "I was almost afraid you were dead, it is so long since I heard of you."

"I have been in India twelve years, and now I have neither kith nor kin left. Nell, my darling, will you take pity on a lonely old man?"

"And they certainly lost no time about it," wrote Madge to her lover, "for he landed at Southampton on Wednesday morning and they were engaged on Thursday afternoon. Aunt Eleanor looks absolutely happy; and as to your colonel, he is quite the most charming man I ever met."

CLIMATE AND CLOTHING.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

MY friend Roberts came rushing into my garden-study one fine day, some ten or eleven years ago. Roberts always does rush; he is one of those high-mettled, nervous individuals who do everything by fits and starts, and most things in a hurry. Upon this particular occasion, however, there seemed to be something more than usual on the cards.

He sat down in an easy-chair, and at once broached the subject uppermost in his thoughts.

"I'm going," he said, "on a long cruise round the Cape, up the coast, and right on to India, back by Australia, and all that sort of thing, you know, and I want you to tell me what to take with me in the shape of clothing."

"Togs" was really the word Roberts used instead of "clothing;" for in his manner he was somewhat off-hand.

"Now," I replied, "I am not going to make you out a list, as if I were a furnishing tailor; but if you stay to lunch we will have a quiet talk about the matter, and I suppose I shall be able to give you some common-sense advice."

The hints I gave Roberts, reader, I will, in this paper, give you; but let me tell you, first, that in one particular my friend erred grievously in not taking my advice. And he suffered for it, in consequence.

All went right with him till he had rounded the Cape of Good Hope and got well up the Mozambique Channel. On the coast here little shooting and exploring parties were arranged, and considerable time was spent on shore among the beautiful woods. But in these same woods, with all their indescribable beauty and charm, there lies low, in the mornings and evenings, a deadly miasma, from which it is difficult for the white man to guard himself. Roberts caught jungle fever, only slightly, but it was enough to confine him for days to his hammock on deck. The weather was hot, the breeze from the sails cooling and grateful; and had my friend worn light woollen underclothing, his long voyage might have had a happier termination.

Alas! for the cool and grateful breeze, it detracted from the body-heat of the patient, just as a wet rag round a tumbler of water cools it. Roberts's digestive organs were weak, and inclined to the formation of acid, and rheumatism was the result, ending with a three months' sojourn in a hospital at Calcutta. There is a lesson to be learned from this case.

Now, the good that is often accomplished by long sea-voyages in a number of chronic illnesses is incalculable; and a residence of months in some far-off foreign land sometimes means complete restoration to health—absolute rejuvenation, in fact.

Yet I do not advise any semi-invalid to make a tour round the world in the hurry-scurry fashion so common nowadays. Absolute rest and quiet is what is needed, and this cannot be got if a lot of sight-seeing has to be crammed or fitted into a limited amount of time. A sailing-ship is infinitely better than a steamer; the constant noise and rattle of the latter is terribly trying to the nerves of even a strong landsman, to say nothing of the grime and dust from cinders, coal, and smoke.

Is a steamer safer? I very much doubt it. A steamer gets through the water at a quicker rate, to be sure; but time should be no object to the health-seeker. On the other hand, a steamboat with a broken screw or shaft, whether outward or homeward bound, is a very pitiable object indeed.

Let us, then, take together an imaginary voyage for health's sake, or health and pleasure combined; but before overhauling our sea-chests and stores of

clothing, I must mention a few of the ailments that so thorough a change is likely to benefit.

Debility and *ennui* are among the first to be noticed. Both are usually associated in the same individual, for very seldom indeed is the body below par without the spirits being affected as well.

It does not matter in the least what the debility has been caused by, so long as it is not too extreme. Hardly will the patient be a week at sea before he finds himself rallying, under the benign influence of ozone-laden air, fresh and free from all impurities. Calmness of nerve will soon succeed, good sleep will be obtained at night—the very motion of the ship will tend to this—and ere long real health will come, and with it real happiness and enjoyment.

Indigestion.—Change of climate and mode of life has a wonderful effect for good on this complaint in all its many phases.

Nervousness also yields to the sedative action of the sea-air, the change of diet, and complete rest obtained on board a sailing vessel.

Chronic lung complaints, of all kinds, including even consumption in its earlier stages, are benefited in the same way; and a host of other ailments that I have no space even to name.

It is a good plan while at sea to keep a meteorological log. Note down each day the sailings, the latitude and longitude, the highest and lowest temperatures of the air during the twenty-four hours, the temperature of the sea at noon, the direction and force of the wind, the state of the atmosphere, clouds, fogs, rainfall, &c. This is all very easy work, and it keeps the mind employed and gives zest to sea-life. Many other odds and ends may be written in this log, such as descriptions of the people on board and the creatures overboard, whether in sky or sea: and these latter are very nice subjects for study, I can assure you.

While we are still staggering down Channel, on a roaring beam wind perhaps, and stretching away across the Bay of Biscay, with the waves around us foam-capped and curling, we will not dream of doffing our warm woollen clothing.

Let us see what we men-folks are wearing. It is early morning. The steward's bell has not yet rung for breakfast, but we have had our baths, and are hurriedly pacing the snow-white quarter-deck, partly for the sake of exercise, and partly to get up as perfect and wholesome an appetite as we possibly can.

We are not encumbered with top-coats. We do possess such articles, but they are stowed away in the bottom of our biggest chest, and stored below. But this thick pilot-cloth jacket, so loose and easy, is wind and weather defiant. The jacket is soft as well, for nothing hard or clumsy should be worn at sea. We have more than one of the same, because clothes are dear in foreign countries.

It is not too warm yet to dispense with woollen gloves; of gloves, indeed, we have a goodly store below.

Our waistcoats are warm, but not lined, and we wear flannel shirts, and drawers of wool.

I know that many people have an antipathy to paper fronts, collars, and cuffs; at the same time, these are invaluable at sea, and the front really forms one of the best chest-protectors that can be worn.

We are wearing strong boots or shoes, and we have several pairs of these; and this leads me to say a word or two about the comfort of the feet when travelling by sea.

Wear socks or stockings suitable to the temperature, but let them be of wool, however thin. Wash the feet every night with cold water and soap, and be careful to keep the nails well trimmed. Sea-boots, so-called, are unnecessary, unless you determine to walk the decks when green seas are rolling across it, which I do not advise you to try.

Canvas shoes I dislike, either for sea or sand; the faults of these are many; for instance: if you are sitting in the sunshine, you have your toes roasted; if you walk in damp, you get wet feet; they are too hot for day and too cold for night. Better by far have kid or common leather; the former are delightfully soft and easy for deck-walking.

About the shoes or boots you wear on board there should be no iron-work, either in the shape of toe-pieces or tacks; but by all means possess yourself of a box or two of those handy little pieces of iron that are nailed nowadays on the soles of shoes, to give support where it is most wanted.

But we soon find ourselves nearing Madeira, and a change of raiment will be a necessity. Heavy warm clothes are therefore stowed away; and I have only one word of warning to give—whatever you wear externally, whether a lady or gentleman, let the underclothing be of thin wool. Beware of linen: it is not only most uncomfortable, it is dangerous.

We are crossing the tropics now, and the weather is hot indeed, while probably we may be becalmed for weeks. Awnings will be on the decks, and straw hats and parasols or light umbrellas will be a comfort. We shall be glad now if we have not forgotten fans.

At night in the tropics, pyjama sleeping-dresses are a very great comfort; and, on shore, so too is a mosquito-curtain. Without this latter, indeed, life to the average Englishman would simply be insupportable.

Of handkerchiefs and towels, I may add, we can hardly have too large a supply; and brushes of all kinds, sponges, &c., must find room in our cabins.

But the ship has got far away south now, and we are doubling the Cape. Our over-coats and warmer clothing will now be needed, and also our waterproof suits. These should be the best that money will buy, else, if of india-rubber, they will be of little use, except to throw overboard to the sharks.

And so our ship stretches away across the ocean; and Australia, that land of wonders, is reached at last.

The same remarks about clothing at sea hold good for the land; and let your motto for under-clothing in all weathers and climes abroad be, "Wool, all wool;" or, as a Scotchman would put it, "A' 'oo'." Thus: "A' 'oo'; aye, aye, a' 'oo'."

TO THEE, O LOVE!

THE slanting shadows fall on path and glade;
Dance down aërial waves, of moonlight made;
A thousand tiny lives, in revelry,
Wave airy wings and beckon on to thee!

To thee, O Love! whom sun-rays softly kissed,
Pale rose at eve, and haunting purple mist,
Now shot with silver, Night's delicious dress,
Cold, pale and pure, religious loveliness.

Through darker paths, though lit by jewelled ray
Of glowworms' lamps, my trembling footsteps stray
Through wider space, where many a brilliant bar
Of moonlight points to thee, O Love! my star.

Sing soft, O winds! in sweet vibrating tone,
All songs, all harmonies to summer known,
From Nature's deepest heart in silence wrung,
By all that poets ever thought—or sung.

FRANCIS H. HEMERY.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

A LESSON OUT OF DOORS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

SEPTEMBER is often one of the finest and most enjoyable months in the year, and certainly is not a period when there should be much change in raiment. Only quite at the extreme end of it is there any fear of cold weather, and it is rare then. Towns are as a rule deserted, so travelling and country clothes are most needed.

No one can do much wrong now by having a loose bodice of some kind—call it a shirt, Garibaldi, what you will. Young girls should choose a soft red silk one for lawn-tennis parties. They can wear it with a black, white, or grey skirt; and with a red hat and parasol it is very stylish. It can be made either with a yoke, the fulness gathered below, or with three box-pleats back and front, or simply with a band round the waist, the fulness, which comes naturally at the waist, being caught in with the belt. There never was a style that was more encouraging to home dress-making; with a good pattern, or an old skirt picked to pieces, a very tyro in the art could record a success. It will be necessary to take care that the seam on the shoulder is not too deep, and the sleeve set-in in the right place, the under-arm seams the proper length, the neck-band accurately shaped, and the fastenings in the front true as to distance. The sleeves are often bishop-sleeves set in a band, occasionally they have a straight turn-back cuff.

For little girls there are many seaside and country frocks being made with full plain skirt and a loose bodice with yoke, but slipped beneath the skirt; a sash round the waist—broad, and tied at the back. Other children, again, wear the loose shirt in-doors, and for out-door wear have a jacket just fastened only at the throat, so that the full vest shows; the basque is pointed in front and in the centre of the back, and the trimming is usually close-set rows of narrow braid. The Masaniello cap, set in a firm band, with the tasselled point falling at the side, is most fashionable for children; their elders affect the naval officer's cap, made to match the suit, with a flap over the brow.

Canvas is a fabric which for autumn wear has much to commend it, and such dresses are now lined with a colour; so if you happen to have by you a canvas dress that has lost a little of its freshness, a brown, Gobelin-blue, old-gold, or red lining, in not very rich silk, will completely freshen it up. Blue serges and dark tones of woollen stuffs are being much intermixed with the cream-grounded flannel, having many coloured stripes, which enlivens them up considerably; while the light and ever-useful tweeds (generally with narrow stripes) have panels and waistcoats of solid colour. There seem to be only two or three varieties in these bodices—loose jackets and close-fitting waistcoats; shirts, often with sailor collars, and the habit bodice; but the changes rung

upon waistcoat, masculine neckties, and their fellows, are numerous enough. The linendrapers make dressing an easy matter now; ready-made shirts are easy to procure, and all kinds of white and coloured waistcoats and shirts, the latest a faithful representation of a dress shirt, narrow evening tie, and all. The last cut of jacket bodice, too, shows a shirt front and waistcoat cut exactly like a dress suit.

The colour for the winter, so competent authorities say, is to be blue, which means that the manufacturers are preparing that colour. Alas! however, the public are not to be depended on, and have an awkward plan of hitting on some speciality of their own devising, causing such a run on the commodity that its price goes up. This was the case when the narrow ribbons were first used; now the supply is illimitable, and they appear liberally on dresses and bonnets.

Inexpensive and most pretty lawn-party dresses are now made of striped heliotrope and white cottons, with simple long draperies, full banded bodices, and mauve hats high in the crown, turning up at the one side only in a point, and covered with velvet, large bows of ribbon on the top, and bunches of lilac at the back, with, of course, a parasol to match. Be careful of your old parasols; it does not cost much to cover them, and it is *de rigueur* with all these light gowns that they should be made of a piece of the stuff.

Light salmon-pink flannel is a material and tone which can be highly recommended, for it looks well for summer, and, trimmed with silver braid, makes a most excellent home, dinner, or tea gown, and any floral embroidery introduced on the bodice shows up well. The newest tint is blush rose, or monthly rose, but for wear the salmon tone is to be recommended.

AN AUTUMN WALK.

In bathing-gear there is a novelty, viz., the combination dresses in elastic cloth, or stockingette. They are very good indeed for children, and for swimming; but they require additional tunics for sea-bathing.

One of the great mistakes of the present day is the paucity of under-clothing that women of fashion indulge in; it is laying the seeds of many illnesses. Some have doffed petticoats of any kind, and are content with combinations and dresses; it is neither seemly nor good for health. Running into extremes would seem to be a characteristic of womankind. Some years ago they were over-weighted with clothing, which, coming mostly from the hips, was in every way deleterious; now they run so much into the contrary extreme that, unless the folly is nipped in the bud, diseases of the lungs, rheumatism, and a long train of evils will run rampant. The disciples of woollen clothing would have nothing else worn; but some capital elastic vests have been brought out in thread, which are quite worth thinking about.

There is a good Tussore-coloured material, "silk lawn" by name, which washes well, and is twice as durable as the silk for under-clothing; this is being made into under-raiment of all kinds, and proves generally acceptable.

The youthful matron in our illustration wears a costume of checked homespun and velveteen, in shades of dark and light blue. The bodice crosses over a velveteen waistcoat, and the ornaments, both at the waist and cuffs, are silver. The little girl wears a costume of pink veiling and cream lace; the sash, bows, and stockings are red.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Parisian hats and bonnets are made in a shape which possibly will be adopted in England next year, though some of the best firms have already imported them, among whose customers they have found a certain amount of favour; but the ordinary Englishwoman lacks courage. Pretty but peculiar is a stringless bonnet composed entirely of strawberries, leaves, and white blooms; or one of rose-twigs interplaited, with an upstanding bunch of roses at the top; or stalks of straw bound together, so that the brim is formed of the wheat-ears, and at the back a bunch of feathery dandelion-seeds, marguerites, and roses. Ophelia might have woven such a head-gear in the fields, yet, careless and rural as it looks, what subtle art has been employed!

The Bergère hat, just at this season, delights the Parisian during her sojourn in the country; the wide brim is turned up many times, apparently carelessly, and it recalls the Tricorn hat, which always has proved becoming. It is loaded with flowers, mostly placed at the back, and mousse velvet appears to be the tone that goes best with the flowers. Leghorn and Tuscan

are the straws generally used, and with the latter a straw gimp is laid round the velvet that surrounds the crown; "straw lace" is the proper term for it now. The bird of Paradise plume, in the hands of a skilful Parisian milliner, undergoes curious transformation; it is dyed any tint required, and tipped with gold.

Shot velvets and shot ribbons are most fashionable in French millinery, and none but French fingers can make bows with the subtle grace which gives the *cachet* to their productions. Seeing that bonnets are small, and that many if not most of them are left quite open at the top, their price is heavy, and they consume a large amount of material.

In view of autumn, thistles have come to the fore again in all shades of heliotrope, blended with "vieux rose," as the old-fashioned shade of pink is called. Red bonnets are being made as much for autumn as for summer, and these English people readily buy as they pass through Paris. Fruit is now appearing, but autumn fruit; let us hope vegetables will not strike some one's fancy—we have had beetles, and caterpillars, and birds *ad nauseam;* there are people who would not reject tomatoes, and even cabbages might prove irresistible to some, could they be persuaded that the real *grandes dames* favoured them.

The seaside dresses now worn are generally of foulard, the skirts are just kilted and draped, and Frenchwomen show just the same favour to the blouse bodices as their sisters across the Channel; but nothing is left to chance, and they are made to fit beautifully. They have of late much increased the list of colours in this most useful stuff, and also the patterns printed upon them. For the several gay gatherings during the out-of-town season coloured muslins have been worn with bonnets, mere poufs of little airy nothings; or the triangular hats which you will see on Father Thames next year. French girls make them the foundation for such a mass of sweet peas, convolvuli, and wild lilies, it is wonderful if any portion of the foundation is visible.

Black lace dresses prove so universally useful, it is not surprising that they are worn both in France and England. Chantilly is most preferred, and the newest are little draped, flounces being laid on the foundation skirt almost plain. They are generally made up over a colour, and serve for morning and evening wear. The old-fashioned barège, too, good and durable, is employed for stylish gowns, especially in light colours.

French dressmakers arrange with great art the new draped morning and evening bodices which, while showing soft falling drapery, yet fit to perfection, and develop all the beauty of the figure. The drapery comes mostly from the left shoulder, and gives a statuesque appearance for evening wear when made in white barège. Silver threads and spots blend with some of the richest silks now made, and there is nothing to show that the costliness of dress is likely to be in any way diminished.

Among the articles the Parisians pride themselves upon are the new waterproofs, and, though they are

"IS THAT HIS FLAG?"

sold in Paris, they are of English origin. They are covered with light-coloured silk, and are taking the place of dust-cloaks, for they serve a double purpose. Another kind is being imported from England, covered with tweed and check silk, giving not the slightest indication of being waterproof, made with a cape, sometimes with sleeves, and well ventilated under the arms. They really fit and are elegant-looking, which such protections from the storms rarely are.

At Kursaals and Établissements there are some pretty bodices seen made with chemisettes of Oriental crêpe well braided in gold and silver; they are dressy and cool.

There is certainly a disposition among Frenchwomen now to borrow their ideas as to dress from the peasantry and from past days, and the Incroyable and Merveilleuse absurdities have proved a mine of wealth to designers of late. Seeing how many follies were perpetrated then, it is to be hoped the revivals will be characterised by some amount of common-sense; and while the bodices with lapels and double buttoning at the waist, and the muslin ties, may be accepted without objection, some of the ridiculous head-dresses certainly cannot, it must be remembered. Alsatian bodices are giving ideas for some of the seaside dresses, and the large characteristic bows have been introduced on to hats. A few of the numerous Black Forest head-dresses, too, have found imitators

among fashionable dames. One point is certain: whatever the British nation may affect, the French have persistently adopted bright colours this autumn, and at all the fashionable seaside places the toilettes are as brilliant as a rainbow. The sunshine has lent the picture additional charms and a perceptible additional gaiety, so all is well.

We have engraved two costumes made in Paris—one is worn in the country, the other at the seaside. The second represents a lady busy with her telescope, and wearing a checked foulard costume. It has a cream ground with red and black lines; all the trimmings—bows, revers, &c.—are red silk; the hat is of basket straw trimmed with red. The former costume is of striped green and écru canvas, the petticoat being écru embroidery mounted on green silk. The plastron matches the petticoat, and the bonnet is likewise of the two colours—écru and green.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF DOMESTIC SERVICE IN AMERICA.

HOW SHALL THE WANT BE MET?

JOINT PRIZE PAPER.*

THE question of domestic service throughout the United States, reduced to a simple principle of political economy, is that of a scarcity of labour in comparison with the demand. According to the economic law, the excess of demand should be met by an increased supply; but sentiment and social feeling, which have a large part in complicating the problem of household service, interfere with the workings of the law. The growing dissatisfaction and perplexity of housekeepers seem to show that the supply of competent servants is diminishing each year, and, though statistics cannot be easily collected, there is little doubt that skilled labour in this branch is much needed.

A great social change, which is still in progress, and whose end cannot be seen, has serious effects upon household service, complicating it, and rendering its immediate cure difficult, if not impossible. The influence of the labour unions, which, though seldom inciting organisation among domestic servants, increase an anti-capitalist feeling, and the change in the manner of living of rich Americans have widened the social separation between mistress and maid, and decreased the harmony of their relation. During the last two years servants have cultivated an independence of spirit which is often unreasonable. To give a specific example of this feeling:—Within the last year, a domestic employment bureau in a large city was compelled to close twice on account of the impossibility of bringing together servants and ladies in search of servants; at one time there were eighteen ladies waiting for servants, and twenty-seven girls applying for situations, yet no one could be satisfied, mainly on account of the reluctance of the servants.

Although independence produced by changed social conditions is an important factor in the difficulty, it would not be correct to consider this quality the only source of trouble in this many-sided problem of household service. In the condition of society which has occasioned a difference in the occupations of women from those of the early part of the century, domestic training is not considered the inevitable and chief feature of a girl's education. After marriage, women, especially those of large cities, continue the outside cares, social, philanthropic, and educational, which they have begun in girlhood, and no longer mistress and maid work together as in the early and simple days of the Republic. Mr. Andrew Carnegie says, in his work "Triumphant Democracy," that in 1830 the servant problem was much easier of solution than now, "for, as there were fewer foreign women available for domestic service, native Americans had to be employed. These were not called servants, but 'helps;' and it was the custom for them to sit at the family table, and in other ways to be treated as equals and members of the family. Such an arrangement was hardly an inconvenience, where so much simplicity of life prevailed." Mistress and maid have both changed during the last fifty years, and, though all true Americans believe in a well-kept home, new conditions are not met with sufficient readiness to produce good results upon society. Most noticeable is the change in servants since native Americans have gone from domestic to mill-work, from mill-work to shop, leaving their former field to foreign labour. The most troublesome effect of this change is seen in country villages and upon farms, where it is impossible to obtain servants, since even foreign women will not leave the city for the country, and housekeepers are compelled to perform all kinds of domestic work, with the chances of a neighbour's help in the times of emergency.

There is no better way of studying the practical workings of the domestic servant problem than by watching in a city domestic employment bureau the

* This was one of the Papers to which the Editor awarded the Prize offered for the best Essay on "The Domestic Service Difficulty in America;" the other Prize Paper appeared in a previous Number of the MAGAZINE.

methods of "placing" girls. Here is an office which has obtained a reputation for trustworthiness, on account of its connection with a benevolent institution whose officers have imposed strict regulations, and maintain constant supervision over its methods.

Two thousand girls a year are provided with situations. During the hours in which the office is opened interesting scenes are constantly being enacted. A lady, who is evidently both wearied and discouraged, enters, and inquires for an efficient servant for general housework.

"I'm afraid that I haven't a well-trained girl to-day," replies the manager; "but I have a girl who has had a year's experience, and whose face I like."

The lady sighs, but, upon consenting to talk with the girl, seems to be more easily satisfied than her first demand would imply.

"Can you make bread?" "Can you wash and iron?" and other questions of similar nature are answered by demure affirmative, and, at the end of a few minutes, the bargain is made and the lady has hired her servant. The conversation has been so vague, the lady neither carefully defining her requirements, nor the girl her desires, that it seems impossible that the one should know the capabilities of the other, or that the duties should have been understood.

Soon a young housekeeper enters, and says impulsively—

"I must have a good second girl immediately. I want one to-day."

"I have no first-class girl," replies the manager.

"But I must have some one."

A girl is introduced to the new-comer, but is soon dismissed.

"Oh! I can't take that girl. She says that she has never washed collars and cuffs."

"But that is because her mistress sent collars and cuffs to the laundry," explains the manager. "She can easily learn, and might prove a most useful servant, since she understands all other branches."

"Oh! I can't take the trouble to train girls," is the emphatic reply of the young housekeeper, who continues her search among the intelligence offices.

After this incident, the manager gave an interesting review of some of the complaints which she received from different people on both sides of the problem. "It's six of the one to half a dozen of the other, and ladies and girls are both to blame. The girls complain that the ladies are not willing to teach them anything. The demand is for experienced girls, proficient in the work required, and, unless a girl has had a year's experience, she finds it most difficult to obtain a situation. The ladies complain that now there are no girls for general housework; there are cooks, second girls, parlour-girls, and nursemaids, but few who are willing or able to perform the general work of the house. The old-fashioned maid-of-all-work is becoming extinct in the increase of special department girls."

The manager discussed the reason for the exclusion of American girls from service. "Social ostracism is the chief reason for the American distaste of housework, and there is no opportunity for a rise." The growing custom of requiring nursery-maids to wear caps and aprons keeps many excellent American girls from a light occupation which would be eminently suited to them. This form of servitude is often required, and many independent and refined girls, who will not accept the condition of wearing caps and aprons in the street, often lose fine opportunities. "It is certain," explained the manager, "that mistresses desire subserviency as a necessary quality for girls. 'I want a trained servant,' a lady asks, meaning that she would like a girl who would curtsey when the lady came into the kitchen. One nice American girl was discharged because she had the air of not wanting to be snubbed. When the lady was asked why she did not like the girl, she said, 'Oh, she always looked as if she felt that she was quite equal to any of the family.' On the other hand, the ladies complain of the girls' independence, which often borders closely upon impudence. They say that an American girl, as a rule, does not make a good servant, since 'she demands the highest wages, is afraid of work, always watchful for fear of being treated with undue consideration, and has a discontented, independent air that is perfectly intolerable.' One lady complains that she is often disappointed by girls who break their engagement because they find a more remunerative position, or some other reason. She said that the last girl she engaged failed to meet her appointment because her young man 'did not want her to live where it was so far from the city that he could not call upon her.' The manager received the complaint with a resigned air. That is not an unusual charge against girls, but it's six of the one to half a dozen of the other, and ladies disappoint as well as girls."

The evils of the present system of domestic service proclaim themselves. Even the superficial observer of the business of the average intelligence offices notices the misunderstanding which exists between employer and employée, the incompetency of the maid for serving and of the lady for superintending, the suspicion of the one and the distrust of the other. Unfortunately, the remedies are not so forward in asserting themselves. When a plan is suggested, it fails either from its apparent impracticability, or has only temporary and partial success from its want of adaptation to the age. Co-operative housekeeping, which is a remedy frequently suggested, is one of the fruitless schemes, failing of wide acceptation because its machinery is too elaborate for general adoption, and its aim seems to many to threaten the isolation of the family. A more hopeful plan is the technical education of servants by means of schools for housekeeping, or industrial classes, which might give instruction in cooking and other branches of domestic work; but the plan, under present conditions, is impossible of wide extension. One or two large benevolent institutions in cities offer board and tuition for a course of several months in domestic work, but the advantage presented in this way is necessarily limited, and the great class of servants, the majority of whom cannot

afford the time nor expense of cooking-school instruction, is not benefited. When public industrial schools are established, the alluring ideal of training for servants will become a reality, beneficial for its practical end and for its moral effect. The children of the poor will be trained to do something useful, so that when they are needed for household service they will be found ready for the best use.

But there are some remedies of a practical character which might be put into immediate operation, if public opinion were earnest in its determination to remedy the evil, and the housekeepers of the land would co-operate energetically and conscientiously in making an end to some crying abuses.

More trustworthy bureaus of domestic employment, or intelligence offices, are needed. Such is the really blameworthy condition of most offices that, to those who have understanding of their methods, their unreliability "goes without saying." The licence seems to have no avail in putting an end to fraud and imposition, or even worse results, to the girls who are in the power of the office managers. It is not a fair commentary upon the good nature of the American people that such centres of fraud, as some offices, should be permitted undisturbed to take their fees in support of a vicious system. A more rigid care in the placing of girls, certificates of character, or well-attested references, and stringent rules against fraud and imposition, would lop away many evils from the existing relations between intelligence office managers and the public. An office should be placed under managers of well-known character and reputation. Since the fee is the temptation to a relaxation of rules and to most of the evils of the system, the best-regulated employment bureau would be the one independent of fees through the support of an outside fund. It is usually the case that the most trustworthy offices now are under the charge of Christian associations or women's unions. A girl who is known to be dishonest, a family which bears a reputation for cruelty or fraudulent dealings, would not be admitted into contracts by managers who are thoroughly responsible and sensitive to their duties to the public.

More conscientious recommendation of servants by their mistresses is another need in household service reform. It is well known that many ladies give references to servants who do not deserve praise, and, on the other hand, that some servants are denied "characters" to which they are fairly entitled. The general worthlessness of references is well known. Since, even in their imperfection, they form a safeguard to worthy service, and are undoubtedly a preventive of unlicensed imposition, it can be readily seen that their value as honest references is most important. A plan of sending printed circulars for information to the former mistresses of girls seeking employment is eminently practicable, and from answers to the printed questions much testimony can be obtained, useful to the managers who place girls.

A discriminating regulation of wages would be an important factor in the domestic service difficulty. The real evil is not too high remuneration or too low wages; it is the unfair distribution of the wage fund. Instead of receiving wages according to experience or worth, servants are paid according to the means or fancy of the employer.

"I pay four dollars a week," says the lady at the intelligence office.

"This is a green girl," suggests the manager.

"That makes no difference. I pay four dollars a week."

The green girl engaged at that price reports her pleasant experiences to her friends who are receiving low wages, though they may be more experienced girls, and immediately dissatisfaction ensues along the whole domestic line. As matters now exist, injury to all housekeepers is done by those who do not take the trouble to realise that by reducing all to a level they are discouraging the cultivation of better qualities by servants. A regular gradation of wages would be of great advantage in the solution of the problem.

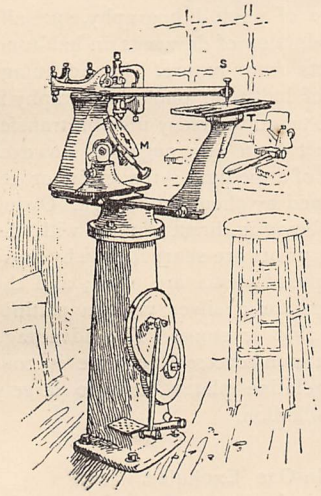
A change in social sentiment would produce an equal economical change. It is the tendency of the times to degrade and not to elevate household service, and to discourage American girls from choosing the employment of "servant" on account of its implied social degradation. Ladies who read Carlyle, and who take pleasure in Herbert's often-quoted lines upon the divinity of drudgery, have a manner of considering their maids the inhabitants of a different world from their own. While their theories are sound on the dignity of labour, their practice places labourers in a lowly position. Housework will be elevated when it is regarded as a business honourable and respected. If the mistress would hire her servants as her husband in trade hires his clerks, the relations between the manager of the house and the labourers would be on the sound basis of political economy, and not on a social or sentimental footing. As in other fields of labour, thorough training would be expected, and the girl who aspires to service would learn her profession as the bookkeeper learns to keep accounts. In order to maintain a contented household, and to encourage the best efforts of her servants, the mistress would aim to be impartial, kind, and considerate, as the farmer or merchant endeavours to gain the affection and respect of his workmen. The business principles which regulate the household can be applied still higher to the public part in the domestic service question. In many European countries Governmental supervision regulates household service. Servants in some places possess conduct-books, without which they cannot find situations. The mistresses note the girls' behaviour in this book, which is countersigned by the police. Why could not the system suggest an American plan of regulation? A supervising board of domestic service, composed of the prominent matrons of city or town, would be a useful department of municipal government. Its duties would be the supervision of intelligence offices, and the careful oversight of the unprotected girls, as well as prevention of fraud against housekeepers, and its good results can be predicted as one answer to a difficult problem.

GRACE WELD SOPER.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

An Engraving Machine.



A machine for engraving designs, letters, and figures on ivory, metal, glass, and so on, is illustrated in our figure. The material to be engraved is secured to the machine at M, and the cutting is done by a revolving cutter, supported by a hinged link, allowing it to be moved in all directions. The spindle of the cutter is vertical, and driven by a gut band from the treadle motion shown. A copy of the design to be executed is fixed on the table, T, and a style, S, is moved by hand along the lines of the copy. A system of levers, like those of the pantograph, guide the cutter in a similar path over the surface to be engraved. The apparatus, as shown in the figure, is adjusted to reduce the copy given: the style is worked by the right hand, and the cutter is controlled by the left hand through a milled nut.

A Dust Excluder.

A new material for excluding dust and draughts has been brought out. It becomes pliable when heated, and can thus be fitted to the outlines of doors, windows, and so on. It retains its shape on cooling until softened by hot water again. The composition is enclosed in a fillet of maroon-coloured cloth, which is nailed to the frame of the window or the stile of the door.

Turkey Red from Beans.

A German chemist has brought out a process for making Turkey red oil from the beans of the castor plant. The beans are hulled and treated with strong sulphuric acid, the whole being ground up. The sulphated oil is drawn off, and afterwards neutralised with ammonia or caustic soda in the ordinary way.

Sea-Water for Streets.

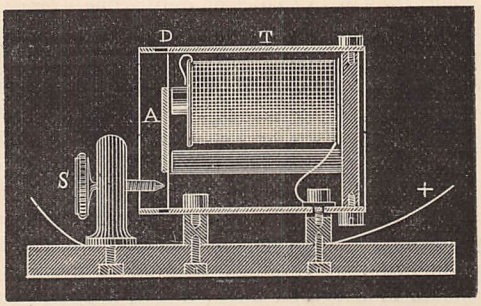
The Commissioners of Bournemouth have adopted a plan for sprinkling sea-water on the streets and flushing the sewers. For this purpose the water is laid on to the town by water-mains and hydrants. It is anticipated that the supply will not cost more than 5d. per 1,000 gallons, and that in thirty years' time, when the debt for the works has been reduced, the cost would not be more than 3d. per 1,000 gallons. Salt water is said to be successful in laying dust, and provides a kind of skin holding it down. In ordinary weather, according to one authority, a sprinkling of salt water every other day is as good as a sprinkling of fresh water every day. Moreover, it is believed to have no prejudicial influence on health.

A Sawdust Non-Conductor.

A Danish firm have introduced a non-conductor of heat for water-pipes and boilers, principally made from sawdust. The composition can be moulded into the required form and applied cold. It does not injure the metal in contact with it, and water or steam leaking out will pass through it without spoiling it. Moreover, it is incombustible, and has a neat appearance. In Denmark it is being used at large factories, gas and water works; and it is to be introduced into England.

A Travelling Platform.

One of the devices proposed for the Paris Exhibition of 1889, is a travelling platform which will convey passengers at the level of the floor and grounds through parts of the Exhibition. The rails will be laid in a cutting, and low trucks floored over will be run on them; so that passengers can step off or on at once and be transported to different parts of the premises. The length of the line proposed is 2,080 metres, and it is intended to work the train by electricity. Elevated stands can also be provided on the platform as cafés, and telephones will communicate with the attendants.



An Electrical Trumpet.

The electric trumpet of Dr. Legang, a French inventor, is designed for use in place of the ordinary electric bell. It consists, as shown in the figure, of an electro-magnet contained in a brass tube, T, about

2¼ inches long by 1½ inches in diameter. A soft iron armature, A, is mounted opposite one pole of the magnet on a metal diaphragm, D, which on vibrating makes and breaks contact with the screw, S. This screw, the diaphragm, and magnet, are all in contact with a battery of two Leclanché elements, so that when the current is on, the diaphragm, D, vibrates and emits a trumpet-like sound. The current may be interrupted like a telegraph current, and then the apparatus acts like a telegraph sounder. The note it emits is musical, and some may prefer it to the ring of a bell.

An Almond Mill.

The nut and almond mill which we illustrate consists of a vertical cylinder of tin, in which a conical

grater works another of cylindrical shape having the grating side outermost. The nuts are put into a reservoir at the bottom, and the machine is worked by turning the handle shown. The almonds caught between the two graters are ground so that every part of them passes through the holes and falls into the receptacle below.

Earthquakes and Telegraphy.

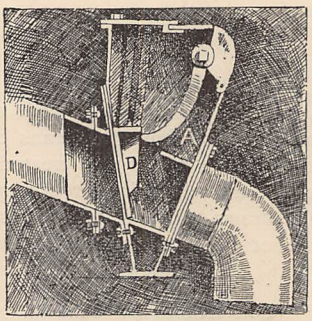
During the third shock of the earthquake at Nice on February 23rd, a soldier on duty at the French fort of Tête de Chien, Nice, was telegraphing to a colleague of the "Drette," giving an account of the effects of the second shock which had passed, when all at once he felt a shock and fell back in his chair stunned. Since then he has experienced tremblings of the right arm and headaches. Dr. Onimus, who has investigated the matter, believes that the soldier received a strong electric shock through the telegraph key which he was working at the time. It has long been known that earthquakes produce electric disturbances in telegraph lines; and it may be that in this case the current was so strong as to give a decided shock.

Colour Photography.

It has been announced that a well-known West-end photographer has made an advance in photography in the direction of producing coloured portraits without the aid of the brush. The process is not yet fully described, but it is stated that the colours are all hydrocarbons, and the image is completed by chemical action. It is produced between two films not thicker than 100th of an inch. The portraits are said to give the tints in a very life-like manner, and to resemble coloured miniatures. While upon this subject we may mention the new "papyrotint" process of photo-lithography, specially adapted for the reproduction of drawings, in half-tone, of buildings or subjects from nature. Its advantage over other methods of half-tone photo-lithography is that a transfer can be taken in greasy ink for transfer to stone or zinc direct from any negative, however large, without the aid of a medium; the grain or reticulation being obtained by chemical change. Owing to the transfer paper being in direct contact with the negative, the resulting prints are sharper than by those processes where interposed media are used; and the same negative answers for a silver print, a platinotype, or a transfer for zinc or stone. The advantage of being able to use a non-reversed negative is considerable now that gelatine plates have so largely superseded those of collodion.

A Drain-Gas Excluder.

Mr. McCallum has devised a method of ventilating drains by means of the flow of the running sewage. His system consists in dividing the sewer into sections by means of shafts to the surface and valves, so that as the sewage flows it creates a draught which changes the air in the sewer and mixes it with fresh air before it is discharged. In this connection we may mention, however, that recent investigations of Professor Carnelley tend to show that the majority of germs in sewer air come from the outer air, and that if care is taken to prevent splashing of tributary sewage into the main drain, the air of sewers is really not conducive to the production of germs. These mostly come from without, and there appear to be even fewer germs in sewer air than in outside air: a fact probably explained by an experiment of Professor Carnelley, which seemed to show that water flowing in a



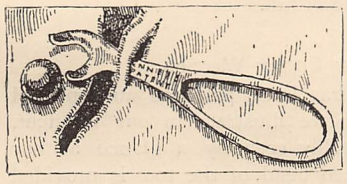
pipe tends to clear the air in it of germs. The exclusion of sewer air from houses will still, however, be studied, in all probability, and our figure shows a

sewer-gas excluder recently brought out. It is placed between the ordinary trap and sewer. The curved arm, A, is pivoted on a spindle, to which motion is given by the flushing chain, and the sliding door, D, is then lifted up so as to allow a free passage until the flushing is completed, when it falls again, and hermetically seals the soil-pipe.

Freezing Mercury in Flame.

An interesting experiment, which illustrates the power of science, was recently carried out Carbon dioxide was generated in a holder of Bessemer steel under a pressure of 3,000 lbs. to the square inch, then allowed to escape in the form of solidified gas, like snow. The temperature of the flakes was about 168° below zero (Fahrenheit). A ball of the snow having a depression at one side was made, and put into a red-hot crucible on which the intense heat of a Bunsen burner played. Mercury and ether were placed in the depression on the snow-ball, and, notwithstanding the heat, the mercury froze. The cold of the solidified gas defeated the heat of the crucible. The experimenter also set fire to the ether, but was still able to pick out the frozen globule of mercury.

A New Button-Hook.



The button-hook shown can be used for buttoning boots, gloves, and so on, without tearing off the buttons. By the peculiar shape of the hook, concave above and convex below, and the convenient handle, the button is lifted properly through the hole with a gentle turn of the handle.

Vegetable Pearls.

In the East Indian Islands the endosperm of certain cocoanuts is found to contain a "vegetable pearl," in the form of a round or pear-shaped stone, of white and pearly lustre. The stone is highly valued as a charm or as a gem by natives of the East. It is a pure carbonate of lime, and is probably a secretion similar to the "tabasheer" of the bamboo recently referred to in the GATHERER. We may add that stones of the sort are sometimes found in pomegranates and other plants. Apatite has been found in teak-wood.

A New Glow Lamp.

In the ordinary electric incandescent lamp the carbon filament glows with a bright light which is somewhat dazzling to look upon, and is perhaps not very good for the eyes. Hence the practice of shielding the filament with ground glass or coloured shades, and of fixing the lamp where it is outside the range of the eyesight. A new lamp brought out by M. Gimé, of Brussels, is reported to be free from this drawback, inasmuch as the filament is surrounded by a luminous aureole which presents a soft radiance to the eye. The aureole is produced by forming the filament so that radiant discharges take place within the bulb of the lamp. The bulb is filled with hydrogen under pressure, and the luminous discharge takes place in it. The lamp appears in fact to be a kind of union of the well-known Geissler tube effect and the electric incandescent filament.

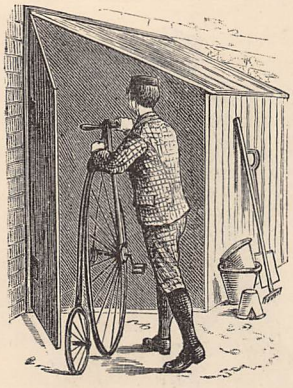


FIG. 1.

A Bicycle Shelter.

A portable shelter for bicycles is shown in our illustrations. It can also be used for a tennis-shed or tool-house, if desired. The framework is of seasoned timber bolted together, so that an amateur can readily undo it in a few minutes. The covering is of sheet galvanised iron, but the door is of wood. The bolts, screws, and so on, are of galvanised iron. Fig. 1 shows the kind specially adapted for bicycles; it is six feet high to the eaves, that is to say, the lowest part of the roof.

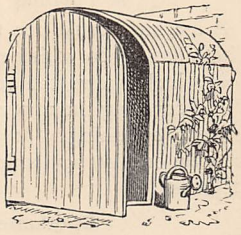


FIG. 2.

Lead in the Brain.

Cases of sudden death have taken place at a certain lead factory in the East-end of London, and these have been attributed to lead-poisoning. In one case lead sulphate was separated from the liver of one victim by analysis, and in another it was found in the brain. It has been calculated that the whole brain would probably contain 117·1 milligrammes of lead sulphate. Mr. Blyth throws out the suggestion that lead may form compounds with essential parts of the nervous system, leading to destruction of important nerve centres.

Aluminium-Steel.

Aluminium-steel, a new alloy produced by the electric smelting process, recently described in the GATHERER, is now used for welding steel and iron together. A sample bar of iron, welded to a bar of Siemens-Martin steel, with one-fifth per cent. of

aluminium added, shows no line of weld, and the characteristics of the steel extend into the iron. The aluminium-bronze is also reported by the President of the Institution of Naval Architects to be of enormous tensile strength and free from corrosion, and, if produced cheap enough, will create a "revolution in naval engineering." A forged bar of aluminium-bronze, containing 5 per cent. of aluminium, broke at a stress of 36 tons on the square inch, with 60 per cent. of elongation.

A Turbine Tennis Marker.

A marking brush for tennis and football grounds, which has given satisfaction, is shown in our illustration, which shows the round brush and handle. A shield covering the upper part of the brush serves to prevent splashing. It is used with whitewash of medium consistency, a firm pressure being applied to the brush.

Spodumene Crystals.

During excavations in the Etta tin-mine of Pennington County, Dakota, United States, a set of crystals of spodumene were laid bare, which are perhaps the largest of known natural crystals in the world. One of them is thirty-six feet long, and from one to three feet thick. While upon this subject we may mention that in the Quaternary gravels of the Loire valley in France, large hollow pebbles, about one inch and a half in diameter, are found, containing water, and sometimes also a stone inside. No trace of cracks can be seen by the magnifying-glass, and the question is how the water got there.

Gas from Tar.

A process recently brought out by a Leith firm, is said to be an economical way of utilising coal-tar, peat, wood, and turf, for the manufacture of coal-gas. It is stated that one ton of peat will yield 18,000 cubic feet of gas. The tar is first distilled in a retort, which gives a mixture of steam and hydrocarbon vapours. These are decomposed in a separate retort and passed over a surface of red-hot charcoal and iron, which converts the vapours into illuminating or heating gas, as desired. It is also claimed that the method is an economical one for making gas from inferior coal.

A Knife in a Fish.

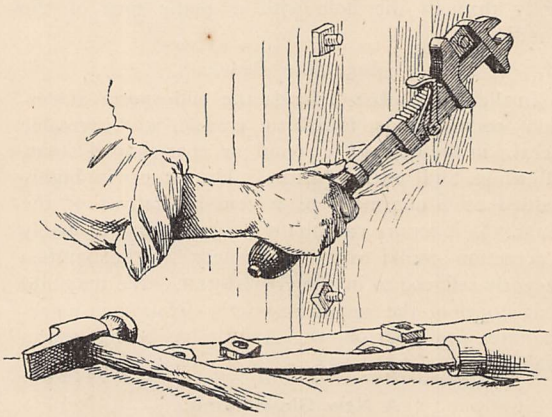
A recent bulletin of the United States Fish Commission reports the capture of a codfish at Gloucester, Massachusetts, in September, 1886, which contained a pocket-knife of curious workmanship embedded in its flesh. The knife has a brass handle curved and tapering, with a slit in the hollow side for the blade, which is of lance shape. It is 6¼ inches long, and it is thought the owner must been some aborigine, or perhaps a sailor. The knife was discovered by accident in handling the cod.

Sofa Car Seats.

Sofa seats have been substituted for chair seats in some of the drawing-room carriages of the Boston and Albany Railway, United States. They admit of the passenger changing his position, which chair seats hardly do, and they also give space for parcels, books, and so on. Moreover, they allow of a better range of view when looking out of window. They are charged for at the same rate as chair seats; and the experiment of their introduction will probably be popular. At all events, it is being tried in order to determine whether this will be so or not.

A New Screw Wrench.

A Texan inventor has lately patented an improved screw wrench, which we illustrate in our woodcut. Its form will be readily seen by a glance at our illustration. The fixed head of the tool is provided with a slot, which serves to turn nuts which cannot, by reason of their position, be reached with the side



of the wrench. The sliding jaw is provided with two surfaces, one running close up to the fixed head, and the other so placed as never quite to reach it. The advantage of this arrangement is obvious; it allows a workman to use his wrench for nuts of various sizes without readjustment. A catch, controlled by a spring, bears against the outer edge of the sliding jaw to secure it from slipping.

Fire-Brick Paving.

Fire-brick has been successfully tried as paving in Steubenville, Ohio, United States. The surface of the road is removed to a depth of 1 foot, and 4 inches of sand put in, then 4 inches of gravel, and 4 inches of fire-brick set on edge. The cost of the paving is small, and it affords a good foothold for horses.

A New Remedy.

Antipyrine, a substance discovered by Knorr in 1884, and with a chemical constitution of $C^{11}A^{12}Az^2O$, has recently been found by a French *savant* to be a harmless and efficacious medicine for pains.

Tuning by Telephone.

A dealer in musical instruments in a provincial town in England was recently required to supply a piano which should be in tune with a certain organ. As the organ was at a distance, and there was no time to lose, the dealer happily bethought him to try the telephone; and the result was that by getting the distant organ played the dealer was able to hear its notes by telephone, and to select a piano suitable for it.

A Spring Lock.

A spring lock adapted for railway carriages, and acting when a door is slammed, has recently been brought out. The spring which latches the door can be taken out and replaced in half a minute should it give way. This is done by a key or a pair of round-nosed pliers. When the door is slammed, the bolt springs out and locks the door with the handle vertical. When the handle is turned horizontal, the bolt is rotated 90°, and is then secure independently of the spring.

Bat Guano.

Guano produced by bats is known to exist in large quantities in certain caves of Victoria, New South Wales. Some of these are sufficiently rich in nitrogen and phosphoric acid to be useful in agriculture as fertilisers—for example, the Skipton Cave guano, found some thirty miles south-west of Ballarat. Until lately the Skipton Caves were inhabited by innumerable bats. According to a recent examination, the guano is found when treated with water to give up a considerable part of its fertilising material, yielding a dark brown liquor suitable for top-dressing.

An Absolute Unit of Time.

After pointing out that the "second" is an arbitrary and variable unit of time, M. Lippmann, the well-known physicist, in a recent communication to the French Academy of Sciences, goes on to propose an electric resistance as the absolute unit of time. The specific resistance of mercury in absolute electrostatic units is an interval of time. The practical unit may be a known multiple of it; and M. Lippmann describes one of several methods by which the interval can be realised. This involves the use of a condenser and a resistance apparatus, which he esteems preferable to the astronomical clock in point of invariability.

FIG. 1.

Adjusting Braces.

The figures show back and side views of some new braces that have recently been patented. The main feature of these new braces is the cross-tree arrangement, which, especially at the back, gives a very good result. By means of this device all dragging of the trousers is avoided, the cross-tree acting in such a way as to keep the cloth between the buttons in its proper position round the body. As will be seen from Fig. 2, the cross-tree of the side piece of the brace is provided with more than one opening for the hook at the end of the strap, thus allowing the wearer to arrange the brace entirely to his own comfort.

FIG. 2.

Sea Telephony.

Mr. Edison, the well-known inventor, is reported to be engaged in perfecting a system of telephoning under water, so as to enable ships to communicate with each other even in thick weather. He is stated to have succeeded to a certain extent hitherto, and to be continuing his experiment. The plan followed has not been fully described; but it is given out that the signals are produced under the water by small explosions. These explosions are long and short in duration, like the signals of the Morse telegraph code. The impulses they set up in the water are transmitted through it and received on a telephonic apparatus. It is to be understood that while one ship makes the signals, the other receives them. Not long ago an engineer tried a method of telegraphing under water

by sound signals. The receiver in this case was, however, merely an oar-shaped piece of sonorous pine wood, having the blade in the water and the end to the ear. We may add here that the induction on telephone lines has recently been investigated by Mr. W. H. Preece, F.R.S., with curious results. It is well known that if two telephone lines, or a telephone and telegraph line, run parallel to each other in the neighbourhood, the currents in one affect the other by "induction" through the air. In the case of telegraph currents, the result is a pattering noise in the telephones on the neighbouring telephone line. But it has only recently been found that these overheard sounds really go to great distances. Mr. Preece has instituted experiments on Post-office wires, and finds that the noises can be heard on parallel lines forty miles apart; and two submarine cables five miles apart have also been similarly influenced. It does not appear to be quite clear, however, whether the effect is really due to "induction" or to "conduction" through the earth from one line to another. This point is to be investigated by future experiments. Meantime no alarm need be felt as to the secrecy of telegraph and telephone messages, because the effect can be cured by the use of return wires, or in other words, a complete wire circuit, for a particular line; and moreover, the telegraph instruments most in use by the Post-office only give a confused unintelligible pattering on the adjacent telephone lines. We may add that the Post-office has adopted the Multiplex telegraph of Mr. Delany, of the United States, an apparatus which works with great speed, and whose messages will not be understood, if intercepted, by telephone.

CONVERSATION COMPETITION.

WHO is there that has not at some time or other been at a loss for a topic of conversation? Surroundings may be perfect, and companions most agreeable, yet for lack of fresh subjects of conversation everybody is made uncomfortable. No one cares to hear or talk any further about the weather, it is not always possible to broach the Parliamentary reports without getting on to debatable ground, the fluctuations of the market have no meaning for ladies, and gentlemen take lamentably little interest in the subjects dearest to ladies—so after one or two forced and conventional remarks conversation generally flags. Surely, in such a busy world as ours, there should be no paucity of topics of conversation, and it is in the belief that some of these only need pointing out to be adopted, that the Editor begs to offer A PRIZE OF THREE GUINEAS for the

MOST ORIGINAL AND SUITABLE TOPICS OF CONVERSATION
on the four following occasions:—

(1) A MORNING CALL.
(2) BEFORE DINNER (in the Drawing-Room).
(3) DURING DINNER (in the Dining-Room).
(4) IN THE TRAIN.

The four occasions should be dealt with in the course of one Paper, the length of which must not exceed 3,000 words.

All MSS. must be duly authenticated in accordance with Rule 3, and must reach the Editor not later than October 3rd, 1887.

The following are the Conditions under which the Prize is offered:—

1. Every Reader of the Magazine (not being an ordinary contributor to its pages) is eligible to compete for all or any of the Prizes offered. Winners of former Prizes during the current year may not, however, compete again.

2. The Editor cannot undertake to answer inquiries having reference to the treatment in detail of the above subject. *The descriptions given above are sufficient for the purposes of the Competition, and the rest is left to the judgment and discretion of the competitors*

3. Each MS. must have inscribed on it, or otherwise securely attached to it, the name and postal address of the author, together with a declaration that the work is *original and entirely the sender's own*, to be signed by the author and countersigned by some other trustworthy person, *i.e.*, a magistrate, minister of religion, or householder, with the postal address in both cases.

4. The copyright of the Prize work will become the property of the Proprietors of this Magazine.

5. Should the two best works in the Competition prove of equal merit, the Prize may be divided at the discretion of the Editor. The Prize may be withheld in the event of no composition being thought worthy of that distinction.

6. The Editor will not be responsible for loss or miscarriage of any work, and all letters or packets must be *prepaid*.

7. *The Editor cannot undertake to return unsuccessful MSS.*—copies should therefore be retained by the senders.

8. Every MS. must be sent *before* the date named above as the latest day, addressed—The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., and must have the words "Prize Competition" in the top left-hand corner of the envelope or wrapper.

A TREACHEROUS CALM.

By THOMAS KEYWORTH, Author of "Mistress June," &c.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

AN "OASIS" AND A "WILDERNESS."

"Who would, but cannot—what he can, should will;
'Tis vain to will the things we ne'er can do;
Therefore that man we deem the wisest who
Seeks not mere futile longing to fulfil.

* * * * *

Last in thy heart this truth we would instil:
Wouldst thou to self be true, to others dear,
Will to be able what thou ought'st to do."

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

ORACE INGLETON had set himself two tasks: one was to keep the promises which he had made to Mr. Tollingwood, and the other was to win back the love of Annie Penthurst. Those of the Fortunati who frequented Mr. Wakestaff's house were acquainted with the former of these resolves; some of them conjectured the latter. The general opinion seemed to be that Horace would very soon break through his restrictions, and that it really did not matter much whether his love affairs prospered or not.

Gus Prestwitch laughed at the idea of anybody caring to keep an inconvenient promise.

"I don't know how it is," he said, "but when I've been on the spree the governor cuts up rough, and the mother she cries, and there is no end of a hubbub. The best plan is to take your solemn oath you'll keep on the strict sober. You feel like it at the time. Out of sorts, you know, and everything sixes and sevens. 'It's no use,' I says; 'I shall have done with that little game. If I try it any more, may I be smothered!' The governor he proses away about the disgrace and folly of the whole thing; but he doesn't pitch in half as much as I do, and I mean it then. Somehow it doesn't last. I wish some fellow would explain it all. Why doesn't it last?"

This was intended for a funny speech, and was received in an appreciative spirit. That Gus was not quite sober when he delivered it seemed to increase the humour.

"You don't catch me promising much," was the remark which Rob Dingworth made. "No words, no lies: that's about it. Dingworth senior, as I call him, knows me by this, and knows that I'm up to a few moves. 'Get your name up' is what I say, and then whatever you do, it seems to come natural."

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On the south side of Mirkaster there was a three-cornered plot of ground, which almost resembled a very small park. This was called the "Triangle." At one time it was a fashionable neighbourhood, and the large well-built houses were formerly occupied by the leading families of the place. But the builder had been at work, and the open spaces between the houses had been covered with shops. Then the old residents took their departure, and the homes of former mayors and magistrates fell into the hands of laundry-keepers and those who hoped to make a living by letting apartments. On the quieter side of the Triangle was Church Row, consisting of about a dozen houses, adjacent to a plain brick building, which had given its name to the row. St. John's Church it was, but most people called it the "Brick Church." The second house in Church Row had a brass plate on the door, containing the word "Wakestaff"; and it was there that Horace Ingleton had spent much of his time since he began to attend Wones College.

"The Mansion of the Wakestaffs," Budd was fond of calling it among his friends. Prestwitch and Dingworth preferred to call it the "Penitentiary," especially after the exposure connected with the Fortunatus. The club was handsomely furnished, but the house which had to serve as a substitute was dull and shabby.

"I intend to have my own room done up for you fellows," Budd said on the first occasion when about half a dozen of the Fortunati favoured him with their company. "But to-night you must make yourselves as comfortable as possible on the horse-hair covers."

The furniture was of that sturdy kind which looks as if it would last for ever, and which feels as if it had been contrived to prevent people becoming luxurious or effeminate. Many groans and uncomplimentary remarks were lavished on the chairs that night, but Budd, instead of being offended, joined in the abuse, or laughed when anything very savage was said.

What Budd called his own room was at the back, and its windows looked into a garden which was surrounded by a high wall. Shutters were fitted to the windows, and when they were closed the utmost possible privacy was secured. This room, when it was furnished, became at once the "Oasis"; and by that name it continued to be called.

"Budd knows how to stable his cattle," said Rob Dingworth to Gus Prestwitch. "I can stand the Penitentiary now, but I could not fit myself to that dreadful place where he took us the first time—that horrid room!"

"That remark of yours is middling ditto to my own opinion," replied Gus.

Nobody ever saw any members of the Wakestaff family except Budd and Dora. There were several brothers and sisters, and father and mother; but, as Dingworth said, they were dark horses, all of them, and did not exercise in public.

Dora was at home, and to Horace she seemed never to have become a day older than when he was a young boy at Hillstreams. Some of Budd's friends were fond of discussing the probable age of their host's sister, and they declared that she was many years younger than when they first knew her. Budd always agreed with them, and assumed a look of mock solemnity as he said—

"Horace will tell you that he remembers her as a white-headed and wrinkled old woman: that was in his babyhood. Then when he entered his teens she became about fifty; she has grown young since then at twice the rate he has grown old, so you can easily discover what age she is now."

Horace did not like this custom of discussing Dora, and always refused to take any part in it. His boyish liking for her continued; and there were none of her brother's friends whom she liked to see as much as Horace. She was a good musician, and it was for "a bit of music" that she came into Budd's room before what was called the serious business of the evening began. The "serious business" was gambling in various forms, sometimes disguised and sometimes naked, but always gambling.

Horace could scarcely help feeling surprised at himself for the frequency with which he became Budd's guest. He knew quite well that he had not the devouring passion for games of chance which seemed to possess some of his companions, and he had no great difficulty in keeping the promise which he had made to Mr. Tollingwood.

"I am afraid you are not to the manner born," Budd said to him; "you know nothing about the ecstasy of risk. You can leave the 'Oasis,' as our friends facetiously call it, and you can go wandering about the wilderness portions of the house, without contrition or remorse."

This was true. Horace was not what is called a born gamester, and he had no regret on that score. More than one of the Fortunati seemed to live for nothing, and to care for nothing, but the fevered speculation attendant on dice and cards. There was Croller, whose family was well known in Mirkaster; he was quite young when he inherited his father's immense wealth, but he seemed likely to lose it far faster than his predecessor had gained it. The greater his losses the more eager he became, and it was a joke among his companions that his appetite was whetted, not by tasting blood, like ordinary beasts of prey, but by being himself mauled and devoured in the conflict.

Budd Wakestaff became a capital host; he was cynical enough to make clever remarks at the expense of people who were not in his own clique, and he was able to command the admiration of his companions by seeming to play around them with sharp speeches which never touched anybody, but which might have smitten them painfully had he been mischievously inclined. He was like the man who performs clever tricks with the sword; with his glittering weapon he produces a circle of light around the body of his friendly antagonist, but scratches not the skin, and disturbs not a hair of the head.

The house might almost as well have been called a club, and if the old name Fortunatus had been applied to it there would have been nothing misleading, for the wealthiest and most reckless of the Fortunati were Budd's frequent guests. But there was one difference between the two places: at the club Horace was constantly with his companions, and that meant following their pursuits; at the house, however, he felt that he could not come and go, as the other visitors did, without asking or caring about the various members of the family.

"Horace has the run of the house," Budd was fond of saying, "and he likes to go and peep at the places where he played as a child. Let him cultivate his veneration, for the philosophers tell us there is not too much of it in our days." Whatever Budd said to a friend, he said in a pleasant manner, which effectually robbed the words of any sting.

"There is no accounting for tastes," remarked Rob Dingworth. "I hate everything which reminds me of the time when I was a youngster. Dingworth senior was too fond of what he called curbing my propensities. If I had time I would laugh about it all; but let's get something done; I am rusting for want of a thoroughly good match with somebody. I laid myself five hundred pounds, as I came along, about the fellows who would be here, and I won them. I mean to follow up my luck."

"You paid yourself the stakes, then?" said Gus Prestwitch, getting ready to laugh.

"Rather!" was the reply. "I never trust this beast; I know him too well."

Then everybody laughed.

So Horace had special privileges when he visited Church Row; he knew Mr. and Mrs. Wakestaff and the other members of the family very well, and sometimes he preferred to leave the company which assembled in Budd's room, that he might pay his respects to his old friends.

Mr. Wakestaff was an agent, as many people in Mirkaster were. It was a joke in some quarters that if a man wanted to escape prosecution under the Vagrancy Act, he called himself an agent.

He was a dark-complexioned man, and never looked sufficiently washed; perhaps his close-clipped beard gave him an untidy appearance, for it was always ragged and uneven, and seemed to want clipping again. His clothing was not of the best, and was carelessly worn, as if he despaired of looking well in it, and would not take the trouble to try. Mr. Wakestaff had a poor opinion of most places, and especially of Mirkaster. Being the least enterprising of men himself, it sounded droll to hear him denounce the lack of enterprise which characterised the community among

whom his lot was cast. Mrs. Wakestaff was a stout woman, who seemed to exhaust herself with trying to smile; she agreed with everybody, and never troubled herself with any questions about consistency and inconsistency. If Horace praised the Tollingwoods, she smiled assent; and if Mr. Wakestaff called them a couple of self-seeking, purse-proud, vulgar upstarts, she simply turned the smile from one speaker to the other.

There was a feeling among the Wakestaffs that sufficient importance was not attached to that binding obligation which is implied by the words, "Blood is thicker than water." The kinship which existed between Mrs. Wakestaff and Mrs. Tollingwood was very slight; but through those spectacles of exaggerated expectancy which the Wakestaffs habitually wore, it seemed to become a predominating element in social life; so "our cousins of Combermere House" were frequently mentioned, and generally in tones of disapprobation. If Budd happened to be present when any jeremiads were being indulged in about rich people having short memories, he interrupted the complaints without ceremony.

"We have no claims on Tollingwood," he declared, "and yet we have received money favours from him. I think the less we say about it the better." He had a masterful way with him, and Horace knew that he was financially independent of his parents. Somebody helped him; but Budd never took Horace into his confidence sufficiently to reveal all about his private affairs or to mention the unknown benefactor. His usual expression was, if the subject happened to be mentioned—"We have the good or ill fortune, whichever it is, to be connected with a number of people who are a great deal better off than we are, and one of them has the good taste to perceive that he cannot make a better use of his money than to enable me to become a gentleman."

Budd was a winner at his own table, but not the chief winner. The lucky man was Howardson. But for him, Budd would have been very fortunate; there seemed to be a fatality about it, however, and if Budd won a good round sum he was almost sure to lose it to Howardson.

"Howardson is my Nemesis," he said. "When I am beginning to congratulate myself on my chances of making a trifle, he comes and despoils me. Such men ought not to be tolerated."

Howardson neither made jokes nor understood them. He had descended from a long line of pawnbrokers, and though he was not in business, yet it was often said that his blood was too strongly tainted with the family pursuit for him to be anything but a pawnbroker, in some form or other, to the end of the chapter. He was a short, dumpy man, and very fair; his long eyelashes were almost white, and they appeared to cover his eyes, which were grey and without expression.

Mr. Wakestaff frequently spoke to Horace about Howardson as the embodiment of the nineteenth century.

"He is the Mammon of the moderns, I tell you, Horace; Mammon with a little 'm,' I call him. Gentlemen associate with him, and condescend to lose their money to him. If they won his money I could understand it, but he is too deep for that."

"I think we can afford him a capital letter to his Mammon," Horace replied. "I fancy Mammon is at its worst when it is at its best."

He did not like Howardson, and would not pretend that he did; still he could scarcely keep from laughter whenever he heard Mr. Wakestaff denouncing people who had been successful in life, because laziness pure and simple had been that gentleman's besetting sin.

Dora was always pleased when Horace left Budd's room, and paid a visit to what she called the lower regions, where the undistinguished members of the family were doomed to sojourn.

Dora had a peculiarity which Horace had never seen in anybody else. The whole expression of her countenance would change without a single feature being altered. At one moment she was blandly smiling, and then, as if another person had been substituted for her, the smile was gone, and a vindictive aspect had taken its place. This sudden and untraceable variation was one of the circumstances which Mr. Tollingwood was thinking about when he called her Bitter-sweet.

She was very good-looking when at her best, with a good figure and skin; but that other face of hers had a way of asserting itself as if unknown to Dora, even when she seemed anxious to make a favourable impression.

Horace remarked that whenever Annie Penthurst was mentioned, though Dora condescended to speak kindly about her, the look which in his own mind he called "the other one" always came to the front.

"Cousin Tollingwood thinks you and Budd are busy trying to distinguish between the tweedledee and tweedledum of the physical world, I suppose?" Dora said one night, when Horace was about to return to his friends up-stairs.

Horace shrugged his shoulders, and Dora smiled her most pleasant smile. Then, without a word of warning, and without any perceptible cause, she seemed to be transformed into incarnate hatred, as she asked, with the same bantering voice—

"And does the dear maiden of Lowfield Lodge think you are pursuing your studies here?"

Horace said nothing, but returned to Budd.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

TREACHERY SOMEWHERE.

"How happy is he born or taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill."—Wotton.

The Long Vacation at Wones College began at the end of June, and lasted until the end of September. Part of the time Horace usually spent at Hillstreams, and part at the watering-places which Mr. and Mrs. Tollingwood chose to frequent. But Mr. Tollingwood was not fond of holidays, and did not care to go far from Mirkaster.

"When I am tired of doing nothing," he said, "I can rest myself with a spell of work. That is why I like Llandudno. It is a very nice place; the Orme's Head and the Happy Valley suit me first-rate; but I can get to Mirkaster in three or four hours, and that is a consideration."

He usually took a house there for July—"before the crush set in," as he loved to call the busiest months; then he preferred to go to a quieter place, but always within reach of Mirkaster.

The summer after Horace had fallen into disgrace in consequence of the raid upon the Fortunatus Club, and when he was reforming himself, as far as the particular offences which Mr. Tollingwood had mentioned were concerned, there had been a fresh arrangement made with respect to the summer holiday. The house at Llandudno which Mr. Tollingwood had occupied for a month each year during four or five years could not be procured for July.

"Mrs. Parry was sorry, indeed she was, but a gentleman had taken it for six months, from the beginning of February; he would not be leaving until the end of July. Mrs. Parry hoped Mr. and Mrs. Tollingwood did not mind, but she had another house, which was better, and she would be happy to let them have that at the same price, though, indeed, it was worth five pounds a month more."

This communication was made in May, when Mr. Tollingwood wrote about the house.

"There we are!" he said to his wife. "Now we must look out for another place. Mrs. Parry must be well off if she can afford to chuck up her old customers like that."

"Perhaps the other house is almost as good," Mrs. Tollingwood replied. The possibility of its being better she knew was only to be ascribed to the fanciful mind of Mrs. Parry, which had enough of the bardic element in it to make the most of linguistic possibilities.

"I have seen the other house," Mr. Tollingwood exclaimed impatiently, "and the woman knows as well as I do that it is not within ten pounds a month of the one we have occupied."

"Suppose we go in August, then?" was Mrs. Tollingwood's next suggestion.

"I shall not do it," he said. "Do you think I want to pay my money to see a mob of people dressed to death? I would rather go to Wigan, or Bolton, or Widnes."

The idea was too ridiculous, and Mrs. Tollingwood laughed until her husband had regained his good humour, and he laughed too, adding Rochdale, Oldham, and Chowbent to the list of places where they might sojourn.

So Mrs. Parry's house, Cambridd, was taken for August, instead of July. From that circumstance arose the complications which the anonymous letters made manifest.

Budd Wakestaff had been invited to spend a few weeks at Hillstreams as usual, but he had asked to be excused until later in the season, as he had some special work to do.

"All right," replied Mr. Tollingwood; "stick to your work, lad, and we shall be glad to see you in September. As this Welshwoman has forced us to put off our visit to Llandudno until August, I know we shall be glad to come home when the month is over."

Budd was busy in the "Oasis" at Church Row: that was the nature of his engagement. Horace spent a considerable portion of his time there too; and by Mr. Tollingwood it was all looked upon as part of the reformation. Mrs. Tollingwood was not as well satisfied as her husband; Horace was not bad enough to dissemble successfully. Then sometimes he felt the restraints upon him to be irksome. It was because of his position, he knew, that Budd turned his room into the semblance of a club; and some of the Fortunati were inclined to joke about people who called a rose by some other name, and protested that the scent was changed thereby.

"Never mind, Horace; say nothing about it," Budd replied, when he heard his friend's complaint. "The game is worth the candle. You cannot afford to set Tollingwood at defiance, for he has a beastly temper, though he is my kinsman. And I suppose the Puritan Maiden at the Lodge must be considered, too."

Puritan Maiden was the name which Budd was fond of applying to Annie; but Horace did not care to discuss her, even with his intimate companion. If he had spoken his mind, he would have said that he loved her more than ever, but that he was far from being satisfied with the progress which he made in winning her affections.

Annie had noticed that Horace did not retain his enthusiasm for the task in which she and her father were engaged. He spoke very earnestly, and seemed anxious for its successful termination, but he could not enter into the details of the experiments as he might have done if his mind had been occupied as her father and Mr. Tollingwood thought.

Had she over-rated his ability? Was his backwardness the result of slowness and inaptitude? She could not think so: there was too much evidence to the contrary. If she had felt that he was toiling vainly to grasp problems which were simple to her mind, she would have been happy in comparison with the sickening sense of uncertainty which came to her, as she wondered what secret cause was at work in his life to frustrate and falsify his pretended efforts.

Horace seemed to get no nearer to her, and he laid the blame upon his past misconduct. At times he felt rebellious against her treatment of him, and fancied himself ill-used because she was so unforgiving, but he could not put her away from his heart. Amid the excitements and risks of speculation, his thoughts would wander away from Church Row to the quiet scene of dutiful devotion at Lowfield Lodge, and he often seemed to have his body in darkness while his mind was soaring into the light.

He had seldom seen his parents since his early boyhood, and Mrs. Tollingwood asked him in June if he would not like to pay them a visit before going to Llandudno. Her motherliness prompted the suggestion. What her own heart would have felt if her child

had been separated from her, she ascribed to others. Horace was not anxious to visit his father's house, because he was never happy there. The contrast between the life he lived at Hillstreams and the life he was compelled to live in London did not arise only from the worst of a bad job, and that's a pity, because those jobs can generally be trusted to make the worst of themselves. I have been once or twice to London with Horace, and I think he acted wonderfully well, considering. They grumbled at him, and talked as *if*

"'DOES THE DEAR MAIDEN OF LOWFIELD LODGE THINK YOU ARE PURSUING YOUR STUDIES HERE?'" (*p.* 643).

financial differences; he thought sometimes that the Tollingwoods, even if poor, would have been happy; but his parents, even if rich, would have managed to be miserable. Mr. Tollingwood knew something about the state of affairs, and said to his wife—

"We must not blame the lad if he is not over-eager to visit his folks, Martha. He's not a snob, and he doesn't fight shy of them because they are badly off. But they have a sort of left-handed knack of making his rise had brought them to ruin. His mother was wishing herself in heaven all the time. A very good wish, Martha, if you wish it in the right spirit, but not if you wish it only because you can't pay the washing bill. And Mr. Ingleton is like a man who thinks his watch ought to wind itself up, and because it won't, he goes through the world with it run down. Martha, my lass, people talk about a fly in a pot of ointment, and about it making the ointment stink, and

so on, but some of them put the fly in themselves. They are like Jim Goss : his wife told him to buy a quart pot in the market, and she said he might buy a cracked one, if it wasn't cracked too much. She thought it would be cheaper. Well, Jim couldn't find a cracked one, so he bought one that was all right, and he cracked it himself. Eh, dear ! I knew Jim very well. When he got home, th' pot had come i' two."

Mrs. Tollingwood could not help laughing at her husband's reminiscences, especially when he began to sink back into the speech and dialect of his boyhood.

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Horace agreed that it would be well for him to visit his parents, and he wrote to them, telling them when they were to expect him. Most of his friends intended to spend a week at Widemoor races, and he chose that week for his visit to London : not because he had any intention of visiting Widemoor, but because he preferred to be away from Mirkaster when they were also absent. Though he put severe restraints upon himself, and carefully guarded against running the risk of getting into debt, yet he enjoyed the games which were played, and, in spite of his better nature, he felt the charm of Budd Wakestaff's companions. This was inevitable. As he was not repelled by them and their pursuits, he submitted to the fascination which they exercised.

"We shall have a rare old-fashioned time at Widemoor," said one. "Talk about a summer holiday ! I would rather go to Widemoor than to any watering-place in the world."

This opinion was endorsed by others.

"Gently there, gently," Budd remonstrated. "If Fate decreed that you were to spend the week at Stuffy Street, London, or whatever the exact address may be, you would not feel very thankful to any friend who dilated on the charms of Widemoor. What the world wants at this present time is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Friends."

"Prevention of Cruelty to Themselves," replied Dingworth ; "with me for president. I don't know a man anywhere who is better cut out for the post."

"Your idea is excellent," said Budd. "We might make Ingleton the secretary, and pass a resolution that he shall be present at Widemoor, and look after the interest of the members. He goes to London, and eats the fatted calf—because, in these days, the feast is always made for the son who goes back with money in his pocket—then he comes to Widemoor, and exercises his salutary influence upon his more impulsive chums. Speak I wisdom, or not ?"

"Wisdom," they all replied, except Horace, who was silent.

"My heart is sad," said Budd, in a lugubrious voice. "I am like the actor who had one man in his audience that did not cheer, and the applause of everybody else was dust and ashes to him. My eloquence was intended for thee, Horace, and thou respondest not."

But the scheme was too attractive to be disregarded. Horace could spend a day or two in London, and then join his friends at Widemoor. The more he thought about it, the more he liked the plan. At first there was a look of deception in the proposal, but further consideration made a great difference, and gradually it assumed the appearance of reasonableness. Mr. Tollingwood had a prejudice against some of the old Fortunati, and he would not like Horace to visit Widemoor with them ; but then, people were often mistaken, and it was impossible to set them right : perhaps it was better not to try, and thus things had to be done in secret which it was simply inconvenient to openly avow.

Such was the process of reasoning by which Horace endeavoured to justify his intentions. Nothing is so easily damaged as conscience, but nothing is so hard to destroy. We persuade ourselves, and think we are convinced ; but among our mass of noisy reasons, the still small voice will assert itself and drive away content.

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Horace intended to leave Hillstreams on Saturday for London, and to join his friends at Widemoor on Tuesday morning. His companions were to leave Mirkaster on Monday.

On Friday he went to Lowfield Lodge, where he found the two workers at their engrossing task. Mr. Penthurst said—

"We move on, Horace, but very slowly. Still, we move on. We are like people who seek treasure which is buried in the sand, and we can remove the sand only grain by grain."

Horace enjoyed the visit ; Annie was less reserved than usual, and he hoped that she would soon greet him with the old frankness, and become to him what his fond hopes had often pictured.

When he left Lowfield he wandered towards the moor. His steps seemed without purpose ; but a subtle and unheeded volition directed them to the place where he had acted rudely to Annie, near the path leading from the "Hare and Hounds." Then he walked on, thinking of half a dozen things at once. Incongruous images of his various acquaintances passed through his mind : Annie and her father, Prestwitch and Dingworth, the Tollingwoods and Howardson, his parents and the Wakestaffs ; there was no order or system about it all. The night became cold, and he began to retrace his steps ; but he had lost his way, and could not recover it in the darkness. At length he floundered into a moorland pool, and wet himself to the skin. Many hours passed before he reached Hillstreams. The Tollingwoods thought he must have gone to Mirkaster, and they had retired to rest.

When Mr. Tollingwood saw Horace, he perceived that the young man had taken a severe chill. Rough and ready preventives were employed to guard against ill consequences ; but in the morning he was quite hoarse, and he shook as if with ague. The doctor was fetched at once, though Horace objected. The doctor said great care must be taken, or serious results would ensue, and he forbade the patient to think of leaving his bed.

When Thursday morning came, Horace felt very

weak. Mr. Tollingwood had telegraphed, and then written to London, explaining what had happened, and he had said to Horace several times—

"You must make up your mind, my boy, to forego this pleasure. Perhaps you will be able to go in a day or two; but you cannot go now."

Horace was restless, and Mr. Tollingwood ascribed it to a feeling of disappointment at not being able to visit his parents; but he was chafing under a sense of angry impatience at not being able to fulfil his promise to be at Widemoor.

"The fellows will think I am showing the white feather," he said to himself.

That same morning Mr. Tollingwood came impulsively into his room, and showed him what he called the basest lie ever forged: "a miserable, contemptible, anonymous letter."

Horace read the letter, and was amazed. Somebody had betrayed him; but who? He would not deny that there was some truth in it, and Mr. Tollingwood left him sorrowfully.

Mr. Penthurst and Annie were busy in the laboratory when Mr. Tollingwood went in. Without any preamble he told them about the letter, and then asked the blind man's advice.

"Leave the letter here," Mr. Penthurst said, "and I will think about it."

Mr. Tollingwood left it, and went to the works.

"I am sorry about this, Annie," Mr. Penthurst said. "Read me the letter again."

She controlled herself as best she could, and read it. Then she saw that it was a *fac-simile* of the one she had received.

"I am very sorry," Mr. Penthurst repeated. "And Horace does not deny that it is true!"

Annie said nothing, but she was weeping.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

LOOKING THINGS IN THE FACE.

"Sometimes my mother, coming with her lamp,
Seeing my brow as with a death-sweat damp,
Asks, 'Ah! what ails thee, child? hast thou no rest?'

And then I answer, touched by her look of yearning,
Holding my beating heart, and forehead burning,
'Mother, I strove with God, and was hard pressed.'"

Sully Prudhomme.

"Some people light their fire with coal, and mend it with chips." That was how Mrs. Penthurst described the behaviour of those who commence without tact, and continue their efforts without judgment.

Mrs. Tollingwood and she were talking about Horace, and the anonymous letter which had been received at Combermere House. Several days had elapsed since the morning when the unwelcome message came which seemed to brand Horace as a vile deceiver of his friends; he was still an invalid, and Mr. Tollingwood had not been near him again.

"Jabez not only thinks people are like himself," said Mrs. Tollingwood, "but when he discovers that they are not, he feels as if they had been intentionally deceiving him all the time. I often tell him that he makes his faith too cheap, and people who are credulous one day are generally incredulous the next. He trusted Horace's reformation more than I did, and now he persists in saying that he cannot place any further confidence in him."

"So you have become the young man's champion?" replied Mrs. Penthurst, with a smile. "Well, that is one bright spot in a dark subject. It is not all loss where that is gained. If, as you say, Horace has scrupulously kept the promises which he made to Mr. Tollingwood, he ought to have full credit for that. Mr. Tollingwood trusted his own expedient for insuring perfect rectitude, and it had too many gaps in it to prove effective. We are disappointed, of course; but we must lay a fair share of blame upon the expedient which has failed."

"You must talk to Jabez about it," said Mrs. Tollingwood. "He is not vindictive; but when he thinks he has been wronged he is hard to appease."

Mrs. Penthurst knew that Annie had received an anonymous letter exactly like the one which Mr. Tollingwood had received; but she agreed with her daughter that it was best not to mention the fact, as nothing could be gained, and no good seemed likely to be done by making it known to others.

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Many conversations took place in the laboratory between Tollingwood and Penthurst during the month of July, and Annie overheard them all, as she went quietly about the work which she was doing by her father's instruction.

The position which Mr. Penthurst assumed was that Horace had been so faithful in a few things that he had not spared time and thought for the many things which combine to make a perfect system of duty.

Mr. Tollingwood insisted that people who attempt to parcel out their lives into foul and fair are only paying a peppercorn rent to righteousness, and are lavishing on folly and shame the best produce of their lot.

"Too many of us are satisfied with a peppercorn rent," replied the blind man sorrowfully; "and we become so convinced that it is only a nominal thing, that we end by failing to pay it. When we begin to weigh and measure how much or how little we need surrender to the claims which really demand everything, then we are in a fair way for making very little do, and for giving that little very grudgingly. What a man gives grudgingly he will not continue to give of his own free will. But Horace, as far as we know, has kept his compact with you. He has been more faithful to you than to his God; and if you are angry with him for defects and evasions, it should be on God's account, and not on your own."

While these conversations proceeded, Annie's feelings changed from sadness to joy, and from joy to sadness, though the sadness had always an element of hopefulness in it, and the joy was always subdued by fear.

* * * * *

The rough but skilful country doctor said that Horace had had a "narrow squeak," and he must be

careful for the future. "Rheumatic fever is worse than a poor relation," he said; "it is almost as bad as a drunken wife; it torments you when it's bad, and it frightens you when it's not. You will be ready for Llandudno when July is out; but don't act like a fool, as some folks do: they kill themselves in order to show that they are proof against death. You must wrap up well, and keep out of the night air. A bit of common sense is worth a good deal of medicine. Shakespeare said, 'Throw physic to the dogs': if he had been as fond of dogs as I am, he would have said nothing of the sort."

Budd Wakestaff heard about Horace's illness, and went to Hillstreams to see his friend; but he saw Mr. Tollingwood instead, who, without ceremony, gave Budd a piece of his mind.

"I knew you Wakestaffs were a ramshackle lot, as a rule," he said, "but I gave you credit for being better than the others. From what I can learn, you and Horace have been trying to find out how much dust my eyes will hold. I will tell you, and then you will know; they will hold just as much as they have in them now, and not a bit more. You may go rampaging about the country to races, if you like, when you pretend you are too busy to pay a visit to your friends. Go back to Widemoor, and take that precious riff-raff with you—they seem so fond of your company. But when Horace is well enough to talk, I shall have a real

"ANNIE ALSO OFFERED HER HAND TO THE YOUNG MAN" (*p.* 650).

understanding with him. So clear out, Master Budd, and don't show your face here again till I send for you."

It is difficult to say what Budd thought about this attack. At one moment his face was crimson, and the next it was deadly pale. He bit his lips with suppressed rage, and his eyes were filled with anger, which gave a cruel aspect to them.

Mr. Tollingwood saw it all, but said nothing about the effect his words had produced. Budd was not willing to depart in this manner: it was too much like being kicked out; but there was no help for it; he did not know how much Mr. Tollingwood was acquainted with, and he was afraid of trying to justify himself, lest he should make his position worse. When he left Combermere House, he directed his steps towards Lowfield Lodge, and called to see Mr. Penthurst.

Annie and her father were in the garden, seated in a little summer-house, and Budd joined them there. He began to talk at once about Horace and Mr. Tollingwood, and asked to be informed what had really happened to cause the quarrel.

Mr. Penthurst knew something about Budd's share in the duplicity which Horace had practised, but neither he nor anybody else at Hillstreams knew what had been done by the young men. There were exaggerated rumours about a club having been started by the Wakestaffs, and about all kinds of iniquity having been perpetrated there; but Mr. Penthurst was not in the habit of attaching much importance to the nameless gossip which seemed to creep about, as he said, "like the vermin of an Egyptian plague."

"It is best to say nothing about what has occurred," he replied to Budd. "Horace has been very ill, and is not well yet. When he is in a condition to speak for himself, I dare say he will remove many of the misapprehensions which are grieving his friends."

Budd lingered there, and tried to continue the conversation by introducing other topics, but he perceived that his company was not welcome, though nothing rude was done to show it; so at length he took his departure, and returned in anything but a happy state of mind to Mirkaster.

* * * * *

"You must go and see Horace," Mrs. Tollingwood said to her husband one day. "He is in his laboratory up-stairs. I remember how proud he was when you had it fitted up for him, and when you told him it was his own."

"There's been precious little work done in it," he replied gruffly. "I have often heard my father say, when I was a child, that a tool-chest is not a carpenter, and it is true."

He was quite wretched at the estrangement between himself and Horace, and felt quite willing to blame somebody outside for all the mischief, if he could find an excuse; but he pulled himself together, and intended to be severe with Horace, as a sort of beginning, "let what might come afterwards."

Horace was still like the picture which was taken of him in boyhood, and his illness seemed to have increased the resemblance.

"The doctors managed to put you back a few years," Mr. Tollingwood said; "and if it were not for the hair on your face you would look a lad again. It's a pity you were ever anything else. I have often said kittens should never become cats; and it's quite as bad, or worse, for lads to become men."

Horace simply looked at his thin hands, and did not speak.

"The doctor's been telling me that you were in a queer state at one time," Mr. Tollingwood continued, "and he is not one of those men who give a Latin name to a pimple, and then charge twice as much. If he says you were bad, you need not argue against it, for you were bad."

"I thought I had reached the far end," was the young man's reply.

"And how did things look?"

"Not very satisfactory."

"I should think not."

There was a long pause; then Mr. Tollingwood said—

"They did not look satisfactory, I am sure, and yet you told me that you had kept your promises to me."

"What troubled me most," Horace said, "was the way in which I have acted towards my father and mother. They have done very little for me, it is true, but still they are my parents, and I purposed to pay them a flying visit only, that I might be able to spend the week at Widemoor. Then another thing which troubled me was the fear that I might die without being able to convince you that I had not broken my promises to you. I had many painful thoughts. That letter must have been written by somebody who knew all about my affairs. It was very treacherous of them, and I cannot imagine who are the traitors. The writing is strange to me. But will you allow me to see the letter again?"

Mr. Tollingwood had never brought it away from the Penthursts, and he said so.

"Does Annie know about it?" Horace asked.

"Of course she knows about it."

Then Horace told how he had been striving to win her love, and had hoped that the disgrace of the past would be forgiven.

"That letter was not true," he said; "I have kept the company of my old friends, but it has not been in the places which I promised not to frequent, and I have run no great risks, and incurred no debts. I did intend to go to Widemoor, it is true. I must also acknowledge that I have been lazy. But, to judge by the letter, you would think me an unprincipled deceiver; perhaps Annie thinks so. But I have told you everything."

"Where did you meet these friends of yours?" Mr. Tollingwood asked.

"I know you would not have objected to the place," Horace said, "but I must not run the risk of implicating others. As far as I have acted wrongly, blame me, and nobody else."

"And what is your idea about the future?"

"That you must decide; but as you have asked me, I will tell you. The best thing I can do is to become busy; my time has been too much my own."

Mr. Tollingwood looked pleased at this, and answered—

"We will see about that when this Llandudno dissipation is over. Some of the Penthursts are going with us. Alick and his wife, perhaps Annie; who can tell? I would give twopence halfpenny if I knew who wrote this letter. Annie is a tremendous favourite of mine."

Then he shook hands with Horace, and went downstairs. To Mrs. Tollingwood he said—

"Now, Martha, I don't intend to have that lad worried. As far as I can tell, he has been trying to feed the devil with shadows, and it is not to be done; if we feed him at all, we have to feed him with ourselves; I know it. The lad will have to be talked to again; but let me take him in hand. I will not have him nagged at, mind that. He's as fond of Annie as he can be: you would never have thought it, would you?"

But Mrs. Tollingwood did think it. She was saved the trouble of answering, however, by her husband exclaiming—

"Why, Alick Penthurst and Annie are coming to see us! Well done, Alick!"

Annie was guiding her father towards the house, and Mr. Tollingwood hurried out to meet them.

"Now, this is a treat," he said. "I believe he is practising for Llandudno. Or have you found that philosopher's stone, Alick? Perhaps you have it in your pocket. Come along, come into the house. I am glad to see you."

"I have come about that anonymous letter," Mr. Penthurst said, when he had answered the usual commonplace questions.

This brought a cloud on Mr. Tollingwood's face, and he replied—

"I'd give twopence halfpenny if I had the writer of it in my clutches."

"Have you any suspicion who wrote it?" was the next question.

"None whatever."

"Has Horace?"

Here Mrs. Tollingwood spoke; she said that Horace was utterly unable to conjecture who had betrayed him and shown such paltry spite.

"Show them the letter, Annie," Mr. Penthurst said.

Before Annie could comply with this request, the door opened, and Horace, very pale and weak, walked into the room. The blind man turned his sightless eyes in that direction, and broke the embarrassing silence which followed by saying—

"That is Horace, I am sure; but it is not tne strong and sprightly Horace whose step I knew so well."

Mr. Penthurst held out his hand, which Horace shook warmly.

Annie seemed busy with the letter, but she looked up with burning cheeks, and also offered her hand to the young man.

Then Mr. Tollingwood spoke:

"I was just saying, Horace, that I'd give twopence halfpenny to know who wrote that letter: I mean that anonymous one. Where is it? Oh, Annie has it."

Then he took it from her, and opened it. His face wore a puzzled expression.

"This is not it," he said; "this is written with red ink."

"That is what we have come about," Mr. Penthurst replied. "The ink has turned red. Some years ago I made an ink which would dry as fast as it was written, but it had to be used with a gold pen or a quill; if used with a steel pen it would become red. That peculiarity was the ruin of my invention. I prepared very little of it, and gave it to my friends. Annie has experimented upon this writing, and has found that it was done with my ink. That ought to be a clue by which to discover the writer."

Everybody turned towards Horace.

"I have an indistinct remembrance," he said, "of using ink somewhere which seemed to dry as fast as it left the pen, but I cannot remember the time or place."

END OF CHAPTER THE NINTH.

MORE ABOUT MR. SMITH.

I HAVE explained on a former occasion* that Mr. Smith is a half-bred Dachshund, with a large share of sagacity and originality, who, with his friend and companion the big Collie, shares the country home of his two mistresses, and guards their property with the greatest fidelity. Every year he develops new traits, and gains a more masterly grasp of the situation; and takes everything and everybody under his protection in the most obliging way.

Both dogs have a curious partiality for cats, and, though not above the joys of "chivying" them up trees or across the garden, they are always excellent friends with those of their own establishment, and Smith always exercises a curious fascination over them. When he lies before the kitchen fire they will come sideling up and nestle beside him—cats and kittens alike—a familiarity that he in nowise resents, albeit never condescending to return their admiration by any too great show of affability. Our present cat

* See CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, July, 1886.

regularly romps with the dogs in the most absurd way. She gets on to a low window-sill, or some easily accessible place, and "brings them on" by every means in her power, till she has worked them up to a state of sufficient excitement, when she will make a bolt for one of their kennels—open casks that afford little cover—they after her, of course, when a great show of scuffling and barking and scratching goes on, a sort of siege, valiantly conducted on both sides until the combatants are about tired. Then comes the triumphant finale, which seldom varies. Col takes the cat by the nape of her neck, Smith holds on by the tail, and in this way they parade round the yard with their captive until they are satisfied. They tire sooner than the cat does, who generally tries to continue the entertainment after it has begun to pall upon the dogs. Strangers sometimes cry out that she is being torn to pieces, but they are rather astonished when, on release, she sits still before Col, trying to get him to take her up again.

Smith merely patronises and tolerates cats, but horses he dearly loves. He has a passion for running with them, and he takes them on his mind and watches them, and understands them in a fashion quite peculiar to himself.

He knows perfectly well that in harness a horse has no business to canter, and though when we are riding he takes no notice at all of a change of pace, if a horse in harness ventures to break, he rushes up like a whirlwind with a bark of angry remonstrance, and is not pacified until he sees the trot steadily resumed. This bark is quite different from any other. It is the language he addresses to the horses when he considers it his duty to rebuke them. If they are tiresome or stubborn at any time, he will watch silently whilst the battle is fought out, as if aware that his barking is not exactly soothing to the nerves of a fretted horse; but the moment the victory has been won, and the creature reduced to obedience, up comes Smith with a wild rush, and a long lecture is read to the offender as to *his* opinion of such conduct. The cadence of indignant rebuke in his voice at these moments is most unmistakable.

His bark of pleasure at going with the horses is altogether distinct. He is always as much excited and delighted at going out as if it were a pleasure of annual rather than of almost daily occurrence. Now he only barks for a short time at the start, but there was a time when he would keep up a ceaseless concert the whole way, till we almost felt inclined to doom him to his kennel when we went out. Luckily, however, in the days of his youth, he had a salutary lesson that produced a marked improvement in this respect, and was never, I think, quite forgotten. When he has a barking fit on he runs just in front of the horse, with his head over his shoulder, so, naturally, he cannot see very much where he is going. Once, when he was in one of his most objectionable moods, and nothing we could say or do could quench his joy or silence his clamour, we were traversing a somewhat unfamiliar road which turned a very sharp corner over a light, open, wooden bridge. Now Smith, running half backwards, not looking at anything but the horse, was quite unconscious of what was coming. He was not prepared for the turn or for the bridge, and, to our unspeakable delight, he deliberately ran on,

"THEY PARADE ROUND THE YARD WITH THEIR CAPTIVE."

with his head over his shoulder, until he just dropped flop into the water—a fall of about six or eight feet—as we passed over the bridge, and the current carried him some way down the stream before he could swim ashore and pursue his way.

I have never seen Mr. Smith so utterly quenched as he was that day after that impromptu cold bath. He was too subdued even to shake himself, and paddled home behind instead of in front of us, never so much as attempting to lift up his voice the whole way back. I do not think he ever forgot that ducking, and he was never so tiresome about barking afterwards.

Smith cannot bear in any way to feel that he has made a fool of himself. I think he hates nothing so much as to be made to look ridiculous. I remember once his vexation at mistaking a thick bed of water ranunculus for meadow land, and going splashing head over heels into the water when he thought he was crossing *terra firma*. We were riding by at the time; but I guessed from the way he was racing towards us over the grass that he would get an involuntary ducking, so I looked back to see, and sure enough in went my lord with a glorious splash and flounder. He loves the water, and cares no more for a wetting than

a duck, but he can't bear to be caught in a blunder; and I saw that the moment he scrambled out again he tossed the water out of his eyes, and stared to see if we had observed his humiliation. There was no mistaking his chagrin at meeting my eye. He puckered up his nose, as he does when he is ashamed, and then put on an air of easy assurance, and tried to pretend he didn't care.

His passion for the water has once or twice been gratified by a visit to the sea, which is a great delight to him. The first time, of course, he was immensely puzzled at finding all the water salt, and he made a round of every pool he could find, tasting each one to see if they were all alike, and drank so much salt water that he made himself quite ill. When he had got over that surprise, however, he gave himself up to unfeigned enjoyment, and lived in the water from morning till night.

We had joined a party of relatives at a pleasant sea-side rectory, and the only master Smith has ever condescended to recognise was one of this party. As a rule, Smith holds men very cheap, and will not condescend to take any but the scantiest notice of them; but he did attach himself, to a certain extent, to this master, and would go out with him gladly when bidden to do so, all the more gladly because he always carried a stick (over which Smith's soul yearned) and always took his exercise upon the shore.

"DROPPED INTO THE WATER" (*p.* 651).

To carry that stick, to fetch it out of the water, to race along the sand with it, and lead his master fine dances after it, became the very joy of Smith's heart; and then a new game was instituted that gave to him the keenest enjoyment.

When the pair were out together before breakfast one morning, his master scraped a trench in the sand, in which he laid the stick and covered it well up, Smith sitting by and watching intently. When it was all neatly buried the master got up and called the dog to follow, which he did, though not without many backward glances at the hidden treasure. Presently the wished-for word of command was given, and back rushed Smith, dug up his precious stick, and scampered off with it. But so fascinated was he by the game, that he promptly set to work to dig a trench himself in the soft dry sand above high-water mark, laid the stick in it, and covered it up with his nose: showing a power of observation and imitation quite beyond the average of that of dogs. To bury that stick and dig it up again became henceforth one of his most absorbing pursuits.

Smith is very funny when we take him into the water with us, when we bathe. At first he did not at all like us in our bathing dresses, and did not seem to think it proper that *we* should go into the water. He wouldn't come in with us for some time, but sat on the shore, and stared at us with an air of indignant remonstrance that was irresistibly comic. But the delights of the water proved too much at last for his pride or his disapproval, and he would let himself be coaxed in, and enjoy many a game of play with us and a stick.

He loved to race us for a stick, thrown by one of us into deep water. It was almost depressing to see how very much faster he could swim than we could, and he, of course, found his advantage at once, and enjoyed it immensely; but then, on the other hand, we could, when standing in our depth, intercept him on his return, and pick him up ignominiously in our arms. He would never on these occasions kiss us, not even if we begged him, and laid our cheeks to his in the most tempting proximity, though at other times he is terribly ready with his tongue, and loves nothing so well as stealing kisses from his mistresses when they are off their guard. But in the water, or when lifted up in the midst of a swim, nothing will ever induce him to open his lips. His jaws are locked together with a solemnity and resolution that are most ludicrous.

In one place where we stayed there was a raft made for the use of bathers, which we could propel into deep water by means of a small oar or paddle, and then dive off from it. This raft greatly excited Smith whenever we were on it. He would follow it eagerly, and greet us with great joy when we dived off into the water to join him. But what he loved best was to wait his chance, and quietly make off with the oar if

"DUG UP HIS PRECIOUS STICK" (*p.* 652).

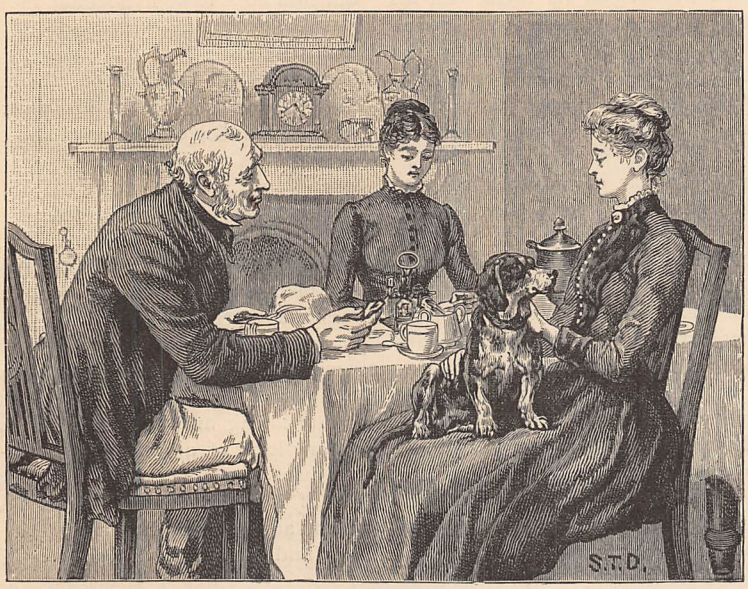
ever it slipped into the water, as it frequently did. He would seize the blade in his mouth, and swim vigorously to shore with it, leaving the bathers on the raft quite at the mercy of winds and waves. Luckily, however, its great size and weight made his progress but slow, and one of us could easily overtake and wrest his prize from him. Spectators on shore much enjoyed these manœuvres, and Smith became quite a noted character in the place. He made himself very useful on more than one occasion by rescuing hats that were blown into the sea by the force of the wind.

Smith's pleasure in the sea is only to be equalled by his delight at getting home afterwards. The recognition between him and the horses at the station is almost human, and Col and the cats cannot make enough of their companion and friend when once they get him back again. He is always very grand for a few days after his return, as if his new experiences had raised him to quite a different level; but, as his four-footed companions look up to him at all times as to a superior kind of being, these lofty airs give offence to no one.

Smith really has a very beautiful disposition, and a sense of right and wrong that some human beings might do well to emulate.

Sometimes an elderly visitor, somewhat long over his breakfast, is finishing his meal whilst we are reading. On more than one occasion when this has been the case, the desire to tempt Smith to a breach of decorum has been too strong to be resisted. Pieces of buttered toast or fried bacon have been held out to him, or any delicate morsels most likely to tempt his appetite. But I am proud to say that Smith has never yielded to the temptation. I feel him quivering with a sort of longing; but principle is too strong. There is no need for me to lay a detaining hand upon him, he wards off temptation himself by shutting his eyes and turning his head away, so that neither by sight nor by smell shall he be tempted to a breach of rule. One can thus leave plates of bread and butter or cake within his reach with perfect confidence; he never dreams of touching them. He has been alone for an hour or more in a room with the remnants of afternoon tea on plates actually on the floor beside him, and not a crumb has been touched. He would no more dream of taking what was not meant for him than a thoroughly well-trained child.

I have a little silver-mounted Malacca cane that I sometimes carry when walking out with the dogs. This stick Smith is never allowed to carry, as his teeth would leave too many traces behind; and his most eloquent pleadings to have it "just once" are always met with a steady denial. One day I had accidentally left this cane lying upon the lawn, and



"SMITH HAS NEVER YIELDED TO THE TEMPTATION."

I saw from an upper window a struggle of Smith's conscience over his wishes that really did him the greatest credit.

As he was playing about the lawn by himself, he suddenly came unawares upon this long-coveted treasure. He stopped and stared at it eagerly, and then looked carefully round him. I was hidden behind the window curtain, and there was nobody in sight. Then began the battle with himself. He looked at the stick; he smelt it carefully all the way along; he drew back a little to gaze at it, and licked his lips with the delight of anticipation. Then he approached and smelt it once more, and it seemed just as if he *must* take it and pull it to pieces, as he loves to do. But all of a sudden his better nature came to his aid. He turned his back upon temptation, and sat down with his head the other way, guarding the treasure till his mistress should claim it, but not touching himself what he knew he was not allowed to have.

This may seem a small victory to those who do not know Smith's passion for a stick, but such of his friends who are aware of this trait will appreciate his self-restraint.

Smith is very unselfish, too, and gives many proofs of this in his dealings with other dogs. We have a little visitor with us just now, a very small pure-bred Dachshund, called Fritz, whose master and mistress are abroad. Little Fritz has not much character of his own, and the chief individual trait he has developed is an adoration of Smith, which is a little overpowering to its object. Whenever Smith lies down to sleep, Fritz snuggles himself beside him, and makes a pillow of his broad back. He follows him like a shadow, sits by him at meal-times, and divides his food with him, Smith yielding up, in the most angelic way, many morsels thrown to him. He also extends this infatuation to Smith's possessions, and looks upon them as his. Smith has a treasured kennel of his own—a kennel that he loves with his whole heart. It is a small cask, that stands raised upon bricks under the mounting platform in the yard. It has a south aspect, gets all the sun, commands the stable and yard, and from its elevated position gives to its possessor a pleasant sense of dignity.

When Fritz came, a similar cask was allotted to him, and placed beside the mounting block on the ground, so that the two dogs might be close together. But nothing will satisfy Fritz save the sole possession of Smith's kennel. Smith will always let him come in beside him, but there really is not accommodation for both, and when that arrangement has been tried a little while it ends by Fritz's getting out again, and sitting whimpering outside; whereupon, after a short time, Smith will come out of his own accord, and take the despised lower kennel, giving up his own high and cosy nook beneath the block to his grasping little companion. This is the more generous on his part because he is not fond of Fritz, who persecutes him sadly sometimes, but only tolerates him on the score of his insignificance and feebleness.

We are just now suffering from the muzzle regulation, put on months ago for a good reason, but kept on, as is so often the case, with apparently needless persistence. When the rule was first enacted we sent to town for the wire cages so familiar there of late, and in due course went for a walk with the dogs all ignominiously muzzled. But whilst Col and Fritz wasted their energies in trying to get their muzzles off, Smith realised in a moment that this was beyond his powers, and, after imploring us with all the impassioned eloquence of which he is capable to remove it for him, and finding us obdurate, he took himself off to a neighbouring field, and deliberately set himself to break it.

We did not see what he was after, but in a few minutes he came tearing after us at a rollicking pace with the cage hanging in festoons about his triumphant countenance. It was in vain we sent it to the blacksmith's to be mended and made stronger than ever; let Smith but have it for a quiet ten minutes to himself, and it would come back a perfect wreck.

We soon gave up the wire cages altogether, and substituted soft leather muzzles of our own manufacture, which the dogs wear from morning to night without the least discomfort. We are thus saved the perpetual sense of worry that one otherwise feels lest the dogs should be getting on to the road unawares (as in a country house they must always be doing), whilst they are saved the indignity of being tied up—a thing that our dogs hate above everything, used as they are to being with us at all times and seasons.

The only real trouble of Smith's life is when his mistresses go up to town and leave him behind. It is very tantalising for him, when the portmanteaus go up-stairs to be packed, not to know if he is going to the sea-side, or if he is to be left alone with the servants for a while. Devoted as they are to him, nothing can make up to him for the loss of his mistresses, and when he looks up into our faces, and we are obliged to tell him he is to be left behind, his reproachful sorrow is quite pathetic. "I *never* want to leave you," he seems to say; "why do you go away from me?" Sometimes he sniffs about the boxes, and, finding that they really contain his mistresses' clothes, sits down and indulges in a good howl. But as a set-off against this sorrow is his joy at welcoming us home, when he will hardly let us out of his sight for days, and is quite frantic with delight when we ride out again and resume our usual habits. Dear Smith! I do not think that any words of mine can do justice to his precocious intelligence and unwavering fidelity. He is sitting warm and snug under my feet at this minute, and if I put down a hand he lays his nose in it with a gesture of contented happiness and affection. It is hard to tell whether he is most clever and amusing, or loving and devoted; but the best I can wish for any lover of animals is that he should possess as his own a companion so trusty and affectionate, so full of life and animation and the power of enjoyment, and so truly human in his comprehension of men and things, as our own dear Mr. Smith.

EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN.

A MAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMAN.

BY PROFESSOR J. STUART BLACKIE.

PART III.

BY reason, partly, of their inferiority in physical strength, partly of their finer susceptibility, women have less freedom of action than men; and the range of their experience of life is much more confined. A man can put forth his feelers in a thousand directions, from which a woman, whether from want of muscle or want of nerve, or from nice moral sensibility, is debarred; and if it be true, as Schiller says, that "men grow larger with their larger sphere," then woman in her smaller sphere is apt to become more confined in her range of idea and more narrow in her notions than her more roving companion.

Another element that narrows the sphere of a woman—and that an element fixed imperatively by nature—is maternity, and her destiny as the key-stone of the family circle, the monad of the social system. However wrong it may be in mothers to bring up their daughters with the notion that they ought to look on marriage as a primary object of life, the fact is that even in the most unfavourable circumstances seven women out of ten, or more, will be married; and equally certain it is that the manifest destiny of the majority of the sex will influence the feelings of the minority. Marriage and family life will in this way come to be looked on by young women pretty much as a profession is looked on by young gentlemen; and this destiny, while it brings with it, no doubt, certain valuable compensations, cannot fail to exercise a marked influence, both on the sphere of a woman's culture before she is married, and on the range of her experience when she is married. From this contraction of the field of female energy arise certain dangers that ought to be guarded against, and certain consequences that seem unavoidable. On the one hand, there is the danger that women may be artificially kept within a circle much narrower than the fair sweep of their capacity. Partly from want of exercise, partly from the imperious will of her free-ranging lord, she may be relegated into the nursery, and the kitchen, and the private parlour —τὸ γυναικεῖον—and become, as in ancient Athens, in Turkey, and to a considerable extent in modern Germany, more a mother of children and a dignified housekeeper than a companion and fellow-traveller through life to her husband. On the other hand, the consequence seems unavoidable that as the mother of a family the woman will be tied down to a routine of interesting, but narrowing, certainly not always elevating, duties; she cannot attend properly to her young ones, and specially to the baby, and at the same time take a warm interest in the weighty matters that agitate the world outside; nay, she will be driven, not rarely, to become so utterly indifferent to anything outside the range of her maternal ministrations, that she voluntarily lays aside all the accomplishments in which as a young woman she had rejoiced, and which had formed no small item in the attractions by which she gained the object of her maidenly ambition—a good husband. With these strictly maternal occupations the economy of the household, or housekeeping, will conspire to prevent the married woman from participating largely in the range of social experience which belongs to her lord; and in these various ways there will be generated a certain limitation in her sympathies and conceptions which the autocratic instinct of her partner may not seldom be more forward to cherish than to correct. This, of course, is wrong. On the husband the double duty lies of, at once, for his own sake, preventing the ambition of public life from encroaching on the kindly genialities of the fire-side, and for his wife's sake taking every opportunity of widening her view from the quiet precincts of the domestic establishment into the bustling arena of social life in Church and State.

The narrowness of the sphere in which a woman's social life is generally confined is the mother of a vice or fault, from which only women of exceptionally strong intellects and large interests are free, viz., the habit of treating the smallest matters as extremely important, interpreting a significance into accidental trifles, and exaggerating small faults and slips into serious offences. This tendency is intensified by the more acute sensibility of the sex, which makes them feel—to use a simile—as if the prick of a pin were as deep and as dangerous as a stab from a dagger; and again, from the idleness of many women, whether unmarried or married, and not engrossed by the cares of a fertile motherhood, which leads them not only to attach undue importance to what happens within their own circle, but to intermeddle, wherever a fair opportunity offers, with other people's matters, and to gather up loose talk from all quarters, which easily ripens into lies and slander. On this besetting sin of a section of the sex St. Paul has touched, in a well-known passage (1 Tim. v. 13), with the trenchant phrase of which he was so great a master; in extenuation of which we would only remark that this intermeddling proceeds not merely from the horror which all nature has of a vacuum, but from that quiet sympathy with anything vital, which, as it is one of the strongest instincts, so it leads to all the most beneficent agencies of the sex.

That women are more given to petty envyings, and jealousies, and rivalries than men, is a remark to which I have often listened with pain—not from men, but from women: good specimens of the sex. Such unholy jealousies are found amongst all competitors for public favour, both men and women, especially artists and other exhibitors; and, if it be true in any degree that women, who live in a certain sense by exhibition of their charms—as men, no doubt, have their strong points, which they are nothing loth to parade—are more given than men to petty jealousies and evil-speaking of one another, it cannot be because their moral nature is less noble, but because of the very fact which we have just been accentuating: that their range of thought is more limited, their judgment less cool, their sensibility more fretful, and their leisure more abundant. Occupation is the best specific against the entrance of all petty passions. A busy man will forget an unkind expression hastily dropped, which an idle woman will seize upon and nurse into the dimensions of a studied affront.

Of jealousy in amatory relations I need here say nothing; for it seems unquestionably to belong more to individual idiosyncrasy, social habits, and climatic temperament than to the difference of sex. Husbands, I presume, are more given to jealousy in Asia than in Europe, in Europe than in America; and the jealousy of a woman for another woman will be less the more she has trained herself to a confidence in the character, and the less she clings to the mere person of her lord. Anyhow, jealousy is a mean passion strongly steeped in the selfish element which delights in exclusive possession, and by which only low and ignoble natures will be habitually controlled.

In these latter days, which from the great French Revolution of 1789 have been marked everywhere by free self-assertion of all kinds, and strongly-pronounced individualism, the question has arisen how far the female sex shall be encouraged to step beyond the narrow bounds within which, by social tradition and positive law, they have from the earliest ages been confined; and there can be no question that in proportion as society has advanced, the gap between the male and the female sphere of action has sensibly diminished. It is also of importance to observe that as society advances in wealth and material well-being, the increased expense and difficulty of keeping up a domestic establishment suitable to the times will cause the number of unmarried women to increase; and the question arises, *What are they to do?* Of course, under such a change of circumstances, every hindrance ought to be removed that may prevent women from taking part in employments from which they are not excluded by physical or mental disabilities or moral considerations. Experience will afford the best proof how far they are able to hold their own against the superior energy of the male; but there are not a few professions and occupations, it is obvious to remark, hitherto confined to men, in which the moral virtues so conspicuous in women are as important as the intellectual and physical energy of the male. In this view, EDUCATION and the practice of MEDICINE in its familiar routine seem to be marked out as the peculiar province of the female. In the "Iliad" it is noticeable that the person who surgeons the wound of Patroclus ("Iliad," xi. 740), one of his favourite heroes, is a lady—

> "Who every healing herb doth know
> That on the breast of earth may grow."

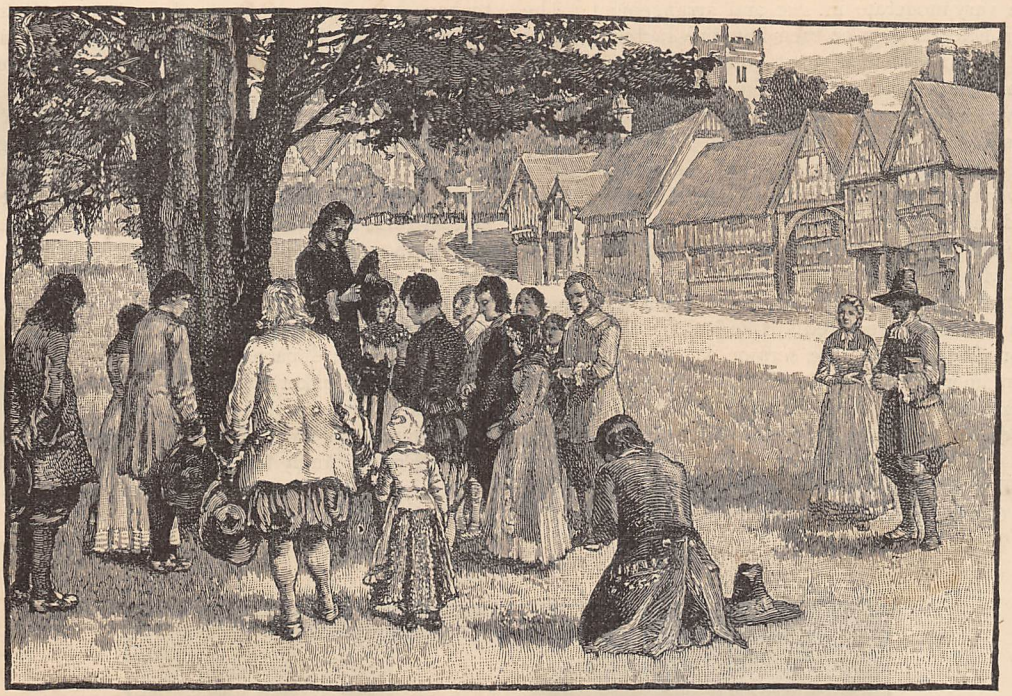
The aptitude of women as teachers may now be considered as sufficiently proved; besides their natural love of order, and their sympathies with the young, they carry a grace and a graciousness with them into everything they do, that points out the schoolroom as one of their most natural spheres of action. Then, as to higher stages of educative activity, there seems no reason why women should not lecture and preach when they have the gift. Observe, when I say *preach*, I do not think they ought to be made bishops or supreme administrators in any shape; there are many reasons against that. But preaching depends as much on a special emotional inspiration, which women may have, perhaps, even more naturally than men. There were "wise women" among the ancient Hebrews, of whom honourable mention is made in the Books of Samuel and elsewhere in the Old Testament Scriptures; the *Bructeri* on the banks of the Lippe in the Rhine country had their patriotic Velleda; and though St. Paul, from the irregularities which had grown rank in the Corinthian Church, found it right in the then circumstances to prohibit a woman from speaking *in the Church*, there were, nevertheless, prophetesses of note in those earliest Christian times (Acts xxi. 9), and they may justly be expected to show themselves in an age when their general status in society is almost as superior to what it was amongst the ancient Greeks and the modern Turks as freedom is to slavery. Apostolic fervour and saintly purity they certainly will never lack; while recent conferences have taught us that when they have once overcome their natural reluctance to public exhibition, their eloquence and power of graceful expression, and the whole tone of their address, are admirable. From the loveless wranglings and the soulless formulas of the LAW, as from the factions and squabbles of professional politicians, they will thank Heaven that they are naturally excluded; though this, of course, is no reason why they should not, as citizens, exercise an indirect influence on politics by voting for Members of Parliament and other public officials in a representative constitution. Unmarried women, whatever the marriage laws may say of the married, have a *persona standi* in the State as well as men; and in democratic states, or mixed governments with a strong infusion of democracy, as in England, where the most ignorant and dependent of the male population are placed in the matter of representation on the same platform with the most competent, it is difficult to imagine a valid reason for the exclusion of well-educated and noble-minded women.

To conclude: In practically dealing with the professions and occupations proper for women, it must never be forgotten that there are exceptional women, as there are exceptional men—women of a masculine type, and men of a feminine type. I do not, therefore, see why,

if any woman find herself of such a decidedly masculine type as to wish to practise as a barrister and wrangle in the Law Courts, or be an M.P. and do battle with an outrageous Irishman or a hard-headed Scot, she should be forbidden to do so by any absolute law of exclusion. Let her go and play the legal or the Parliamentary Amazon, or even the soldier, as *La Pucelle* did at Orleans, in the reign of Henry VI., if that suits her genius. But in such fashion to unsex themselves publicly can never be the interest or the policy of normally constituted women. The more they confine themselves to those professions and occupations that offer the greatest scope for their peculiar virtues and graces, the better for themselves and for the society of which, when worthy of themselves, they are always the better half.*

SOME CURIOUS QUAKER CUSTOMS.

BY A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.



AN OPEN-AIR MEETING.

ALTHOUGH the numerical strength of the Society of Friends has, I believe, remained stationary for the last few years, there is no doubt, alas! that most of its quaint old habits and customs are gradually dying out. I admit there may be good excuses for many of those members who are discarding the dress and manners of their parents; they may not be convenient or becoming to all, and younger Friends will say that these old customs arose at a time of great social corruption, and as a protest against the bigotry, the senseless extravagance, and the licentiousness that prevailed at the end of the seventeenth century. Whether *we* are more tolerant, less wasteful, or more pure, is a question I will not attempt to decide, but at any rate we are more advanced, and owing to the enormous increase of education, the power of the press, and the easy modes of communication, our righteous grievances are more likely to be attended to in the natural course of justice than by our wearing any special dress or adopting an unusual formula. Notwithstanding all this, I, for one, sincerely regret the soft grey and dove-coloured skirts, the graceful shawls, and the immaculate lawn or muslin kerchiefs and caps we so seldom see amongst us now.

Talking of dress, I may mention that when this Society was *first* organised by George Fox, there is no record of any special dress, only a passing notice that the members generally wore black hoods and green

* The writer alone is responsible for the views expressed in this paper.—ED.

aprons; and a story is told, which I cannot vouch for, that about that time an ancient Friend rose to preach, and instead of saying, "Oh, my friends," she began, "Oh, black hoods and green aprons, saith my soul," &c.! There is also an old picture still extant showing George Fox preaching from a stool in the centre of the meeting, with many of the Friends round him attired in this quaint fashion. In 1700 an increase of gaiety was reprimanded amongst the "younger female Friends," who began to wear a "headgear known as the skimming-dish hat," and seventeen years later a minute passed the Meeting to protest against "the immodest fashion of wearing hooped petticoats," and also against men Friends "wearing hat and clothes after a beauish fashion." Wigs were only to be allowed to the old and bald, and even then they were to be very moderate in size and arrangement. The reason Friends keep on their hats in a sacred building is by no means because of want of reverence, but because they do not consider the *building* itself ought to have any superstitious respect paid it, and they will only stand bareheaded before God; when prayer is uttered, all the congregation stands up, and the men uncover their heads. George Fox used at one time to attend public worship in the Established Church, but when the preacher uttered sentiments he could not agree with, he would most solemnly put on his broad-brimmed hat, and only take it off when a welcome strain of doctrine recurred. If he had sat with his hat on for very long, and the sermon was still distasteful to him, he would slowly rise and silently walk out. It was originally for *purposes of habitual protest* that Friends sat in places of worship with their hats on. From the rise of Quakerism there has always been a dislike to display or show in dress. For many years George Fox was known in the North as "the man with the leathern breeches," and partly on this account he was often received amongst the people with superstitious dread, whereas he had in reality only adopted this curious garb as he found cloth was not sufficiently strong or durable for his rough wanderings in the dales. Just before 1800 I find mention of a wedding which much shocked the Elders of the Meeting, owing to the "gaudy attire" of the assembly, and more especially the appearance of a "black boy in sumptuous livery, who attended the bride to her coach door;" and in 1839, Isaac Wright wrote a circular, in which he said, "Methought one good effect would be caused by the disuse of the muffs, tippets, and boas, which appear so commonly amongst us; and also may I not suggest whether, for example's sake, the veil should not be dispensed with?" This Friend seems to have been rather unfair, as he only finds fault with the women, and I should have thought muffs and boas might have been considered useful, and not luxurious articles of attire.

Although the celebrated Elizabeth Fry was a born Friend, she was not "convinced" until she was grown up; and there was a very interesting account given of this event by one of her sisters, who stated that on a certain First Day morning dear Betsy was very restless in Meeting; *she had on purple boots laced with red!* but she was so impressed by William Savory's eloquent address that she there and then was moved by the Spirit to commence a new religious life, from which she never departed.

Apropos of Quaker bonnets, I was told last year that some antiquarian, wishing to obtain a complete dress belonging to this sect, asked the younger members of an old Friend family for some of their grandparents' garments. One can hardly imagine the horror inspired by the answer. "Oh, you can have all the

AN OLD-TIME QUAKER WEDDING.

broad-brimmed hats, but there are no bonnets left, as we took off the silk, and used them as footlight shades in our theatricals last holidays. I am so sorry, but they did capitally!" Oh, that the descendants of the old Quaker stock should have so little reverence left for the memory of their ancestors!

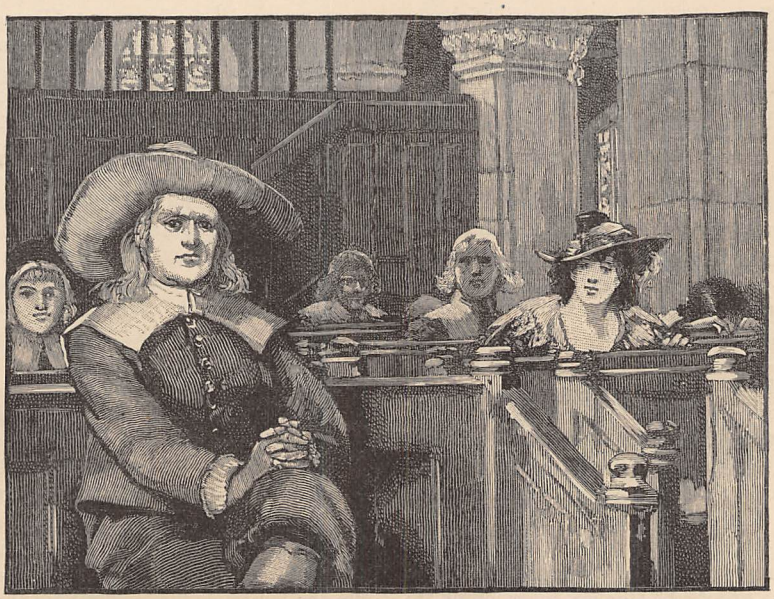
The Society of Friends has always been remarkable for the energy of its women members. From the very first we find mention of their perseverance, their strength under persecution, and their eloquence and influence. In 1650, before the Society had taken root in London, two women Friends were distributing tracts and aiding George Fox in the North, and they came to town later to continue this work under circumstances of great difficulty, and even danger. It appears that as early as 1668 there was some sort of idea that the men and women should sit on different sides of the Meeting, and in 1678 a complaint was made that "the young men would sit too near the women, and made too great a crowd;" this same year it was ordained that they should sit apart. The very first meetings held in dwelling-houses seem to have been mostly silent, though "one Isabel Buttery sometimes spake a few words;" but Elizabeth Hooker is recorded to have been the first formal woman preacher. Two years later, when the persecution had begun, and the use of meeting-houses proscribed, Friends met together in the open street rather than hold treasonable or secret services, and on one of these occasions the popular feeling was so strong against them that the coachman of one of the justices drove up and down through the little crowd to disperse it, and although he injured several persons, and "ran over a delicate female Friend," there was no redress to be obtained.

Notwithstanding the numberless acts of cruelty and injustice, the account of which belongs to history and not to these pages, we find the little sect rapidly increasing, and in 1671, out of eighty-four ministering Friends, thirty-five were women. Again and again, during the years of persecution, records are to be found of wives and widows who opened their houses for meetings, and who lodged and fed the travelling Friends. One of the first testimonies of denial was also, unfortunately, against a woman, one Elizabeth Nicholls, who appears to have "spread base reports and scurrilous inventions" against the Society she was then a member of, so in 1694, at Devonshire House, a minute was passed to disown her. We must not forget the courageous Mary Fisher, who, with two other Friends, travelled about this time to Turkey, *to convert the Sultan*, having felt she was moved of the Spirit to undertake this journey—no easy task in those days. On their arrival they found the Sultan was camping out, and that he was surrounded by soldiers; but, nothing daunted, Mary Fisher went on alone, and either by her determination or the strange nature of her mission, she was received by his Majesty, and told him she had been sent of God. After listening attentively to her long sermon, the Sultan thanked her for coming, and offered her a guard to escort her safely back, but this she declined, and returned as she came. This mission was, I fear, as unsuccessful as that undertaken by several Friends a few years later, who were "moved" to journey to Rome to convert the Pope. To the worldly mind there may be something very ludicrous in these journeys, and in many other "Quakerish notions," but at any rate there is a certain simplicity and single-heartedness about them which should forbid intolerant judgment, even if they cannot command respect.

Amongst the Englishwomen who have been distinguished for philanthropy, patience under persecution, charm of manner, and intellect and wit, combined with pure and devout hearts, I think we may fairly claim high places for the names of the Quakeresses, Elizabeth Fry, Margaret Fell, Giulielma Penn, Mrs. Opie, and Caroline Fox.

Although for many years Friends' weddings were illegal, and no licence could be obtained, they had a certain formality and order of their own. George Fox ordained that notice must be given beforehand of an intended marriage, so that the matter might be inquired into, and objected to if thought unsuitable, and that the greatest care was to be taken that every birth, marriage, and death were properly entered in the register kept for the purpose at the Meeting-house. He also insisted that no wedding should take place without at least twelve witnesses. It is curious to observe in 1731 that "A Testimony was issued against a Friend for unwarrantable marriage with his deceased wife's sister," and intermarriage between first cousins or very young people has never been approved by the Society. If a widow desired to marry again, an inquiry was always instituted to see if, beforehand, she had made proper provision for the first husband's children. An instance of this is given when George Fox married the rich widow Fell, as he insisted that all her wealth should be willed to her own children before the wedding. It is only quite lately that the ring has been used at a Quaker wedding, and the only form or ceremony, except the signing of the register, is the declaration made by the bridegroom and bride in turn. The man first stands up and says, "Friends, I take this my friend, A B, to be my wife, promising, through Divine assistance, to be unto her a faithful and loving husband until it shall please the Lord, by death, to separate us." And then the woman repeats the formula, after which silence prevails. To my mind, the words "by death" show the olden Friends would not admit the idea of divorce. A story goes that there was once an old Friend going to be married who was very fond of emphasising his sentences by little additions of his own, and when making the declaration, he finished up, "until it shall please the Lord, *in His infinite mercy*, by death, to separate us."

From its earliest days the Society seems to have been composed of people in every class of life, and the poor were always, as they are now, looked after by the richer members. A very interesting table is given in "London Friends' Meetings," compiled by William Beck and T. F. Ball, stating the social positions of Friend bridegrooms. In this I notice that whereas in or about 1680 there were thirty-nine shoe-



GEORGE FOX PUTS ON HIS HAT IN CHURCH.

makers and tailors, and not one banker, married at Meeting, about 1780 there were seven bankers and only fifteen shoemakers on the register.

Friends have always thought the outward forms of baptism and black mourning unnecessary, and advice was given that funerals should be conducted in a very simple and inexpensive manner; at the same time it was thought desirable that during lifetime some suitable spot for burial should be secured; and when, in 1678, the act for burying in woollen was passed, Friends "doe agree that the compliance therewith is a civil matter, and fit to be done." Twenty years later some women were censured for wearing black after the death of relations, "as too much imitating the world's custom in that they call mourning;" and "dinners in public-houses," "costly treats, giving of gloves," and "sleeping in Meeting," were found to be "hurtful to our profession."

Nowadays the life of a Friend family is very little different from that of any other. The old language is gradually being dropped, and this, I think, is a sincere matter for regret; every other country has its "tutuoiement," and it will be a great pity if ours, though it be only local, is allowed to lapse. We must remember that when "Friends" arose, the "thee" and "thou" were more or less offensive terms, and only generally used to inferiors, but our little Society considered them grammatical and more truthful, and frequently enraged the judges and clergy by using them. I have heard of an excellent, though ungrammatical, old Friend who is reported to have said, "I had rather die as a dog in a ditch than use the plural *verb* 'you.'" As we know, the objection, founded on Scripture, to taking the oath was so strong, that a law has been passed allowing an affirmation; and in many other ways than this the influence of Friends' principles will leave their mark on history. George Fox objected to saying "good morrow," as he said that *nothing* God made could be bad, and that this salutation implied a doubt; and when Elizabeth Fry held a meeting in the Palace at Berlin before all the royalties there, she began each sentence, "If the princes and princesses will permit," no doubt feeling this to be courteous, without being servile.

In every philanthropic movement, Friends have always been to the fore. As early as 1671 provision was made for "servants out of place;" and six years later, twelve hundred pounds (no mean sum in those days) was subscribed for the widows and orphans of poor Friends. The mentally afflicted were also an object of care, and William Tuke was the first to propose providing homes for them. This idea was considered so absurd at the time, that a clergyman said he thought William Tuke ought to be the first inmate himself, as he must be mad to suggest such a plan.

In these practical days, when we find so little faith of any sort, many of us must deplore the fact that Friends' numbers are not increasing; and though we may differ from many of their views, even the most sceptical will allow that both in past and present times the community at large has been, and often is, benefited by the influence of this Society, and by the example of purity and truth shown by most of its members. Also, although we may not agree with all their tenets, we must admit that there are not many sects who can show so "clean a record" on the pages of history, nor whose leaders have led such blameless and useful lives.

A HEALTHY NURSERY.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

IT is love alone, love pure and simple, that prompts a mother to do everything in her power for the well-being and comfort of her offspring. A sense of duty seldom has, nor should it have, anything to do with the matter; for duty in some measure implies self-sacrifice, performed at the bidding of conscience. It is Nature that is the maternal guide.

But, nevertheless, even a mother may err in treatment of, and in her choice of what is best for, the child. As often as not, she does so when trying to do too much. Reason may be at fault, instinct never. Mankind has both in a great degree of perfection; in the lower scale of creation we have to believe that instinct predominates. Yet how seldom it is that the creatures of the fields make mistakes in their little nurseries! While studying and admiring the homes made without hands, which we see around us in walking through the woods in spring, we cannot help saying with the poet—

> "Reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
> In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man."

Now, as regards the room called the nursery, we should bear in mind, I think, that it is here the future man or woman is really moulded and made, and the state of his or her future health determined. Well, I mean to devote the biggest half, and maybe more, of this paper to a description of what I think a healthy nursery ought to be; and, if I have any space to spare, I may say a word or two about nursery accidents.

Where shall we have the nursery? Says a writer in a London magazine, "There is no place good enough for a nursery while a better is to be found. Pass the ground floor, and then select the largest, the loftiest, the best-ventilated, and the best-lighted room in the house—the room with the largest windows, and commanding the cheeriest prospect—and make that the nursery."

These words were surely not meant in serious earnest, yet there is some degree of solid sense in it. But to take the advice literally would be to turn our houses into nurseries from top to bottom. We should not give our children to understand—and remember, they are not slow at grasping the facts of a situation—that they are supreme rulers *in domo*, and their parents but slaves. Such a state of matters would be intolerable, and subversive of all the rules that ought to guide us in properly rearing our little folks. Were the principal rooms in the house to be set apart as nurseries, then farewell all peace to *pater* and his friends. Fancy a poor author condemned to concentrate, or a clergyman obliged to compose, in a study under a nursery with, say, even three children and a maid in it! Earthquakes, Comanche Indians, barrel-organs, and bagpipes, would be nothing compared to such an annoyance. Male parents would seek refuge in their clubs, and mothers be driven distracted.

No, let baby be king by all means—bless his innocent soul—*but*—let him be king in his own corner.

In the choice of a room for the nursery, there are many things to be considered. But it is of paramount importance that it should be so situated as not to interfere with the general internal economy of the house itself, and not to be itself interfered with. Rooms for the children are the children's rooms, and sacred to the children. Let me describe a nursery more in detail.

I. *Situation.*—It is good for parents and all concerned when this can be chosen on a scientific basis. The room or rooms should be on the ground floor, if this be in accordance with health; and it is so in most country places. If it be so situated, the little ones can run in and out at pleasure, and spend much of their time in the open air. A play-ground should be close by the door, or, better still, close outside the casement window. This window, for sake of light, should open right down to the floor, and be protected at the lower half by wire mesh-work, to save the glass. In big towns, the nursery cannot always be so placed; the dwelling-house may be hemmed in with other houses, in which case it is best to have the children's rooms on the first floor, or even right away up in the attics, where the air, of course, is purest.

There is this danger to be run where the rooms are well aloft, namely, falling down-stairs. The top part should always be protected by a gate, and the rails ought to be strong and secure.

II. *The Aspect.*—Bearing in mind that no creature can thrive without sunlight, the windows of the children's rooms should look south or south-east or south-west. The mind has a wonderful effect over the body, more especially in a growing child, and a gloomy outlook from a nursery window is most depressing. If a choice had to be made between a room that looked on to a busy street, and one that commanded a beautiful view of the country, the former ought to be selected, as being more in accordance with the mind and mood of childhood.

The nursery indeed should be altogether "sunshiny" and cheerful.

The windows should be guarded in some way or other to prevent a child tumbling over when they are open. I must confess I do not like bars, however.

The glass of the windows at the lower part should also be protected, not that a child if at all properly schooled will mischievously smash a pane, but that

panes may get broken by accident, and worse accidents occur from contact with broken glass.

III. *Furniture and Fittings.*—The paper on the walls is a fixture, if not a fitting, and something must be said about that. We have heard a great deal of late years about poisonous wall-papers. I merely mention them to remind parents that such do exist, and should never be hung in rooms where children sleep or live. It ought to be remembered, also, that *green* is not the only colour that may be called suspicious.

It would be best, indeed, if the walls of a nursery were either painted or simply washed with some delicate tint, not easily rubbed off.

The walls may be hung—here and there—with nice engravings or good photographs, but let no oil or water-colour painting otherwise than the best be seen thereon. The walls of a nursery may be nicely and tastefully adorned without expense. Brackets may hang here and there, and flowers should not be forgotten. These latter should be placed in cheap vases, and if one of these be occasionally *inadvertently* broken, so much the better, as it will form the text on which to hang a little sermon to the culprit child on in-door propriety.

Of course, the nursery is to be as large a room as possible, for the sake of purity and health. It should have no carpet, and really a bare, dry, well-scrubbed wooden floor is better and more wholesome than either oil-canvas or linoleum, as these latter are apt to give colds, and children must and will squat on the floor. But skins here and there, or rugs, are very handy.

Curtains are not needed on the windows, and they are dangerous around the fire. But one big curtain may be hung in front of the door.

There should be no beds, not even a baby's cot, in the day nursery, and the sofa or daïs should be a cane or hair-bottomed one.

The rest of the furniture should be meagre enough. A large screen is handy, and the older children may amuse themselves by decorating it with scraps. There should be a cupboard or doll and toy house for each child, and he or she ought to be, at a very early age, initiated in the mysteries of *meum* and *tuum*. No infant should be allowed for one moment to appropriate the toys of an elder sister or brother, on the plea that "he is only a baby."

There should be plenty of means of amusement for children in the nursery, adapted and suited to their various ages, from the straw-rattle to the game of draughts, but no rude or noisy sports, no parlour cricket or nursery tennis. Again, it should be remembered that in rainy weather the little folks will be a good deal confined to the nursery, therefore "crawling ferlies," or infants proper, should not have it in their power to make matters uncomfortable for their bigger brethren. This they may do by the objectionableness of their toys. Drums, trumpets, and whistles should be relegated to the out-door playground; picture-books and mechanical toys which teach the child to think, should take their place in-doors.

IV. The *Ventilation* of nurseries is an all-important subject, for without pure air health is an impossibility.

V. *Temperature* of the nursery. This should be as equable as possible: never hot. As you value the health of your children, do not let the mercury in the thermometer rise in winter above 60°, and in summer keep it as cool as possible. In July, August, and even September, "open doors and wide ports" should be the motto. The heat during cold weather had better be kept up by means of a slow-combustion stove. The air, if necessary, may be moistened by putting a saucer of water over the stove.

A screen should always be placed over an open fire-range, and outside this, or around the stove, a brass railing.

VI. The one objection to a railing round the stove is this—and it is a very solid one—servants or nurses are apt to hang thereon articles of wearing apparel to air or dry. I cannot too strongly condemn such an act. Washing soiled linen or doing any cooking in the nursery are other acts that I merely mention in order to deprecate; for the air in the children's rooms cannot be too sweet and pure.

VII. Two *thermometers* are necessary adjuncts to every healthy nursery. One is the little clinical instrument before mentioned in this Magazine, the other the bath thermometer.

VIII. The *bath* itself must be a regular institution. Let it be given as often as possible, but the weekly warm bath *must on no account* be neglected. I have spoken about it before, and have here only to add that a cold sponge-down may be used to the older and stronger children with advantage.

IX. The *general comfort* of the nursery should be a mother's constant study; the rock she is most likely to split upon being that of over-coddling and making hot-house plants of her little folks. She has to remember that the world is all before them, and they must be rendered fit to enter it and do battle with it.

X. *Sleeping Apartments.*—These should be sleeping apartments in reality, sacred only to prayers and repose. They should be well ventilated, large, with but little furniture and no curtains, and the children's candle should be taken away as soon as they are tucked up.

Cots for infants have nowadays taken the place of cradles. I think the change is a wholesome one, and that the sleep of a child that is neither rocked nor swung into insensibility must be sweet and refreshing.

XI. *Perambulators* should only be used for children who cannot easily walk or toddle. They no doubt save the dress in muddy pathways, and prevent infants from catching cold through the feet. But the face and neck should be seen to on breezy days, else the chest and even the *eyesight* may suffer. I more than half believe that a great deal of eye-weakness is attributable to the use of the modern perambulator, which so often exposes the child's face to wind and sun.

XII. The *Playground* is the real out-door nursery, and here the children are to be permitted to run wild and do everything they please within the bounds of propriety.

ALL SOULS' NIGHT.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

MYSIE COSBY was sitting by her kitchen fire.

She was the country beauty for miles round: soft and plump as a cushat dove, with just as gentle eyes, and with thick flaxen hair. She had been married these three months and more to the richest farmer in the lowland country—John Cosby by name. Fair to see, well-to-do, newly married, Mysie should have reckoned herself a happy and lucky girl.

As it was, she had been sitting alone two hours by the kitchen fire, and knew she might sit there alone half the night. She was leaning forward in a low wooden chair, one elbow on her knee, and her chin resting in the palm of her hand. There was a sad look in her blue eyes—one that is to tears what mist is to rain; and they were fixed intently on the red glow between the burning peats.

Poor Mysie! She was not building castles in the air; she was sadly recalling her past—her happy girlhood in her parents' cottage among the many romping lads and lasses of the family, where poverty and trouble came often enough, but yet all the members were hearty and happy—at least the young ones.

This night was the 2nd of November. It was the solemn All Souls' Night, following upon All Saints' Day, and the night before that had been Allhallow Even, when merry old customs are kept at gatherings and supper among the country folk.

Only a year ago what fun Mysie and the other girls had in her father's cottage at Hallow E'en, burning nuts on the hearthstone to see whom each lass should marry! How they had put down a nut for Mysie with laughing and daffing! Then one on either side of hers was for this shepherd and that ploughman, and again for yon Glasgow clerk and Jamie Steenson, the dapper young shopkeeper from "the town" (the nearest market town). But Mysie's nut only smouldered coldly, whilst theirs blazed vainly to ashes.

At last, with a puff, Jamie's nut jumped clean away, and left Mysie's alone! Mysie hid a little pang from her friends at the omen; for the country lasses all looked after Jamie, though the lads called him "a pert sprig." She had been flattered by his town-bred compliments, and "fancied him most," though she had always told him she was "no' in a hurry to be married."

However, that Hallow E'en, Mysie urged herself to laugh loudest of all, and pull the kail-stick out in the cabbage garden foremost. And a fine straight cabbage-stalk she gripped in the darkness, with plenty of earth, in omen of good fortune, sticking to it.

"What a grand husband ye'll get, Mysie!" all cried. "But who will he be?"

Who, indeed? John Cosby had not then laid eyes on her suddenly at the winter fair, nor come courting till months afterwards; and yet Mysie was now wooed and married and a'!

"He frightens me at times, father," she had said when the old man urged the rich young farmer's suit, that was an honour to the family.

"Hoot-toot, lassie!" the old man soothed her—"He's only a wee thing" (trifle) "silent and masterful in manner, being one that knows his own mind; but John Cosby has a good heart, I tell ye."

Then the mother with wistful eyes took Mysie aside, and told her of their troubles, and how hard it was to face them all, especially since the cow died in winter. John Cosby was a rich man; but neither she nor the father would wish to force a child of theirs to a distasteful match. Mysie could not honestly say she disliked her suitor. She was ashamed to say she might have liked another better—for Jamie Steenson had never spoken of marriage to her, perhaps being prudent. So, as John Cosby pressed his wooing ardently and all the neighbours envied her—well, she was married.

And this All Souls' Night, Mysie was sitting *alone!*

Mysie recalled her late wedded experience with features changing from an expression of sadness only to a frown of resentment. From the beginning she had received her husband's expressions of affection coldly, and tried to avoid all endearments. At first John Cosby attributed this to maiden shyness, which only fanned his flame the more. But when he found no change after marriage, week in, week out—that Mysie looked either frightened and silent in his company, or, even worse, suppressed a yawn at times—he grew vexed. A smouldering discontent in his heart broke into fire now and again with angry words, for he was a man of strong feelings, and loved the girl passionately. Mysie, the petted child at home and spoilt beauty, answered him with saucy lightness. Cosby was perhaps not a patient husband; very soon he took his wife to task.

"Look here, lass," said he: "do you or do you not care for me, your lawful husband? That is the question." He gripped her arm tightly in his earnestness, and hurt her. His angry brown eyes were all alight with gleams of possible wrath, like summer lightning playing before a storm. He certainly looked a man to fear.

"Let me go!" gasped the girl. "I can't help it, if you are my lawful husband. Goodness knows I rue it at times!"

A spasm contracted John Cosby's features.

"Do you or do you not care for me, I say?"

"*I don't*—there!" The young woman launched her defiance in passionate heedlessness, only anxious to free herself from the grasp that was bruising her tender flesh.

Cosby dropped his hold, stepped back, and involuntarily put his hand over his heart, as if Mysie had

struck him there violently and taken the breath out of him.

"You don't!" he repeated slowly. "Maybe you never did?"

"Never," said Mysie, her blue eyes wild in her excitement. "I married you because you were well-off, and they all were urging me to do it. But now I wish I'd never come to your lonely big farm. Never a soul to speak to; no neighbours; no life. All I want, now I am here, is just that you would leave me alone."

A second time her husband turned white, and winced as if a bullet had blazed through him.

"It's all his nonsense—like play-acting," thought Mysie scornfully. Yet she added in momentary relenting, "It's best to say the truth," and salt tears rose to her eyes; why she knew not, but her anger was melting.

"Yes," said Cosby slowly, and in a strange deep tone, "truth is best. Well, lass, I understand now—and I'll *leave ye alone*."

And he kept his word.

Three terrible months followed—months of companionship with a sullen mute, for hardly a word to his wife now crosssed John Cosby's lips. "Three months of living chained to a corpse, as one might say," Mysie declared to herself; never a soul to speak to but old Effie, the maid of all work, who eyed her mistress with harsh disfavour. Oh, it was maddening!

After a few weeks Mysie vowed she could not bear it. She tried anger and scoffs; but the dark look on Cosby's face made her pause, trembling. She was an impulsive young creature, after all; never used to weigh her words, and timorsome, had John but known it. Then she tried humbling herself, any course being better than this maddening silence day after day. But to her faltering attempts at talk, John Cosby only replied with a pale bitter smile, that withered the poor olive-leaf offered him. In hurt revulsion of feeling Mysie told herself, his sneers were more bitter to bear than his anger.

Once, after two months of this conjugal martyrdom, Mysie tried to run home to her people. The farm lay lonely, though it was a large and rich one. Who would see her stealing down the long headrigs of the yellow cornfields? John would be working on the far side of the farm, so she might easily escape and walk to her father's house—eight miles away. But Mysie had not sped through the last field of the farm in fear and trembling before her husband, stepping as by chance out of a fir-wood, confronted her. Mysie stopped, gasping. There was a strange look on his face.

"You are out for a walk," remarked Cosby, breaking his usual silence. "It's time to go back now."

Without a word Mysie turned and crept home; her spirit was cowed before the man—to tell the truth, she never had owned much beyond the airs of a vain village beauty. John remained still as one of the granite gate-posts beside which he stood, watching her. Nearing the farm, Mysie furtively turned her head, and could still see him, a black speck afar, and even at that distance she feared him.

"I won't bear it," she repeated, half crying, to herself. But she had to bear it.

So now the young wife was sitting alone this All Souls' Night. Where was John? Most likely at the "Gaping Goose," a mile down the road, for he always went out after supper.

Mysie little knew that a pair of dark brown eyes were watching her intently through the kitchen window, nor that for the last hour a man's form had stood motionless out there in the cold and darkness. There was a jealous fire in the watcher's heart that warmed him; brooding, full of suspicion, his gaze was steadily fixed upon Mysie. Once she wiped her eyes. The man quivered like an aspen.

"She's thinking of Steenson," he said to himself. After ten more minutes, as if continuing some secret train of thought, his lips again formed the words uttered under his breath, "*Poor girl!*"

Then Cosby—for it was he—cautiously crossed the yard, and let himself into a cold bare room beside the stable. Here he kept an old desk for farm accounts and a single chair. And here he now lit a solitary tallow dip in a tin sconce on the wall, and then began to fill his pipe.

This cheerless room was where the young farmer spent every evening, whilst Mysie supposed him drinking at the "Gaping Goose," in a cheerful tap-room, full of neighbours, light, warmth, and the steam of whiskey-toddy. But Cosby was too gloomy of mood to endure much companionship.

"They would guess something was wrong. I'll not be the talk of my neighbours," he sternly told himself.

So now, this All Souls' Night, John Cosby brooded over his wrongs with a heart so full of fire and bitterness that the miserable farmer was verily in the deepest misery. He sat alone here, smoking, with folded arms, bent shoulders, and a heavy black cloud on his brow. She sat alone in there by the kitchen fire, weeping.

"I'll bear it no longer—I cannot bide it," muttered Cosby at last.

He rose and took down slowly an old fowling-piece that hung above his desk. He was used to shoot hawks and hoodie-crows with it.

"You're not much use, old Bess, but you might do one last good turn yet," he said, with a grim pleasantry that had a sad ring in it. Then his fingers slowly busied themselves charging the gun.

"Bullet and powther—do thy work when wanted," said he aloud to the weapon, with a flickering smile of humour playing over his rugged features, but one no more mirthful than a jagged lightning-streak illumining some dark rock worn by weather and waves.

"But I'll not do it yet," he added, dropping his hand and bethinking himself. "Not till I've sold the beasts at the winter fair, for Mysie would make a sorry bargain of they, I reckon. She must bide patient with me till then—poor lass!"

The hour was growing late. John looked at his silver watch; it wanted half an hour of midnight. Then the memory of a superstition connected with this hallowed night stole upon him.

"Maybe I'll die within the year," thought Cosby. And a shudder slightly thrilled the strong man, remembering that, if so, it would most likely be by his own hand. And he mused.

There is a superstition, that any one who dares to watch in a church porch on All Souls' Night, shall see the wraiths of those who are doomed to die in that parish within a year. One by one the ghostly

"HER HUSBAND, STEPPING AS BY CHANCE OUT OF A FIR-WOOD, CONFRONTED HER" (*p.* 664).

At the same time almost, the tall eight-day clock in the farm-kitchen gave a whirr, and struck the half-hour. Mysie started round with a wild look. Any sound frightened her nerves now.

"Only half an hour—I must go and do it," she gasped to herself with quick breath. And, putting a large dark tartan shawl over her head, the girl raked out the kitchen fire by scattering the turves. When all was dark, she crept to the outer door, took the house-key in her pocket, and stole forth trembling into the stormy, rainy night.

procession troop by, foreshadowing their way to the churchyard.

Trembling at her own daring, but sick to the soul of her present existence, Mysie with characteristic impulsiveness was desperately resolved to try her fate. "I may see my own wraith, for I never could live through such another year. I hope I may die, instead," the girl had passionately exclaimed within herself that night. Mysie was so young, she looked on death as a somewhat romantic ending to her woes. "My heart is broken—I hope I am to die," she half sobbed. The

rain drenched the girl ; the wind and darkness were eerie.

Mysie flew onward, fearful of the black shadows, but herself as spectral as any, down the long lane, on under the lee of the high clay banks rising above the road. Overhead the wind was swaying the dark Scotch fir-trees, and sobbing and wailing. The tormented branches creaked ; tossing to and fro in the midnight storm, they seemed like mourners' plumes waving over the great hearse of the earth.

When Mysie reached the church porch her breath was almost spent. The girl's blood was chilled, her heart fluttering, and her eye wild.

" It's worse to turn back," she told herself, quaking. " *They* might meet me. Here they will only pass by, folks say."

A sound overhead in the tower ! Mysie sprang into a corner trembling. The old church clock began slowly striking midnight.

And as the last stroke died away, there followed—silence ! Only silence and the soughing of the wind through the trees ; only darkness in the church porch. An inexpressible sense of relief came over Mysie.

" None to die this year ; that's strange ! But what a mercy ! " she involuntarily murmured in gratitude.

She was about to come away, when——Guid guide us ! What was that black shadow coming ? Noiselessly it approached over the dank wet grass beside the graves. It was coming on and on straight to the church porch.

Mysie's knees failed under her ; her blood curdled. She would have turned and fled, but power failed her, and she stood still in the shadowy spectre's path. It came up close to her and stopped.

A sudden gleam of bright light shot out at that instant—Mysie knew not whence. But it lit up her own dark figure and deadly white face, all wild. And it showed to her terrified gaze the wraith of her husband—*John Cosby himself !* Only such as Mysie had never seen him before. His face ashen, his eyes fixed in a terrible stare, his mouth opened with an agonised expression as of a spirit in deadly pain, but one who yet could not cry out !

Perhaps for three seconds Mysie looked at this horrible vision. Then the light was extinguished.

Yet, through the darkness, Mysie, with straining eyeballs, saw the spectre moving rapidly towards the graves close by, stumbling among them, as if vainly seeking its own resting-place.

It was gone ! Mysie staggered feebly to the gate—light-headed from the shock. Then terror lent her strength, and she sped homeward as if pursued by a troop of evil spirits. She never knew how she reached her door, wet to the skin and with chattering teeth.

All night the farmer's young wife tossed in fevered wakefulness or short dozes, broken by dreadful nightmares of skeletons, grinning skulls, and formless horrors.

When morning dawned she rose aching, and went about her work with a white face, feeling so heavy-headed, it was a difficult task to prepare the farmer's breakfast. John looked at her once or twice ; in general he very seldom now raised his eyes towards his wife.

" Are you ill ? " he asked briefly. Mysie put up her hand to her swimming head.

" I—don't know. There is a weakness come upon me," she murmured.

John vouchsafed no word of pity, but rose and sought old Effie, who was feeding the calves. Presently the latter entered the kitchen, and said to Mysie—

" John Cosby says you're just to go back to your bed, and I'm to help ye. You look gashly."

As in a horrible dream, Mysie permitted herself to be helped back to her room, with sinking limbs. There, for several days and nights, she lay cramped with pains in her bones—tortured by visions that troubled her brain.

At moments when the poor girl's senses cleared, the agony of rheumatic fever, which ailed her, seemed unbearable ; and yet she did not want to die. She clung to life.

How strange it was that she should have seen *John's* wraith, and yet herself be the one stricken down ! Maybe, husband and wife being one flesh, the warning was meant for herself.

Then Mysie shuddered ; an agonising cry wailed through the upper rooms of the farmhouse : " I don't want to die ! Not yet—not yet ! I'm not ready ! " And a thick mist rolled over her brain again.

That agonising cry used to ring in the watchers' ears with pain. Mysie's douce old mother had come to nurse her by day, whilst Effie minded the house. But it was John Cosby who most often was thrilled to the marrow of his bones by hearing it in the chill lonely night-watches, when Mysie raved of graves and churchyards. The farmer might have worked hard all day overseeing his men, but he never failed to sit up by his sick young wife himself at night, snatching an hour's sleep at odd times. He was stronger than the women, he said.

John was a wonderfully gentle nurse. Often, when Mysie knew no one, he could coax her to take medicine and food from his hands when the others failed.

At last—it was after a weary time—Mysie got over the worst of the fever, and began slowly to recover. John kept almost altogether out of her sight then. But the sick girl heard the two women—her mother and Effie—often whispering together of how good a husband Cosby had been : his devotion had just saved her life ! Mysie listened, faintly wondering if her ears deceived her ; but she was too weak to be much surprised.

As the girl grew better, her husband kept all day out at work on the farm, leaving her to her mother's loving care. Then, suddenly in the early year, John surprised them all. He went away for a month and saw Edinburgh, and travelled on to London. Meanwhile, Mysie's sister kept her company.

When Cosby returned it was March, and he found his wife alone, and beginning to creep about her duties, and to venture outside again. On their first meeting, the evening he came home, John taciturnly

"SHE STOOD IN THE SUMMER MOONLIGHT."

"*THE LITTLE KERCHIEF*" (*p.* 669).

greeted her with a "How are you? Better? That's well!"

He said no more; and a welcome Mysie had painstakingly thought out froze on her lips.

Poor girl! She was very grateful to John for saving her life. She was afraid of her husband still, whenever in his presence; but absent, the thought of his care and kindness softened her heart, and she would have liked well just to thank him. "Father said true. John's a good man; but, oh, he's terrible hard to speak to!" Mysie sighed.

The night of her master's home-coming, old Effie had grumbled—"Well, John Cosby; are ye content now with your roving the world? Maybe you'll bide quiet a wee now." She spoke as if poor John was a confirmed prodigal: he who had never before left his farm for more than a week in his life.

"I'm likely enough to stay still now, Effie," said John, in a voice weighted with heavy foreboding, or so Mysie's ears, nervously listening, interpreted the sound. "But I'm glad I went; *I felt I'd like to see London before I died!*"

Mysie gave a shiver. Oh, poor John! Did he then have some foreknowledge of his doom this year? For, she had *not* died—the warning for him must come true!

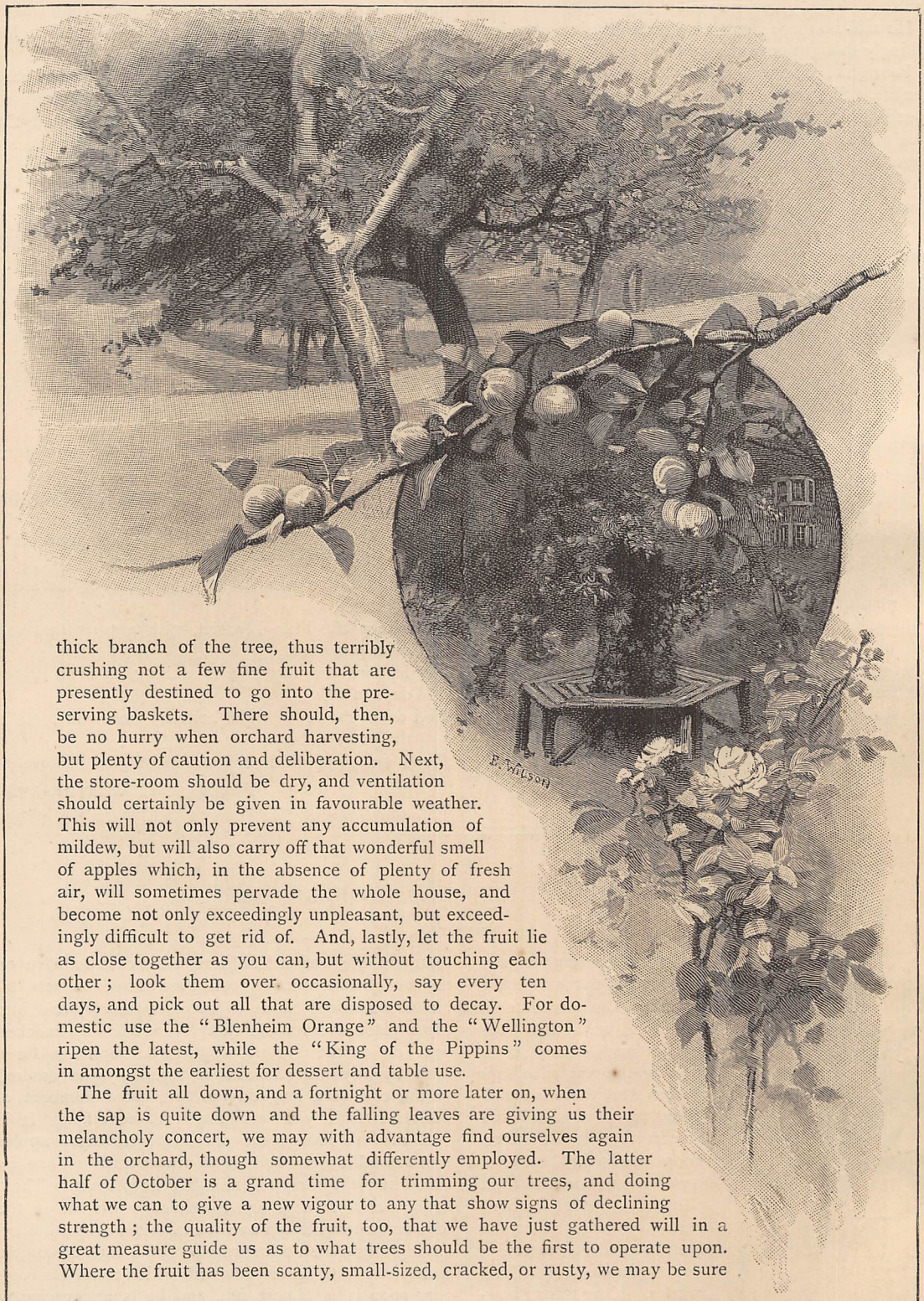
THE LITTLE KERCHIEF.

IT was only a wee worn kerchief that lay in my trembling hands,
As I sat by the window dreaming, and looked on the moonlit lands;
It was only a wee worn kerchief, but it filled my heart with tears,
For it spoke of my belovèd, and the unforgotten years.
I thought of the old, old garden, where many a happy night
She stood in the summer moonlight, and waved that kerchief white,
As she watched in fond confiding, for she knew that it would be
A beacon of light to guide me, a signal of love to me.
But the moon rose over the meadows; the night grew hushed and still,
And methought that my belovèd came down from the old sweet hill;
Once more her hand was waving, once more that kerchief white
Flashed like the wing of an angel out of the silent night.
So I keep the little kerchief, with a trust that can ne'er grow cold,
For I know that my love is waiting as once in the days of old,
And out of the blue bright heaven, there will come in the years to be,
Her message of old to call me, her signal of love to me!

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

THE GARDEN IN OCTOBER.

WITH October comes the wind-up of our harvesting operations, the October peaches, and then the apples and pears, completing the reward of our task. And there is something, too, very satisfactory in carrying off to our store-room one basket-load after another of roseate fruit. Now, a good deal has been written or said as to the best method of preserving our apples through a long winter. One thing, however, is quite certain: *bruised* fruit will not keep for any length of time worth naming. When busy, then, up the orchard ladders, take care to have on the turf below one or two good large baskets labelled "bruised," so as to avoid mistakes, and into these place every apple that is unavoidably knocked over on to the ground, or that has come in for a blow by any other means, and you will be amazed at the end of a long day to find what numbers of defective fruit you will have got together. It is well also to have some one below to catch apples that are falling, as well as to throw them to, one by one, when they are a little difficult to reach. Then, again, some fruit is not infrequently bruised in the following thoughtless way: the gatherer is up a ladder, having round his neck secured a small sack or bag, so as to leave both hands free with which to fill his bag; very soon it is almost full, and he is unconsciously leaning all his weight against the bag, which is between him and the ladder, or between him and a



thick branch of the tree, thus terribly crushing not a few fine fruit that are presently destined to go into the preserving baskets. There should, then, be no hurry when orchard harvesting, but plenty of caution and deliberation. Next, the store-room should be dry, and ventilation should certainly be given in favourable weather. This will not only prevent any accumulation of mildew, but will also carry off that wonderful smell of apples which, in the absence of plenty of fresh air, will sometimes pervade the whole house, and become not only exceedingly unpleasant, but exceedingly difficult to get rid of. And, lastly, let the fruit lie as close together as you can, but without touching each other; look them over occasionally, say every ten days, and pick out all that are disposed to decay. For domestic use the "Blenheim Orange" and the "Wellington" ripen the latest, while the "King of the Pippins" comes in amongst the earliest for dessert and table use.

The fruit all down, and a fortnight or more later on, when the sap is quite down and the falling leaves are giving us their melancholy concert, we may with advantage find ourselves again in the orchard, though somewhat differently employed. The latter half of October is a grand time for trimming our trees, and doing what we can to give a new vigour to any that show signs of declining strength; the quality of the fruit, too, that we have just gathered will in a great measure guide us as to what trees should be the first to operate upon. Where the fruit has been scanty, small-sized, cracked, or rusty, we may be sure

that something is wrong. Wood is perhaps too plentiful, or the trees are interlacing their boughs in some places. There is, however, no *necessity* for pruning our orchard at this season of the year, though, at the same time, those trees may be marked that have failed in the quality or quantity of their fruit ; many prefer waiting until the worst of the winter has passed, and about February attend to this orchard trimming. Here is a way in which a long-neglected pear-tree is recommended to be treated in the early spring. Cut every branch back to within about nine inches of the main stem from which it has grown, using a thin fine-toothed saw, and cutting in a sloping direction. Remove also from the remaining part of the tree every spur, no matter whether good or bad, and cut close and smooth, only avoid touching the ring of the bark at the base. This, however, would apply more to a standard pear-tree, or one grown against a wall, when the wounds you have made with your saw should be afterwards covered with a little grafting-clay. In the orchard itself, take out all thin and spindly wood, and, in the case of a decidedly old tree, it might be cut in more closely and robbed of much of its top. The next operation is on the ground. Taking up the turf from some four feet round the base of the tree, we then dig a small trench all round, and fill in with rich manure from the cow-house or elsewhere, putting some of our soil on afterwards and replacing our turf. We omitted, however, to say that in many cases a judicious root-pruning is also an advantage : this is certainly advisable with wall fruit-trees.

Something, however, must be said as to our flowers this month. Our beds, now cleared of their bedding-out stock, will leave us with many large gaps, even those of us who do not depend outside for flowers wholly and solely on bedding-out plants. Here, then, our beds being first of all turned and prepared, we put in now, though not during a frost, our bulbs for early spring show, hyacinths, tulips, and crocuses, taking care that the more delicate and somewhat later tulips are placed in the warmer and more sheltered situations. And then, in anticipation of some of the autumn gales, go over the standard roses ; rub off finally all growth from the stocks ; see that those budded in July or in August last are well secured, and as to the old stagers, you will probably notice that the heads have made large growth, and that many shoots have become extravagantly long : where too many have grown, they should be thinned out, in which case cut away the weaker branches altogether, while probably the majority of those you allow to remain will bear shortening. Then secure all well and strongly to the stakes, and they will be in readiness to stand the first of the gales.

Our greenhouse is by this time beginning to be gay with chrysanthemums : plunge any of these, however, that you wish to take their chance in the open air, as by this means you will save the roots. And of these outside ones, cut down at once any that have declined flowering, and remove the blooms of any that may show damage by early frost. Those that are in pots in your greenhouse will need now a regular watering, the flower-heads, as they swell, very much drawing upon the moisture ; absence of water, therefore, just now would very much check and stint your blooms. This month, again, is a good one for parting perennials : perhaps they have grown too large, or you have a little space elsewhere in which you would be glad to see some ; simply then, with your spade, cut off from the side on which it can best be spared a portion of your plant, and plant the piece out where you most need it.

And, lastly, our kitchen-garden gives us in October plenty of heavy work, for first there will be the digging and dry housing of the main crop of our potatoes : a very important operation, and one that should be done before any frost is about ; our savoys, too, most useful as winter greens, should be planted early in this month, and by Christmas-time we shall find them of great service for table.

Nor must we omit to remind our readers that this is the first month for heavy garden changes. Alterations of our shrubbery, or of the shape or extent of our lawn and flower-beds, may all be now made, as we can certainly better afford the time for work of this kind now, when the dormant season is commencing, than when, the sap being up, we run the risk of killing our trees and shrubs by removing them.

A CHAPTER ON CURRY.

BY A. G. PAYNE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE COOKERY," "CHOICE DISHES AT SMALL COST," "THE HOUSEKEEPER'S GUIDE," ETC.

HOW very seldom is it that we meet with really good curry, and yet perhaps few dishes are more popular. Many years back, housekeepers laboured under the impression that curry was a dish off which people could make their dinner, but the dish, as usually served, had no resemblance to a dish of curry properly so called. In fact the old-fashioned method of making curry was simply this. The cook opened a bottle of curry powder, and then proceeded to make some hashed mutton from the remains of, say a cold leg of mutton; having boiled some rice—usually into a clammy and sticky mass—she placed a border of it round a large dish, and then moistened about a table-spoonful of curry powder in a little water and mixed it with the thin gravy of the hash ; the whole of the hashed mutton, with the now yellow

gravy, was poured into the centre of the dish and was sent to table.

It was an awful mess. I remember in my earliest school days we had it served us once a week. It has made an impression upon me, just as we never forget our early days of castor oil. Fortunately society is getting more civilised. Curry is an Oriental dish, and those who have tasted it in its perfection, at the Oriental Club, or on board a P. and O. boat, will know how delicious an addition it makes to a little dinner, for it must be remembered that curry is not a dish that ought to make a dinner in itself. In speaking of curry Sir Henry Thompson observes : "The enjoyment of a curry—and when skilfully made it is almost universally admitted to be one of the most attractive combinations which can be offered to the senses of taste and smell —is only possible at a limited repast. When freely eaten, very little is acceptable to the palate afterwards, exhausted as it is by the pervading fragrance of the spice and other adjuncts. Hence a curry should form the climax of a short series of dishes leading up to it : when presented, as it sometimes is, among the entrées of a first course, it is wholly out of place."

Probably the majority of English cooks have no idea of the various kinds of curries that are served abroad. In a voyage from London to Calcutta and back, the following dishes of curry appeared in the bill of fare : Nabob, Bombay, Madras, Poonah, Nepaul, Surat, Bumlow, Cabul, Calcutta, Singapore, Bengal, Penang, Allahabad, Sykabob, Cingalese, and Goa.

It is needless to say that all of these are very similar in character. Some are drier, such as Madras, than others ; some hotter ; some, again, owe their name to the meat that is served in the curry sauce, for curry can be divided into two distinct headings, the curry sauce, and the meat that is served up in it. The chief characteristic point in which what is called real Indian curry differs from the curry obtainable in this country, is that abroad the curry paste is made fresh from the spice, while in England curry is made from curry powder or curry paste made previously.

As may naturally be supposed, the fresher the paste, the better the curry, and therefore if housekeepers have by them a bottle of curry powder that has been in their possession perhaps a year or more, it will make very indifferent curry indeed, especially if it has been insecurely corked.

I will first describe how to make ordinary curry sauce, which will serve as the basis of every kind of curry we can make. The first requisite is some really good brown gravy—gravy that when cold forms a firm jelly, and when hot looks a bright brown mahogany colour. It is perhaps needless to say that the gravy should be free from grease.

Take six good-sized onions and a small carrot ; the carrot in bulk should be equal to about one onion, and a similar quantity of a head of celery. Cut these up and fry them, in an ordinary frying-pan, in a little butter, till they are tender. I may here add that they should be fried in curry fat. I will explain what I mean by this later on. The vegetables should be fried till they are tender, and of a light brown colour, but should not be burnt. Now add to all these fried vegetables a pint of good gravy, let the vegetables boil in the gravy for a short time, then add a dessert-spoonful of curry powder and a brimming tea-spoonful of Captain White's curry paste. Let the whole boil together for some time, say half an hour, then strain off the liquor into a basin, and rub the onion, carrot, and celery through a wire sieve with a wooden spoon. This requires perseverance and patience, but without it the curry sauce will not be perfect. This forms what we may call the basis of all curries, and this curry sauce can be varied in many different ways.

One very great improvement is to introduce a good-sized dessert-spoonful of Indian chutney. This must be rubbed through the wire sieve with the sauce. It will be found also that if, as is very often the case, you have only curry powder and no paste, a spoonful of chutney will form an excellent substitute for the paste. Another very good substitute for curry paste is a sour apple, which should be peeled, the core cut out, and fried with the vegetables. When, however, you have the paste, the addition of apple is not necessary.

The curry sauce should be of a good consistency, and if the gravy is properly thickened at starting, the addition of the vegetable pulp will be sufficient to make it of a proper thickness. Should the curry be preferred still hotter, more curry powder, or cayenne pepper, can be added. This, however, is a matter of taste, and must be left to the discretion of the cook, who is supposed to know his master's taste. I may, however, observe in passing that the general fault of English curry is that it is too hot.

Next let the curry sauce be brought to a boil and the fat skimmed from the top. When all the fat has been removed by careful skimming, the sauce can be put by till wanted ; but whatever you do, do not throw away the skimmings, for we have now obtained our curry fat, and this fat should be carefully preserved and used for frying the next dish of curry that we may make, and can be used instead of the little butter I mentioned previously. This is not only more economical, but is an absolute improvement to the curry itself; it is one of the many instances that prove that first-class cooking and economy go hand in hand.

Next we will consider the meat that is to be served in the curry, and here let me observe that as a rule every kind of curry should be eaten with a fork. I mean, no knife should be necessary. Suppose, for instance, as is very often the case, the dish of curry is made from the remains of a cold leg of mutton. The mutton should be cut from the bones and the meat shredded. To make really good curry, however, the meat should be expressly cooked for the purpose.

In our description of making curry sauce I may as well mention that there are two exceptions for which the sauce should be varied, and these are fish and vegetables.

When we have fish curry or a vegetable curry, the onions used for making the sauce should not be allowed to get brown at all, nor should they be rubbed through the wire sieve. Instead of brown gravy, a light-coloured gravy should be used, the onions should

be cut up small and mixed with the gravy, powder and paste added, and the fish, which has been previously cooked, should be shredded and made hot in the sauce.

Vegetable curry is exceedingly nice, and is not so often met with in this country as it deserves. Every kind of vegetable can be used mixed together, and a very nice simple dish can be made by merely opening a tin of macédoins. The curry sauce should be very pale, that is, every kind of colouring matter in making the gravy beforehand should be avoided. In making vegetable curry, you can use for it stalks of cabbages and lettuces, cauliflower, carrot, turnip, beans—in fact, every kind of vegetable may be added. It is a great improvement in making vegetable curry to add a little garlic, and half a dozen or more bay-leaves should be put in whole, and sent to table in the curry.

In making fish and vegetable curry it is a great improvement to fry the onion in curry fat, as the onion, not being rubbed through the sieve, is apt to have an all-predominant flavour of its own. This curry fat has the appearance of a yellowish-green oil.

One very favourite form of curry is known as Madras or dry curry. This is drier and darker than the others and is made simply by allowing the shredded meat to soak up the curry sauce. After the meat has soaked in the sauce so that no gravy runs from it, a little curry powder can be shaken over the meat. It is not a bad plan, if the curry powder you have used has been in hand a long time, to sprinkle over it a little powdered coriander seed. This will have the effect of making the curry a little more "spicy," and you will avoid the danger of making it too hot.

I cannot remember all the characteristics of the numerous curries I have mentioned, but I can call to mind a few. The feature of Nabob curry is that it consists of small pieces of minced meat, which are rolled into balls about the size of a marble. These marbles are then floured and fried (if possible in the curry fat) and sent to table with the curry sauce poured round them.

Sykabob curry consists of slices of meat, potato, onion, and green ginger, stuck on a skewer. These are served up in the curry, thus skewered together. This is a sort of dish that boys at school would be certain to nickname "cats'-meat."

One of the most delicious curries known is the Cingalese prawn curry. This dish can be made very nice in England from fresh prawns—which, however, are unfortunately very expensive—or from tinned or potted prawns, which are cheaper, but not so good.

In making curry from fresh prawns the white meat of the prawn is served up in the curry sauce, but be sure and take all the heads off the prawns and pound them in the curry sauce, so as to extract what may be called the goodness out of the head—the little lumps which correspond to the green part of a lobster.

There are, of course, several exceptions to the general rule that curry should always be taken with a fork. I will mention a few. Curried sausages form a very nice breakfast dish, which simply consists in pouring curry sauce over some fried sausages.

Curried sweetbread is a very nice dish, and I think the sweetbread is best fried whole, but then again sweetbreads hardly require a knife. Curried eggs are made by boiling eggs till they are quite hard, cutting them into slices while hot, and pouring the curry sauce round them.

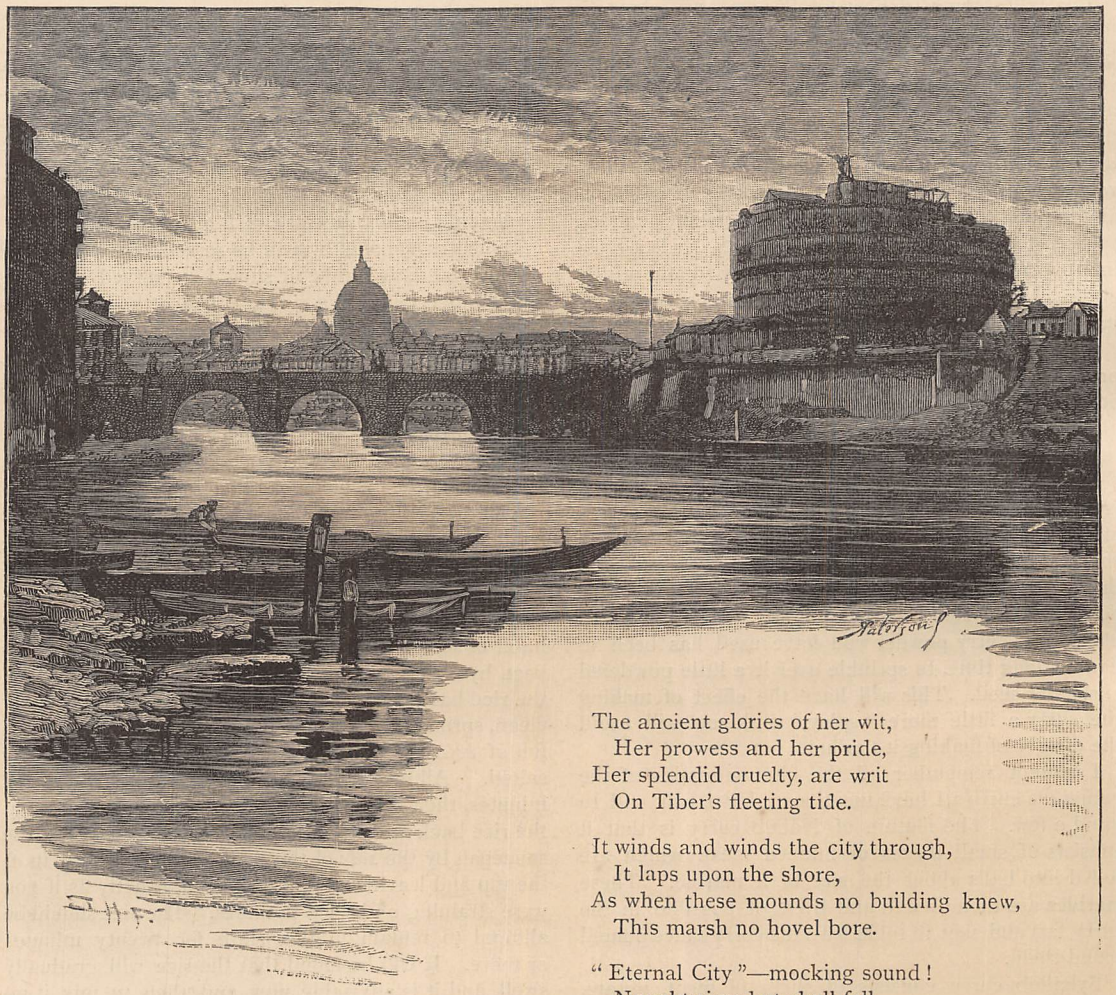
A very economical dish can be made by simply currying rice. The rice should be treated as a vegetable. The onion should not be burnt, but should be fried tender in the curry fat, cut up and mixed with the rice. The whole should be made into a sort of well, and the curried sauce poured in the middle. This is a very cheap and agreeable dish in hot weather.

Boiled rice should always be served with every kind of curry, and, as a rule, it should be served separate, and handed before the curry. The orthodox fashion of helping oneself to curry, is to take a spoonful of rice and place it on a plate, making a well in the centre. The curry itself should then be placed in the middle, and the whole eaten with a fork. The rice should be so boiled that every grain is not only tender, but separated from every other grain. To boil rice correctly is not so easy as some cooks imagine.

Like everything else, boiled rice to be served in perfection requires care. First of all the rice should be washed in several waters, and those cooks who have been accustomed to boil rice anyhow will be astonished to see what a quantity of dirt they have been in the habit of serving up with their dishes of rice for years past, by observing the colour of the water in which the rice has been washed. When the rice is thoroughly clean, sprinkle it gradually into a saucepan three-parts full of *boiling* water. The water should be slightly salted. Allow the rice to boil thoroughly for ten minutes, then strain it off through a colander, and put the rice back in the empty saucepan, and place the saucepan by the *side* of the fire, putting a cloth in at the top and leaving the lid half open, exactly as if you were straining off boiled potatoes. The rice should be allowed to remain in this state for twenty minutes or more. It will be found that the rice will gradually swell, and it is advisable now and then to mix it up gently with a fork, as the rice very often dries at the top and remains moist at the bottom of the saucepan. A wooden or silver fork is better than steel. Recollect, however, you must not put the saucepan on the fire, as in that case the rice would stick to the bottom and burn, and very likely the whole would be spoilt. As there always is a danger of it sticking, I would recommend cooks after they have strained off the rice to put a little piece of butter in the dry saucepan. As the saucepan is hot, the butter melts of itself and runs over the bottom of the saucepan. This will prevent the rice sticking.

Some persons like the rice a little hard. In fact, they like a grain of rice to correspond with an Irish potato, that is, to have a "bone" in it. This is purely a matter of taste. Probably rice is more nourishing rather under-cooked than over-cooked, for we must not forget the famous siege of Arcot, where the natives told Lord Clive that they were willing to live on the water in which the rice had been boiled, and let the Europeans eat the rice.

ON THE ÆLIAN BRIDGE.



STRANGER, 'mid Rome thou seek'st for Rome.*
Truly, an idle quest !
Seek in dry June for April foam
On Tiber's shrunken breast !

Tiber, that from his Tuscan height
Winds down upon the plains,
Now sluggish in his gathering might,
Now sped by vernal rains ;

Rolling with ceaseless onward force,
Through scenes of might and guilt,
When on the margin of his course
King, Consul, Emperor built !

Gone, with the proud Augustan halls,
Are senators and slaves.
Dead is old Rome : dust are her walls,
Her altars, thrones, and graves.

The ancient glories of her wit,
Her prowess and her pride,
Her splendid cruelty, are writ
On Tiber's fleeting tide.

It winds and winds the city through,
It laps upon the shore,
As when these mounds no building knew,
This marsh no hovel bore.

" Eternal City "—mocking sound !
Nought rises but shall fall.
There stood no grandeur on this ground
But ruin changed it all.

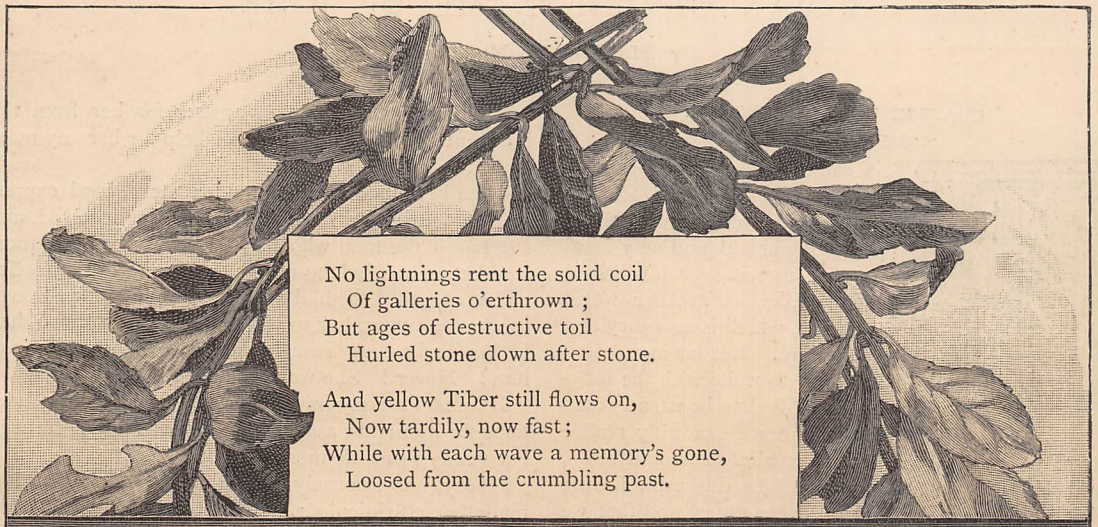
Shattered the city's granite belt,
Hushed the stout warder's clang !
Owls brood where mighty Cæsar dwelt,
And screech where Maro sang.

Spoiled by the Visigoth's mad hands,
That spared nor kith nor home,
The vacant Coliseum stands
A microcosm of Rome.

The Cross is in the desert round,
Once red with martyred gore.
Now all is still : nor sight nor sound
Where slaughter raged of yore.

'Tis here the hermit tells his beads
From dawn to close of day ;
And rovers ramble o'er the weeds,
To measure, sketch, and pray.

* " Buscas en Roma à Roma, ò peregrino !"—*Quevedo.*



No lightnings rent the solid coil
Of galleries o'erthrown ;
But ages of destructive toil
Hurled stone down after stone.

And yellow Tiber still flows on,
Now tardily, now fast;
While with each wave a memory's gone,
Loosed from the crumbling past.

Tiber and Time together flow,
And leave a lesson strange.
Stand here and mark, you who would know
The constancy of change.

On rolls the flood o'er many a name
That seemed to mock decay ;
And that alone remains the same
Which runs so fast away.

GODFREY TURNER.

A MAN OF THE NAME OF JOHN.

By FLORENCE M. KING.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

ONLY OLD FRIENDS.

IT is sad enough to lie down to rest at night thankful for the darkness that covers us with its protecting shield, and only longing that merciful sleep will lead us to wake in another world than this, which is so weary and full of care. But far more terrible it is to wake with the longing unfulfilled, to be vaguely conscious, ere we can fully realise it, of the leaden weight that crushes heart and mind, and leads us to turn our faces to the wall, feeling that another cruel, pitiless day has come, and that we have not strength to rise and meet it.

Such, for the first time, were Gypsy Marchmont's feelings when she woke on the following morning. Hitherto her life had been a bright and sunny one, though she had thought herself forlorn and unhappy when her sister left her, and had often since imagined herself miserable or desolate. Now she knew that all her previous woes were fancied, and that she had never known before what misery meant.

She had retired to her room at once, on reaching home the night before, with a severe headache that precluded all further thought; and the heavy, dreamless sleep that follows physical and mental exhaustion had soon lulled her weary brain into merciful oblivion. Now she woke to the bright day once more, and the sun was shining in at her open window as it had done yesterday, when the beauty of the morning had suggested the brilliant idea of a picnic in the forest. The forest! At the fatal words her vague sensations of something amiss took shape and form. Gypsy pressed her face into her pillow to shut out the glare of day, and almost groaned aloud in her utter wretchedness.

It all came over her again as vividly as at the first moment; the shock of finding deceit where she had believed in truth and honour, the overwhelming bewilderment of discovering that the man she loved, whose fortunes she was ready to share, no longer existed.

Even now she could scarcely comprehend it. It seemed as if there must be two men—one, a strange Sir Geoffrey, whose whole history was one of concealment and dissimulation; the other, the man she had loved and leant upon, Lal's dear Jan, whom she almost looked to, to come and save her from this terrible confusion of ideas, even now.

She looked up, and her eyes met Lal's smiling down on her from the wall. "Oh, Lal! Oh, Lal!" she cried in piteous appeal, as though the child could help her still, as though his confidence in Jan must justify hers.

But there was no help or answer for her from the innocent little face: no hope or help for her any more in all the world.

Then her mood changed, and a stern, hard expression came over her face. She had been deceived, and she hated the man who had deceived her. As there rose before her, in long reproachful train, all the foolish unjust speeches she had made against Sir John through the past summer, her wrath against the man who had let her make them rose higher and higher. Forgive him! Never! She would die first!

If he had merely injured her, there might have been hope for him; but a man who wounds a girl through her vanity has little mercy to hope for.

Gypsy was intensely proud, and she felt she had made herself ridiculous. Was it likely she would forgive the man who had allowed her to place herself in such a position? Her one aim and object at present was how to avoid ridicule and justify her conduct.

After all, she said to herself, his behaviour was her best justification. He was Sir John—or Sir Geoffrey—a mere name mattered little—and he had behaved in a mean, ungentlemanly way, as she had always said he would. Who could be surprised if, when the truth came out, she turned on him and denounced him? Her cue was courteous indifference to Mr. Holt till he should leave Ashleigh, and her old dislike to Sir John maintained when he should disclose his name. At present, while she was still wrath with one she loved, the part seemed an easy one to play.

With her letters that morning came up a note; only just left, the maid said. Gypsy, rehearsing her new character of indifference, opened it, in spite of her first impulse to tear it up unread when she recognised the writing. It ran:—

"Lal and I leave Ashleigh this morning. I thought it best for all.
"JAN."

That was all; not another word except the date. Gypsy could not but feel the consideration that had provided against the news reaching her suddenly, and the delicacy of his signing the few lines by the only name she could have no scruple in acknowledging. But she refused to allow it even to herself. Her first sensation was one of intense relief; her second thought, how should she get through the days till his identity was revealed?

Still the effort must be made, and so she went downstairs bright and smiling as usual, and was congratulated on having so completely got rid of her headache. Women are all born actresses; only those who suffer most act best. Gypsy acted charmingly to-day.

When Mr. Marchmont and Gerald had gone off with the keeper, regretting that Mr. Holt had not come up to shoot as he had half promised to do, a horror of being alone with her sisters seized Gypsy.

Very shortly after breakfast she looked in at the sitting-room with her hat on.

"Any commissions, girls? I am going into Hengston, and then I shall drive on and lunch with the Wilsons. I hear Beatrice has come home again."

Of course they had commissions for her; and then they went to the door to see her off. "She wants to be out of his way when he comes up to see papa," they said, laughing, as they went back to their own bower. Molly and Lena had their own story to account for Gypsy's conduct last night, and they expected every minute to see Mr. Holt coming up the drive. But he never came.

In the afternoon, when the two girls were playing tennis together on the lower lawn, Joyce Kendall came up to see them with a very grave face.

"Gypsy is out, I hear," she said.

"Yes. Gone to Farneham Court. Did you want her?"

"Do you know," said Joyce slowly, "that Mr. Holt has left Ashleigh?"

"What?" cried both girls in utter astonishment.

"It is a fact. Father went up this morning to see him, and Mrs. Mitchell said she thought there must have been something in his letters last night that called him away suddenly, for after he had read them he told her he must go to-day, and they went by Agate's cart to catch the early train to town."

"JOYCE KENDALL CAME UP TO SEE THEM."

"But is he gone for good?" asked Lena.

"He took a small portmanteau with him, and said he would let her know where to send the rest of his luggage to. Mrs. Mitchell is broken-hearted at losing Lal."

There was one question uppermost in all three minds. Did Gypsy know? And if so, what did it mean? But though they discussed the matter fully for nearly an hour, they could come to no conclusion, and Joyce took her departure no wiser than she came, with a parting injunction to Lena to tell Gypsy the news in private.

It was a chilly autumn day, and when Gypsy came home late in the afternoon, she found her family gathered in the library, round the first fire of the season. She lingered some time, telling her day's adventures, but she went up to dress for dinner at last.

Lena, who had been on tenterhooks of suspense, flew after her. After all, when she was alone with Gypsy, she did not know how to begin. After the manner of nervous people, she blurted out the news suddenly at last.

"Gypsy, do you know Mr. Holt has left Ashleigh?" she said, in a would-be careless manner.

"Has he? Since when?" said Gypsy, apparently absorbed in her commissions. "I couldn't match your wool, Lena."

"He left this morning early, without saying good-bye to any one. Mr. Kendall went to call and found him gone. Mrs. Mitchell thinks he got a letter last night that called him away; but wasn't it odd of him not to let us know?" said Lena.

"Very odd. Perhaps he will write," said Gypsy. "If you don't want Parsons yet, Lena, I wish you would send her to me. I want to talk to her about my blue gown."

Lena felt herself dismissed, and went meekly. Gypsy, left alone, flung herself into an arm-chair in a state of utter collapse. She had got through the day somehow thus far, but how was she to go on living like this? And conscience whispered so loudly that she shrank from its voice: "Who is deceiving others now?"

The following morning Gerald, a little surprised at having heard nothing from Mr. Holt, determined to go down soon after breakfast and see what had become of him. Half an hour afterwards, Gypsy, restlessly hovering about the garden, heard him enter his mother's sitting-room at full speed.

"I say, mother, what do you think?" he cried—"Holt has left Ashleigh! He went yesterday."

Gypsy did not wait for her mother's reply. She fled into the house by a side door, and with a sudden impulse slipped into her habit, and escaped to the stables, where she ordered Bertha to be saddled at once, determined to keep out of the way till the first surprise and excitement had blown over. She left the grounds by the lower gate, and cantered away along the turf

by the roadside till she had put a considerable distance between herself and Ashleigh. Then, with a feeling of having escaped pursuit, she slackened her speed, and went quietly along the winding lanes, lost in thought.

So absorbed was she that she never noticed a rider coming up behind her, and the ring of his horse's hoofs, as he exchanged the turf for the hard road, was the first thing that roused her to a consciousness of Cecil Crawford's presence.

"Why, Cecil, how you startled me—and Bertha!" she said, as her pony started and plunged.

"So sorry! I thought Bertha had no nerves!" returned Cecil. "Jolly day, isn't it? I was coming down to the Manor, when I met old Smith, who told me you had just passed him; so I started in pursuit."

Cecil looked particularly gay and handsome this morning on his spirited mare, and Gypsy felt particularly pleased to see him. After all she had gone through in the last two or three days, the old free companionship was very soothing. They trotted along side by side very amicably, and by-and-by came to a bit of open heath, where a good gallop effectually restored her drooping spirits.

But as they drew rein again, out of the calm blue heavens shot a sudden bolt that shattered all her newly-regained cheerfulness. After a moment's pause, without the slightest warning, Cecil said, in a cautiously guarded tone—

"Gypsy, is it true that Holt is gone?"

"Where did you hear that?" said Gypsy, fencing with the question in a tone of great surprise.

"I heard it yesterday. I was coming over to-day to ask if it were true. If it is true, I want to know one thing, and I think I have a right to ask. Did you send him away, Gypsy?"

She hesitated a moment. After all, as he said, he had a right to ask if any one had, and for his sake truth was best. For herself, she had ceased to care. "Yes, I did," she said, in a low voice, with averted face.

Cecil came a little closer. "Gypsy, dear, it is no news to you that I love you," he said. "You know that I have cared for no one but you ever since we were children. You told me five years ago that if I were patient and waited, perhaps you could learn some day to care for me. I have been very patient; I have waited a long time. Do you really care for me a little, at last?"

"Oh, Cecil, don't! I cannot bear it!" cried poor Gypsy. "You have been too good to me, I know it; but what you want is impossible. You don't understand."

"What don't I understand?" he asked. "I have been very jealous of Holt lately, as you know; but if you have sent him away—why, it's all right. I don't want to ask any questions. I only want you. You do care for me a little, don't you, Gypsy, or you wouldn't have sent him away? Old friends are best, after all, aren't they?"

He looked so handsome, so proud: he was so sure his faithful love had triumphed at last; it was very hard to undeceive him. Gypsy hesitated, and the words died on her lips. Cecil, looking down at her set white face, was dimly aware that there was something wrong after all.

She spoke at last with an effort. "Dear old Cecil," she said, "I do care for you very much as an old friend; it would grieve me terribly if anything came between us, but I can never care for you in the way you mean."

He was beginning to speak, but checked himself, and waited.

"A little while ago I tried to persuade myself that I cared for you enough to marry you. I knew you loved me, and I thought I could make you happy. Now I know better," and her voice was almost solemn in its gravity. "I have known what love is, and I know what a terrible injustice I should have done you. As a friend I care very much for you, and always shall, but I can never be your wife."

"Gypsy, if I love you, and you care for me so much, your love will come," pleaded Cecil.

"Never. I have no more love to give; it is dead—quite dead," she answered sadly. "But I know what it was, and I know that I could never make you happy if I promised to be yours. Love needs answering love. I should only make you wretched."

"But, Gypsy, I don't understand." Cecil's face was grave and anxious now. "Is it possible—do you mean that you did care for Holt?"

"I did," said Gypsy softly.

"And yet you sent him away," repeated Cecil. "What for? Do you mean you don't care for him now? Gypsy," with a sudden change of manner, "if he has behaved badly to you——"

"No! no! It was not his fault," said the girl hurriedly, and then paused. What was she saying? "It was my doing. I sent him away," she said. "I can't explain why, but there were reasons—you will know soon enough."

Cecil made no reply. There was a long pause; then Gypsy said softly, "Cecil?"

"Yes," he answered, looking down.

To his surprise, the eyes upraised to his were full of tears.

"Oh, Cecil!" she said, "I am so miserable! I know you both hate me! I know every one will say I have behaved badly and flirted with you both. Have I behaved badly to you, Cecil? For indeed I never meant to."

Never had he seen her in tears before. "Gypsy, darling, I love you," he said simply. "Give me the right to take care of you, and the world shall never say anything against you as long as I live."

It was very tempting. She felt so forlorn, so sore at heart, so much in need of protection, and she longed to show Sir Geoffrey Hurst how well she could do without him. And yet what was it made her feel that Cecil's protection would crush, not support, her? Why was she so certain that to yield to him would make them both miserable?

"Oh, Cecil, I can't!" she said, and the two big tears overflowed.

Cecil urged her no more. The unerring instinct of true love told him that it would be in vain. From that moment he ceased to be the boy passionately yearning to win her at any cost; he felt a man's unselfish longing to see the woman he loved happy at any sacrifice on his part. He could not help her now, but he could always wait and trust.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

GYPSY LEARNS TO DECEIVE.

SIR GEOFFREY HURST and Lal were sitting together one very wet morning in a private sitting-room in a Brighton hotel. Sir Geoffrey was engaged in writing letters, the composition of which progressed but slowly, and Lal, who had promised not to disturb him till he had finished, was curled up in front of the fire, beguiling the time with a book.

"Those are the very longest letters you ever wrote in your life, Jan," he remarked plaintively, at last, when Sir Geoffrey's pen had lain idle for fully five minutes by the clock.

Sir Geoffrey, who was gazing out over the stormy sea, lost in meditation, pulled himself together with a start.

"Poor old Lal!" he said, smiling down at the disconsolate little face. "I have just done. I will come and tell you a story directly, as it is too wet to go out."

Lal revived at once, and waited with impatience while Sir Geoffrey dashed off a few last lines, and finally stamped the three envelopes that contained his morning's work. Then he moved to an arm-chair near the fire, and Lal sprang eagerly upon his knee.

"Is it going to be a true story or a make-up?" he asked.

"Quite a true story," said Sir Geoffrey gravely.

"Is it quite a new one, or did any one ever hear it before?"

"No, it is not quite new; one person has heard it before."

"Who?" inquired Lal jealously.

"Gypsy Marchmont." There was a slight pause before the name fell sadly from Sir Geoffrey's lips.

"And did she like it?" eagerly.

"No, Lal," with a heavy sigh. "She did not like it at all."

"Well, perhaps it is a boy's story," said Lal encouragingly. "Anyhow, I shall like it if you tell it, Jan, so please begin."

No, Gypsy had not liked it at all, and the question that agitated Sir Geoffrey's mind at that moment was whether the other people to whom he had just told it would like it any better. He was not much afraid but that the rest of the Marchmont family would forgive him; but he was not certain how Mr. Kendall would take the intelligence, and he seriously wondered whether Alan Fortescue would not be very much annoyed. He doubted greatly if some of the confidences so freely made to him during the summer would have been imparted by the agent to the owner of the property.

For nearly a week now Gypsy had been living in daily expectation of letters from Sir Geoffrey. In some ways the time of anxious waiting had been made easier to her than she expected. She had done wisely in keeping out of the way till the first speculations as to the cause of Mr. Holt's sudden departure had exhausted themselves.

It is astonishing what logical conclusions can be deduced from a few given facts without approaching in the slightest degree to the truth. Mrs. Marchmont, hearing from her daughters for the first time the full and true history of the evening in the forest, speedily evolved a story which accounted for everything.

"GYPSY, IS IT TRUE THAT HOLT IS GONE?'" (*p.* 676).

Of course Mr. Holt had proposed to Gypsy; no one could doubt that; and, equally of course, to judge from her manner, she had accepted him. Probably she knew the reason of his abruptly quitting the neighbourhood. No doubt, in fact (so the story grew as it was reasoned out), his leaving was connected with some business. Most likely he had received some commissions, and saw his way to success; doubtless it was on that hint that he had spoken. Of course it was anxious work for Gypsy till he wrote her further particulars; no wonder the poor child was excited and restless.

It is not to be supposed that the neighbourhood had not also its fair share of gossip on the subject. It was not so far wrong either in its conjectures, for the general opinion was that, after all, Gypsy had refused the artist who had so little to offer her. This idea was further confirmed at the last garden party of the season, when Cecil Crawford and Gypsy spent most of their time in wandering together in the shrubberies, oblivious for once of the charms of tennis. Perhaps, if their conversation could have been overheard, Mrs. Marchmont and the general public would have been equally at fault.

When Gypsy entered the dining-room on the following morning, she was aware in a second that Sir Geoffrey had written at last. Anxiety is ever keen-sighted, and her father's look of amused importance, and the affectionate elation of Mrs. Marchmont's manner, told her plainly what had happened. She sat down to breakfast with a joke on her lips, but with a beating heart, and feeling it impossible to swallow a morsel.

"Well, young people," began Mr. Marchmont cheerfully, as soon as the servants had left the room, "I have a piece of news for you."

"What is it, papa?" cried Molly; and following out the subject uppermost in her mind she added, "Have you heard of Mr. Holt yet?"

"Yes, I have," said Mr. Marchmont, beaming with satisfaction. "And I'll give you three guesses as to what he tells me about himself."

He looked laughingly round the table at the puzzled faces. Gypsy was feeding Crona, and did not look up.

Lena did not like to make the first remark that always occurs on such occasions, "Is he engaged?" so she hazarded instead, at random, "Some one has left him a fortune?"

Mr. Marchmont nodded.

"Oh, papa! When? Who? Why?" cried excited voices.

"It was left him involuntarily last April by his great-uncle, Sir Charles Hurst," said Mr. Marchmont solemnly.

There was a dead pause of incredulity. Then Molly, with a sudden light breaking in on her, cried, "Oh, papa! Then he is Sir John!"

"To be sure he is. Hallo, Gyp! Why, how did you manage that, my child?"

Crona and her mistress between them had contrived to upset a cup of tea into Gypsy's lap. She sprang up hastily. "What a nuisance! I've spoilt my last clean frock! I must go and change it. How tiresome! Excuse me, mother," and she hurried out of the room.

She rushed up to her own room and locked the door. Then she flung herself on to the sofa, panting as if she had been pursued, and holding her hand to her beating heart.

"What a fool I am!" she said to herself angrily. "I meant to be so quiet and make no fuss! But how could I tell I should feel like this? Oh, what a fool I am!"

It was some time before she was composed enough to think of changing her gown, and then she shrank from going down-stairs. A horrible dread of seeing any one, of being questioned, had come over her; she felt as if she could never face the world again. But she was determined not to give in like this. She hesitated for a few moments; then with sudden resolution she opened the door, and went steadily down-stairs. "I will get some fresh flowers for the sitting-room," she said to herself, and started for her garden-hat and basket.

As she passed her mother's sitting-room a voice called, "Gypsy!"

She put her head round the door. "Do you want me, mother?"

"Yes, dear; come in, and shut the door."

"It is as well to get it over," thought the girl desperately, and in she came.

It was a bright, chilly morning, and Mrs. Marchmont sat writing letters in the sunny bay window. Gypsy took her stand near the fire, with one foot on the fender. She did not look pretty at all; her face was pale and set, and its hard expression was not becoming.

Mrs. Marchmont laid down her pen, and turned towards her daughter. "Well, Gypsy, dear, have you heard the news?" she asked pleasantly.

"About Sir Geoffrey? Yes, I knew it long ago. What excuse does he give for leaving Ashleigh?" said Gypsy curtly.

"None. He simply says he thought it was time he went. He writes in a most apologetic strain, as if he thought we might be annoyed at his harmless masquerading: quite too punctilious of him," said Mrs. Marchmont, smiling.

Gypsy's lip curled. "He left because he knew I did not want to see him again," she said in a hard voice—"because I told him he had behaved like the mean snob that he is."

"Gypsy, are you mad?"

"Not at all. I told you I should hate Sir John when I knew him. I know him and—I hate him!" Her last words were low and emphatic.

Mrs. Marchmont rose in agitation and came up to the fire. "Gypsy! What do you mean? Have you refused Sir Geoffrey?"

"I should think so. I have told him that I detest him, and that I will never forgive him for the part he has played as long as I live. If you can all overlook his deception," said Gypsy angrily, "I cannot. What business had he to come among us under another

name, and betray our confidence, like this? I think his conduct has been disgraceful."

"You are talking like a silly child, Gypsy," said her mother gravely. "I really cannot see what crime Sir Geoffrey has committed. I fail to understand your conduct altogether, unless"—and a sudden light flashed upon her—"you really care for Cecil, after all."

"I have told Cecil that nothing on earth would induce me to marry him," said Gypsy quietly.

"Gypsy, do you know what you are saying?" cried her mother, completely at a loss. "Are you aware that you have behaved disgracefully? What do you mean by your conduct? Are you mad?"

Gypsy made no reply. Her mother demanded all further explanation in vain. She listened in silence while Mrs. Marchmont accused her of flirting with both men for her own selfish gratification, and characterised her objections to Sir Geoffrey as mere childish folly. At last she said—

"I hate Sir Geoffrey, and I like Cecil too well to marry him. I shall die an old maid," and with that she quitted the room, feeling she could bear no more, and leaving her mother almost in tears of vexation.

Poor Mrs. Marchmont had already in her mental vision seen her daughter Lady Hurst, and established her in Ashleigh Place, newly adorned and refurnished, and great was the shock of finding she declined even the humbler position of Mrs. Crawford, of Crawhatch. There was a good deal to be said, too, from her point of view. Gypsy had certainly contrived to make herself the talk of the neighbourhood, and nothing could well have been more mortifying to her mother's pride.

She sought her husband, who was inditing a hearty epistle to Sir Geoffrey, and told him the whole story. Mr. Marchmont looked grave.

"My dear," he said, "we must leave her alone. There is a great deal of excuse to be made for her."

Mrs. Marchmont could not see it; but her husband took Gypsy's part sufficiently to say that he thought Sir Geoffrey had been very foolish, and that it was not surprising that Gypsy's pride and self-respect should have been wounded.

"Do you think her anger is genuine, or does she care for him more than she knows?" he asked.

"She says she hates him."

"Well, he will have all his wooing to do over again, and it is his own fault," said Mr. Marchmont. "We cannot interfere."

Gypsy stood quite alone in her view of the case. Every one else was delighted at the news, and looked on it as a good joke, or as being "*so* romantic." Alan Fortescue rather chuckled to himself at having been so frank in his communications to Mr. Holt, and laughed heartily with Joyce over the "willing."

The only thing that surprised them all was that they had never found it out before. Every one now could remember a hundred suspicious circumstances that had passed unnoticed at the time. However, now the disguise was thrown off, and Sir John stood revealed, the general gratification was great, and the neighbourhood was prepared to give him a warm welcome. Alan was preparing to make way for him, and was busy furnishing High Beeches with Joyce's help. A new life seemed stirring in Ashleigh in the crisp, bright, autumn weather.

"'I KNOW HIM AND—I HATE HIM!'" (*p.* 678).

Cecil Crawford had gone north on a series of shooting parties, but before he left he came over to say good-bye to Gypsy. Mrs. Marchmont was utterly at a loss as to the relations between the two, but she was too angry to interfere when he asked Gypsy to walk down to the gate with him.

As they were parting in the dusky twilight, he said suddenly—

"Gyp, I've had a letter from Holt—I mean Sir Geoffrey."

"You!" said Gypsy, with all her colour fled.

"Yes; you know I think better of him since I knew the truth. Before that, I thought it such presumption on his part to come near you; though of course I knew he was cleverer, and in many ways a better fellow, than I," said Cecil humbly. "Gyp, I do think you are hard on him."

"You, too!" she said bitterly.

Cecil went on quietly, "He fudged up an excuse for writing about a hunter, but he wrote really because he takes it for granted that I—well, that you must care for me if you don't for him."

Gypsy was speechless.

"Gyp, he is a real good fellow. He asks me to bear no malice, and hopes we may be friends; but his purpose in writing was to beg me to do all I could to make you happy—as if I needed telling that!"

"How dare he? I hate him!" cried Gypsy.

"Gypsy," said Cecil quietly, "I don't believe it."

"Then I hate you, too!" said Gypsy, in a low, unsteady tone.

"Gypsy, dear, I cannot believe that he can care for you as I do—I that have loved you all my life!" said Cecil, taking her hand in spite of herself. "But he does care for you, and so do I, and we would either of us lay down our lives to make you happy. Why won't you let us? Why will you insist upon being miserable?"

"I am not miserable," replied Gypsy, in a choked voice.

"Yes, you are. Do you think I don't know you better than that? Rather than see you go about as you have been doing lately, I would give you away to Sir Geoffrey myself. That was what I wanted to say to you. Good-bye, dear. I shall be back by Christmas; but if you want me sooner, one word will bring me by day or night."

She felt her hand raised to his lips, she heard him stride away down the shadowy road, and she laid her head down upon her folded arms, and wished from her heart, as she stood there in the dark and cold, that she were dead and gone, never to trouble her lovers or herself any more.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

CONFESSION.

POOR Gypsy; her lot was a hard one in those days! If she had been unkind or unjust to Sir Geoffrey she was suffering for it now. No one had a good word for her. Of course it had leaked out that she had refused him. Mrs. Marchmont told the fact to one intimate friend in confidence, and in three days it was all over the neighbourhood. Every one agreed that she must be either a desperate flirt or a perfect fool, and then all the mothers congratulated themselves that after all Sir Geoffrey was still free.

"'WHAT IS IT, MY GYP?' SHE ASKED TENDERLY" (*p.* 682).

For outside opinion Gypsy had never cared. In public she could put a bold face on it, and maintain that Sir Geoffrey had justified her prophetic aversion. But her own family hurt her far more than she would have owned. Molly and Lena, in their youthful Pharisaism, did not scruple to let her see that they thought her conduct without excuse. Gerald was more angry than he dared to express to her face, but he preserved an attitude of silent protest that made her feel it for once a relief when the Long was over, and he departed for Cambridge. Mrs. Marchmont simply treated her with cold displeasure.

Joyce was pained and perplexed by the position of affairs. Gypsy made her no confidences, and when Alan expressed his opinion of her conduct with manlike plainness, Joyce could only beg him not to judge so hardly without knowing the whole truth.

The only person whose sympathy Gypsy accepted was her father. He alone seemed to see the case from her point of view, and to acknowledge that she had some justice on her side. The sympathy was unspoken, but real; she felt and knew that he would believe no harm of his little Gypsy, and she clung to him with fervent gratitude. They resumed the old companionship that had been interrupted through the summer, and whenever she was missing she was sure to be found in his study, which was to her now her only haven of rest.

As the days rolled on it became very evident that Gypsy was not in her usual health, and that her spirits were more unequal than ever. One day she was wild and excited; the next she was depressed beyond words. Then she took to having constant headaches, to being tired, and looking pale and white-faced; finally, one Sunday she turned faint, and left the church half-way through the service.

Mr. Marchmont took alarm at that point, and suggested a doctor, but Gypsy rejected the idea with feverish eagerness. She was well—quite well; only perhaps she had been doing a little too much lately, and every one knew that the country was trying in the autumn.

Every one knew, too, that Sir Geoffrey was coming to Ashleigh Place next week; and the result of Mr. Marchmont's meditations was that he sat down and wrote a long letter to his eldest daughter.

Two days after, Gypsy received a pressing invitation from her sister. She was just

back in town, and found it terribly dull after the lively houseful she had just quitted; she positively must have Gypsy to keep her company. London in autumn had always been Gypsy's horror, but she was glad enough to go there now. She said change of air would do her good, and she was ready to start in a couple of days.

Sir Geoffrey and Lal had been to Liverpool to see their old friends, and were spending a few days in town on their way south, busy choosing a little modern furniture and engaging servants. Gypsy fixed the day of their arrival at Ashleigh for her own departure; it seemed as if she could not bear even to be in the same town as Sir Geoffrey.

She went down to say good-bye to Joyce late in the day before she left.

"You'll write to me while I am away, Joy?" she said, in a matter-of-fact tone, as they stood in the porch. "And you will tell me everything?" She held Joyce's hand in hers, and clasped it so tightly that the girl nearly cried out.

"Yes, dear, I'll tell you everything that happens," she said, with a sudden intuition and a return pressure. "You shall hear often."

"Thanks," said Gypsy carelessly. "Good-bye."

Mr. Marchmont took her into Hengston, and saw her off himself. He seemed very loth to part with her, after all, and Gypsy's eyes were very bright and liquid as the train steamed out of the station.

Mrs. Lawson was delighted to see her. Ever since the week of the fatal picnic her letters had been short and scanty, and Sir Geoffrey's name had never been mentioned once. The outside accounts from her mother and sisters were so very unsatisfactory, she could not make out the story as told by them. She only gathered that Gypsy was unhappy, and longed to comfort her.

But she was too wise to attempt to force her confidence. She only welcomed her warmly, told her she looked far from well, and proceeded to pet her to her heart's content. At first Gypsy was in a state of chronic uneasiness and excitement, but when she found Mrs. Lawson asked her no questions, she grew a little quieter, though she still remained shut up in her shell of impenetrable reserve.

She was capricious and changeful to the last degree. One day she would drag her sister out shopping or visiting all day, and beg for some entertainment in the evening. The next she would declare she was tired and not up to anything, and lie all day on the sofa. Sometimes she romped with little King, and was his own Auntie Dyp; at others, his childish chatter and restlessness seemed to drive her nearly wild.

She was at an afternoon party one day when a well-trained tenor sang, with much feeling and expression, "Si tu m'aimais." Mrs. Lawson watched her anxiously, but Gypsy, looking brighter than usual, was whispering nonsense to a friend behind her muff.

Then a young lady with a feeble voice arose, and began tremulously to warble "Auntie."

The smile faded from Gypsy's face, and she clasped her hands tightly together. The shady lawn on a hot summer's afternoon rose before her; she could feel the pressure of King's little hand, almost hear the footsteps coming up the path.

"No one has married me, darling,
No one will marry me now."

"Have you quite made up your mind to be an old maid, Miss Marchmont?" she could hear the words now. She never knew how she held out till the song was over; then she sought her sister, with a white face. "Let us go home, Nell; I am tired," she said, laying a trembling hand on her arm.

So they drove home in silence, and then Gypsy went up-stairs and romped with King till the nursery rang again with their shouts of laughter.

Joyce wrote fully as she had promised. Gypsy's own people carefully avoided all mention of Sir Geoffrey's name, but Joyce wrote of his doings as of all other local gossip. Gypsy read with avidity all the details that only a feminine pen would have written; how Lal was well and strong, and rode about after his dear Jan all day on the sweetest of ponies; how they had dined at Ashleigh Place, and how well the old house looked now that it was inhabited; and so forth. There were long accounts, too, of improvements on the estate, all owing to Alan, of course, according to Joyce; but Gypsy felt a strange pain at her heart as she realised that several of her own little pet plans were being carried out.

She had been three weeks in town and looked no better than when she came up, and seemed no nearer confiding in her sister. Mrs. Lawson was quite unhappy about her, and beginning to be at a loss what to do next.

One wet November day the girl insisted on going over to South Kensington to see some friends. She got back late in the afternoon, very tired and wet, and came down in her tea-gown to lie on the sofa till dinner time. There were letters for her from Molly and Joyce, and she read them lazily. Molly's was short, and almost totally devoid of news; only at the end she said, "Sybil is running after Sir Geoffrey worse than ever. Every one thinks she really means it this time, and they say men's hearts are easily caught on the rebound."

It was naughty of Molly to write that, and her conscience pricked her when she had done it; but it did not annoy Gypsy. She knew better than to suppose that Sir Geoffrey's heart was to be caught on the rebound. "Poor Sybil! I only hope she doesn't mean it!" she thought.

Joyce's letter was full of news, and of rumours of approaching gaieties at Christmas. Towards the end she said, "Lal sends his love, and is learning to write in order to write to you. Sir Geoffrey won't write for him, as he says it encourages laziness."

"He won't write to me, that means," thought Gypsy, and a sudden vision of what it would be to have a letter from him came over her.

Mrs. Lawson working by the fire heard a sudden sound of sobbing, and a stifled cry of "Nell! Oh, Nell!" She was by the sofa in a moment, kneeling by Gypsy's side, and taking her in her arms.

"What is it, my Gyp?" she asked tenderly.

"Oh, Nell, I am so miserable! What shall I do? What shall I do? I wish I were dead!"

Mrs. Lawson held her more closely, and pressed her kisses on the curly head. "My poor darling!" was all she said. She was thankful that the ice was melting at last.

Presently, when the force of the hysterical weeping had spent itself, she asked gently, "What is it, Gypsy? Can't you tell me all about it?"

"Yes, I want to," sobbed Gypsy. "Oh, Nell, why did you go away and leave me? Oh, if I had only had you to talk to, it never would have happened, I know."

Gradually, and with many pauses, she told the whole story, keeping her face hidden the while, and when she had finished, she added in a low, broken voice, "And now, Nell, I am so miserable! I said I hated him, and I think I must have been mad when I said it, for I did hate him then; but now——Oh, Nell dear, what shall I do? I know he never can forgive me, and yet I love him still!"

It was no news to Mrs. Lawson; she had guessed as much already.

"Are you so sure he will never forgive you?" she asked.

"How can he? I said such dreadful things to him! I called him a coward, Nell; no man can ever forgive that;" her tone was utterly dreary and hopeless. "He never could care for me again, and I don't know how to live without him. How could I be so wicked and unkind to him? I see his face before me night and day; I know how cruelly I hurt him. I would give my life to comfort him, and I shall never have the chance again."

"But he loves you, Gypsy."

"He did; he can't now."

"Then he never loved you. But you know he does. I do not know him as you do, Gypsy, and yet I am sure of that. His is not a love to fail so easily, and the forgiveness of true love knows no limits."

Gypsy made no answer. There had risen before her a vision of the twilight forest, and she could hear a man's voice saying, in low and passionate tones, "I think I could have forgiven you anything!" Had he not said, too, "I shall love you till I die"? And why should she doubt him? After all, he had been true to her. He might have allowed her to remain in ignorance of his true name till it was too late for her to draw back. Instead of that, he had been open with her, and thrown himself boldly on her mercy, and she—oh, how cruel she had been to him! She saw it all now. Her sin seemed beyond all hope of pardon, and yet had he not said he could forgive her anything?

"Oh, Nell, do you think he really could?" she murmured softly.

"Forgive you? Yes, Gyp; he loves you. Besides, the forgiveness is mutual; he is not without blame."

"He never meant any harm," said Gypsy quickly. "It was all my fault; all my silly prejudice at first that led him into deception, and then my wicked temper that would not let me forgive him."

Mrs. Lawson reflected in silence for some minutes; then she said softly, "Gyp, I wonder if you will take a piece of advice from me? You have made one great mistake in your life. Don't make another."

"What do you mean, Nell?"

"I mean this: you do not believe that Sir Geoffrey still loves you, and is ready to forgive you. I do. But it depends upon yourself. You told him that you would never forgive him, and he will believe you—unless by your manner you show him you have changed your mind. He is a proud man; he will ask your forgiveness again only if he feels beforehand that it will certainly be granted."

"But what am I to do, Nell? I can't—oh, you know it is not for a girl to do anything! It is only he that can be good to me if he will, and perhaps he won't. What do you mean?"

"Simply this, dear. When you go home, be natural, and be true to yourself and to him. Don't drive him away for the sake of keeping up your character for consistency. It must be an awkward position for you both if you meet, I know; but don't try to make it easier just by keeping him at a distance. He is the sort of man who, if he thought his presence annoyed you, would be perfectly capable of leaving Ashleigh altogether; and that, Gypsy, would mean"—Mrs. Lawson spoke solemnly—"wrecking the happiness of both your lives."

"But he thinks I care for Cecil!"

"Let time undeceive him, then. But be careful what you do, my Gyp; for I tell you frankly that I think your future happiness depends upon yourself."

Gypsy lay silently thinking, with a faint hope stirring in her heart. "Oh, Nell, I am ashamed to go home!" she said at last. "I have behaved so badly to mother, and I think I can't have done right by Cecil, for I know he thinks there is a chance for him still. How can I face them all?"

"You have told Cecil the truth, and if he won't believe it you cannot help it," said Mrs. Lawson. "As for mother, I know you have tried her very much, Gyp, but you can do better for the future."

"Yes, and I will," said Gypsy decisively. "You dear old Nell!" and the sisters wound their arms round each other and kissed as they had not done since they were little children.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

GREAT STORMS.

THE loss of twenty-eight men out of the gallant thirty who manned the two lifeboats, in the noble endeavour to save the crew of the German barque *Mexico* on Formby Sands, on the night of December 9, 1886, will long be remembered in connection with the severe gale which the Meteorological Office signalled as approaching our western coasts on the night of Tuesday, the 7th.

Wednesday morning showed that the storm-area was one of the most remarkable of the many we experience, the barometer having fallen to 27·58 inches at Belmullet, on the north-west coast of Ireland—a reading which was lower by 1·76 inch than it was fourteen hours previously. Between Belmullet and London there was a difference of a little over an inch in the readings, and proportional differences existed all over the country. With such differences, or gradients, it was inevitable that the wind would blow with great force, and the returns show that at a large number of stations it was a "whole gale," a "storm," or a "hurricane," indicating that the velocity of the wind (not the storm as a body) was between sixty-five and one hundred miles an hour.

In the course of the day the centre moved across Ireland to Cumberland and the south of Scotland (see Fig. 2), the barometer at Omagh, co. Tyrone, falling to the extraordinary point of 27·24 inches, the lowest reading ever recorded in Europe. At Armagh it fell to 27·38 inches, and at Barrow-in-Furness to 27·41 inches. On all parts of the coast the storm was very violent, from west and south-west over England, from east and south-east over Scotland, and from north over Ireland. Moving at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour, the storm-area passed into the North Sea on Thursday, the winds then being northerly and moderating. The official report stated "the depression was so large that while its centre lay off our north-eastern coast, the system covered the whole of France, Germany, Austria, Western Russia, the Baltic, and Finland," in addition to the United Kingdom and Scandinavia.

According to Lloyd's returns the hurricane caused 128 shipwrecks, of which sixty-one vessels went down off the British Isles. These disasters caused the loss of twenty-eight lives, but other sources represent the loss of life in all parts at several hundreds. Besides these casualties at sea there were numerous accidents and many lives lost in different parts of the country. It is seldom that we are visited by storms which, like this one, are violent all round the centre.

(In the two charts given as illustrations, observe the important fact that, without regard to the height of the barometer, the wind is light or strong according as the lines called "isobars" are far apart or are close together.)

To compare one storm with another is, however, a matter of considerable difficulty. So many questions arise that no fixed rule can be adopted. "The oldest inhabitant" is almost certain to report each storm, if not as "the worst ever known," at least the worst in the past quarter of a century. Structural damage, again, is not to be altogether relied upon as an unerring measure of a storm's violence, and the same may be said of the damage to trees. During the summer months we have few or no gales of any severity, but meanwhile the decay of buildings and trees goes on uninterruptedly; and the first autumnal storms cause far more injury in clearing away the weakest buildings and trees than do storms of equal or greater energy in the winter months. The trees being covered with leaves in September and October offer greater facilities for the wind to exert its full force upon them.

Every day throughout the year storms are raging in some part or other of the world; and to give a bare list without particulars would fill many volumes. We must content ourselves, therefore, with the mention of a few instances of destruction in our own country, and then see how we fare in comparison with other countries, our ideas of violence being directed chiefly to the destruction of life and property.

On January 26, 1884, the centre of a very deep disturbance passed across Scotland, the barometer falling to 27·33 inches at Ochtertyre, in Crieff. This is the next lowest reading to that of last December. The storm accompanying this depression caused great damage to shipping and property in general, and many lives were lost both in the United Kingdom and on the Continent

In 1883 the gale of January 25 and 26 was very serious, uprooting trees, damaging buildings, and interrupting railway and telegraphic communications. At Oldham a stone weighing five tons was blown on to the roof of a mill, in its fall killing two girls, and injuring four others. The exceptionally heavy northerly gale of March 6 caused the loss of 382 lives on the east coast, the barometer at the time being very high (see Fig. 1). Numerous casualties on sea and land marked the progress of a remarkable storm-area across our islands between September 1 and 3.

On the morning of October 24 1882, a small but violent storm suddenly formed in the English Channel, and caused considerable damage in the south-east.

The morning of October 26, 1859, is another prominent date in the history of storms, from the loss, on the coast of Anglesey, of the fine passenger steamship, the *Royal Charter*, with nearly all on board.

In early records of storms we have only popular

notions to guide us, accounts of damage being difficult to obtain, and what little could be gathered suffered from the too common failing of exaggeration. There is really nothing to convince us that storms experienced by our forefathers were more violent than modern ones. Houses were demolished, doors and windows destroyed, and many thousands of trees uprooted in the south-east of England on May 20, 1729,

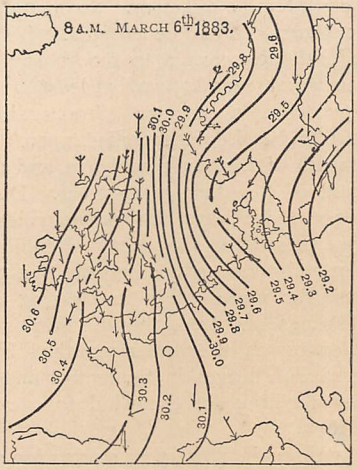


FIG. 1.—STORM WITH A VERY HIGH BAROMETER. THE WIND IS STRONGEST WHERE THE LINES, OR "ISOBARS," ARE MOST CROWDED.

the fierce wind carrying a tree, its roots, and attached earth, over three hedges, and wrecking a house in its way. Such a storm had "not been seen in this climate for many ages." We have, however, only to go back to November 26, 1703, for "The Storm," which took Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," a whole volume to describe; and after discussing all the storms he had experienced or read of, he came to the conclusion that this was "the greatest, the longest in duration, the widest in extent, of all the tempests that history gives any account of since the beginning of time." A statement published at Paris represented 300 ships and 30,000 lives lost on the coast of Britain, but Defoe thought these figures too high. The Royal Navy lost thirteen ships and nearly 1,500 men; and Winstanley's Eddystone Lighthouse was destroyed, the designer perishing with his edifice.

These recitals of destruction must not lead us to suppose that our islands suffer more from storms than other parts of the world. Two thousand years ago, when Britain was the remotest spot in the known world, our storms were the terror of Southern sailors, who imagined our gales to be the worst in the world. With our increased knowledge we find that they are mere trifles when compared with the vast aërial convulsions which desolate other countries. True it is that our position favours a greater number of storms, but this very frequency would seem to neutralise their destructiveness. Allusion has been made to the snow-storm of January, 1881, with its inconveniences, over the South of England. How trivial when compared with the storm over the Continent last Christmas week!—the English Channel squadron in grave peril off the coast of Portugal, and in the Mediterranean the gale of tremendous violence. On land the disturbance caused such a snowfall as to completely paralyse railway communication for days, the area affected extending from France to Russia. At the close of October, 1882, a huge storm-area reached France, and in its passage across the Continent caused a loss of property amounting to many millions of pounds sterling, the village of Grindelwald being reported as destroyed by the hurricane, the severity of the gale being felt in Algeria as much as in North-western Europe. This same gale has been traced to its first appearance in the Pacific Ocean, and seems to have been equally violent in Japan and the United States.

Going back to the year 1645, we find a hurricane visiting France at the end of February, "tearing up some thousands of trees by the roots, and carrying them away like chaff in the air, throwing down many hundreds of houses, removing others from their foundations, and doing the poor husbandmen such irreparable damages as the like has not been known in the memory of man."

American storms, tornadoes, and blizzards are far more destructive than our disturbances. But one instance will be sufficient for this part of the world. Five hundred persons were killed, a thousand vessels wrecked or stranded, and about a thousand buildings damaged or destroyed by a hurricane which visited Nova Scotia and the neighbourhood on August 24, 1873.

The foregoing may be taken as general types of the storms which affect high latitudes. Thousands more could be mentioned of equal, if not greater, violence; but after all they sink into insignificance when contrasted with the fearful tempests which ravage tropical regions. In the torrid zone Nature is lavish in all her gifts: men and beasts, birds and plants, all distributed in apparently reckless profusion. Fruitfulness is characteristic of everything, and the inhabitants, it may be said, neither toil nor spin, as a result of this lavishness. When, however, Nature exhibits her wrath in these fair climes, she exhibits herself with greater pageantry, and is as fearfully destructive as she is wonderfully generous at other times. Those of us who have not witnessed a tropical storm can scarcely realise the full extent of the West India hurricane of August, 1880, when such an enormous amount of damage was done over four-fifths of Jamaica. In many towns almost every house was destroyed—churches, chapels, hospitals, all toppling over before the fury of the blast. One district reported: "There is hardly a house, or a yam, banana, or cane piece left of some 600 houses and 10,000 acres of crops." In the hurricane of October 29 and 30, 1867, the barometer at St. Thomas fell 1·14 inch in an hour and a half! Contrast this with the fall, in fourteen hours, at Belmullet, last December.

No wonder that with such rapid decrease of pressure the gasometer at St. Thomas burst *outwards*, and the violence of the wind carried to a considerable distance

a diving-bell weighing several tons. At least 500 lives were lost on this small island. Sixty or seventy vessels were driven ashore or sunk, many others dismasted or damaged, nearly all the small craft being destroyed, and the light-house completely demolished, the value of the property destroyed amounting to nearly a million sterling, and neighbouring islands also suffering severely. The great hurricane of October 10, 1780, wrecked several ships of Admiral Rodney's fleet, and over forty French transports and merchant vessels, with thousands of lives; while among the islands thousands of houses were demolished, and tens of thousands of lives lost.

There is something horrible even in the calm area of a tropical storm: it is "an awful silence," "a frightful lull," "a fearful calm," or "so perfect a calm that it can only be compared with death after the most frightful convulsions."

From the West Indies let us pass into the Pacific, and see what ravages are committed by the terrible typhoons of the China seas. Think of the "horrible destruction caused by the typhoon" of October 20, 1882, in the Philippine Islands—deaths innumerable, enormous injury to shipping, and tens of thousands of houses, cathedrals, palaces, churches, monasteries, factories, &c., involved in the general ruin. Another typhoon passing over Tokio, the capital of Japan, on October 3 and 4, 1880, demolished 1,086 houses, and damaged 2,388, killed twenty-eight persons, and injured sixty-three others. Then the typhoon of July 27, 1862, is connected with the loss of 10,000 lives within a radius of ten miles of Canton, while for the whole district as far as Macao 40,000 persons were supposed to have perished; and yet, only five years later, September 8 and 9, 1867, "the greatest typhoon in the memory of the present inhabitants" was reported.

We must now pass to our Indian Empire, where the destructiveness of cyclones exceeds anything experienced in other countries, and proves to us how utterly helpless man is in the presence of these wild fits of the atmosphere. On November 2, 1867, the Calcutta anemometer was carried away when it indicated a pressure of 25 lbs. per square foot, and yet the result of the storm in the city and suburbs was the loss of 1,016 lives, 163 brick houses, 29,231 tiled and thatched houses, two ferry steamers, 67 cargo boats, 15 sloops, and 532 smaller craft. In the Midnapore cyclone of October 15 and 16, 1874, at least 4,000 human beings and 20,000 cattle were lost. Entire plantations were swept away, and the destruction of trees and plants was so great that "on the morning of the 16th the face of nature seemed changed." At Lalgolla, in Moorshedabad, the rainfall *in twenty-four hours* amounted to 16·3 inches (London rainfall averages about twenty-five inches *per annum*), representing a weight of considerably over a million tons of water per square mile.

The mere mention of the loss of life in a few Indian cyclones, is sufficient to send through us a thrill of horror:—

October 7, 1737: 300,000 persons drowned by a storm-wave.

June, 1822: 50,000 lost in the Burrisal and Backergunje cyclone.

October 31, 1831: 10,000 lives lost.

May 21, 1832: 8,000 to 10,000 drowned in the Sunderbunds.

October 2 to 5, 1864: 48,000 drowned by the storm-wave.

To conclude our account it will be fitting to mention the appalling catastrophe of October 31 and November 1, 1876, known as the Backergunje cyclone, which scattered death and desolation along its path. The barometer fell half an inch in half an hour, while the wind blew with indescribable fury, the anemometer at Chittagong recording an average velocity of seventy miles an hour over several consecutive hours; and to this tremendous wind-force and rapid decrease of pressure are attributed the three huge waves, from ten to forty-five feet high, which laid more than 3,000 square miles of country under water. The cattle destroyed were innumerable; houses and other buildings were entirely swept away; and when the official inquiry into the extent of the disaster was complete, it was found that the total loss of life was not less than 215,000!—three-fourths of the population in one place, one-half in another, having been lost. When the storm subsided the country was thickly strewn with the bodies of man and beast, the streams and brooks being choked with them. To the great surprise of everybody the crops suffered little or no injury, a fact which was accounted for by the flood being

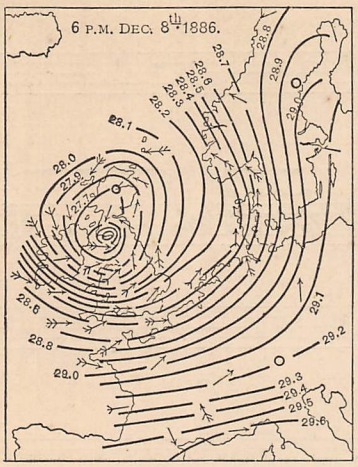


FIG. 2.—STORM WITH A VERY LOW BAROMETER.

fresh water and not salt. The survivors were therefore placed beyond the fear of a famine.

From the foregoing particulars we see that in spite of the great number of storms visiting the United Kingdom every year, and the loss of life and property they cause, we are on the whole more fortunately situated than our fellow-creatures in distant countries. Not only does this frequency of disturbed conditions

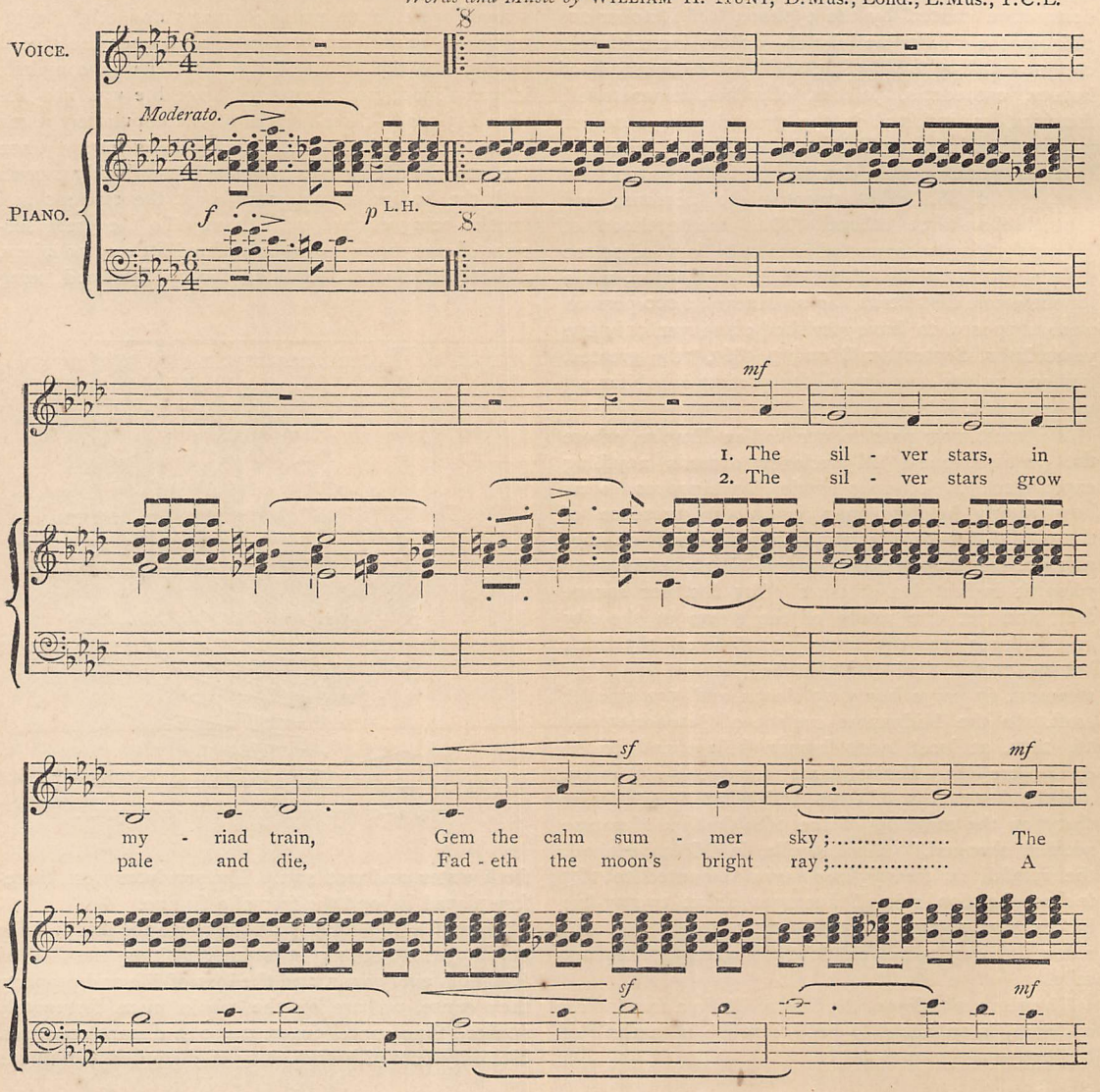
tend to lessen the violence of storms, it also prevents our having excessive heat in summer, and extreme cold in winter; in the former case we have "three fine days and a thunderstorm," and in the winter the cold lasts long enough to tempt us to take our skates to the nearest pond, only to find on arrival that a rapid thaw has set in.

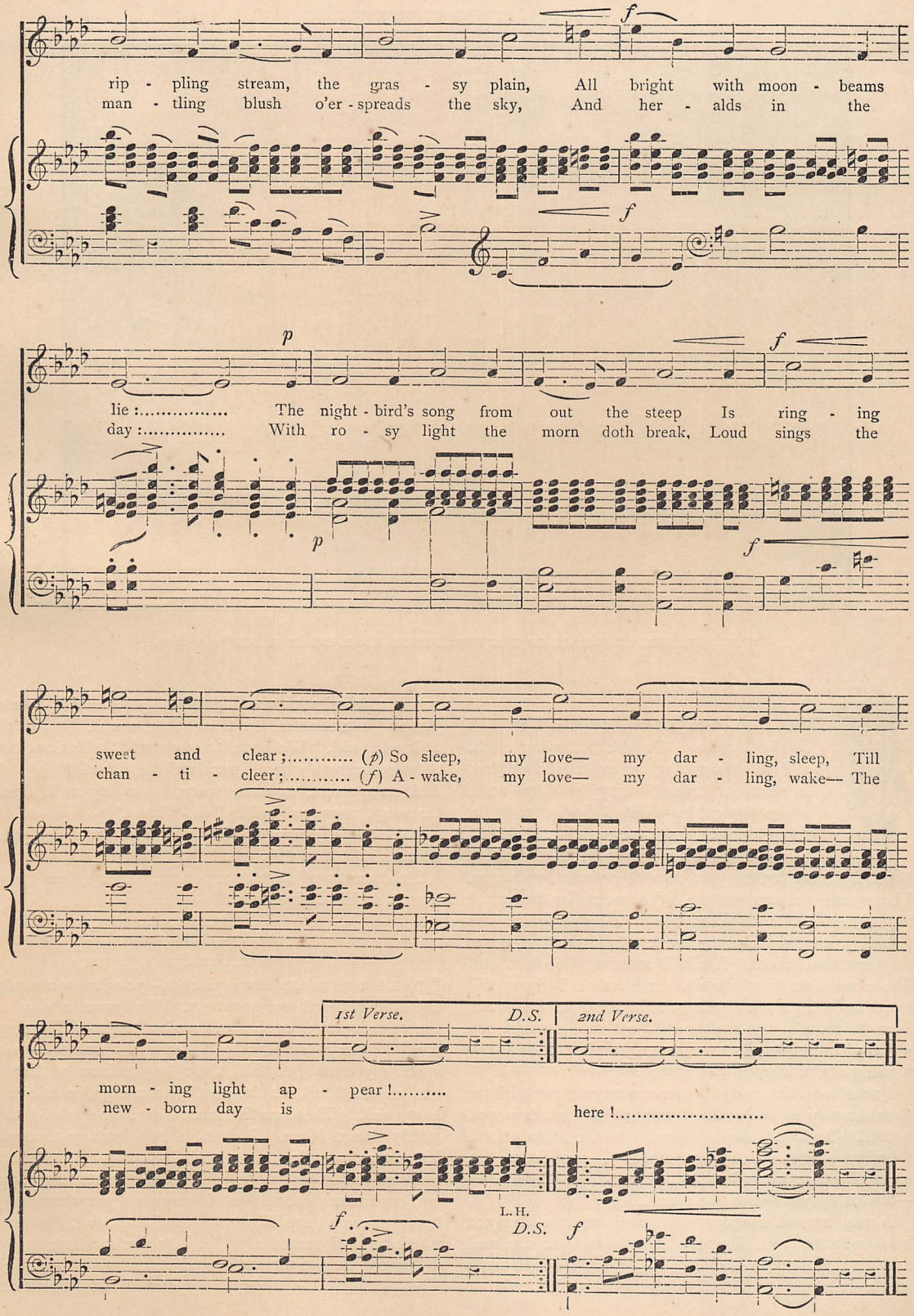
Taking all things into consideration, and carefully balancing the good and the bad, there does not seem to be much ground for discontent on our part, and we can therefore all the more readily agree with Cowper when he wrote—

> "England! with all thy faults I love thee still
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Though thy clime be fickle,
> And thy year most part drenched with rain."

Aubade.

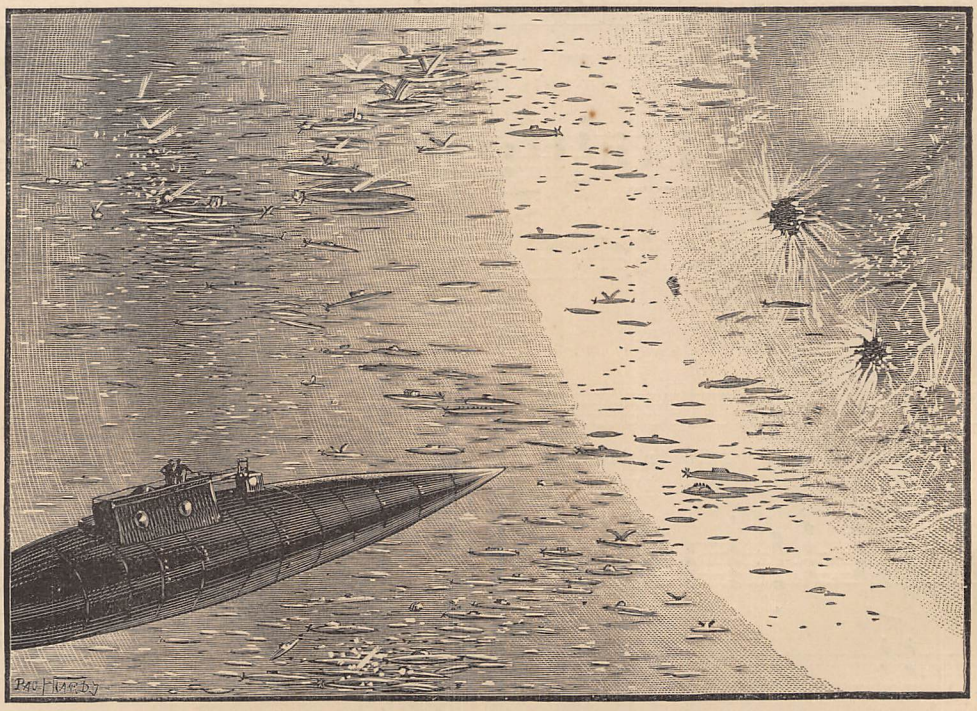
Words and Music by WILLIAM H. HUNT, D.Mus., Lond., L.Mus., T.C.L.




rip - pling stream, the gras - sy plain, All bright with moon - beams
man - tling blush o'er - spreads the sky, And her - alds in the
lie :..... The night - bird's song from out the steep Is ring - ing
day :..... With ro - sy light the morn doth break, Loud sings the
sweet and clear ;..... (p) So sleep, my love— my dar - ling, sleep, Till
chan - ti - cleer ;..... (f) A - wake, my love— my dar - ling, wake— The
1st Verse.
D.S.
2nd Verse.
morn - ing light ap - pear !.....
new - born day is here !.....
L. H.
D.S.

LETTERS FROM THE PLANETS.—IV.

FROM OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.



"WE PERCEIVED THE CARS OF THE MERCURIANS FLOATING IN SPACE" (*p.* 690).

THE MESSENGER.

A WEEK elapsed after the receipt of this strange letter. On the Saturday night after, I was sitting in my study writing. My study, I should say, was an attic, under the gable, which I had chosen for its quietude. As I was writing, suddenly I was startled by a tap at the window. I got up and looked out into the starlit landscape. There was nothing visible. "It must be fancy," I thought, so I sat down and began to write again. As I had just settled to my work again the tap came clearer than before. Again I arose and looked out. There was nothing visible, except that I thought I saw something dark floating in the air near the house, over the trees of the avenue. The thought struck me —"Had the mysterious messenger arrived? Was my reading of the hieroglyph correct?"

I resolved what to do in case my mysterious visitant should really be at hand. I opened the window and waited. Suddenly there passed into the room a form robed in a dark floating garment. I saw before me an intelligence like Aleriel—a being of another world —unearthly yet not supernatural.

I was moved deeply. For a moment I did not know what to say. He stood and looked at me, and then made a wave with his hand, which I conjectured was a salutation. Then he drew from his robe a scroll marked with the hieroglyph of Aleriel's name. It was his credential from another world. I looked at it and said, "Welcome to our world! You are the messenger from whom I received the letter?"

A soft, sweet, musical voice, sounding as if from far away, answered in English, "I am."

"Welcome, then, to earth! Welcome for our friend's sake and your own!"

He drew from his robe a packet. In it I found two letters, which I give here.

LETTER THE FOURTH.

THE CAR.

I NEED not relate our speeches—you know already the summary of our journeys. We gave a day to the description of each world we had visited. The first day we gave to the Earth, as the world nearest to us, when my comrades told their impressions of Earth and of mankind, as far as they could judge in their hasty visit. Then, on the second day, we spoke of the ruddy planet Mars. I detailed my journey through his divers seas in the electric ship, and they their travels around his ruddy globe, and the strange cities and wondrous spectacles of gorgeous grandeur they had seen; and, finally, we spoke of the moon, Phoibos, where we had rested a while. On the third we spoke of Jupiter, that giant world, and of his many wonders. The fourth, and last day, we spoke of Saturn and his

rings and satellites, and the many wondrous things we had beheld in that far-off ringed world.

When the great congress was ended, we proceeded to the City of the Stars, where we held a great consultation of many days with the learned, who wished to know all that we had seen in the other worlds of our solar system. Thence we went to other cities and addressed divers assemblies, and told them of what we had seen of God's wondrous creation in those far-off worlds which He had made and we had visited. Wonder and admiration was excited. The things we had brought with us from the distant planets were examined and discussed. The conclusion we all came to was that throughout the solar system there was an integral unity of design, and yet an infinite variety of manifestations of the wisdom and power of the Divine Creator of the Universe.

As now we found that we had the power of traversing the realms of space from world to world, and that science had so advanced our control over nature that the millions of miles of ether were no insuperable obstacle to our passing from world to world, the thirst for knowledge naturally grew by the tasting of the fresh wonders revealed to our race of the creatures of the Most High. A council was held, at the City of the Stars, of the greatest astronomers and engineers (or "nature-subduers," as we call them) of our world, and the question opened in what direction a fresh expedition should be taken into space. The answer was simple, for but one reply was obvious, and Akasion, the prince of the City of the Stars, briefly put it to us thus :—"As yet we have only gone outwards. The realms of Uranus and Neptune are so distant that it may be doubted whether our powers, with safety, can be used to attain such distant planets, at least until we have tried further experiments. But in the inner realm of the solar system we have as yet done nothing. The region of greatest wonders is at hand, not so far off as Mars and the Asteroids. There, then, let us send our next exploration—to our sister world, Mercury, and to the mighty king of day—the glorious Sun."

To this Arnorion, the great "nature-subduer," replied :—"The truth is, that there is a nobler prize to obtain by a journey inward than outward, but the difficulties are greater. In going outwards from the Sun we only went to realms of darkness and cold, and indeed in the worlds to which we sent we found that the cold was relieved by the heat of their internal fires ; but in going inwards towards the Sun we go to a region of tremendous and terrible heat, and of light unutterably intense. New precautions will be needed. Greater power will be required also to contend against the mighty gravitation of the Sun, which is more than one million times larger than our world."

Both points were considered. We agreed that the journey to the Sun was most desirable, but was full of difficulties, such as would need new discoveries and new inventions. Still the "nature-subduers" agreed that they would try experiments to see if they could increase the anti-gravitating force sufficiently to contend with the power of the Sun, and also search for means to contend against his intense and tremendous heat.

These experiments took some time. Meanwhile we travelled to many more of the cities of our planet, and told the story of our journeys, and showed the strange things we had brought from Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, and Earth, and from your satellite, the Moon.

At length we were told that a "nature-subduer," Exalorion, had discovered a substance which could ward off the intensest heat. He himself, wrapped in this substance, had walked into a furnace heated to the highest degree ; and even platinum, heated under electricity, had been wrapped around a robe of it and no effect whatever had been perceived. It was as utterly a non-conductor of heat as a thick sheet of iron was of light.

Okrastion also, another "nature-subduer," had found a means of immensely augmenting the anti-gravitating force on which our aërial cars depended.

On receiving this news I went again to the City of the Stars, and met my friend Ezariel there. We, together with the most eminent "nature-subduers" of our world, proceeded to construct a new car of much greater size and power than the former. We wrapped it within and without with the new non-conductor of heat ; we fixed in it the mighty anti-gravitating machine, which inverted the force of gravitation, and repelled what otherwise would be a force of attraction.

It was shaped like a shuttle, with two sharp points, cased in the newly-discovered non-conducting medium. On the top rested the directing magnet, of enormous power, and the anti-gravitating force was rested in the body of the machine. Within was a small cabin of steel, filled with every needful appliance, in which we the five travellers made our journey. It was lighted by but two windows of oval shape, with crystals of various density, the thicker of which once fixed would only transmit the most intense light into the interior. We were prepared for intensest heat or bitterest cold, for darkness or for most brilliant light.

LETTER THE FIFTH.

MERCURY.

Mount Karan in Mercury.

AT length we launched again into space in the mighty heat-protected car which we had constructed, but now not towards the region of darkness, but to the king of day, and the realms of eternal light that surround the mighty Sun. Our first stage was to be, as we had planned, to our fellow-planet, the bright world of Mercury. Hither we sped with vast rapidity, as soon as we got clear by our anti-gravitating force of Venus. On, on we flew. Mercury appeared first as a bright globe near the Sun, then as he rotated in his orb towards the point to which we were going, as a moon growing larger and larger in space, and at the same time narrowing his luminous disc. But he was not an airless moon like yours. He was intensely

bright, and around him were the double rings of his double atmosphere.*

"All the inner worlds," said Ezariel, "seem to have two envelopes on their surface. In Earth and Mars there is an outer atmosphere of air covering the whole surface, with an inner and partial one of water filling the ocean. Our world has its atmosphere and its oceans. In the Moon we saw a world the surface of which was bare to the ether. Here we have a world with a double envelope of the outer violet atmosphere, and of the inner bright one."

Meanwhile we were advancing towards this globe, on whose waving crescent of light the Sun shone. In the illumined part were to be seen huge mountains, almost as vast as ours, of ten miles or more in height, ranged in rings like the mountains of the Moon. On the dark part whole provinces, as large as several English counties, were illumined by the electric lights of the vast cities of the Mercurians.

As we approached the half-illumined globe we entered (about 500 miles from his surface) his outer violet atmosphere. Soon we perceived that not merely the surface of the planet, but the vast outer atmosphere itself, was peopled, and that the Mercurians were not restrained to the surface of their little world, not so much larger than your Moon, but dwell in the atmospheric shells around him, and swarmed in the vast outer space, so that, though the solid planet appears so small, the true planet is not confined to it, but includes the atmospheres where we perceived the cars of the Mercurians floating in space, like gnats in a summer evening.

"Surely," said Ezariel to me, "this little planet has slight gravitating force, and so the Mercurians can with little effort float away in space as far as their atmosphere extends, even if they are not able to launch forth into the regions of space around their planet."

On, on we flew, carried forward by the gravitation of the planet which, weak though it relatively was, now, when the anti-gravitating force was removed, was potent enough. We swept past many a floating islet in space of the Mercurians (for they seem to a great degree to live in their atmosphere far from the planet) on into the lower atmosphere of their world. We saw a lofty mountain range, and here on a peak we rested, and from here I write you this letter. At length I have seen and rested on the surface of each of the planets of our solar system, inside the distant realms of far-off Uranus. My object is attained.

Aleriel.

* In the transit of Mercury of 1878 two rings were observed enclosing the planet—an outer one of violet, an inner of a very bright character around the dark orb. The spectroscope leads us to think there is a watery envelope around Mercury, but the subject is obscure.

How Captain Williamson Won his Bride.

(The Chronicles of Cardewe Manor.)

By Lucy Farmer.

Chapter the First.

The Yeomanry Sports.

"CHARLEY," said I, one morning pretty early, "do you know what the twenty-fifth of September is?"

"What it is?" he replied, quite careless-like. "What of it?"

"What of it, Charley?—Don't you know it's our wedding-day? The twenty-fifth of September we were married."

"I thought it was the twenty-ninth," says Charley, smiling; "it ought to have been, if it wasn't. Well, Lucy, I won't contradict you, girl; and, as I said, what of it?"

A child could have flounced me then. Our own seventh wedding-day, and he to say, "What of it?" I could ha' cried, only I wasn't goin' to let Charley see any such weakness. So I only said—

"If you're such a stupid as not to know you've been married seven years, Charley Farmer, perhaps you'll take my word for it."

I *was* put out; and no wonder! Any one with the feelings of a woman would have been. Charley is sometimes very provokin', too. This time he said, with a jeerin' kind of tone—what *he* calls "dry"—

"Oh, I know it well, Lucy; I don't deny the soft impeachment; but I was surprised, *greatly* surprised, when you said *seven* years, my dear! If you had said four or five——"

"What, Charley, and the boy just six! Get out with you! Well, *do* be sensible now for a minute. Listen to *me* for once." He smiled again, but I took no notice. "Charley," says I, very solemn, "the seventh year is a lucky year. The twenty-fifth is a lucky day, so old Rachael says. Mr. Martyn-Henry's overseer, Mr. Strong, has been here. You remember I thought him a policeman in the mystery surrounding the Martyn-Henrys.† Well, he has asked us to go and pay a visit to him and his wife—Polly Meek, you remember her; and I vote we go on the twenty-fifth, which is a Saturday, and remain until Monday or Tuesday, if Mrs. Cardewe will let us off."

"She'll let us off, right enough," said Charley. "Shall we bring the young uns?"

† See Cassell's Magazine, April, 1886.

"Of course. Fancy me leaving Charley there, or little Dolly either, although Charley *is* six, as you forgot."

"Well, then, I'll ask Mrs. Cardewe, and send a line to Strong and his missus. That's only polite. We shall enjoy the change for a while; and Wenton Hall is a pretty place, I'm told. Bless me! Lucy, the *feet* is on Monday the 27th, I declare—the yeomanry *feet*."

"*Fate*, you mean, Charley. It's French. Yes, I knew the *fate* was to be, so I thought *you'd* like to go and see the soldiers' games."

"Capital, Lucy! I declare we'll have a regular honeymoon again—it will be like old times."

"Not with the two children, bless them! But we've got them, honey or no honey; and they're as good as gold!" I had to kiss them both after that, and so had Charley; though he does it oftenest when he thinks I don't see him, I'm sure it's nothing to be ashamed of!

The day came, the twenty-fifth of September, a lovely, warm autumn day. Oh, it *was* delicious as we drove through the pine-woods, me and Charley in front, and young Charley and his sister sitting behind in the trap, with the foot-board closed up. They couldn't see much, poor things, but they were wrapped up and eating sweeties a'most all the way, and didn't care for much scenery.

Wenton Hall is certainly a lovely place. It's in Dorsetshire, and is surrounded with grass-land. There are drives through the park and some fine trees in it, and people often walk across from the town over the fields; and from the major's gate in the hedge the view of the old town, with its chestnut avenues and old church, the new prison, and the ancient Roman camp, is very lovely of its kind.

We drove across country, and reached Mr. Strong's house in the afternoon. We had a hearty welcome from them, and though Polly rather turned up her nose at the children, having none of her own—which is perhaps a mercy—we were all very comfortable.

This was Saturday, and on the Sunday we went to church morning and afternoon; and in the evening we took a walk round the park and away off towards the high ground, where we could see the blue sea.

"Are the mines yonder?" inquired Charley.

"Yes," replied Mr. Strong, "they're yonder. We don't do much now."

"Hallo," whispered Charley to me. "here's a fine young lady! Who's she, I wonder? Is she a visitor?"

"No; a friend. She's a Miss Mather, one of our belles, and a great friend of Mrs. Henry's. Every one wants to marry her, but old Rachael here says she will be saved from a great peril and marry her preserver.

"Does old Rachael still tell hand-fortunes?" I asked.

"She does," replied Polly Strong. "She told mine as true as true!"

"And Major Williamson's too, Polly," remarked her husband. "Do you remember the bazaar where old Rachael told his lines? He was to go through death's door to his love!"

"Yes; Major Williamson is staying here now," said Polly; and then the conversation about old Rachael and her palmistry dropped, though I am free to confess I think she was very clever with it, and never took money.

The Sunday passed quietly. Monday came, light and sunny. The sports, the yeomanry sports, were to begin at one o'clock. Long before that time people came trooping up across the fields, and plenty of ladies and gentlemen rode out on horseback. Mr. Strong knew all the grandees, and he pointed them out to us.

"Look, Lucy Farmer, there's Mr. Easton and his beautiful daughter. Isn't she haughty-looking? but you should see her riding to hounds! There's Captain Franks—fine man, isn't he? and such a lovely place of it, eh? Look, here's the Miss Mathers with Captain Williamson and Mr. Mathers—captain he is, I'm told. There's the governor—he looks a soldier, don't he, Lucy? He's the prison governor up town. There, he's chatterin' with Miss Brightstone—isn't she pretty? —you can hear his laugh over here! There they come on the horses—that's a gentleman from London, the one in knickerbockers, an army soldier, so are his friends. There's the great book-writer, Mr. Softy—lives in the red house yonder, see."

I nodded. We were sitting in the trap, and could see splendidly.

"Those two young ladies coming near us are the prettiest of all," I said.

"They're the Miss Mathers—isn't the youngest one lovely? Look at her eyes!"

"Give me the other, Mr. Strong. There's a fine face for you, and such a figure. Oh, isn't she a beauty! What's her name?"

"I don't rightly know. Daisy I have heard her called in private when I've been in-doors; Margaret, I suppose."

It was certainly a very pretty sight. There were races, or rather hurdle-races, jumping prizes, tent-pegging, tilting at the ring, sword and lance play, and single-stick on horseback. A large space—it was a portion of the park—was set aside for the tilting and pegging; and altogether it was very enjoyable.

As we were watching the sports, Captain Williamson and Miss Susan Mather came up near us. They were chatting very pleasantly, although she seemed rather shy, and so did her horse.

"Charley," said I, in a whisper, "I wouldn't be on that chestnut for something. Look at his ears."

"Oh, he's quiet enough," replied Charley. "You look at the sports, and never mind the ladies and gentlemen."

But I couldn't help it. The yeomanry men were tilting at the ring, down the hill, which faced towards the sea, which was a long way off; and as each man thundered down the turf, Miss Susan's horse pricked up his ears and got fidgety. You know what that means. Her sister's little mare got fidgety too, and Captain Williamson's big black horse pawed the ground until he had made a regular burrow under him. Sometimes the yeomen couldn't pull up, and then they dashed down between the lines of carriages

like the Bengal Lancer in Miss Thompson's picture who has "missed," and which we have hanging in our little room at home.

After one of these bursts there was a cry, and then a shout—then a roar and a trampling of hoofs, and before you could say tom-tit, away dashed Miss Mather's horse. Charley, with the greatest presence of mind, jumped out of the trap and caught Miss Susan's bridle, or her animal would have been off too.

Oh! it makes me quite sick-like to see the tall, beautiful young lady at racing pace away over the turf, and Captain Williamson hot-foot after her. Major Martyn-Henry, he roars out, "Stop, all of you! don't hunt her down"—and then he, with the other gentlemen, went off, while the yeomanry men formed up and kept back the crowd.

It was terrible. Mr. Strong turned the trap, and drove to the top of the knoll, which he knew would enable us to see far down the slopes. And, oh! I could scarcely look. There was the young lady flying away, her hat off, her habit streaming out, the horse racing like mad upon the turf, and Captain Williamson dashing after her like a madman too.

"Mercy on us!" screamed Mrs. Strong, though she never was that by nature—"Mercy on us, she'll fall into the old shaft! She's headin' right for it. Oh, Mr. Farmer, whatever shall we do?"

Many of those around knew the danger, and many a prayer I heard for her. "God help her!" said the men. "Heaven preserve her!" cried the women, all under their breath. We couldn't speak out.

"There, there! look—she sinks, she's down!"

"No, she isn't!" cried Strong. "I can't stand this; get along, mare;" and he lashed the animal down the hill.

Others did the same: yeomanry, ladies, and gentlemen; some hundreds on foot, in carriages, on horseback, in traps of all kinds, started off—all but Mrs. Martyn-Henry and two grooms. She drove to the house for brandy or wine, or anything that might be wanted; and sent the grooms on horseback for doctors, with orders to put the doctors on the horses, and walk back themselves. "Miss Gladys," as we still called her, between ourselves, was the most sensible woman there, though I *had* whispered to Charley to go for a doctor, myself. Of course he didn't; he was too anxious to see the end.

We drove a long way, and came near the old shaft. The ground shelved down, the late wet weather had caused a slip too, and a mass of earth and grass, and stones and rubbish, and what some one said was "deborah," or something like that, slid down into the great hole in the side of the hill, and Miss Mather, horse and all, had been swallowed up in the tunnel of the mine!

It was awful, and we cried like babies, some of us. Oh! I was thankful I had left the children at the Strong's house, for I was no better than a baby myself. I shall never forget the awful silence for a few minutes, and then Captain Williamson and Major Martyn-Henry called for pickaxes and men.

I hid my face on Charley's shoulder, and cried like a child. Poor Miss Mather!

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"THROUGH DEATH'S DOOR FOR HIS LOVE."

AMONGST all the sobbing, tearful faces, amid all the stern-looking men, one young lady was as calm outwardly as marble, and indeed she looked like it. This was Miss Susan Mather, who was sitting on her little horse; her father was standing by her, and Charley had offered to hold the spare horse.

"My good fellow," said Captain Mather—a fine, tall, pleasant-spoken gentleman he is—"is there any respectable woman you know who will attend to my daughter?"

"Yes, sir," says Charley; "my wife, sir, well known to the major and Mrs. Henry, will see after the young lady, and proud to wait on her."

But others came, ladies in carriages, and begged Miss Susan to dismount and ride with them. But she wouldn't. Her beautiful clear eyes were fixed on the tunnel-shaft, which they said sloped down, down to the mine, which ran even under the sea! She knew that. Poor young lady, I *did* pity her, and made so bold as to speak to her. She only shook her head, but never said a word.

"Mr. Strong," said I, as an idea crossed my mind, "wherever does this mine end?"

"In the Channel," he says, "a long way under the water; and worst of all, which some don't know—but I do, only I daren't tell it—it's flooded at high water, for there's a hole we blasted in mistake in the cliff, and every tide tons of water breaks in, so we had to give it up—not that it was ever as much good as the old ones nearer the Manor, you know."

"But, Mr. Strong, why can't the young lady come up, then? If there's a hole, surely she can be seen?"

"Mrs. Farmer, we're old friends, but you'll pardon me a-sayin' you're speaking rubbish, ma'am."

"Rubbish yourself! I'll tell Captain Williamson; *he* is at any rate a *man*, and is doin' somethin', not lazing away his time in gossip, and gazing at vacancies like a stuck pig!"

"If it's my husband"—began that Polly Strong; but I walked off and spoke to the captain, and said I—

"If you'll listen to me, sir, we may save the young lady yet, sir."

"Listen to you! I'll give you fifty pounds if you'll show me a chance of saving her alive."

"If the tide's out, sir, we may. Get Strong, the overseer, and Major Martyn-Henry, and my husband, and a few more men, sir, and we'll try."

"What *are* you about?" whispered Charley; "you'll be putting your foot in it again. Lucy, this is no time for experiments!"

"Charley," says I, "I'm no fool, whatever you may think. Now, is the tide in or out?"

"Out! out!" shouted the men. "Why?"

"Why? Ask Mr. Strong; he knows an opening into the mine yonder. Make him go."

He didn't want any making, I will say. He sud-

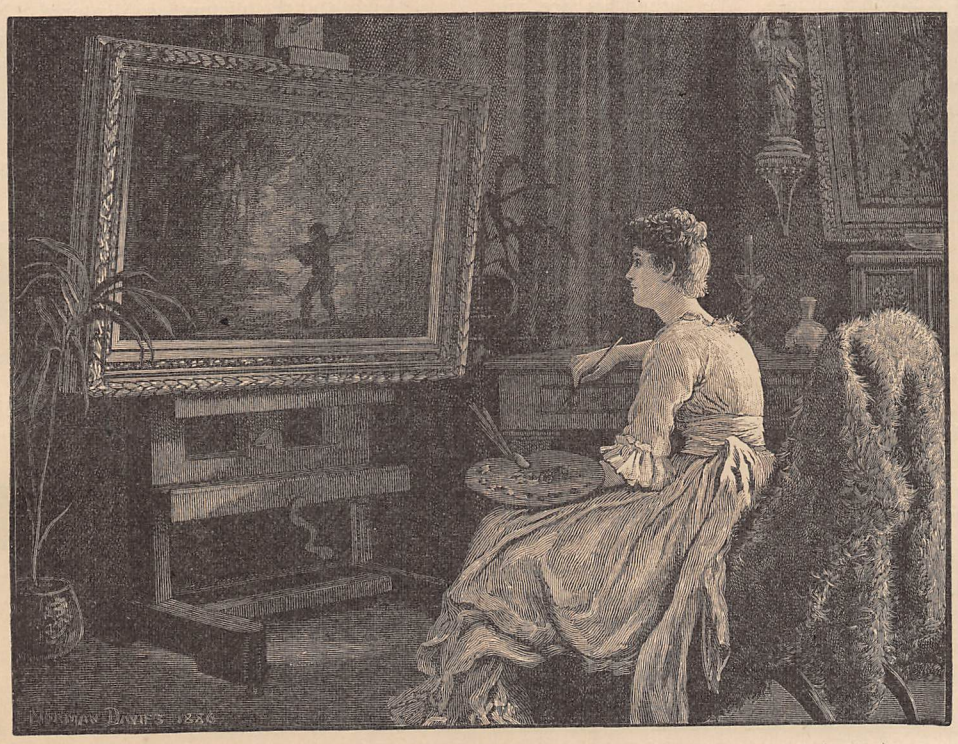
denly seemed to brighten up, and ran as fast as he could to the cliff, some hundred yards away. We looked after him, and then we heard him calling for a rope.

Hitch, slip, a dozen bridles were hitched off in two minutes. Those yeomanry never stripped for the "Coat-race"* as quick as that, I know.

"There's the hole!" cried Mr. Strong. "It's a rare bad spot; but it leads direct to the mine."

three other men, with more candles: then others —every one wanted to go — but the major said, "Enough!"

By this time, as we ascertained afterwards, a number of men had collected at the entrance to the tunnel and begun to dig and throw away the rubbish and clay and "deborah," whatever that means, from the side of the hill. So the search was proceeding at both ends. The suspense was awful. We women could



"SHE WAS SEATED IN A STUDY, LOOKING AT A PICTURE SHE WAS PAINTING" (*p.* 694).

"Volunteers!" shouted Major Henry.

"I go first and alone!" shouted Captain Williamson; "after me, who pleases; but I go first. I will resent any interference."

We all understood him. No one replied. In half a minute his coat, waistcoat, and braces were off, and he was being fastened up underneath the shoulders with a bridle—reins were to be had in plenty—and almost as soon as I can tell you, Captain Williamson was going to what seemed certain death. He would not wait for any one. Then Strong volunteered, and Miss Susan—bless her handsome pale face!—rode up with six carriage candles.

"There are more coming," she gasped.

She was cheered all round. No one else had remembered the candles—there were matches in plenty. The captain and Strong had been let down: then

* Riders in the "Coat-race" start with their upper clothing and saddles off; and have to win with clothes all right, saddles on, and smoking a cigar, after riding the course.

do nothing but say what we would do when the young lady came up. Then I began to think of old Rachael and her prediction about the palmistry, and I felt sure—though, of course, no one could be actually sure —that they would both be saved.

So the time passed. Every five minutes seemed half an hour, and I suppose nearly three-quarters of an hour had really passed when the men at the pit-hole called out, "There's some one pulling the rope!"

All hands then buckled to and made ready. A faint kind of shout came up, and feeling a tug, the men pulled gradually, steadily, one behind the other in a long line, and with a "Yo, heave ho!" in time, like sailors. Some had put their coats inside the hole so as to prevent the reins from cutting, and by degrees a figure was hauled up. Oh, horrible! horrible!

A lady! all torn and bleeding; her riding-habit wrenched nearly off; her boots clean cut as with a knife; her face as white as a sheet, on Captain

Williamson's arm. He was gripping the reins with one hand, and I could see his bones actually coming through his skin with the terrible grip he held. When we got him landed we had to cut the reins and leave the piece clenched in his grasp. He couldn't open his hand; and when he sat down he fainted away.

"He's dead!" shrieked some silly women. "He's dead!"

"He is *not!*" shouted a gentleman. "Keep quiet, can't you? Come, bear a hand, some of you lasses, and be of use."

I was ready in a minute. We bathed his face, and by slow degrees got his hand unclenched. Miss Mather was carried away in a carriage to the Hall, alive, but terribly injured, we feared. Such a fine, bright, brave girl she was, too. It seemed a thousand pities she should be disfigured.

As soon as Captain Williamson came to his senses he asked for her. We told him Miss Mather was safe and carried home. Then he was quiet, and said, "Did I save her?"

"Yes," replied the young doctor—for the gentleman was a doctor—"you have saved her life."

I wondered how he knew. I looked very much astonished, and asked him about it.

"Hold your tongue, you stupid woman!" said he. "Don't you see we must keep up his spirits? *He* will sink if we don't. He's nearly exhausted, as it is."

"Stupid! Was I? Well, I found out the old shaft, anyway," I muttered.

I then turned away, and went across to Charley as soon as Captain Williamson had been removed. We mounted into the trap and drove back. As we passed the landslip we found that the men had managed to perforate the "deborah,"* and had penetrated into the long sloping tunnel in the hill which led to the workings. We looked in and saw, or fancied we saw, how the accident had happened.

The galloping horse had trodden on the rotten bank, the ground had given way and fallen in a mass, shooting the animal and his rider into the mouth of the tunnel. Most fortunately Miss Mather had been thrown off—flung clear of the horse and the clay and stones—upon the tram-road in the tunnel. Down this she had slid for several yards, and had fallen at last some five feet down a cutting at the side. Had she continued in a forward direction she would have tumbled down the old shaft to the bottom of the mine, and would have been killed. Her groans guided the men to the spot, and she was saved.

Captain Williamson had brain fever. He was very ill for several weeks, but at length recovered. Miss Mather made a wonderful recovery, too, and after she got about again, I was sent for to Wenton Hall, where she was staying, and where Captain Williamson was also being nursed.

I was introduced to her as she was seated in a study, looking at a picture she was painting. I could not help looking at the picture as I entered. Her back was towards me, and I had a good stare at it. I declare it was the "Haunted Wood" of Scarsdale, where I had been many a time as a child. I could not help calling out, and then Miss Margaret turned round.

"Mrs. Farmer?" she said.

"That is me, miss," said I; "and right glad to see you up and about again."

"Thank you," she said. "Now, Mrs. Farmer, do you remember what Captain Williamson said before he went into that terrible shaft?"

"Yes, miss; he said no one but him should save you."

"I don't mean that," she replied, with a blush. "I mean something about a reward——"

"Oh! he said he'd give me some money if I could help him to rescue you, miss; but of course one thinks nothing about that."

(I *had* thought of it, though, I must confess—for clothes are getting dearer, I believe.)

"Well, *he* has thought of it; and here is a note for you. Take it, please. Now come and tell me how you like my picture."

"It's beautiful, miss; the very place; it's the 'Haunted Wood' itself. I remember it well. I could tell you a story about that!"

"Oh, do!" she cried, "I love a mystery. But first let me tell you that this picture is for you and your husband in recognition of your kindness. Will you accept it? Captain Williamson and I both wish it."

"Thank you, miss, a hundred times; you are most kind; and may you and the captain be a very happy couple. God bless you!"

"I pray it may be so," she said softly. "I am sure we *shall* be happy, Mrs. Farmer. I hope I deserve to be his wife."

"FLATTING" IN AMERICA.

TO flat or not to flat? That was the question. Whether it were better to save a few steps by living on earth, or gain sunshine and a view by climbing towards heaven? Could we do without a garden? Would interiorly-potted vines at our windows compensate us for the vagrant grace, the gipsy light and shadow of earth-rooted ones? Would our friends willingly *climb* to see us, or would they consider us descending the social scale by as many steps as ascended from the street door to our own? Would even our own relatives—who couldn't cut us, though they yearned so to do with unspeakable yearning—would they shoot out the

* Our worthy contributor means *débris*, we believe.—EDITOR.

lip at us, and roll up the eye, if we established our Lares and Penates under the same roof with strange domestic gods?

These were but a fraction of the questions we asked ourselves before the Flat, as opposed to the Cottage, carried the day. Perhaps even then the cottage might have had the majority of votes—for the cottage *orné* is a prominent feature of our Boston suburban civilisation—but for the years we had "flatted" in Paris. The memory of the unbroken quiet, the complete convenience, the perfect seclusion, as of one's own independent vine and fig-tree, enjoyed for so many years over the sea, finally decided us to try a system entirely new to us in our native land, and, indeed, of but few years' acquaintance even to our country-people, who have been taking their ease in their own inns during all the years we were both easy and uneasy in foreign ones.

Flats are only growing into favour in American cities, and their proportion to other modes of living is about the same as in England—that is, vastly less than in Paris. As a rule, Americans cling to the old habit of a bit of garden-space, no matter how small; to the old manner of the washing done at home, and dried upon "the estate"; to the old manner of a cellar all to one's self, and a "wood-shed," where knockings and poundings and splittings may not incense neighbours above or below.

We, however, didn't care to pound anything, our chief skill in that direction being upon nails not of iron. We had had no personal interest in a clothes-line for years, and had forgotten what a cellar was like. We liked everything that could be done for us outside done there, and without the co-operation of even our eyes and ears; and therefore, finally, between a pretty little cottage and a flat, both of the same rent, we decided upon the latter, it having one room more than the former.

We moved into our flat in high glee.

"Good luck to our flat," sang Charlie, as we unpacked casts and pictures that last saw the light in Woburn Square, moved by our usual principle of taking care of the beautiful first, in faith that the useful will always take care of itself.

By degrees our glee abated, as glee, even when best founded, is sure to do. It abated, but did not leave us disconsolate, for we knew in advance that there are bitters to every sweet, even to that of an American flat!

Let us look about us and count our conveniences. We have six nice rooms, reasonably spacious, a roomy bath, and closets and pantries in profusion. We are three flights from the street, with two flats below, none above us, and but three families served by the wide stairway. On the roof—a flight of stairs above us—stands a glass house, or at least one so generously bewindowed as to seem so, one where, in inclement weather, the linen may be dried of any family who clings to the ancient prejudice that washing is better done at home than elsewhere. Outside this glass house is a generous space, defended by a machicolated wall, like a Gothic castle, where, in fine weather, the family linen may disport itself in the sunshine. That American families, as a rule, even when adopting the new flat system, still cling to their "Monday's wash," is proved by the countless roofs just above the level of our ordinary vision, during the first few days of every week, when roof after roof seems tearing its thick white hair in a very delirium, or giving space to white ballets more active than graceful!

Our drawing-room has two bow windows, looking far away over hundreds of roofs, in unbroken perspective, to the distant hills. It is a pretty drawing-room, but, alas, how Philistine! The chimney-piece is cold, white marble; cold and white is the wood-work; the wall-paper white and gold, costing, our landlord impressively announces, three dollars the roll! In the library is another world-embracing bow window; in the dining-room another, all four facing different ways, being enabled to do so from the position of our flat at an end of the block, and affording evidence of the universal American love of these showy architectural features. Water, of course, is laid on all over the building; and a chute behind the kitchen range sends all ashes and kitchen refuse flying into a bin three storeys below, from whence the ash-man removes them every morning. The chute is probably intended *only* for kitchen refuse; nevertheless it refuses nothing offered to its amiable maw, and swallows ancient raiment, broken statuary, decrepit chairs and tables, as smilingly as ashes and potato-skins. Once the kitten went in, over-persuaded by a juvenile Curious-Impertinent. The kitten came out again, having, by dint of claws and falsetto expostulations, convinced some of us elders that the chute of an American flat is not a proper passage to the feline paradise.

As in Paris, our coal-bins are down-stairs—three of them, one for each flat—upon the ground floor. In Paris, our *concierge*, for a consideration, brought the day's coals up to us every morning. Here in Cambridge the *concierge* is unbuyable, for the simple and cogent reason that *there is no concierge!* This fact is to us one of the most curious and inconvenient proofs of the high cost of labour in this country, and the consequent habit of Americans to do things for themselves that in Europe are invariably done by servants. Englishmen travelling in this country are aghast at being frequently compelled to black their own boots; and Matthew Arnold nearly starved to death because he waited to be waited upon at railway restaurants, instead of snatching and grabbing for himself, *à l'Américaine*. So in these flat houses of moderate price, the proprietor never imagines it his business to provide a janitor. With a speaking-tube connected with the front door, every flat manages its own social and practical business with the street; and a cord or wire from every flat opens the closed general door with ease. The halls and stairs are kept in spotless order by a woman who comes from outside twice a week; during the rest of the time they are left to their own devices. A curious result of this lack of a janitor shows in our dealings with the post-man, or "letter-carrier," as he is invariably called in

this country. Three or four times a day comes a ring at our bell—a ring in no way different from every other ring through the day. We haste to the speaking-tube, and cry blithely, not "*Qui va?*" not "*Qui vive?*" not even "Who's there?" but the simple, airy interrogative—"Yes?"

Up from far regions below comes a deep-mouthed bay—for so it always seems—"Letters!"

Thereupon we trip from our flat upon the wide landing outside, so much wider than Parisian ones, as all American spaces are. Outside, a familiar basket awaits us, one kept for exactly such occasions as this. The basket we proceed to let down by a long cord into the well of the lower hall, drawing it up a moment later charged with whatever Uncle Sam's mail may have transmitted to us.

Those who have never tried it cannot imagine the peculiar mental impressions, and emotional ones too, caused by sight of one's letters swirling dizzily up from a well, and drawn hand over hand from out the infinite possibilities of weal or woe, of good fortune or bad, of disappointment and disaster, of comedy and tragedy, that life holds. Far down we see a wide-bordered mourning letter, writhing and twisting up with the twisting cord; and a thousand black terrors gather about, as we think of first one and then another of our absent dear ones, whose going must leave us desolate. The black-bordered messenger may but bid us to the funeral of some indifferent acquaintance; and we should have known as much at sight had we received it from the postman's hands; but for a space of three or four minutes it has been a black spectre to our souls. The yellow envelope, we are sure, is a lawyer's letter telling of our accession to Aunt Stingee's fortune; and until we see a mercer's address on the corner, we can hardly draw up our basket for exultation. When bundles of newspapers dance up, we are sure our manuscript ignominiously comes back from the unappreciative publisher; and when that manuscript really does come, we draw airily, convinced that nothing but newspapers load the wicker vehicle.

Another time may come a ring at our bell. Anticipating letters or a friendly call, down again goes our sweetly-tubed "Yes?" Then from the regions of mystery below comes the pungent query—"Got enny rags, bottles, papers?"

Like the majority of Americans of but moderate means, and unlike Englishwomen of the same, we keep no servants. Neither have we an elevator, or lift, as more expensive flats have. Hence it becomes necessary to employ a *femme de ménage*, who comes to us at six every morning, and leaves us only after the dinner is cleared away at night. This woman is "an American of African descent." She does all our errands, and, indeed, all our household work save cooking. This she absolutely refuses to touch, declaring she "ain't nobuddy's cook, and don't pretend to be nothing but a fust-class scrub-lady!" When we go out we never dare leave this dusky Phillis in charge of our door-bell and speaking-tube, lest she yell some *bêtise* down to the most ceremonious of our visitors, or invite the rag-and-bottle man up to admire our new piano. So we leave a card over the door-plate bearing our name, and directly under the tube belonging to it, with the word "*Out*" upon the card. Thus the blessed assurance broods over our souls that our friends may not hear from the world above—

"Ain't no use your comin' up; 'she' ain't to home!"

In France our matron was always "madame." In England she has been known to be "the missis." In this land of the brave and home of the free all titles fall from her, and leave her in the primæval simplicity of "she."

Various features of our American flatting are vastly different from anything in English housekeeping. Our pretty hand-painted china is manufactured in France expressly for a Boston firm, so we read inscribed upon the reverse side of every article of it. We should know this without the assurance, because of the generous preserve saucers that are a part of it, and the tiny round plates for butter, known in America as "individuals," because every individual is supplied with one as naturally as with his cup and saucer. So, too, unlike English ways, our baked-bean pot is almost the largest of our food-containing vessels, while our "'larsis-jug"—*vide* our scrub-lady—is a larger treacle-jug than perhaps ever sweetened an English *ménage* the size of ours since the world began. Molasses goes into our almost daily gingerbread—into cookies, Johnny-cake, apple sauce, Graham gems, barberry preserves, brown bread; even into our baked beans! Nevertheless, treacle tart—that climax of our English boarding-school bliss—is an unknown luxury here; and the very description of it is received with sniffs of tip-tilted nose that remind us of our long-ago sniffs and tip-tiltings at the description of English pork pies.

Pork pies! Such a horror they were to me for a time that I conceived an æsthetic and, for a long time, immovable antipathy against the Empress of the French, hearing her described as wearing a pork-pie hat! How absolutely ridiculous and unreasonable that prejudice seemed to my English schoolmates, I since have had reason to realise by my own virtuous wrath and contempt at an Englishman who in my presence called our beloved Yankee dough-nuts "beastly things—all grease!"

"If you never ate any other than 'greasy' dough-nuts," I answered, with highly superior air, "you have no right to express any opinion whatever concerning dough-nuts!"

DELIVERANCE DINGLE.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

WHEN October comes, the autumn fashions are well established, and I can now give a reliable account of some of the new materials. They are all useful and serviceable, many extremely handsome and costly, but the majority of English cashmeres seem to be faithful to certain well-established favourites, into which novel features have been introduced.

Estamine is one of the knockabout materials on which we fall back for seaside, travelling, and every-day hard wear, and it has now been brought out with an interwoven corded stripe, with chevron or herring-bone weaving between. This gives additional substance and firmness. Most of the cloths are now made in double width, as they are better for arranging in the long fashionable draperies; plain armure is to be had single width. This is also made in stripes and in all the new colourings: browns, brick-red, grenat-green (which is a favourite colour), a brilliant full petunia, Gobeline, bright red, and navy.

Another novelty in weaving is Jahore cloth, with an almost imperceptible chevron, and the soft Burmah, a species of Vicuna, treated in the same way. The beaver tones are well worn in this. Vigogne is such a staple article, I hardly care to tell you that it is much to the fore, but it is an old and well-tried friend, and can be bought in Gobeline, fraise, and all the new colours.

Plain cloth dresses have been so fashionable that—imitation being the sincerest flattery—it is not surprising that the fabric has found a counterpart at a lower price, viz., in the so-called Amazon, a third at least cheaper, not so wide, and, of course, not of so good a quality, but produced in quite the same range of colouring. Another cheap stuff, but not to be despised, is Drap de Cordon, which is nothing more nor less than a foulé with a perpendicular stripe.

There is an immensely increased variety in tweeds. The Irvine tweed is an imitation of coating, and has a mixed, prominent and decided stripe, biscuit blended with peacock, red with blue, brown with Gobeline. Sometimes silk mixes with the colour, as in cheviots. Cochnatus displays a check with a shadow line beside it, which gives it more prominence. A Sailor Tweed made in fine wool with a chevron weaving, and a fine thread stripe an inch apart, will look well to the end; and a very large number of the autumn dresses are being made of it. The new idea in check and fancy tweed is the introduction of a tinsel thread here and there. The groseille mixtures are in favour, and the greys and whites are fashionable even as much out of as in mourning. Algerian tweeds owe their name to the admixture of brilliant colouring introduced into the stripes—red, blue, grey, gold and biscuit being perhaps one of the best combinations, in very broad stripes, intended to be made up with plain; or Gobeline-brown and golden-red. No one can go very far wrong in choosing a tweed. There are a few simple brocades introduced on ordinary woollens, small leaf patterns on Biarritz cloth, and small brocades between stripes on others; but the chevron weaving applied to everything is a more distinctive feature; even the cheviots show it between stripes of contrasting colour.

A NEW PORTRAIT.

Fancy velvets are being largely used with all the woollen stuffs, as waistcoats, panels, revers, &c. They display stripes and squares and plush spots, and Gothic patterns in frisé and plain velvet, two or three colours intermixed. Some new woollens have a marbled appearance, and at a first glance would seem to be shot—"*changeant*," as the French call it—a dominant idea in many departments.

For jackets and mantles, beaver cloths are much employed, viz., plain cloths with beaver lining. Matelassés are once again in fashion; they wear well.

Cloths admit of almost as much variety as silks; they are striped and spotted, and have a large handsome brocade all over them, brown and black mixed, grey and white, and so on.

For ulsters, Cheviots in heavy makes with fishbone stripes and fancy weaving are employed; and the curled cloths or woollen Astrakhans used for trimmings and for entire jackets are now made in every fashionable colour, and are employed for trimming dresses.

Habit cloths used alike for dresses and mantles boast of several new colourings, but there is nothing else that is new in them.

Velvet plays an important part, not only in dresses, but in millinery, and many of the fancy straw bonnets and hats have pointed velvet crowns. The shape of the crowns is most varied. Some are arched like a church window, some sunk, some a mere oblong. Other straws are interplaited with cloth, while some have bias folds of velvet alternating with the rows of straw and radiating from the centre. Nothing would seem to be too fanciful for either hats or bonnets. Many have helmet crowns with the straw arranged longitudinally on either side; some are made with beaded braids round the crowns and fronts, and are very inexpensive.

Dresses are often pinked, and bonnets are made to match them, with close-set rows of narrow pinked-out cloth all over, the brim bordered with a frilling of the same.

Felt hats and felt bonnets are largely worn, also beavers. Some of the felts have beaver brims; others are beaver all over. One curious new hat is a reproduction of a field-marshal's hat, with round crown and a tuft of bows of ribbon on one side. Many of the felts are laced all round in perpendicular lines from the top, the lacings often differing in tone at the foundation.

Some of the children's bag hats are surrounded by broad plaid velvet, while others have two bag ends. Sailor hats caught up at the back are still worn very high, and broad-brimmed hats in velvet are adopted by little girls; and a new notion is a double-fluted back which closely resembles a double brim, one turning up, one down. This shape has a long sunk crown also. Tuscan straw interblended with coloured straw is made so supple, it is plaited into any shape needed; and the soft full-crowned caps of the German students have suggested many new forms worn by children this autumn, and generally produced in velvet.

The pretty evening costume we illustrate is intended for home dinner wear or any other unceremonious occasion. It is composed of three materials, all of the same colour, which in the model is the new shade of green. The panel on the left side of the skirt is a series of Faille Française flounces, each pinked out at the edge; the long draped tunic and the bodice are nun's-veiling; while the full jabot crossing from the right shoulder to the waist is satin merveilleux of a slightly lighter shade than either the silk or veiling. The collar and the bouillonnés at the elbows are likewise satin. It is a ladylike dress in one of the latest styles, and could be varied both in material and trimming.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Paris has brought to the fore, and is largely exporting to England, some of the finest class of woollen fabrics to be worn during the coming season; but the wool serves only for the ground, and is generally the finest diagonal cashmere. On this are stripes and patterns of every conceivable kind in plush and velvet, the velvet outlined with frisé and several colours combined, or only two, such as plum and brown; sometimes two shades only of one tone—grey for example. A few of these fabrics cost over a pound a yard, others barely a quarter of that sum; but the designs are bold and imposing, and they have all the appearance of brocaded velvet.

Many of these beautiful stuffs are faithful copies of the Louis XV. and XVI. designs, and not the least beautiful show Pompadour floral stripes, the flowers exquisitely shaded. There is another class, which the French call Soutaché, because of the close resemblance of the pattern to braiding. One, for example, in a Gothic design showed rings of frisé interlacing with conventional and geometric figures; but to have a fair idea of the beauty of these new materials, they must be seen. Some of the new French woollens in plain colours have moire stripes divided by cords firmly upstanding.

In the whole kingdom of dress this autumn, there seems to be more novelty in millinery than in any other department. The ribbons are all either shot or watered, often both, and velvet binding the brims of hats is watered also. Hard firm edges appear on nearly all ribbons, many of them having some four or five cords at either edge, forming a side border, which is an admirable addition; by means of this stiffness they stand well up when used for the high looped bows above the crowns of hats and bonnets. A new ribbon is satin one side, velvet the other, both shot in such delicate mixtures as pink and blue, green and flesh, cardinal and blue, gold and red; and the shot moires are to be had in the same tones, with firm satin edges.

The blues which are being worn are the Leman, indigo, and vieux bleu, the last a darker and more intensified tone than Gobeline. Orange shades are well worn, and a red like claret, called Rubens; poppy, and Viviane, which has a brick tone. Greys are in demand, especially graphite, a deep steel and light pearl grey. Some of the new ribbons are divided down the centre—half one colour, half the other; or half one shade and half the other—a wide stripe in the centre, a narrower stripe on either side.

With regard to materials used for millinery, you may use a new firm satin called Satin Français, shot velvet, shot plush, and moire of all kinds. Velours fillete is quite new; it has two colourings, and looks like netting over a substantial ground.

Steel ornaments are just now lavishly introduced into the hats and bonnets prepared for the English

market — daggers, large buckles, and other forms. The velvet bindings to hats and the positive brims are often now edged with new metallic plaited wires, in several iridescent tones, looking as though they had passed through the fire.

Hackle feathers, dyed all colours, stand up boldly above hats and bonnets, and bird of paradise plumes have been dyed also.

Velvet bonnets for all dress occasions are being principally prepared in Paris. Some of them are trimmed with bands of chenille-embroidered galon—costing some sixteen francs a metre. Nearly all the bonnets have strings, but some are very narrow, though they are the exception rather than the rule.

Square sunk crowns are decidedly new and well worn. Occasionally the crowns are soft and very large, with a flaring front. The bonnets are all rather important-looking, standing up well over the face. A few are still crownless, the bonnet itself being composed of lace, flowers, and twigs.

Hats are altogether more novel in their arrangement — one, for example, with a round helmet crown, having a shower of cock-feathers falling over the face, like a volunteer helmet. The deep positive poppy-coloured velvet is applied to many hats with pointed crowns, indescribably pleated and folded over the shape, and having black wings about it, while others have a bird of paradise plume at the side.

The sailor hat shape has been reproduced in velvet, with a broad brim in front, straps of white ribbon and bows coming across the crown and catching up the brim at the back; a cluster of five or six pure white ostrich-plumes in front. A brown velvet hat covered with folded velvet showed a long cock's plume in two colours, the darker in front, the lighter at the back; the brim, turned up at the side, was plainly-covered silk-velvet.

A shape of hat which French children much affect has been sent over from England, and has found almost as many patrons in Paris. It is made in velvet—much in the form of the gendarmerie caps, describing a straight line at the top, the rest not unlike a sugar-loaf, and bordered with a frilling of velvet. It suits young faces well. These hats are made in white and colours to match the costumes.

THROUGH THE VINERY.

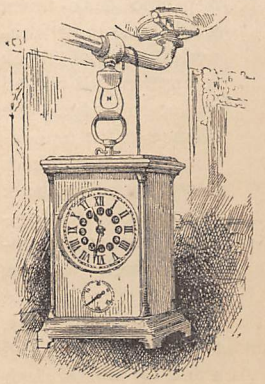
The autumn dresses show a pleasing combination of plain white or some dark-toned wool and long draperies over of check in contrast, all pinked out at the edges, the flounce on the foundation skirt also pinked. Sometimes the check is a mere scarf crossing in front and forming draped paniers, then descending the skirt in a straight line, the edges pinked, and a frill of pinked cloth backing these same edges. The style is simple, but has a good effect, and does not easily get out of order. English tailors take advantage of these suggestions from French sources, but, as a rule, when Parisians need tailor-made dresses they go to English workmen. It is in cashmeres and that class of costume that the French dressmaker excels, and when these are not made up with handsome velvet broché, the new wool brocades are used.

Our engraving illustrate two costumes—one worn by a young matron, the other by a youthful unmarried woman. The former has selected heliotrope for her colour, and her costume consists of three different materials and three different shades. The skirt is embroidered cashmere, the bodice and panel are velvet, the overdress, revers, and plastron are checked cashmere. The bonnet, which matches in colour, is a combination of velvet and flowers—all different tones of heliotrope. The second costume is one of the new woollen fabrics with chevron weaving, and showing also stripes and spots in a darker shade of the colour, which is deep fraise. The plastron, revers, and cuffs are veloutine. The hat corresponds in colour, but is of shot velvet with a spray of autumn foliage in the front.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

A Gas Extinguishing Clock.



An arrangement which can be applied to any clock to enable it to turn off gas, but which is specially adapted to that illustrated in our figure, has been devised by an American. A suspension hook, N, is attached above to the stop-cock of the gas-pipe, as shown, and below to a handle on a shaft. A notched disc is rigidly attached to the arbor of the hour-hand, and actuates the shaft which works the stop-cock. The shaft only makes one-quarter turn. The device is easily set, and it enables a person to turn off the gas at a predetermined time. As gas is applied to many purposes now, this will be found a convenience sometimes.

A Lighting Calendar.

Mr. F. Lux, of Ludwigshafen on the Rhine, has compiled a diagram showing the natural illumination for every day of the present year, and indicating the times for artificial illuminations to begin. Curves show the time of sunrise and sunset; and the time the moon rises or sets below an angle of 20 degrees to the horizon. This angle is chosen because there is practically no illumination from the moon in the streets of a town until it reaches that altitude. The phases of the moon are also attended to. The diagram is worked out for Berlin, but corrections are given for all the large towns of Germany.

Hydrocarbon Paints.

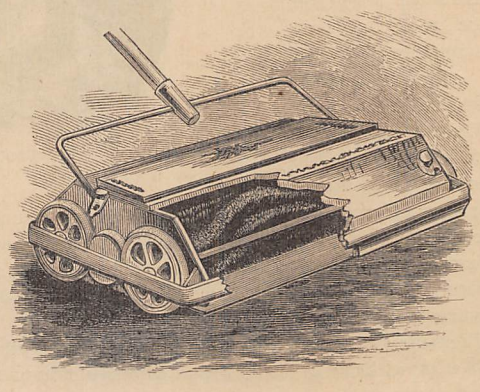
A curious instance reported from America shows that care should be exercised in using paints giving off hydrocarbon vapours in enclosed spaces. Some workmen set to paint a large iron tube with a mixture of benzine and asphalt as a protection against rust, were found to become strangely exhilarated and wildly excited. Suspecting the cause the superintendent had the men removed, some being in a state of stupor. The open air revived them, but the reaction was felt afterwards.

Bellit.

Bellit is a new Swedish explosive discovered by Herr Carl Lamm, of Stockholm. It consists of nitrate of ammonium and dinitrobenzol, which when melted are mixed with saltpetre, forming a compound of which each molecule explodes. One litre of bellit weighs 800 to 875 grammes; and it is found most serviceable for military purposes in a granular state. Bellit can be struck without exploding. It will also withstand fire, friction, or vibration. Granulated bellit explodes with a small quantity of fulminating mercury. It is stated to be suitable for exploding mines as well as for military purposes.

A Telephone Siren.

Professor Karsten, a German electrician, has devised a telephone "siren" which consists of a disc capable of being rapidly revolved. On the face of the disc a number of bar magnets are fastened radially, and near them is fixed the magnet and coil of a telephone with the diaphragm or plate removed. When the disc is revolved the rapid passage of the magnets in front of the magnet coil of the telephone induces currents in the coil, and these are heard as a musical note in a second telephone connected in circuit with the coil. The note heard depends on the arrangement of the magnet-poles on the disc, the number of vibrations per revolution equalling the number of poles, if the latter are all of one name, that is to say, all north (N.) or all south (S.) poles. When the order is N.S., N.S., or north and south poles alternately, the number of vibrations per revolution is halved, and so on. By combining the siren with an anemometer it is possible to tell the strength of the wind by the note heard in the telephone.



A Carpet-Sweeping Machine.

Our illustration shows a new carpet-sweeping machine which has recently been introduced to this country from the United States. It consists, as will be seen at a glance, of a light frame running on four india-rubber-tired wheels and surrounded by a rubber furniture guard. Between the two wheels at each end, and geared so as to be driven by their motion, is a

revolving brush which gathers up the dust and dirt as the machine is pushed over the carpet by means of the long driving-handle. The sweepings are collected in two dustpans in the frame of the machine, and, on pressing the triggers, one of which is shown on the top of the case, these pans are automatically emptied, without any need of tilting, or of removing any portion of the machine. The rubber furniture guard provides a satisfactory protection against accidents to the legs of chairs and tables, which might otherwise result from the use of the machine by a careless servant.

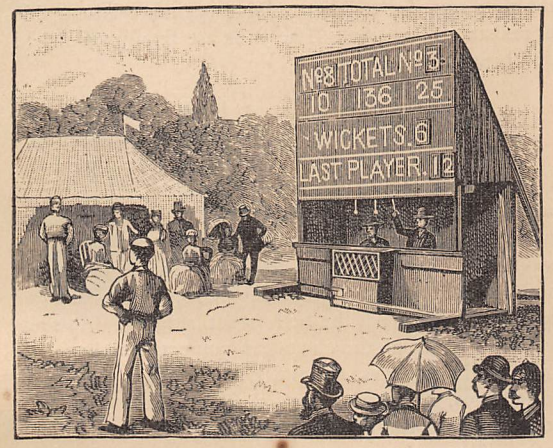


FIG. 1.

A Cricket Scorer.

The cricket scorer which we illustrate is an ingenious piece of mechanism working by means of endless belts and pulleys. The three handles, pulled in the manner shown, work the machine and adjust the score. Each run, as it is made, is added to the score of the man who made it, and also to the total score, and all extras are added to the total score without affecting the score of each batsman. We need not enter into the details of its construction; but we may mention that all the numerals are on endless belts or bands, each belt carrying a complete set from 0 to 9, and free to move over suitable drums on axles running from end to end of the scorer. Fig. 1 shows the front, and Fig. 2 the back of the scorer.

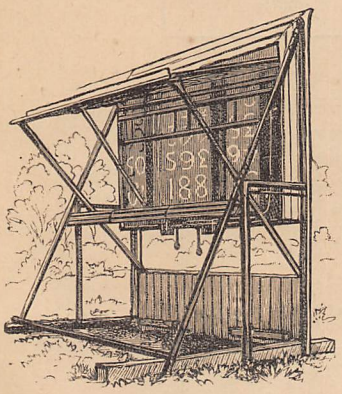


FIG. 2.

The Southern Cross Pearl.

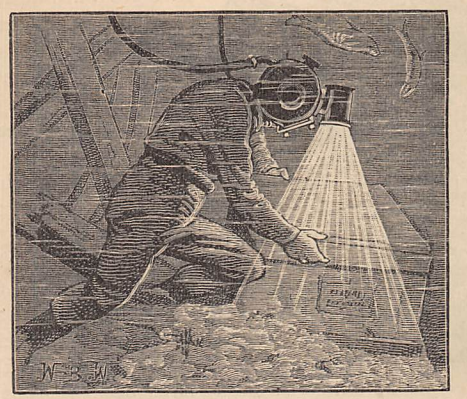
The remarkable cluster of pearls known as the "Southern Cross Pearl" was found at Roeburn, Western Australia. It is a group of nine pearls in the shape of a Latin cross; seven composing the shaft, which is one and a half inches long, and one composing each of the arms, which spring from the second pearl, reckoning from the top of the shaft. The pearls are mutually compressed and of fine quality, though somewhat out of shape. The pearl has been carefully examined to detect any artificial means of joining the pearls; but none has been discovered, and its formation is a subject for speculation. It is known that the Chinese produce pearl deposits on wire artificially, but in this case no such thread could be found. It has been suggested that a fragment of serrated sea-weed may be the framework of the pearl.

Natural Gas and Insects.

Natural gas has been used in Philadelphia for ridding fruit-trees of insects. The fact, as stated, was discovered by a jet of natural gas burning near some peach-trees; but whether it is that the flame attracts and consumes them, or that the vapours kill them, is apparently not well established. Natural gas has also been employed recently in America for melting iron in a cupola. The iron is stated to be of purer quality than coke gives, and the waste is less. Colonel Sweeney at Wheeling, in West Virginia, cast 1,200 lbs. of engine plate in this way without difficulty.

Dispersing Smoke.

In a recent GATHERER we described the method of dispersing and laying smoke or other fumes by electric discharges in the air; and we may further add that it has recently been found that if the containing vessel is coated inside with glycerine the process is hastened. It has also been proposed to clear away the smoke from heavy guns in firing by electric discharges through it. We are not aware, however, that this proposal, though patented, has ever been satisfactorily tried.



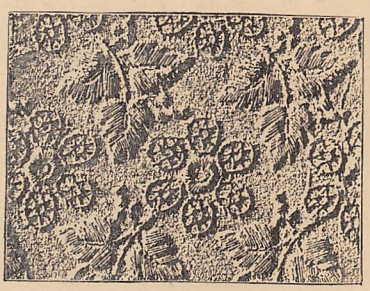
A New Diver's Helmet.

The figure illustrates a new diver's helmet, which is fitted above with an electric incandescent lamp, capable of directing a beam of fifty candle-power. A telephone is also fixed to the inside of the helmet, and enables

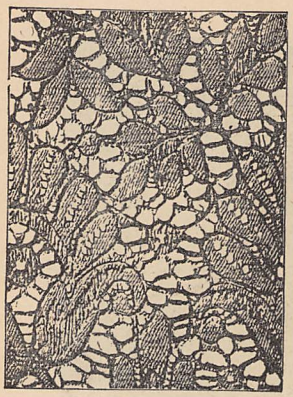
the diver to speak with his assistant. A modification of this helmet has been devised for the use of men entering gas-holders, or for distillery men and firemen. The heavy gear is dispensed with, and replaced by a mouthpiece and eye-guard. The mouthpiece has a valve and tube by which the exhaled air is liberated and the pure air admitted for inhalation. The muscular power of the wearer is sufficient to draw the fresh air through the tube, and no pump is required. Of course the outer end of the tube is in a pure atmosphere.

Casting Metals on Lace.

Mr. A. E. Outerbridge has introduced a method of casting iron and other molten metals on lace or other textile fabrics, leaves, grasses, and so on. The lace is carbonised, then spread smoothly on a mould of



green-sand, and the molten metal poured on. The lace forms its pattern on the under-surface of the metal. In this way dies can be formed like those of electrotypes. The fabric or vegetable tissue to be carbonised is placed in a cast-iron box, the bottom of which is covered with a layer of powdered charcoal or other form of carbon, then another layer of carbon-dust is sprinkled over them, and the box is covered with a close-fitting lid. The box is next heated gradually in an oven to drive off moisture, and the temperature slowly raised until the escape of blue smoke from under the lid ceases. The heat is then increased till the box becomes white-hot; it is kept in this glowing condition for at least two hours, then removed from the fire, allowed to cool, and the contents tested in a gas-flame. If they have been thoroughly carbonised they will not glow when removed from the flame, and the fibres may even be heated white-hot before consuming. Of course the method employed to carbonise the materials is susceptible of variation. The figures represent samples of castings as they were made.

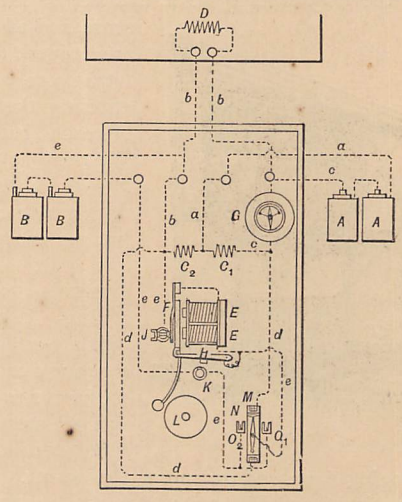


Pulp Pails.

Light and durable pails are now made from wood pulp by the papier-maché process. The pulp is made as if for paper, then filled into an outer mould of sheet brass perforated with minute holes all over the surface. This mould has the form of the pail, and an india-rubber bag which is distended by hydraulic pressure is placed in the pulp, thus driving out the water from the latter and forming the skin of the pail, which is dried at a temperature of 100° Fahr., then trimmed, and dipped in raw linseed oil. After this the pails are baked at a temperature of 180° Fahr., the oil being oxidised and the pulp transformed into a leathery material capable of resisting corrosion. The pails are finally varnished and ornamented.

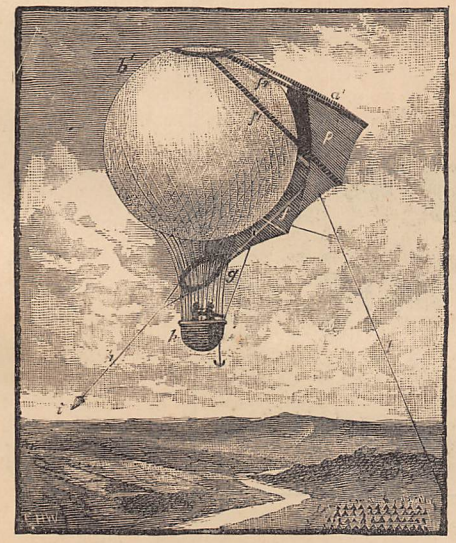
An Electrical Safe Alarm.

An electrical alarm for safes has been adopted by a large firm of well-known safe-makers. By it two ordinary electric bell wires can be led from the safe to an electric bell, and, though the wires are exposed outside the safe, they cannot be tampered with without ringing the bell. Also, if the safe be opened or removed, the bell is set ringing. As seen from the figure of the electrical connections there are two voltaic batteries, A A and B B; and also two equal resistances, C_1 C_2; while G is a galvanometer having a resistance approximating to that shown at D in the safe. The galvanometer shows that all the circuit is correct. Ordinary bell magnets, E E, actuate the armature, F, and support or release, as the case may be, the contact arm, H; J and K are contact pillars, and L is a bell-gong. Another galvanometer, M, has a vertically-balanced needle, N, with contact points dipping into mercury cups, O_1 O_2. Prior to any disturbance, the current from the battery, A A, passes by the wire, *a a*,



through the resistances, C_1 C_2, and by the wires, *b b*, through the resistance, D, the wires, *c c*, and galvanometer, G, back to the cells. The galvanometer, M, being in a balance, no current passes through it. If,

however, the circuit, *b b*, leading to the safe be cut, the galvanometer, M, will be thrown out of balance, and a current set up through the circuit, *d d*, deflecting the contact needle, N, and establishing a momentary circuit by *e* K *e* J *e* on the bell battery; consequently the armature, F, is pulled towards the magnets, E F, and releases the contact arm, H, which short-circuits the galvanometer, M, and establishes the circuit of the bell. The bell then rings till the arm, H, is again varied; the galvanometer needle having returned to its vertical position by reason of its weight. If, however, the circuit, *b b*, leading to the safe is joined across by wires outside the safe, or anywhere, the galvanometer, M, is again deflected, and the same results follow, by reason of a current passing in the opposite direction through the circuit, *d d*.

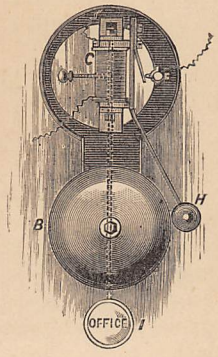


A Captive Kite Balloon.

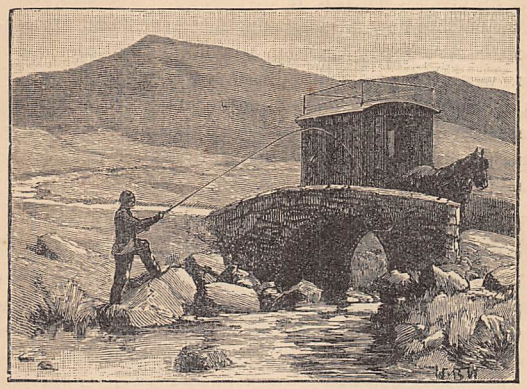
The fault of ordinary captive balloons used for military reconnaissance is that they are unsteady in wind, and cause a disagreeable jerking. Mr. E. D. Archibald has designed the kite balloon illustrated to remedy these defects. In the figure a^1 is an octagonal kite, with a frame made of four pieces of bamboo; b^1 is the spherical balloon; *f* is the silk covering of the kite; *p* is an extra or top hood; $f^1 f^2$ are bands connecting the kite and hood with the top of the balloon; *g* is a ring connecting the lower end of the kite with the converging net cords of the balloon; *h* is a tail of cones *i*; l^1 is an earth-line connected with the kite, one branch passing through a pulley to the car, *k*. The kite shields the balloon from the action of the wind. Wire is used for the earth-line, with a gain of strength and loss of weight. The addition of the kite also increases the lifting power of the balloon.

We may also mention that Mr. Eric Bruce has designed a signalling balloon for the Belgian Government, that has some points of novelty over his former ones. It may be remembered that these balloons, of varnished cambric, are translucent, and contain a set of electric incandescent lamps on a wooden frame inside. The light of these lamps is put out or in by cutting off or letting on the electric current supplying them, so that when the balloon is high in air the luminous signals can be seen afar, and interpreted like those of a flashing signal lamp. This invention is expected to be useful in military and such-like operations. Mr. Bruce has now added a projector to the balloon, for use in thick weather. The projector is fixed outside the balloon, and the lamps with it, in such a manner that it projects the light free and unimpeded through the atmosphere. In this case the balloon serves to buoy up the projector. The current is supplied by an accumulator, and conducted to the lamps by insulated wires. The incandescent lamps used are those of Edison and Swan, and are of eight to ten candle-power each, but a number are used so as to equally illuminate the balloon inside. Those who witnessed the illumination of the Fleet at Spithead, will have an idea of the power of electric projector lamps when the arc light is used.

An Indicating Electric Bell.



A new electric bell, invented by Mr. Lloyd, which indicates the position of the call-push, is shown in our engraving. It consists of the usual bell-gong, B; the hammer, H; and the electro-magnet, C, which actuates the hammer to strike the bell. But it contains also an indicating disc, I, which by its vibrations tells the bell-push, or, in other words, the position of the person who has rung up. This is done by making the electro-magnet coil, C, hollow, and passing through it a stem, S, of iron, carrying the indicator, I, at the other end. The stem vibrates under the magnetic influence of the coil, when the bell is rung and the electric current passes, and the vibrating disc at its end indicates the position of the caller, in this case in the "Office."



A Land Yacht.

A travelling van, or "land yacht," has been constructed by a Newcastle-on-Tyne firm of carriage-

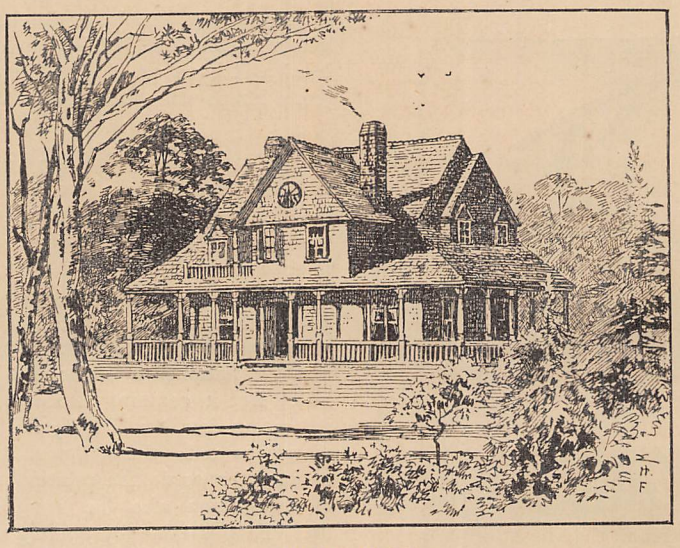
builders. It is useful for small parties travelling for pleasure round the country in the way which has become fashionable of late years. The yacht illustrated was exhibited at the Newcastle Exhibition, and has carried four companions some 300 miles over the country in about a fortnight.

A New Submarine Boat.

The new submarine boat of Dr. De Laval has recently been tried at Stockholm. It consists of two boats, one sixty feet long and nine feet broad, which is entirely submerged, and another and smaller one entirely above water, and looking like a steam-launch. The two boats are joined by pillars. In the lower boat are a condensing steam-engine and naphtha cisterns; naphtha being the fuel employed. The engines are worked from the upper boat, so that no one need be in the lower boat when it is in motion. Another peculiarity of the new craft is what is termed "air lubrication." A water-tight frame surrounds the lower boat, and when it is still, is filled with water, which, however, is driven out and air supplied in its place when the vessel moves. This air is forced out under the water, and produces air lubrication on the after part of the vessel.

Moving Photographs.

Herr Ottomar Anschütz, of Lissa, has devised a new photographic apparatus for reproducing on a screen photographs of objects in movement. He takes first a series of rapid photographs of the object in motion by means of very sensitive plates. Some of these plates are sensitive to an exposure of $\frac{1}{5000}$ second. The camera has twenty-four lenses, and that number of pictures of the moving object, say a horse leaping, or a body of troops marching, can be taken successively in the space of ·72 second. As each of these photographs gives a different posture of the moving body, it follows that by causing them to succeed each other rapidly on a screen the image will appear to perform the same movement as the object; the persistence of images on the retina bridging the intervals. The photographs are very small, but are enlarged afterwards and transferred to thin glass plates. The twenty-four transparent views thus obtained are mounted on an iron disc containing twenty-four apertures near the rim for their reception. The disc is rapidly revolved before a Geissler vacuum tube lighted by an induction coil, which sends a spark through the tube as each picture is in the line of projection. Thus a succession of bright images are thrown on the screen one after another, and as the eye unites them into one, the image reproduces the original movements of the object. The apparatus has been constructed for the Prussian War Minister.



SHINGLE HOUSE.

A Shingle House.

At the American Exhibition there is a house built of shingles, which, as will be seen from our engraving, has a picturesque appearance. They are used in America at seaside places, and are stated to be warm in winter and cool in summer. The shingles, or wooden "tiles," used are of Canadian white pine.

A New Fruit.

A new fruit, similar in colour and size to the apricot, and which has been introduced into France, is that of the Gomme-Gutte tree of the Moluccas. There are several kinds of the *Clusiaciæ*, to which it belongs; but the *Zanthochymus pictorius* is that now grown under glass in Europe. The fruit is sweet but slightly acidulated, and has a faint perfume. It is grown in a greenhouse kept at a comparatively gentle warmth.

A MAN OF THE NAME OF JOHN.

By FLORENCE M. KING.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

WASTED EFFORTS.

GYPSY'S return to Ashleigh was rather hurried at the last moment. The Lawsons were suddenly asked away to spend a few days with some old friends, previously to their starting for India; so she had only time to write home one day and arrive the next, nearly a week earlier than she had intended.

No one was at home but her mother when she reached the Manor late in the afternoon. Mr. Marchmont had gone to a distant meet and had not yet got back, and Molly and Lena were gone to tea at Crawhatch. Gypsy was not long in retiring to her own room, congratulating herself on the prospect of a quiet and cosy evening. There was a dinner-party at the Manor that night, from which she was determined to keep aloof, as none of the company would know that she had returned home.

Her maid had unpacked, and left her to the undisturbed possession of a book and a bright fire, when there was a sound of voices and footsteps on the stairs, and Molly and Lena came flying in, looking very pretty in their winter furs, and bringing a breath of the cold outer air with them. They fell upon Gypsy with warm welcomes and caresses; after all, they had missed her very much, and were very glad to get her back again. They threw themselves on the rug at her feet, and began demanding London news, and giving their own in exchange, both talking and laughing at once.

Suddenly Molly interrupted herself with a fervent petition—"Oh, Gyp dear! Now you have come home just in time, do me a great favour, and dine downstairs instead of me to-night!"

"Well, if that isn't a nice proposal to make to a wayworn traveller!" said Gypsy, laughing.

But Molly, who had the horror of a stiff formal dinner common to her eighteen years, pleaded so hard that good-natured Gypsy gave in at last, mindful of her own shy days.

"Well, if I must, I must!" said she. "Cruel Molly! Who is coming?"

Lena ran through the list, Molly prompting her, while Gypsy reckoned up the numbers.

"And four of us, that makes seventeen; who else?" asked Gypsy, as Lena paused.

"I don't know; I think I've told you every one," said Lena awkwardly.

Gypsy glanced at the two girls; the confusion in their manner suddenly struck her. "There must be another man," she said quietly. "Whom have you forgotten? Is Sir Geoffrey coming?"

"Oh, yes, of course! We had forgotten him," said Lena quickly. She had not forgotten him at all.

Gypsy made no remark. After all perhaps it was best to get it over. She made an effort, and spoke up cheerfully—

"Well, girls, as you are so cruel, the least you can do is to leave me in peace till dinner-time. I want to finish my book. Molly, if you will get me some yellow chrysanthemums and bring them here in about an hour, you shall have a private view of the new gown with which I intend to astonish the world."

"It was too bad of me; I quite forgot," said Molly, as she shut the door.

"Well, never mind; they have got to meet somehow," said Lena, with the calm of superior experience.

Gypsy's new gown was very becoming. She had chosen it with a view to making herself look old and dignified if she could. She certainly did look older of late; she had lost her wild, girlish gaiety, and there was a set quiet look on her face when in repose that told of past pain and struggle. In her sweeping black train over a petticoat of amber satin veiled in black lace, she looked very different from the Gypsy who had worn her simple white gowns and cottons so gaily in the summer. She looked at herself in the glass, after she had dismissed her maid, earnestly, almost anxiously.

"I want to look older and wiser," she said to herself. "I want him to think I have laid aside all my old foolish ways, and I want other people to be afraid of me. Yes, I think it will do."

Then Molly came in full of admiration and gratitude, and helped her to arrange the loose, crumpled, yellow flowers, and offered derisively to help carry her train.

Her father and mother were already in the drawing-room when she reached it; Mr. Marchmont kissed her warmly, told her she looked much better for her change, and seemed quite delighted to get her back again. Even her mother smiled on her and approved the new gown. Gypsy could write when she could not speak, and she had sent a penitent letter to her mother that had made Mrs. Marchmont feel that perhaps she had been too hard on her daughter, who after all was still young enough to amend.

The guests began to arrive, and Gypsy was in the full swing of conversation with the man who was to

take her in to dinner, when the door opened and Sir Geoffrey Hurst was announced.

For a moment the name conveyed no idea to Gypsy's mind. She glanced up, half expecting to see a stranger, and her eyes fell on a familiar figure. She made a violent effort to go on with what she was saying, and experienced with relief the fact that he seemed quite unaware of her presence, and that she could watch him at her ease.

She became aware almost immediately that a slight indefinable change had passed over him since last they met. He was no longer the unknown artist, admitted into the social circle by favour, but a man of importance in his own county, who carried his head high, and seemed to take up his new position as easily as he had previously kept modestly in the background. She saw him on familiar terms with the men; on cordial terms with the ladies. When dinner was announced she watched him cross the long room to offer his arm to Mrs. Marchmont, taking the first place as his right with that peculiar stately courtesy that had always characterised him, and seemed to sit on him better than ever now.

Yes, he was no longer Mr. Holt; he was Sir Geoffrey, every inch of him. It would be easier than she had thought to renew their acquaintance on a fresh footing, but she scarcely knew if she was glad or sorry.

They sat on the same side of the table, and the consciousness that she was out of his sight enabled Gypsy to get through the long dinner better than she had expected. The half-hour among the ladies afterwards was the time she dreaded, but she barricaded herself in a corner with Kitty Kendall, demanding news of Joyce.

Presently Kitty, who had been asked on account of her music, was carried off to the piano, and Gypsy remained alone on her distant sofa, amusing herself with watching the company. The gentlemen were strolling in by degrees, and she was highly entertained by Lena's sufferings, she having fallen a prey to a certain stiff old colonel, the family dread. Suddenly a well-known voice said quietly, beside her—

"How do you do? I did not know you were home already. I was quite surprised to see you to-night."

Gypsy was maddeningly aware that nearly every eye in the room was on her. Involuntarily her manner stiffened. Then her sister's words rang in her ears: "Be true to yourself and him." She looked up and said calmly—

"I came home unexpectedly, as my sister went off suddenly for a few days, and I did not care to stay in town alone."

"I hope Mrs. Lawson is well?" said Sir Geoffrey, taking the vacant seat on the sofa, and so shielding her from public view.

"Yes, thank you; she is most flourishing. How is Lal?" said Gypsy, waving her fan softly to and fro.

"Lal is wonderfully strong and well. He is pining to see you; he will be delighted to hear you are home."

"I wonder you did not bring him with you," said Gypsy, laughing nervously.

"Oh, those summer vagaries are over. Lal goes to bed in reasonable time now," he said, without a smile.

"Really? Poor little Lal! How hard-hearted of you!" said Gypsy, who hardly knew what she was saying.

"Hard-hearted towards myself; my evenings are very lonely in consequence," he said, and then stopped abruptly. "Have you been to any concerts while you were away?" he asked, in a different tone.

Gypsy was thankful when Mr. Marchmont came up and bore off Sir Geoffrey to give them a song. "I hope he won't sing any of the old songs," she thought to herself, as she resolutely crossed the room to take a seat by Mr. Kendall.

She need not have been afraid. Sir Geoffrey chose "The Wreck of the Cumberland." He sang it magnificently, and Kitty's accompaniment was equal to the occasion. Gypsy's eyes flashed as the last notes died away. She had forgotten the singer in the song. But her thoughts were soon recalled to the present by a young Mrs. Ingram, an old aversion of hers, who was begging for "For Ever and for Ever!" "Such a sweet song, Sir Geoffrey! I am sure you sing it."

He put her off gently but firmly, and yielded his place to Molly and Lena, whose duets were very popular. But, when he was asked to sing again, she followed him to the piano, and began turning over the music.

"Well, Montrose's 'Love Song,' then! Surely, he would give them that. Or Tosti's 'Good-bye'—such a charming song!"

"I think a little relief would be pleasant after the way in which our feelings have been harrowed to-night, don't you?" he said, laughing.

And then he sang "The Vicar of Bray" with such point and humour that a ripple of laughter followed each verse.

"I expect you will see Lal down here to-morrow," he said, as he wished Gypsy good night. "Will he find you in?"

"Oh, yes! I shall not go out till he comes. Please give him my love, and say I shall expect him," said Gypsy, perfectly aware that the other departing guests were noticing his prolonged farewells with surprise.

"Oh, Nell dear, I have tried!" she said to herself, as she went slowly up-stairs. "But it is hard. You don't know how hard."

Lal came up early the next day, full of delight at seeing his beloved Gypsy back, and very anxious she should come up to the Place and see all his new treasures. Gypsy found it very hard to put him off, and realised painfully how difficult she had made her own position, when the child pressed her to come up and see his pets, as Molly and Lena had done.

In the fervour of her desire to be a dutiful daughter she volunteered to accompany her mother in a series of calls that afternoon. On her return home, she thought she would solace herself for her fatigues by going down to tea at the Vicarage, taking with her the presents she had brought for the Kendall family.

Gypsy was accustomed to enter the Vicarage un-

announced ; and, guided by the sound of voices, she made her way straight to the children's schoolroom, crying, as she opened the door—

"Well, my Joy, and how have you got on without me, all this time?"

A fragrant scent of hot toast pervaded the room, and, while some of the children sat at the table where Joyce presided over the tea-tray, there were dark forms bending over the glowing fire, who rose and came forward in noisy delight and surprise as Gypsy made her unceremonious entry. She paused in the dark doorway, her arms full of parcels, the light shining full on her face of mischievous glee, and on the ruddy brown velvet, and soft rich fur, of her costume. She had seen in a moment a little dark, cropped head close to Giles's golden hair, and a tall figure rising from an arm-chair near the fire, and standing now in the shadow, while the children rushed at her in hearty welcome.

For one second utter dismay took possession of her. Then she rallied her forces, and came forward laughing, and greeting the noisy throng.

"We are having such fun! We are all having tea here, and making our own toast. I'll make you some!" cried Lal, as the hubbub subsided a little.

Gypsy was pushed into a chair, and surrounded by the eager children, all talking at once. To approach her was impossible, hemmed in as she was. Sir Geoffrey contented himself with exchanging a bow, and sat down in his arm-chair again.

Joyce poured her out some tea, and Lal began to make her some toast, while she was distributing parcels to the children, which elicited shouts and shrieks of joy.

"Here, Joy ; here's something for you in return," she said, tossing "Legends and Lyrics" into her lap, as Joyce handed her the cup.

"There is the oft-recited 'Legend of a Faithful Soul,'" said Kitty, hanging over her sister's chair. "I never could manage to be harrowed by that, somehow. I don't know why."

"I object to the Archangel's conduct," said Gypsy. "If he meant she was to have one moment's suffering, why couldn't he say so?"

"That's right, Gyp ; find fault even with an archangel if he doesn't speak the truth on all occasions," laughed Kitty. "How we do carp and criticise, don't we, Sir Geoffrey?"

"Well, between you, you have certainly managed to reduce the poem to a very prosaic level," he said, rising. "I think, if your father is really not coming home till so late, Miss Kendall, I had better not wait for him. I have some business letters I must write before the post goes out, so I think we will be off if Lal is ready."

But Lal objected strongly. Gypsy's toast was not ready, and he could not leave it half finished ; neither could he permit his Jan to leave him, and fetch him again by-and-by, as Sir Geoffrey proposed. So a compromise was effected, and Sir Geoffrey sat down again to wait till the toast was made. He took Giles on his knee, and began telling him about yesterday's run, while the girls chatted on about Gypsy's London experiences, and exchanged gossip.

Presently Lal, with great pride, laid the toast on Gypsy's plate, and Sir Geoffrey rose to go. He shook hands all round, and inquired after Mrs. Marchmont, and even sent a message to Lena about some new song.

But Gypsy felt that his manner was only the same courtesy that he showed to every one—a cold courtesy that held her at a further distance than absolute avoidance of her would have done. He could bear to meet her—to know her as a common acquaintance ; then Nellie must be wrong, and he was too proud to notice any sign of contrition on her part, or to stoop to ask for forgiveness again.

She had chosen her own fate, and she must abide by it. Some wrongs there are that can never be undone. She had said she would never forgive him as long as she lived, and he would never ask her to again. Gypsy's heart sank, and her courage failed. Not till her hope was snatched from her did she know how fondly she had cherished it. Now she was left again to her misery, without even the poor resource of passion to support her.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

CROSS PURPOSES.

As the days went by, Gypsy became more and more confirmed in her opinion that her repentance was too late. She met Sir Geoffrey frequently, and there was no apparent awkwardness in their meeting. They were on perfectly courteous terms, though he was perhaps a little less friendly with her than with the other members of her family. He neither shunned nor sought her society ; and he allowed Lal to be with her as much as she chose. It was the perfect smoothness of their mutual relations that made her so hopeless. If he still cared for her in the slightest degree, he would not have met her like this, she thought ; and yet, sometimes there rang in her ears those passionate words, "I shall love you till I die!" and she wondered if he could ever have meant it, or if she had killed his love by her cruel, cutting reproach.

Just before Christmas there was a grand amateur concert given in Hengston for the Working Men's Club there. It was got up by the Wilsons, who lived just outside the town, and patronised by the neighbourhood generally. Molly and Lena were to sing a duet ; and Gerald covered himself with glory by bringing down a Cambridge friend who played the violin remarkably well. Gypsy tried to avoid all share in it, but much against her will she was persuaded to take the rattle in the toy symphony that was to be the attraction of the evening.

While she was dressing for the concert, a magnificent bouquet of brown and yellow orchids was brought up to Gypsy. She knew quite well whom it came from. Only one house in the neighbourhood grew orchids like those.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawson and little King had come

down in time for this great performance, and were to stay over Christmas. Half an hour later Gypsy carried her bouquet into her sister's room.

"Cecil is home again, Nell," she said quietly.

"Did he send you those? They go well with your dress, Gyp," said Mrs. Lawson admiringly. "How very splendid you are! Isn't it rather a waste of good things?"

Gypsy wore a chestnut-brown tulle dress with a velvet bodice, and the yellow of her bouquet was just the touch of colour she needed.

"It pleases the people, and I don't care," she said wearily. "I hate it all; I wish I were going to bed."

The only confidence that had passed between her and her sister had been on the previous night, when, as they sat over the fire together, Gypsy had said once, softly, in speaking of Sir Geoffrey—

"Nell, I think you were wrong." Mrs. Lawson was not so sure about it, but she was waiting to judge with her own eyes.

"You don't mind meeting Cecil, do you, dear?" she said.

"Not more than anything else," said the girl drearily, as she turned away.

"GYPSY HAD NO ANSWER READY."

The concert was held in a large room in the principal hotel in Hengston; and behind the platform was a smaller room, whither the performers were to repair to conceal their nervousness from the public gaze. Cecil's tall fair head was hovering close to the entrance door when the Ashleigh party made their appearance. He seized upon Gypsy at once, and led her to the front row of seats.

"You haven't got to play yet," he said, "so we can have a jolly time together. I have been keeping seats for you all. I say, aren't the children nervous? I am so glad I can't sing!"

He was so pleased to see her that Gypsy could not but be pleased too. He had all his doings of the autumn to relate, and many absurd stories to tell. They laughed and joked at their ease, and made fun of their friends' nervousness as the concert progressed, in their old cordial fashion. Cecil applauded Molly and Lena with brotherly enthusiasm, and shouted with delight when Gerald in his excitement upset his friend's music-stand, and sent the music flying. They looked a handsome young couple, and a very happy one, as they sat side by side in the front row in full view of the room.

The toy symphony began the second part, and Gypsy was called on to perform. Cecil looked very disconsolate, while she twirled her rattle gaily, and laughed at Sybil, whose cuckoo always came in at the wrong place, and needed a great deal of assistance from Sir Geoffrey's penny trumpet.

But Gypsy's brightness was only feigned. She was very tired and her head ached, and when the symphony had ended, amidst rapturous applause, she found the comparative silence of the green-room so congenial that she determined to remain there for the rest of the evening.

The violinist was to follow with Gounod's "Méditation," and several of the company went round to join the audience. Others stood listening at the back of the platform, and Gypsy, thinking herself alone, drew her chair near a table on which she had placed her bouquet, and rested her head on her hand.

"You are tired, I am afraid?" said a voice close by.

She looked up, and saw Sir Geoffrey arranging some music at the table with his back towards the platform.

"My head aches a little; it is nothing," she said quietly.

"There is something I have been wanting to say to you for some time, and I may not have another opportunity. May I say it now?"

He took her silence for consent, and went on—

"I hope you do not think I have stayed on at Ashleigh in order to annoy you. I had quite another object in view. I thought it might save you something perhaps," he went on slowly—"that people could say nothing if I met you again and we appeared on good terms. They don't understand the circumstances, you see, and they might think—many things, if they thought I kept away from you. But directly after Christmas I shall take Lal abroad; I don't wish to expose him to a cold English spring, and I don't know when we shall be back. I thought you would rather know beforehand."

He paused, and the soft, wailing notes of the violin filled up the interval. Gypsy had no answer ready.

"You will not think it presuming on my part? You know I always wish you every good thing that earth can give," he said, in a low voice. He had dropped the music now, and was playing with her bouquet. It flashed across Gypsy, helplessly, that Cecil wore a brown and yellow orchid in his buttonhole that night. "I shall hear some day, I hope, that you are going to be very happy. When that day comes, will you tell Crawford, from me, that I wish him all happiness, and congratulate him on the prize that his faithful, straightforward devotion has so justly won?"

Oh, how blind even the best of men can be! Though her heart beat so that she thought he must surely hear it, Gypsy could not find words to undeceive him. One moment more and he must have noticed her white face, and appealing, agonised glance, when a sudden sound of applause startled them both. The violin solo was over.

Sir Geoffrey met Kitty Kendall in the doorway as she came back into the room, a piece of music in his hand.

"I have been looking over my songs," he said. "If I should get an encore, which is not likely, could you play 'Here's a Health unto His Majesty' for me?"

Mrs. Lawson was frightened at her sister's looks when Gypsy reached home that night. She followed her quickly to her room, where the girl was tearing off her gown with hasty fingers.

"Gyp dear, what is it? Is your head so bad?" she asked anxiously.

"I think I am going mad!" answered the girl wildly. "Take this dreadful gown away and let me never see it again! Oh, Nell, my head—my head!"

Her face was white, and yet her eyes glittered with unnatural brilliancy; she was cold as ice, and yet possessed of feverish energy. She had flung her bouquet on the floor, and it looked as if she had stamped upon it. Mrs. Lawson felt it was no time to ask what had gone amiss; she simply helped Gypsy to undress, and would not leave her till she had seen the aching head laid upon its pillows.

"Put out the light, Nell!" moaned Gypsy, as she turned her face to the wall. "I want to go to sleep, and, oh, how I wish that I might never wake again!"

In place of the exhaustion that might have been expected, one of her old mad, restless fits took possession of Gypsy next morning. She was out of doors by the time her family had begun to straggle down to a rather late breakfast.

Coming home with Crona, after a long walk, at a sharp turn in the road she came face to face with the very last persons she desired to meet just then—Sir Geoffrey and Lal.

"I hope your headache is better," said Sir Geoffrey, as he wished her good morning.

"Oh, it is all right now, thanks!" returned Gypsy hastily. "Where are you off to, Lal?"

"We are going to Nuthurst. What do you think?" cried Lal excitedly. "Jan says there is a cottage there where they have the whole story of Cock Robin, with all the dear little birds stuffed and walking in a row! We are going to see it. Won't it be lovely?"

"You don't mean to say you have never seen that before?" said Gypsy, laughing. "Why, it was the great sight of my childhood! I hope you will enjoy it, Lal. Good-bye! Come, Crona!" and she moved away down the muddy road, calling to her dog as she went.

As she was turning in at the lower gate of the Manor, a rattle of hoofs and wheels came up behind her, and a voice called after her, "Miss Marchmont!"

It was one of the Hengston doctors who had hailed her from his dogcart.

"I beg your pardon for stopping you so unceremoniously," he said; "but I am in a great hurry. I was just coming up to the Manor, to warn you not to go near Nuthurst at present. There are three cases of scarlet fever there this morning, and there will be more, or I am much mistaken."

"Scarlet fever at Nuthurst? Where?" cried Gypsy, white as ashes.

"Two cases in Dobson's cottage, and little Annie Collins has got it. I know you and Miss Kendall are often there, so if you would be kind enough to tell her of it from me, I should be very grateful, as I am in a great hurry, and don't want to stop at the Vicarage."

"All right; thanks very much," said Gypsy, as the doctor turned his horse's head and drove rapidly away.

It had all flashed into her mind in one moment. Dobson was the man who had stuffed the Cock Robin show. Suppose Sir Geoffrey entered the cottage in ignorance? Her vivid fancy conjured up the whole picture in a moment: delicate Lal ill, perhaps dying, and Jan alone and miserable in the desolate rooms at Ashleigh Place.

She never stopped to consider. Her one thought was to overtake them at all costs: her one inspiration that there was a short cut across the fields. Without a word to Crona, she turned and ran as if for her life.

Gypsy was a good runner, and her powers in that line were famous, but she had never run under greater disadvantages. She was tired already with her long walk; she was weighted by a long, heavy coat; and though the air was keen and cold, the sun had melted the white frost, and the ground was slippery with mud. But she struggled on bravely over the damp, heavy fields, warring with depressing thoughts the while. Why had she not run home for the pony-cart and driven after them? Suppose the doctor had already overtaken and warned them? What should she do if they were out of sight when she emerged on the high road?

The last question answered itself. As she panted across the last field, Gypsy saw two figures pass the gate that led into the road. The sight gave her wings; she rushed on madly, cleared the gate somehow, catching her gown on a jagged splinter, and toiled on painfully along the muddy road, calling to Lal to stop.

Her faint, breathless cry reached his ears in the still air. Lal paused and looked round.

"I thought some one was calling me," he said doubtfully. "Why, it is Gypsy!"

"Let us go back and meet her," said Sir Geoffrey quickly.

Gypsy leant against the hedge, utterly exhausted, striving to recover herself a little before they came up.

"Why, Gypsy, how you have been running! You haven't any breath left!" cried Lal, running up to her.

"I ran—to catch you," panted Gypsy. "You walk so fast."

"I am afraid something is the matter?" questioned Sir Geoffrey, quickly as he came up.

"No. I only ran after you to tell you not to go to Nuthurst," said Gypsy, making an effort to speak quietly. "There is scarlet fever in Dobson's cottage, and I thought Lal might catch it."

Sir Geoffrey involuntarily laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and drew him closer. "Where did you hear that?" he asked.

"I met Mr. Walford by our gate. Haven't you seen him?"

"No, we have seen no one. He must have gone by the cross roads."

"He met me and warned me not to go to Nuthurst; so I ran after you," said Gypsy simply.

"You ran all the way from your lower gate?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes; don't I look like it?" said Gypsy, with a faint attempt at a smile, as she realised that her dress was torn, her skirt and boots covered with mud, and her hat awry on her untidy curls.

"What a guy he must think me!" she thought.

But Sir Geoffrey, as he looked at the once bright face now pale with exhaustion, and with dark rings round the once laughing eyes, thought something very different.

"I think I will go back as I came—by the fields. I don't want to be seen like this!" said Gypsy, holding up her torn flounce. "Good-bye, Lal!"

She walked slowly back to the gate, climbed over it, and was lost to sight. Sir Geoffrey stood like a statue, without speaking or moving, until long after she had disappeared. Then he roused himself at last in response to Lal's repeated questions, muttering something under his breath.

"Who is a fool, Jan?" asked Lal, catching half of it. "Gypsy?"

"No, Lal," said Sir Geoffrey quickly. "Most certainly not."

Gypsy thought she was one, as she trudged wearily home, utterly spent and exhausted. "I dare say he thinks I was mad!" she said to herself despondently. "He never even thanked me. And he is going away after Christmas, and he thinks I care for Cecil! Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

THE sun was setting fast behind the dark tree-tops of the forest, its last rays lingering on the panes of the many windows of the long-fronted house at Crawhatch, and turning them to burnished gold. The air was cold with that peculiar keenness that comes on at sunset; and Lal, riding slowly up and down the long drive, followed by the groom leading Sir Geoffrey's horse, shivered a little, and wished that Jan would be quick.

He felt somewhat aggrieved for once; he had been deprived of the interesting sight of Cock Robin that morning, and now Jan had brought him to Crawhatch and for the first time in his life left him outside to wait while he went in. Lal was getting tired of waiting, and he was getting cold too. He was just making up his mind that he should ring and send in word to that effect, and smiling to himself to think how Sir Geoffrey would laugh at his message, when, turning his head for the twentieth time as he rode slowly towards the lodge, he became aware of two tall figures just emerged from the house, and standing on the gravel sweep before the door, deep in conversation.

Lal turned and dashed up to them with all speed.

"I thought you weren't ever coming out again, Jan," he said, reproachfully. "It is so cold waiting."

"Poor old man! I am so sorry," said Sir Geoffrey, taking the little cold hand in his warm one. "We will have a good gallop going home; that will warm you."

Lal nodded and smiled, quite content. Cecil came round to the off-side of the pony, and stood patting and talking to it.

"Shall I see you out with the hounds to-morrow, Lal?" he asked. "I hear you have become a perfect Centaur while I have been away."

"What's a Centaur? Does it hunt?" asked Lal. "I don't yet, but I am going to the meet, and when I am a little bigger I shall follow with Jan."

"Poor little chap! Do you have to ride home all alone? How dull!" said Cecil sympathisingly.

"Oh, I'm not dull! I ride home with Gypsy generally, and it's awfully jolly," said Lal. "But I should like to follow best. Are you ready, Jan?"

Sir Geoffrey had mounted, and stood waiting. Cecil turned away abruptly, and strolled across to him.

"That's a nice animal," he said, surveying his horse critically. "Is that the one you bought of Burton?"

"Yes, it is, and he is worth the money," said Sir Geoffrey, stroking his glossy neck.

"Will he carry a lady?" asked Cecil, with a queer kind of laugh.

"Yes; he was hunted by a lady last season," said Sir Geoffrey gravely. Then, as the spirited animal pulled and fidgeted to be off, he leant from his saddle and held out his hand.

"Good-bye," he said simply.

"Good-bye," returned Cecil.

Both men hesitated as if they fain would have said something more, and yet, with men's habitual reserve, were unable to say it. They contented themselves with a hearty grip of each other's hands, and parted. Cecil moved back to the open doorway, and stood watching the others ride away. There was nothing in the manner of the two men to show that one had lost and the other gained at last his heart's desire.

Cecil raised his eyes to the red ball sinking slowly

"HER FAINT, BREATHLESS CRY REACHED HIS EARS" (*p.* 710).

in the west; his fair hair shone in the dying light like a golden crown, and he held himself unconsciously with the air of a conqueror. He felt for a brief space the exultation that follows sacrifice for those we love. It was a moment of triumph, inasmuch as he had secured Gypsy's happiness, no matter at what cost to himself.

The sun sank lower and lower; for a few moments it glowed behind the dark branches of the distant fir-woods; then suddenly it had vanished, and the magic golden radiance it had shed over the whole scene was gone too.

Cecil looked down the drive, but the riders were out of sight, and it looked dim and lonely in its gloomy shade. The sun was gone from him, but from the high ground on the other side of the forest they would see it again; the light of his life was gone, but happiness would yet smile upon his rival. He felt suddenly that the halo which had surrounded his sacrifice was dispelled already—that nothing was left but its cold, stern reality. A set, resolute look came over his face; he drew himself up with a slight shiver as he took a last glance at the cold, damp world outside; then he turned on his heel and re-entered the house, shutting the door loudly after him.

He crossed the hall, and entered the cosy little boudoir where Sybil lay lazily on a couch, engrossed by the last sensation novel.

"Is that you, Cecil?" she murmured, without raising her eyes from her book. "Has any one been here? I thought I heard the front door shut."

"Yes, Hurst has been here," said Cecil, taking up a position on the hearthrug, and leaning against the mantelpiece.

Sybil looked up with annoyance. "Has he? How tiresome! Why did they not tell me?"

"He did not ask for you."

Cecil's tone was so short and almost rough that Sybil began plaintively—

"Really, Cecil, if you are going to be so disagreeable——"

Cecil did not wait to hear her out.

"I want to know one thing, Sybil," he said sternly, looking down on his sister with severe displeasure on his face. "What made you tell Hurst that Gypsy was as good as engaged to me?"

"I never told him so!" cried Sybil, half frightened, half indignant.

"If you did not actually say so, you implied it, and he believed it. What ground had you for saying anything of the sort?"

Sybil quailed before her brother's cold, direct questioning. She knew he would insist on hearing the truth, and she began hurriedly to defend herself.

"Well, what else was one to think?" she said, in an injured voice. "I know you proposed to her before you went away."

"Excuse me, but how do you know it?"

"Well, I guessed it," said Sybil, impatiently. "And I thought she would not give you an answer till Christmas, and then, when she looked so miserable, of course I knew—thought, I mean—that she was wishing

you back. Wouldn't any one have thought so who saw how happy she looked last night, and the way she carried on with you? And then she had your flowers. Of course I thought it was all settled when I saw you two got up to match like that."

"I wish to goodness I had left those wretched flowers on their stalks!" cried Cecil. "I only sent them to let her know I had come home, and you all seem to have amused yourselves with making a regular romance out of them. Well, then, Sybil, as far as I can make out, out of one guess and a few stray thoughts, you have evolved a regular story which you related to Hurst as a fact."

"I only told him what I thought; there's no harm in that. I didn't know anything about it; he needn't have agreed with me unless he chose. Of course, he thought the same," said Sybil confusedly.

"Well, all I can say is that you have succeeded in making the most terrible mischief between him and Gypsy, and that you may be very thankful that you have not separated them for life," said Cecil gravely.

"Do you mean to say that he and Gypsy care for each other?" cried Sybil, sitting upright.

"Most certainly I do."

"Then she is an odious, horrid, abominable flirt!" cried Sybil angrily.

"Sybil, I won't have a word said against her."

"Have you sent Sir Geoffrey to make it up with her?"

"Yes, I have."

"Then, Cecil, you are stark staring mad! If you had let them alone you might have married Gypsy yourself in time."

"As if I would marry her to make her miserable!" said Cecil proudly.

"Well, I think you are a perfect idiot, and I don't believe you ever loved her at all," said Sybil.

She was frightened at her own daring the moment the words were out of her mouth, and half expected her brother to fly into a passion. But a change came over his face; it softened into compassionate pity, as he answered quietly—

"Then, Sybil, I think you can have no idea what love really is."

No, Sybil could not comprehend such love as Cecil's; but all the love of which her poor little selfish heart was capable she had given to Sir Geoffrey, and long after her brother had left her, she lay, passionately weeping the downfall of her cherished hopes.

Gypsy was sitting alone in the library that afternoon, looking very white and weary. The rest of the party had all driven into Hengston for shopping, and were going on to tea with some friends on the further side of the town; so she had a long interval of solitude before her. She was too tired to join the expedition. Her run that morning seemed to have completely exhausted her, and she lounged in a low easy-chair before the fire, with an unheeded book lying on her knee, so weary in mind and body that the very acuteness of her misery was dulled.

The time slipped away, unnoticed, while she sat lost in dreams—in that pleasant state which is neither sleep nor wakefulness. She thought of Alan and Joyce, as she had seen them together that morning, when she stopped to deliver the doctor's message, and vaguely realised how great might have been the happiness that she had so carelessly flung away. She remembered dreamily that Sir Geoffrey was going away soon. "But it does not matter," she mused quietly, "for I too shall go away soon, never to come back. But I have repented; oh, if he knew how deeply, I think he would forgive me before I die."

The warmth of the fire lulled her into a gentle slumber, and she dreamt she was walking in the forest again, in the summer sunshine; but that he walked beside her, telling her he would never go away again. "I suppose this is the other life," thought Gypsy to herself in her dream. And then the crash of her falling book woke her, and she roused herself to find that she was alone on earth still in the gathering dusk.

She stirred the fire to a brighter blaze, and knelt beside it, gazing into the dancing flames. "I wonder where he is now?" she said to herself. Her dream seemed to have left a feeling of peace and rest behind it, which she would not try to shake off, vain as she knew it to be.

The door opened suddenly, and she started up, as the servant announced, "Sir Geoffrey Hurst!"

She was half bewildered as he came towards her across the shadowy room. "I am afraid every one is out," she said hurriedly, while she gave him her hand.

"So they told me," he said in his pleasant, natural manner. "I brought Lal to have a game of play with King, and I came to see you meanwhile."

"But where is Lal?" asked Gypsy, looking round for him, as she suddenly became aware that they two were quite alone.

"He ran straight up to the nursery; he will be down presently, I dare say. I let him go, because I wanted to find you alone."

There was the old ring in his voice, the old look in his eyes; the mask of calm courtesy had slipped from him. Gypsy could only vaguely wonder if she still dreamt.

"I wanted to see you alone, in order to ask you a question," he went on, standing very near her as she leant against the tall mantelpiece. "I think I have been making a great mistake of late, and I will make no more blunders. I will learn the truth, whatever it be, from your lips alone."

Gypsy was speechless still; she could make no answer, but her eyes betrayed her suspense.

"It is only one question I have to ask you; you have heard it before, and you answered it in the negative then," he said slowly, as though afraid of startling her by any sudden expression of his feeling. "But it is just possible that you may have changed your mind since then. Can you forgive me, Gypsy?"

The tender pleading of his voice and eyes was too much for her, overwrought and unstrung as she was. For all answer Gypsy laid her head upon her arm, and broke down into a fit of weeping.

"Have I distressed you?" he asked her, self-reproach-

fully. "I ought not to have asked you. Never mind, dear, don't answer. I ought not to have worried you. Don't mind me. I will go away."

The disappointment in his tone that he could not conceal went to her heart. Scarcely knowing what she did, she stretched out her other hand to him, and cried imploringly, "Don't go!"

He took her hand in his and held it in silence, not knowing truly what she would have him do. His very touch seemed to give her new life and strength.

With a strong effort she checked her tears, and turned her white, beseeching face to his.

"Only tell me that you forgive me!" she cried wildly.

He did not tell her that she had done nothing to deserve forgiveness; he understood her too well for that.

Nothing but the assurance of his pardon could ever satisfy her repentant longings; nothing but the knowledge that he did not resent her past unkindness could ever set her free to own her love.

"I forgive you, darling, freely and fully, as I trust you have forgiven me," he said solemnly, looking down at her with love and pardon in his true grey eyes.

And then he drew her into his arms, and she laid her head against the broad shoulder that was Lal's refuge in every ill, and wept away the burden of her misery for ever.

"And did you love me all the time?" she whispered presently, when she had grown calmer, and they sat side by side in the flickering light.

"All the time, dearest."

"Not when I was so bad to you, and called you such dreadful names?"

"Even then I was sure that you could not mean all you said."

"'DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT HE AND GYPSY CARE FOR EACH OTHER?'" (*p.* 712).

"But I did at the time," sighed honest Gypsy. "I have never deceived you. I did think I hated you then, and for a little while longer, until——"

"Until when?"

"Until I found I could not live without you!"

"I want to tell you why I have kept aloof from you all this autumn since you came home," he said. "You must not think I did not see how miserable you looked, that I did not know your high spirits were forced. But I had been told that you were waiting for Cecil Crawford, that at Christmas you were to give him an answer, yea or nay, and I thought the time seemed long to you—that you wanted him back."

"I wanted Cecil back? Who could have told you such——" began Gypsy, but he said gently—

"Never mind, dear; don't ask, since it was not true. I see now I was wrong to trust to mere hearsay, but last night when I saw you carrying his flowers and

looking so happy, I thought I had proof positive that it was so."

"Why did you say you should go abroad? Must you go? Is Lal really so delicate?" she asked anxiously.

"No, Lal was only my excuse. I was going because I could not bear it any longer. It was cowardly, I know, but I could not bear the Place, all alone in the evenings when Lal was asleep up-stairs. Those great rooms were full of ghosts—ghosts from a happy time that I thought was past, never to come again."

He spoke very quietly, but Gypsy realised suddenly how much he too had suffered, and felt that the devotion of her whole life would never in her eyes atone for the three months' pain that she had caused him.

"And what made you think differently to-day?" she asked. "Last night—was it last night? It seems a year ago—you nearly broke my heart, and now, oh, now, you will never go away from me again, will you?"

Never, he assured her fondly. Never as long as he lived.

"It was your face—your pale, frightened face—this morning, that woke me from my delusion," he said. "I can't tell you how or why, but it flashed upon me suddenly that you had taken that run for my sake. Was it so, or was it for Lal that you toiled after us and tired your dear self so?"

"For you," she said softly.

"I felt it was so, though the idea made me too stupid to thank you or speak to you at the time. And then I thought it would be better, if I were wrong, not to worry you again. So I went to Cecil, and asked him if it were true that you were engaged."

"Poor old Cecil!" sighed Gypsy.

"Poor fellow! he said he only wished it were true, but he told me in roundabout language that I was a fool, and sent me straight to you."

"Did he really tell you to come to me?"

"Yes, he did; and I knew I should find you alone, for I met the others going to Hengston as I started, and I knew it was one of Mr. Marchmont's bench days. What were you doing all alone before I came? Feeling a poor little Cinderella left alone at home?"

Gypsy smiled one of her old smiles, the first she had smiled for weeks.

"Cinderella was waiting for the Fairy Prince," she said, looking up at him. "I was dreaming of you!"

There came a patter of little feet in the hall, a rattling of the heavy door-handle, and the two small boys came running into the room, with the happy look and gesture of children who know they are always welcome.

"I've brought King down to see you, Jan," cried Lal, springing on to Sir Geoffrey's knee. "He says he remembers you quite well, and he wanted to come and see you."

"How do, Dan? King tumming on Dan's knee too," cried King Arthur, taking possession with truly royal assurance, and proceeding to demand "pishers" in a way that suggested Lal's prompting.

"We've been playing cricket with a soft ball; he plays very well for a little chap," announced Lal with gracious patronage. "But we tumbled a vase off the mantelpiece and broke it."

"So you've run away to escape the righteous wrath of Mrs. Nurse," said Sir Geoffrey, dexterously laying Lal flat on his back on the floor.

That was the signal for a game of romps that delighted the boys beyond words, and made Gypsy laugh as she had not laughed for months. When the children's high spirits were a little exhausted and peace prevailed again, Sir Geoffrey threw himself into a large arm-chair, on the arm of which Lal promptly perched, while King Arthur on the sofa cuddled up against his Auntie Dyp.

"Now for a story," said Lal.

"Yes, 'tory," echoed King.

"If you begin demanding stories at this rate already, we shall have none left by Christmas," remonstrated Gypsy, rumpling up her curls. "My story-box is empty."

"Fill it with a Christmas-box, then!" laughed Lal. "Oh, I do like Christmas! I hope I shall get a big lot of presents—don't you, Jan?"

"No," said Sir Geoffrey with a well-satisfied smile. "I have had mine already, and I don't want any more."

"Have you? But how soon! What is it?" asked Lal astonished.

"Gypsy!" answered Geoffrey, looking across at her.

"Whatever do you mean? I don't understand, Jan dear; please tell me," coaxed Lal, with a hand on Sir Geoffrey's shoulder, and looking at him in wonder.

Sir Geoffrey drew him on to his knee, and whispered in his ear. Then Lal got down slowly and walked across to Gypsy, his face perfectly illuminated with smiles.

"Oh, Gypsy darling, is it really true?" he asked her impressively. "Do you like Jan's story now, and are you truly going to marry him?"

"Really and truly, Lal; are you pleased?" asked smiling, blushing Gypsy, gazing fondly into the face of the loyal little lad, whose faith in his Jan was so absolutely unbounded.

"I am gladder than glad," said Lal simply. "I asked Jan to marry you a long time ago, but he said he couldn't. I am so glad he can now," and he put both arms round her neck, as she bent down to him, and kissed her.

"King kiss Auntie Dyp too," said King Arthur jealously.

Sir Geoffrey had risen and stood behind her.

"Then I think it is my turn," he said coolly.

It was at this point that Mr. Marchmont walked into the room. "Well, upon my word!" was all he said, as he stood beaming with delight.

"Oh, daddy dear!" cried Gypsy, going up to him, laughing and blushing.

"But, my dear child, you forget that this gentleman's name is John," he said solemnly.

"Oh, you tiresome old dad! I don't care if it is!" cried Gypsy.

And then there was nothing more to be said.

THE END.

ORNAMENTAL, OR USEFUL?

A GOSSIP ON THE DOMESTIC EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

"GOOD morning, Mrs. Bayle; I've just snatched five minutes to run and see you. I am so dreadfully busy and overworked, I never seem to have a moment for anything. How cool and comfortable you look here! but then, you don't know what it is to be hurried and flurried, do you?" and Miss Norman dropped into a low chair in the shady porch of an old-fashioned farmhouse, and fanned herself violently with some sheets of MS. "It is such a comfort that we have got the college furnished at last, and secured such an admirable staff of professors. Does not the prospectus read beautifully? but of course you've had a copy sent you, and, equally of course, you will send your girls. We were sadly in want of some higher education for women in North Addington. The ladies' schools were shamefully inefficient and behind the times: indeed, there was no culture possible. I don't think we can be too thankful to the founders of the North Addington College: it offers such wonderful advantages to our girls, opens quite new possibilities for them; they can receive the very highest education and take a good degree at the smallest possible cost, and then there is the inestimable advantage of being able to keep your dear girls at home."

"Yes, that certainly is a privilege, and I mean to avail myself of it," Mrs. Bayle said quietly, when Miss Norman stopped, literally for want of breath. "Hester and Kitty are very useful to me, and I really do not see how I could spare them, even to listen to the edifying lectures of Professor Nowall on pre-historic man, or Herr Addler on Scandinavian folk-lore."

"But, my dear Mrs. Bayle," Miss Norman gasped, "you do not mean to say you are not going to send your dear girls to any of the lectures? As a mother, as a woman, you surely would not stand in the way of their advancement? You know perfectly well that what was considered a good education a few years ago, is now regarded as crass ignorance. Science, art, and literature have all advanced with giant strides, and we women must keep up with the times: that is, such of us as have to earn our bread; and indeed in these bad times we none of us know what we may come to. Hester and Kitty are both bright, intelligent girls; think twice, dear Mrs. Bayle, before you deprive them of the opportunity of cultivating their minds—of acquiring knowledge that may be useful to them all their lives. I quite counted on your girls. I had great hopes of Hester," Miss Norman said plaintively.

"And Hester will not disappoint you," Mrs. Bayle replied, with a proud smile. "She is a good girl, and in every way worthy of the interest you take in her; but to tell you the truth, Miss Norman, I do not think much of this college scheme."

"Oh, Mrs. Bayle! and I have been appointed Professor of Geology. I thought you would be so pleased."

"And so I am, and offer you my most sincere congratulations. I am sure you will do your duty faithfully and well. But let me explain myself fully, dear Miss Norman, so that we may rightly understand each other. When this prospectus came a few days ago, my husband and I talked the matter over. We have, as you know, a large family, five boys and two girls, Hester and Kitty being the eldest, and being girls, had the first claim on us for education, and according to our means we did our best for them. We kept them at the best boarding-school in the county for five years, and they returned six months ago, finished. They sing a little, play a little, draw a little, talk a little French and German, and write prettily; they can enter and leave a room with propriety. I assume they understand 'the use of the globes,' and possibly have some smattering of chemistry and botany, and other natural sciences. Judging by all the prizes they took, they must have learned everything the very select academy could teach."

"Yes, dear Mrs. Bayle; but think how very superficial the education is compared with that of the college," Miss Norman interrupted. "We have such clever professors, and such a variety of subjects: pure and mixed mathematics, ancient and modern languages, natural sciences——"

"Yes, I see by the prospectus that you undertake to teach a great deal, but how much of it would be of use to my girls, Miss Norman? We are plain farmers, and we live quietly and simply, and to live at all in these trying times we have all to put a shoulder to the wheel and work. When the girls came home and exhibited their prizes and accomplishments, we were honestly proud of them.

"'Now, girls,' their father said, 'you have shown us all the ornamental part of your education; let us hear a little about the useful. Which of you can bake the best batch of bread, or make the best tub of butter, wash and iron, make a gown and mend it? who can best preserve, and pickle, and brew, and milk, and feed the calves and chicks—eh, lassies? which of you is cleverest, and going to be the greatest help to mother? she's done all for many a year, and it's time she had a rest. You are both fairly well educated, and I hope, like sensible girls, that you will go on improving your minds, and not forget your book-learning; but I want you to be useful too, and helpful to your mother. I want you both to be good housekeepers, so that you may know how to manage your own homes some day.'

"Both girls coloured and looked confused; but Hester spoke up bravely: 'We are very ignorant, father; we know nothing of housekeeping, cooking,

or plain needlework, but we are both willing to learn and anxious to be of use. If mother will only teach us, I'll take the dairy and poultry, if Kitty will take the baking and cooking ; and I am sure we can soon learn, at least to help.'

" The very next day they began, and since then they have gone on steadily learning. Now Hester takes entire charge of the dairy, and enables me to do with one maid instead of two ; Kitty is a most excellent housekeeper : I have leisure to do my own needlework instead of paying exorbitant prices for it. We make all our own dresses with the help of a sewing-machine, and yet we are never too busy to have a little music in the evening, and no day passes that the girls can't find time to read for an hour. They are happy, contented, helpful, and a real comfort to me. Do you think, Miss Norman, that a collegiate course would make them any more so ? "

" Possibly not, Mrs. Bayle, if you mean them to go on baking bread and making butter all their lives," Miss Norman said stiffly ; " but suppose they had to earn their bread, as so many women have to do nowadays, they could only go as domestic servants."

" It is much more difficult to find a good domestic servant than a good governess," Mrs. Bayle said pleasantly. " At the best of times the demand for good governesses is very limited, and judging by the advertisements in six papers that we have carefully gone over, the supply is greatly in excess of the demand. Highly educated and accomplished women remain out of situations for months and months, and then accept lower salaries than the cook or ladies'-maid, have to work harder, and have far less comfort and independence. There must be governesses, of course, and it is most desirable that they should be highly trained and efficient. Colleges in this age of culture are no doubt a necessity, but for my own part, I think the higher, or rather the highest education of women consists in a thorough practical knowledge of all domestic duties : a knowledge that makes a woman entirely independent of circumstances, or rather, mistress of them. A woman who cannot cook a dinner as well as eat it, make a dress as well as wear it, a woman who cannot turn her hand to anything when occasion requires, who is not able to train her servants practically, and teach them the value of economy of time as well as money, is not, in my opinion, *educated* at all, though she may be very much cultivated, and even have been to college and taken a degree. Look at Hester in her dairy, now—would she look any fresher, healthier, happier in a cap and gown, or be more usefully employed in poring over conic sections or reading questionable Greek plays? Take my word for it, Miss Norman, girls would be all the better, and homes all the happier, if more time and attention were given to domestic affairs, and if every woman *knew how* to be her own cook, housekeeper, and dressmaker : such things are far more easily learned than dead languages or mathematics, and are of infinitely more use to a woman in going through life."

Miss Norman rose, and gathering together her prospectuses, examination papers, MSS., and other impedimenta, said " good morning," mentally resolving never again to call at One Elm Farm, as Mrs. Bayle's ideas on " higher education " were sadly at variance with those of the Professor of Geology at the North Addington College for the Higher Education of Women.

H. B. D.

CURIOUS CORPORATION CUSTOMS.

MOST of our Corporations have an eventful history, intimately associated as they have been, from time immemorial, with some of the most memorable occurrences in the political and social life of bygone years. Indeed, a casual survey of a few of the old customs connected with our English municipalities will suffice to show how active a part these bodies have generally taken in all matters which may have affected their privileges, or enhanced their prestige. It should be noted, too, that many of our Corporation customs which, nowadays, seem somewhat meaningless, were quite the reverse in days gone by ; the alterations in the laws and institutions of the country having, in numerous cases, rendered their existence unnecessary. Hence, certain usages are retained as relics of the past, and are valued from the unbroken line of evidence they afford of the authority attached to our Corporations in olden times. In the first place, then, it is interesting to find how many of the old Corporation insignia have become identified with some of the most noteworthy customs ; several of the ancient maces having served as drinking-cups. The top of a handsome silver-gilt mace, given by George, first Earl of Berkeley, who commanded the royal fleet at the Restoration, to the Corporation of Berkeley, was for many years used as a drinking-cup at the conclusion of the feasts. When the mayor came to the last toast, the head of the mace was unscrewed from the stem, and the crown unscrewed from the top. The cup part of the mace was then filled with punch, and the crown placed upon it, in which condition it was presented to the mayor, who exclaimed, " Prosperity to the Corporation and Borough of Berkeley." In connection with this ceremony, an amusing anecdote is related by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (2nd S.V., p. 520), to the effect that some years ago a medical member of the Cor-

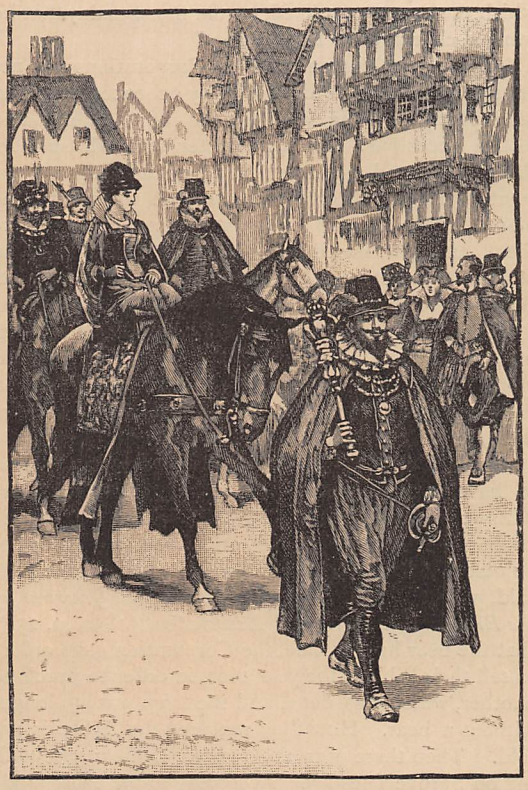
poration, not liking so much punch at such a late hour, refused the toast, but was at once decreed by the mayor to drink it forthwith in salt-and-water; which he did, or rather pretended to drink, amidst the cheers and laughter of the company. Similarly, the borough of Carnarvon turned its mace into a drinking-cup, which on state occasions, such as Royal birthdays, and the inauguration of the mayor or bailiff, was handed round to the assembled court.

In civic processions the mace holds a prominent place, and in the event of Royal visits to corporate towns, it is customary for the mayor himself to bear the mace before the Sovereign. Thus, it is recorded how the Mayor of York, in the year 1503, preceding the Princess Margaret during her progress through the city, on her way to Scotland to be married to James IV., carried the mace upon his shoulder. At Southampton it was the custom to carry a mace before the mayoress whenever she went in state. At New Romney are to be seen two maces which used to be borne, says Mr. Lambert, in the *Antiquary* (1880, ii. 69), "before the barons of the Cinque Ports in the persons of their bailiffs when they attended at the town of Yarmouth to superintend, open, and regulate the business transacted annually at the grand mart or fair for the sale of herrings."

Once more, a curious custom, known as "the burying of the mace," formerly took place in connection with the Mayor of Nottingham. On the day the new mayor assumed office, his predecessor, with the aldermen and councillors, attended divine service, at the conclusion of which they went into the vestry, when the old mayor seated himself in an elbow-chair, at a table covered with black cloth, in the middle of which lay the mace covered with rosemary and sprigs of bay. This was termed "burying the mace," after which a form of electing the new mayor was gone through, the one retiring from office taking up the mace, kissing it, and delivering it into the hand of his successor.

Some of the Corporations have their sword of state, which is carried before their mayors on grand occasions; the sword, an emblem of justice, says Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt, representing the old criminal jurisdiction of the municipalities. When Richard II. visited Lincoln, in the year 1386, "he granted to the mayor and his successors the privilege of having a sword carried before them in their processions." At Chester the sword is borne before the Sovereign sheathed, but erect, within the limits of the city. Then there is the "cap of maintenance," and we are told that it has been customary in York, "on Christmas, and days of high solemnity, for the sword-bearer to wear his cap of maintenance, which he puts off to no person whatsoever; and that he is entitled to sit with it on during divine service at the cathedral or elsewhere."

As might be expected, many curious customs have centred round the election of the mayor, some of which are noticed in the Report of the Records Commission (1837). To quote one or two cases, we are told how, at the election of the Mayor of Wycombe, the great bell was tolled for a quarter of an hour, after which the bells set up a merry peal. After the outgoing mayor and aldermen had attended divine service, they went in procession to the Guildhall, preceded by women strewing flowers, and a drummer beating a drum. After the election was over, the mayor and corporation went round the market-house in procession, and finished the day's ceremonies by being weighed, their weights being duly chronicled by the sergeant-at-mace, who, in return for his services, received a small fee. At Southampton, on the election of the mayor, the Guildhall was formerly decorated with flowers; and at Penryn the mayor elect drank to the prosperity of the borough out of a massive silver bowl, previous to going to church, on the first Sunday after his inauguration. This cup, on such occasions, was, writes a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (2nd S.V., p. 469), "filled with a mixture of all the various liquors which might be supposed to be in possession of the mayor's estate and position." This relic is of some antiquity, and bears the date of 1633, having been presented by Lady Jane Killigrew. It also bears the following inscription :—



THE MAYOR OF YORK ESCORTING PRINCESS MARGARET.

> "From mayor to mayor to the town of Pennaryn,
> Where they received me that was in great misery.
> "JANE KILLIGREW."

Another curious custom which, in years gone by, was observed at Abingdon, Berkshire, at the mayor's election, is thus described in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1782, p. 558) :—"Riding through Abingdon, I found the people in the street at the entrance of the

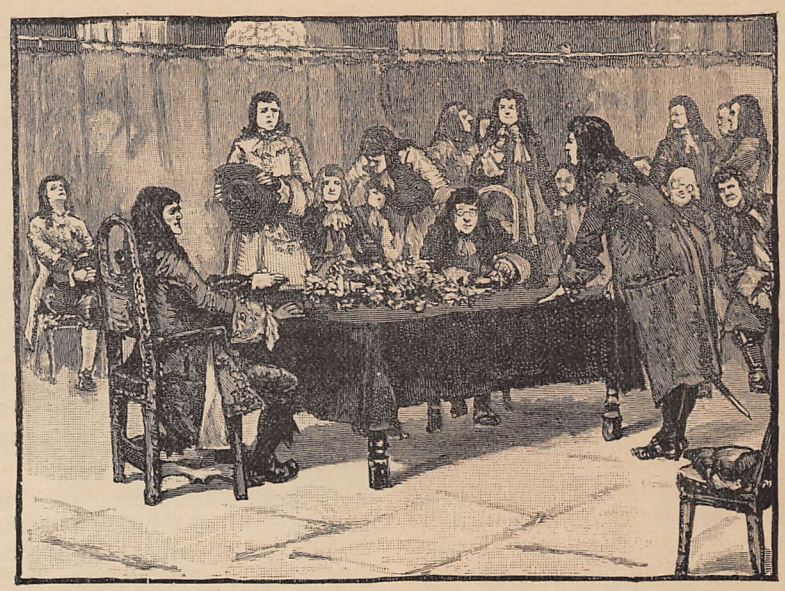
town very busy in adorning the outside of their houses with boughs of trees and garlands of flowers, and the paths were strewed with rushes. One house was distinguished by a greater number of garlands than the rest. On inquiring the reason, it seemed that it was usual to have this ceremony performed in the street in which the new mayor lived, on the first Sunday that he went to church after his election."

In days gone by, many of our Corporations did not consider it beneath their dignity to encourage and take part in public amusements on holidays and festive occasions. Thus, at Easter and Whitsuntide, the mayor and aldermen of Newcastle-upon-Tyne went yearly to a certain part of the town with the mace, sword, and cap of maintenance carried before them, and patronised the playing at hand-ball and other amusements. Deering, in his "Historical Account of Nottingham" (1751, p. 125), tells us that "by a custom time beyond memory, the mayor and aldermen have been used on Monday in Easter week, morning prayer ended, to march from the town to St. Anne's Well, having the town waits to play before them, together with the officers of the town."

At Congleton, in Cheshire, the burgesses appear to have had a remarkable predilection for bear-baiting. In the reign of James I. their menagerie contained at least one bear, and a bear-ward was appointed by the Corporation for its custody, and it is said, writes Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt, in the *Journal of the British Archæological Association* (1850, p. 255), that the bear having died, the Corporation gave orders to sell their Bible in the year 1661, in order to purchase another, which was done, and the town was no longer without a bear. How they replaced the Bible is not told. Then there was the famous Ludlow rope-pulling on Shrove Tuesday. According to the usual mode of procedure, the Corporation provided a rope, three inches in thickness, and thirty-six yards in length, which was given out of the windows of the market-house as the clock struck four. Already assembled were a large body of the inhabitants, divided into two parties, eager for the struggle. As soon as either party gained the victory by pulling the rope beyond the prescribed limits, the contest ceased; the rope being purchased by subscription from the victorious party, and given out again. An old tradition attributes this curious custom to circumstances arising out of the siege of Ludlow by Henry VI., when two parties arose within the town, one supporting the pretensions of the Duke of York, and the other wishing to give admittance to the King.

The Corporation records of Chester show that about the year 1600, in this city, a silver bell was given to be raced for on the Roodee. Again, the "waits badges," six in number, of silver-gilt, are the most interesting part of the insignia of the Corporation of Stamford. Harrod, in his "Antiquities of Stamford" (1785), says:—"The four waits have an annual salary of fifty shillings each; these, dressed in scarlet cloaks, trimmed with gold lace, precede the mayor with their music on the day in which he is chosen, commonly called the mayor's feast day, on the proclaiming of Simon and Jude Fair, and on his Majesty's birthday; thrice also weekly in the dead of night they walk round the streets, playing, from the above fair to Christmas. It was customary for them to go the same rounds from the holidays to Lady Day, calling at persons' houses, where, after playing a tune or two, they are presented with a shilling or so at the donor's pleasure."

In an interesting paper by Mr. Nicholls, on the "Regalia of the Corporation of Bristol," in the *Journal of the Archæological Association* (1875, Vol. xxxi., p. 311), several old customs are incidentally



BURYING THE MACE AT NOTTINGHAM.

THE MAYOR OF WYCOMBE GOING TO THE GUILDHALL.

mentioned. Thus, in the year 1683, it appears that four silver badges and chains were purchased by the Corporation to be worn by the city waits ; and in 1745 the water bailiff had an oar ornamented with silver bought for his badge of office. It is so heavily loaded with metal that its weight cannot be correctly ascertained ; the weight in silver is estimated at about 36 oz. At the same time a silver badge and chain were purchased for the deputy water bailiff. One of the civic swords is known as the "Lent Sword," so named from its being borne before the judges when the assize falls in that season. Around the pommel, in Roman capitals, are inscribed these words:—

"This sworde we did repaier,
Thomas Aldworth being Maior."

Some of the Corporation customs associated with cathedrals deserve notice. Thus, at Norwich, on the Tuesday before St. John's Eve, the mayor elect went in procession with the Corporation, on horseback, and after the year 1772, until 1835, in carriages, to the cathedral, preceded, writes Mr. Mackenzie Walcott, in his "Traditions and Customs of Cathedrals" (1872, p. 131), "by the dragon, whifflers, swordsmen, musicians, the standards of blue-and-silver, and crimson-and-gold, the councillors in gowns, mace-bearer, the city waits, the marshalmen, and the civic authorities, with the sword carried erect." The gates of the close were thrown open on their arrival, and the Corporation, proceeding through the nave, strewn with sweet-scented rushes, were received at the choir door by the dean and chapter. It may be mentioned that the ancient practice of strewing the choir of Bristol with sweet-smelling herbs is still kept up whenever the mayor visits the cathedral in state.

Lastly, amongst some of the numerous other Corporation customs may be mentioned the blowing of the "Burghmote Horn," by the sound of which the members of the Corporation were, in days gone by, summoned together. This custom probably dates back to Anglo-Saxon times, having been in some places continued until our own times. At Ripon an ancient horn is preserved, which is sounded every day. "If a visitor should remain in the city," writes Mr. Walbran, "during the evening he may hear the sounding of the mayor's horn. It formerly announced the setting of the watch, whence the chief officer of the town derived the Saxon style of 'wakeman,' but it is now, of course, lapsed into a formality. Three blasts, long, dull, and dire, are given at nine o'clock at the mayor's door by his official horn-blower, and one afterwards at the market cross, while the seventh bell of the cathedral is ringing. It was ordained in 1458 that it should be blown at the four corners of the cross at nine o'clock, after which if any house 'on the gate syd within the towne' was robbed, 'the wakeman was bound to compensate the loss if it was proved that he and his servants did not their dutie at the time.'" In the reign of James I. a custom prevailed for the Corporation of Colchester to make presents of "sugar loaves" to persons of rank and eminence whose influence could procure them favour or protection : a circumstance accounted for by the high price of that article (from one shilling and tenpence to two shillings and twopence per pound), which would seem an extravagant sum now-a-days if estimated in money of the current valuation. The few illustrations we have thus given are sufficient to show how numerous and diverse were the old customs associated with our municipal government.

J. F. THISELTON DYER.

A GLANCE DOWN THE "AGONY COLUMN."

NO longer is *The Times* the sole medium of communication between people to whom, for various reasons, the Post Office is not available. Most of our other dailies have their "agony columns," or at least a column in which "agonising" advertisements occasionally appear. As an exercise for the imaginative faculties, the study of these announcements is not without attractiveness.

In this one, for instance, there is condensed in a line ample material for a three-volume novel of a not unfamiliar type :—"X.Y.Z.—Pray let your wife hear something of you." Here is a brief text of secret domestic sorrow. Our fancy can readily fill in the details that culminate in this touching appeal. A happy boyhood and girlhood, courtship, and all the pleasant joys and equally pleasant pains that make youth a bright spring season. Then marriage, bridal feasts, bridal wreaths, the bridal tour, and the honeymoon ; the new home ; and then the gradual revealment of the skeleton that lay hid in the closet. Domestic troubles, diminished love, quarrels, "incompatibilities," poverty—perhaps crime. Then separation and flight ; and, last, the evidence of woman's clinging affection in every change of fortune—"let your wife hear something of you."

The other side of conjugal infelicity is seen in another advertisement ; for husbands are not always the errant ones, or wives the victims :—"Minnie—Pray return to your disconsolate husband, and all will be well, but never until. He has every confidence in you ; will do anything for you. He is extremely ill in bed. Will you not return to comfort him? do!" The wife in this case may be very wicked or very foolish—the latter for choice. She is doubtless very young ; her husband not *so* young. He is very fond ; she not *quite* so exactingly affectionate—and there is again "incompatibility," but not much. There has been a "scene" over something or other of no particular consequence ; she leaves the house vowing never, never to return, and takes refuge in a friend's dwelling, leaving her spouse disconsolate and ignorant of her whereabouts. Or they are both young—"Minnie" and her deserted husband—and, though married, lovers still. She has chosen to be revengeful, doubtless without cause ; there has been a quarrel, and she hides herself away in a huff, waiting the confidently-expected invitation to return through the newspapers. In either case let us hope that "Minnie" was not obdurate.

Lovers' agonies indeed find frequent expression in the agony column. This is thrilling :—"CHARLIE—A terrible presentiment oppresses me that we shall never meet again. I forgive all but your silence. A letter awaits you at the old place, Long Acre." Charlie is really very much to blame. Why did he not write, and so prevent such terrible apprehension? These young people, no doubt, have been "carrying on" without the knowledge, and possibly against the wishes, of the old people on both sides. Charlie has perhaps been hit hard over the Derby, and is temporarily under a cloud—or something or other has happened that caused him to forget for the moment his languishing *innamorata*. By-and-by, however, all will come right again, the lovers will meet, make up their quarrel, marry, and mayhap in a few years' time come to think that, after all, it would be a good thing if they *had* never met again.

What can this mean?—"Y. Z.—Can there be happiness without confidence? Alas! I see you doubt. It can never be received. It would be entire ruin. Can you sign it? In a month death or victory." As a mere abstract proposition the first query is interesting. "Have you sufficient confidence in me," asked one rather out-at-elbows Bohemian to another, "to lend me a sovereign?" "I have the confidence," was the reply, "but I haven't the sovereign." In this case the possession of confidence did not bring happiness either to the expected lender or the expectant receiver. The former was possibly not happy that he had not the money to lend, and the other was most certainly unhappy at not getting it. Circumstances, however, alter cases, and it is quite conceivable that under certain conditions happiness and confidence can only co-exist and not endure in partition. But what is "it" that can never be received, that involves "entire ruin," and that is asked to be signed? Is it a bill? As thus : "Y. Z." is wanted to sign a bill. He doubts, and suggests that the needful could be had from another. That can't be, pleads Y. Z. ; it can never be received in time, and ruin must ensue. Have confidence and sign. Then in only a month victory ; that is, the bill will be paid ; or death, should it be unpaid. This doesn't quite hit off the thing, but perhaps it does. "It" certainly appears to be a "promise to pay" a month "after date." It is, however, a perplexing puzzle.

The following displays the possession by an individual of an amount of trusting confidence in the self-sacrificing spirit of London nineteenth-century human nature that is not a little surprising :—"Should this meet the eye of the gentleman who was riding in a brougham, with a grey horse, coachman wearing drab coat, and who knocked down an old woman at the corner of Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road, on the morning of the 29th inst., he is requested to send his address to Mr. R——, chemist, Tottenham Court Road." Knocked down an old woman—send his address in order that compensation may be sought from him! Catch him at it!

But what is this which appeared in the *Standard* not so very long ago?—

"Isdtvthlxyijwgswwfpu."

It is a cipher, but not difficult to unravel to those who have had any experience of such things. The table below gives the solution. It consists of a square divided into 676 spaces, within each of which is a letter of the alphabet, arranged in such a way that each line of letters—whether taken across or vertically—contains exactly the whole alphabet. The key-word, of course, is only known to the advertiser and his correspondent. In this instance it is "perfect," a word of seven letters. The first letter of the key-word is P. We look for the letter P in the upper horizontal column of the table (1—3), and run it down till we come to I, the first letter of the sentence to be deciphered. Opposite to that letter I in the vertical column (1—2) stands the letter T—the first letter of the first word of the sentence. And in this way, using each letter of the key-word to find the corresponding letter in the table, we proceed till the seven letters of the key-word "perfect" are exhausted. We then commence the word again, and proceed until we have got through all the letters in the cipher, and we find we have arrived at the solution, which is—"To-morrow the funds fall."

This method of cipher writing has been used by members of secret societies in Ireland, to the writer's knowledge, in troubled times, and it is believed the authorities were unable to decipher announcements written with its aid.

The diagram will convey a more accurate idea of the *modus operandi*.

To make use of the cipher, any word or collection of letters agreed upon may be used as the key. The word selected should be one of at least six letters, as it is just possible to decipher the writing when the key contains less than that number. To write with this cipher—Find the first letter of the first word of your message in the vertical column (1—2) and run along the horizontal line until you are under the first letter of the key-word in the first line (1—3), and write down the letter in the square thus reached. For instance suppose you want to write "sell," and that your key-word is "perfect"—find the letter S in the vertical column (1—2), and run along the horizontal line starting from that letter until you are under the first letter of your key-word in the first horizontal column (1—3), P, and you will find the letter H. Proceed in this way until you have written down the first three letters. The fourth letter being the same as the third it must

1																									3
	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A
	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B
	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C
	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D
	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E
	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F
	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J
	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K
	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L
	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N
	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O
	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P
	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q
	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S
	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T
	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U
	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V
	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W
	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X
2	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y

A CIPHER-KEY.

not be represented by the mere repetition of the letter C. You should take the letter in the square you will find by following out the horizontal line, beginning with L in the column (1—2) until you come under the fourth letter of your key-word, F. That letter is Q. You will now find that "sell" will stand as "hicq," and your correspondent can read it in the same way, with the aid of his table and his key-word, as explained above.

In the same paper the other day appeared this indignant dismissal by a lover of his faithless mistress :—" Dolly—I think it is time to put an end to all this foolery ; it has been going on too long ; therefore I shall feel thankful if you cease to take any more trouble on my account." There—poor Dolly has got her *congé ;* but she should not have fooled the poor fellow to so painful a pitch of exasperation as to induce him to give vent to his wrath in print at a shilling a line.

"Would the lady who, wearing a seal-skin mantle and hat of the same material, was assisted by a gentleman in settling a dispute with an insolent cabman in Regent's Street yesterday, favour advertiser with a line, addressed to A. B. at the office of this paper, to say where a letter would reach her, as he is most eager for another interview." Advertisements of this character used to be plenty as blackberries in the autumn in the agony column ; but of late, we believe, the leading papers refuse to insert them, for obvious reasons.

But what mystery is here ?—" Why are you silent ? This suspense is killing me ! How cruel and heartless you are ! I will lose my wits if I don't see you or hear from you soon.—E." This is clearly the wail of yet another love-stricken deserted one—male or female. Indeed, if we could read aright most of these singular announcements, we might find much real suffering and many a sad scene of guilt or remorse. It is even possible that in some of them could be found a clue to many a dark tragedy, as yet undiscovered, in this huge metropolis where human misery, crime, and every possible abomination of guilt find an impenetrable lurking-place.

But there is endless material for speculation, aërial castle-building, romance-creating, and even far more serious exercise of the reflective and imaginative faculties, in the agony column. Our extracts, indeed, convey but a faint notion of the many pregnant commentaries on human life and human society to be found by diligent students of the announcements it contains. At all events, an exhaustive collection of them would furnish what may be called "stock in trade" sufficient to set up in business quite an unlimited number of novelists and story-tellers in general.

RICHARD PIGOTT.

DEAR MR. MORTON.

BY KATHARINE ROCHE.

TOM'S widow is coming to tea this evening."

"My dear, don't speak of her in that way. Tom's widow ! there is something ghastly in the very sound."

"You needn't be afraid, mother ; she never shall be my widow."

"I thought you admired her, Tom," said Hilda.

"So I do, immensely ; she's the jolliest little woman I know, but I mean to leave a different sort of widow."

"One whose appearance will be better adapted to weeds ?"

"One who will show a little more feeling when I am gone," said Tom. "Mrs. Morton's husband can scarcely be a year dead, and yet she is the gayest and merriest of you all."

"Rose, just imagine Tom's ideal widow ! A heart-broken creature, all crape and pocket-handkerchief, who will be for ever talking about her lost darling."

"My dear !" said my mother again.

"The mater thinks it unlucky to talk about my widow. How do you know that it is not I who am to be the bereaved one, bewailing the loss of my sainted wife, and expecting sympathy and consolation from my sisters ?"

"Well," said Hilda after a few minutes' reverie, "I admit it does surprise me to see Freda Morton, loving and warm-hearted as she certainly is, appearing to feel the loss of her husband so little."

"Perhaps she disliked him."

"Rose ! disliked 'dear Mr. Morton' !"

"Oh, that is merely a little conventional way of speaking of him ; she evidently considers it the correct phrase. It is quite compatible with indifference, if not dislike."

"I think she was fond of him," said Hilda. "She avoids speaking of him, as if it pained her to do so ; sometimes even her voice seems to choke when she mentions him."

"And at other times she makes the most flippant remarks about him and his tastes and habits. She certainly is a puzzle to me."

"I am sorry you do not care for her, Tom ; I often thought how pleasant it would be to have her as a sister-in-law."

"Your visions may be realised without victimising me."

"Do you mean Edmund ?"

"I do: I think Edmund is very much smitten, and that she knows it, and does not object."

"I never thought of that," said Hilda; "they never seem to speak to one another."

"No, but when either speaks to any one else, the other listens. Watch, and you will see."

"I would rather she was married to you than to Edmund."

"Sorry I can't accommodate you. Good-bye, mother, I'm off."

"Are you coming home to tea, Tom?" asked my mother.

"Certainly, mother. I would not miss Mrs. Morton on any account."

Mrs. Morton and her sister, Mabel Heath, had now been settled in Longmede for some months. They brought letters from an old schoolfellow of Hilda's and mine, who was now married and living in Liverpool. Mabel Heath and her sister were dear friends and neighbours of hers, she wrote, and she was very sorry to lose them, but they had now no reason for remaining in Liverpool, and their means being diminished by their recent loss, they were anxious to find some quiet country place where they could live economically. She had advised them to try Longmede, having heard much of it from Hilda and me, and feeling that she might trust to our kindness to make them welcome. The letter was hastily written, and seemed to take for granted that the circumstances of the sisters were already known to us.

However, this was Ethel Fordham's way; her letters generally were somewhat incoherent. So Hilda and I went at once to call upon the new-comers, whom we found established in pretty rooms in the house of the late doctor's widow, who had managed to retain her old home by letting part of it.

We were somewhat surprised to find both sisters mere girls, Mrs. Morton, although in reality the elder, appearing the younger of the two. They were in striking contrast to each other, Mrs. Morton being small, fair, and childish-looking, while Miss Heath was tall and somewhat stately, with dark hair and eyes. Both wore deep mourning, Mrs. Morton's very becoming little cap constituting the chief difference in their dress.

We soon became very intimate with both girls. They refused our invitations at first, on the plea of their deep mourning, but after a little time they consented to come to tea, and later on to a quiet game of tennis. Mrs. Morton soon proved herself an excellent player, and she and Tom fraternised over the game. Tom made no secret of his admiration for her, and Hilda and I soon decided that it would be very pleasant if Tom's widow, as we had begun to call her, were to become Tom's wife. Now, however, Tom's manner, even more than his words, put an end to this castle in the air, leaving a new field of speculation in the suggestion he had thrown out concerning Edmund.

Edmund was a surgeon, and had been for some years on board ship. He was now at home, recovering from a somewhat severe illness, and looking for suitable employment on shore. He was far quieter and more reserved than Tom, and the possibility of his being attracted by the pretty little widow had never occurred to any of us. Now, however, enlightened by Tom's hint, we watched him closely, and before the close of the evening had discovered that Tom was right, and that Edmund was absorbed in studying her every movement, and listening to her every word; while she, on her part, was fully conscious of his admiration, and did not apparently dislike it. It was rather a disappointment to us, as we would have preferred her marrying Tom; however, we resigned ourselves to the inevitable, and began to speculate on the course of events, and make plans for Edmund's future, with Mrs. Morton as his wife.

One day not long after this we called at Mrs. Morton's lodgings, to ask her and Mabel Heath to join us in a walk.

The ladies were up-stairs, the servant said, and she asked us to wait in the drawing-room while she went to seek them. The drawing-room door was partly open, and we went in without making any noise. There was a deep bay window at one side of the room, looking into the garden; it was partly screened off by heavy curtains, and contained a writing-table and a couple of basket chairs. We did not at first perceive that this recess was tenanted, but presently we saw, by means of the reflection in an opposite mirror, that Freda Morton was standing by the table arranging the contents of her little writing-desk. Presently she took up a small case, evidently containing a photograph, and looked long and earnestly at it. Then she raised it suddenly to her lips, and kissed it passionately many times.

Hilda and I waited breathlessly for a few moments; then I moved across the room, and greeted Winifred as though we had but just come in. She came forward to meet us, her radiant smiling self, although I could see there were tears in her eyes. After a few minutes she went up-stairs to put on her bonnet, and to look for Mabel, and then Hilda and I stole over to the table on which we could still see the little case lying where Freda had put it down. Our first feeling was surprise at seeing the photograph of a young man, having always supposed Mr. Morton to have been middle-aged, if not elderly. Indeed, we had inferred as much from various little speeches made by the girls.

We were so absorbed in the contemplation of the photograph, that we did not perceive Mabel's entrance until she stood beside us.

"Oh!" she said, "so Freda has shown you that. Is he not a handsome man?"

"Very handsome," I said. "What a terrible grief his death must have been to Freda!"

An odd sort of look came over Mabel's face. "People get over such things," she said, after a pause.

"Was he fond of Freda?"

"Exceedingly fond of her, and she of him. But here she is," as her step was heard on the stairs. "Put down that picture, Rose."

And Freda came in, dressed for walking, in her coquettish little widow's bonnet.

"How cool and comfortable you girls look in your hats!" she said. "I think I must get one too, and leave off this horrid bonnet. I'm sure, dear, Mr. Morton would not like me to get sunburnt. Would he, Mab?"

"You know best," said Mabel shortly. "I certainly think you ought to get the hat," she added after a moment.

During the walk, Freda was the gayest of the gay, laughing and talking incessantly. As we parted from her at her own door, she said, "So Mabel tells me that you have seen my husband's picture. What do you think of him?"

I muttered some commonplace about the portrait, in the midst of which Freda suddenly snatched away her hand, which she had left in mine, and ran into the house.

One day my mother and I were sitting at work in the drawing-room, Edmund being seated, book in hand, in a low chair, which was partly concealed by a couple of tall palms. Suddenly Hilda burst into the room in a state of the wildest excitement.

"Mother, Rose—whom do you think I have seen just now at the post-office? Dear Mr. Morton."

"Do you mean his ghost?"

"I mean himself in the flesh—asking where Miss Heath lived. He has a pleasant voice."

"But, my dear," said my mother, "didn't he die? Die of an illness, I mean? Was he lost at sea, or anything of that sort?"

"I never heard particulars of his death," said Hilda, considering; "I believe he was a sailor, so probably he was lost at sea. Anyway, he is in Longmede at the present moment."

"How do you know it is he?"

"Rose and I once saw his photograph. I could not mistake him; he is a striking-looking man."

"Could this be his brother?"

"Don't you remember Freda's once telling us that she had no people-in-law? Besides, this man has a slight scar across his forehead, which I also noticed in the photograph. No, no, it is dear Mr. Morton. I wonder if Freda will be glad to see him!" she added significantly.

Then I suddenly remembered Edmund, and glanced in his direction. He was very pale, and the hand that held his book trembled.

When my mother and Hilda had left the room, he said—

"Rose, I shall go up to London to-night, and try if the berth that was offered to me on board the *Venetia* is still to be had. I wrote a refusal yesterday, but by going up to-night I may still secure it."

"Must you go, Edmund?"

"I cannot stay here," he said, "and I think life would be more endurable at sea than on shore. Come and help me with my packing, Rosie, there's a good girl."

Edmund went to town that night, in spite of his mother's remonstrances, and Hilda and I remained devoured by curiosity concerning Mr. Morton. We debated as to whether it would be right to call, but disliked intruding. However, on the third day, having heard nothing, either of Mrs. Morton or her newly-found husband, we decided that it would be only kind to call, and were just setting out, when a ring came to the door, and in walked the two sisters, accompanied by the original of the photograph, the latter displaying a goodly length of limb in addition to the handsome bearded head with which we were already familiar. Mrs. Morton was still in mourning, but she had discarded the widow's bonnet, and wore a small straw hat, similar to Mabel's. My mother went over to Freda, and kissed her affectionately, speaking some words of congratulation, and then turning to the stranger, greeted him also, addressing him as Mr. Morton.

"My name is Heath," he said, in a quiet, well-bred voice; and then Mabel, seeing the look of blank astonishment in my mother's face, struck in—

"Our brother, Mrs. Leslie. Just come home from Australia."

"Your brother! Winifred, my dear, I beg your pardon. I am so sorry for having distressed you," for Freda was sobbing hysterically, with, it seemed to me, more laughter than tears in her voice.

"She is distressed because she is ashamed, Mrs. Leslie," said Mr. Heath. "I have come here to-day to insist upon both my sisters making full acknowledgment of the deception they have practised upon your family, and to beg that you will kindly make it known to any one whom it may concern."

"Deception?"

"Winifred's passing herself off as a widow. She is not married."

"Not married! then Mr. Morton——"

"Is a myth. The girls fancied, I believe, that living alone they would have more freedom if one of them were a widow, and Winifred, being already in mourning for my grandfather, whose recent death had left them homeless, bought a widow's cap, and called herself Mrs. Morton. The false position once assumed was not easily abandoned, although it led them into more absolute deceit than they had at all foreseen. They now wish to explain the matter to you as their chief friend in Longmede, and to ask your pardon for having deceived you."

"The deception has not affected us much," said my mother. "Your sister would have been quite as welcome here under her true name. How did such a plan enter your head, Winifred—what suggested it to you?"

"It was only on our way through London that I thought of it," said Freda. "Mabel and I went into Jay's to buy hats, and while we were choosing them, I saw a little widow's bonnet on the table, and I tried it on. It suited me exactly, and Mabel said, 'What a pity you are not really a widow, Freda! you look so nice in weeds, and if you were, we should both be far more independent than we can be as young ladies. The idea of pretending to be a widow came into my mind then, and I thought it would be good fun. Mabel did not like it, but I made her consent. We bought a widow's cap and bonnet; we were already in

"SHE RAISED IT SUDDENLY TO HER LIPS" (*p.* 723).

mourning for grandfather, and I determined to call myself Morton. It really is my name—Winifred Morton Heath. We talked so much to each other about Mr. Morton, that we came half to believe in him, and to be rather fond of him. We did not understand at first how difficult it would be to keep up the pretence, or how many lies we should have to tell. I was many a time longing to tell you the truth, but I was afraid."

"I am sorry you did not, my dear," said my mother gravely. "However, that cannot be helped now. Did you expect your brother?"

"No, not at all. His coming was quite a surprise. He walked suddenly into the drawing-room, and found me in a widow's cap"—she laughed somewhat hysterically.

"You must have been startled, Mr. Heath?"

"I was startled at first," he said, "and when I learned the truth I was shocked. I did not think either of my sisters would have been capable of such systematic deceit. I was determined that I at least would be no party to it. This visit is also to say good-bye, Mrs. Leslie," he added. "My sisters accompany me to London this evening. They will scarcely find Longmede a pleasant residence, once the truth is known. I am remaining in England for a year, and for that time, at least, they are better with me. I cannot understand," he added, "why you were so ready to assume that I was—the late Mr. Morton," with an expression that made him for the moment like Freda.

"We saw your photograph," I said hesitatingly.

"Did she show me as Morton?" he asked, his face darkening.

"Mabel did."

"I beg your pardon," said Mabel's grave voice. "You assumed that the portrait was that of Freda's husband, and I did not contradict you. You were very much struck by the photograph, I remember, and rather scandalised at Freda's having survived her loss."

It was now my turn to look confused under the amused scrutiny of Mr. Heath's brown eyes. The Heaths soon after went away, leaving Hilda and me much saddened, both by their departure and by the manner of it.

"Poor Edmund!" I said, "what a pity that he was in such a hurry! I must write and tell him the truth. Perhaps he has not yet finally arranged to sail in the *Venetia*."

"My dear," said my mother very energetically, "I would rather a thousand times that he sailed in the *Venetia* than that he married that deceitful girl. Her conduct shows a want of honour and principle such as I should be sorry to see in Edmund's wife."

Nevertheless, I thought it due to Edmund to let him know the state of affairs. The only notice he took of the communication was a postscript in his next letter to my mother: "Tell Rose I received hers of the 22nd."

We heard nothing of the Heaths after they left Longmede. In the surprise and confusion of our parting, we had forgotten to ask them to keep us informed of their movements, while they probably felt chary of writing under the circumstances.

At the end of a year Edmund came home, looking older and browner, his quiet reserved manner suiting him better now than it did in his more boyish days. He had bought a practice in a little town on the south coast, and intended settling there. The first time he and I were alone he asked if I knew anything of the Heaths. I was somewhat ashamed to confess that I did not.

"You and Hilda imagined yourselves attached to those girls, I believe."

"So we were, but mother was so much annoyed at the deceit——"

"A mere bit of childish masquerading undertaken without considering the consequences. I do not know how you can call it by such a harsh name as deceit."

"I have often felt sorry since that we did not ask their address. Do you think you could find it out, Edmund?"

"I have found it out. I met Australian friends of Heath's on board ship, who gave it to me."

"Have you seen them?"

"Not yet. I came first to my mother."

"Give me the address, and I will write to Freda."

"As you did without news of them for so long, you can exist without it a little longer. You shall have the address soon."

Edmund went away in a day or two on business, and about a week later there came a letter announcing his engagement to Miss Heath. Poor mother was in great trouble at the news, and we had considerable difficulty in persuading her to look upon the former escapade as mere childishness, and not as a sign of innate depravity.

A little before the wedding, I went to stay with the Heaths at Kensington. Freda was looking pale and thin, but very happy.

"Rosie," she said, as soon as she had got me into a corner by ourselves, "I have been punished for my deceit all through the past year."

"Punished?"

"I have been so unhappy. I thought he was as disgusted with me as the rest of you, and that I should never see him again."

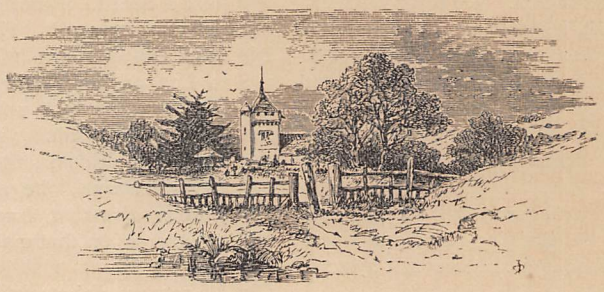
"Then you loved him all the time?"

"Yes. I used to think that I could never care for any one as much as I did for Richard, and now Mabel is going with Richard, and I am staying behind."

My mother did not go to Edmund's wedding; but she was very kind and affectionate to Freda, when the young people came to stay at Longmede. She confided to me, however, that she could never look at her daughter-in-law without remembering the widow's cap in which she had first seen her.

"It seems to me an omen," she said.

That was many years ago, however, and no shadow of the widow's cap has as yet fallen on Freda's golden head. The gold is still undimmed, I believe, but this I only know from hearsay, not having seen my sister-in-law since the day on which I, Rose Heath, sailed from Southampton with Mabel and her brother.



THE THRIFT OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

BY ALEXANDER CARGILL.

THE well-being of a nation, like that of the individual, may not unfairly be gauged by, besides other tests, the amount of money it has saved against the proverbial rainy day. Judged, therefore, according to this principle, what will be said of us with our vast national debt of over seven hundred millions? With this mighty millstone of debt round the neck of the British Empire, in a practical sense and individually, we take no concern whatever; it is but right, however, to acknowledge that, on the whole, we are as a people becoming every year more and more imbued with those admirable principles of prudent economy and persevering thrift which form the bases of true well-being and prosperity.

Scarcely a generation ago the habit of saving money to provide for the thousand and one necessities of life was, if thought of at all, ignored by the great body of the community, especially by those who, perhaps, had the most need to practise it. It must be admitted, however, that the fault was not so much on account of want of inclination on the part of the people to save what money they could spare, as because of the lack of ready-to-hand means and opportunities thereto. True there were, here and there, in a few of the great business centres, certain savings banks where those located near them could put by their spare money from time to time, and so practise the principle of thrift methodically and easily. But it was only in the year 1861 that, by the establishment of a sister institution, the Post Office Savings Bank, thousands of doors throughout the kingdom were opened to the people that so, even with single shillings in their hands, they might there become depositors, and thus take a real step towards comfort and independence. In the month of September of that year the Post Office Savings Banks were first established, and that, though few people now remember the fact, mainly through the zealous effort of Mr. (now Sir) Charles W. Sikes, of the Huddersfield Banking Company. To that gentleman the saving classes of the people owe a deep debt of gratitude; for it was by the instrumentality of a letter in pamphlet form, a copy of which is now before us, addressed by him to Mr. Gladstone in 1859, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the necessity of instituting popular savings banks was first recognised. In his letter, Mr. Sikes pointed out how, at that time (1859), "there were no less than fifteen counties in the United Kingdom where there were no savings banks, and how, compared with the ordinary private or joint-stock banks, there were nearly five hundred towns or places where not a single savings bank existed." How different are matters in this respect to-day when there is scarcely a town or village—certainly not a town—in the three kingdoms but has its savings bank of one kind or another, *i.e.*, its Trustee Savings Bank, its Post Office Savings Bank, or its more humble, but none the less excellent, Penny Bank. To show to what extent these institutions have been taken advantage of since 1861, when about nine millions sterling was the sum of the aggregate receipts of all the savings banks in the United Kingdom, the population being about twenty-seven millions, one has only to mention the fact that to-day, with the population at about eight or ten millions more, the aggregate annual receipts from depositors amount to over twenty-five millions sterling, or nearly four pounds from each family—an extraordinary and gratifying increase, surely!

During the quarter of a century which has just elapsed since the Post Office Savings Banks were established broad-cast throughout the three kingdoms, the amount of money that has been saved through their instrumentality by the wage-earning classes, for whose benefit chiefly they were proposed, is simply marvellous, and speaks most eloquently indeed for the providence of the people. In this period, over one hundred and seventy millions sterling has been received, and over one hundred and thirty millions paid by these banks alone, with nearly fifty millions standing at present at the credit of their depositors. But to these extraordinarily large figures there are of course yet to be added those representing the sums received, paid, and now at credit of depositors in the older or Trustee Savings Banks. Some of these banks were established in 1817, but the majority by Act of Parliament in 1836, so that necessarily they had the advantage over the Post Office Banks by reason of age and experience. To show that they have done, and are still doing, a vast amount of good to hundreds of thousands of individuals, one has simply to mention that since the system was first established, over two hundred millions have been deposited, and nearly two hundred and forty millions, including interest, paid, while the present capital sum at credit of over a million and a half depositors approaches nearly to fifty millions sterling!

Much has lately been said in and out of Parliament with regard to the superiority of the newer over the older system of savings banks, especially in the matter of the security of depositors' investments. While there may be a link wanting in that respect with the Trustee Banks, it is surely in the power of the State to supply it and make the security alike absolute in both systems, which are doing splendid work in their several ways; and that Government best serves the interest of the community which gives the savings banks every facility for carrying on and extending, when and where desirable, the admirable function for which they were severally established.

The evidence of the providence of the people—that is, of those members of the community whose means

and circumstances necessitate their making due and proper provision for age, infirmity, or other conditions of life in which they desire to keep themselves comparatively independent of their fellows—is not, however, to be fully seen in the returns of the savings banks. Such returns, of course, speak eloquently for the very praiseworthy efforts of some millions of the people who are endeavouring, in their practice of thrift and economy, to better their condition. Each depositor possesses in his bank-book a most serviceable certificate; and that there are at the present time between five and six million persons in the British Islands holding such certificates of their well-doing, is at all events a very pleasant and hopeful consideration. But in all probability the amount saved in the savings banks by the wage-earning classes does not represent one-half of the actual sum of the "providence money" of the people. Periodical investments for the purchase of house or other property; sums paid towards the premiums of insurance policies; deposits in friendly and in yearly societies; money paid for merchandise and small businesses; cash stowed away, in not a few instances, privately and against all risk of failure of banks, or fraud by their officers—these are a few of the means, all more or less legitimate, by which vast numbers of persons, other than savings bank depositors, provide against those inevitable "rainy days and rude" that come, sooner or later, to almost every member of the human family. How much the total amount of the people's providence, effected by these methods, would come to in the aggregate, it were difficult indeed to say; but it requires no effort to perceive that, added to the gross accumulations, now fast approaching one hundred millions sterling, in those happily ordered institutions, the savings banks, the sum must be enormous, thus affording substantial evidence of the increasing temperance, thrift, and providence of our fellow men and women.

The following is an estimate of the total sum of money now ascertained to belong almost exclusively to our working-class population :—

I.	In the Savings Banks	£100,000,000
II.	In Benefit and Friendly Societies ...	50,000,000
III.	In Building Societies	40,000,000
IV.	Share Capital in Co-operative Societies	10,000,000
		£200,000,000

Were this great sum divided among the entire population of the United Kingdom, every person—man, woman, and child—from the Queen to the humblest "workus" individual, would receive about six pounds apiece!

A RUSSIAN WEDDING.

BY FREDERICK HASTINGS.

THE FORMALITIES connected with nuptial arrangements in the land of the Czar are more elaborate, picturesque, and suggestive than those in our own land. I am indebted greatly to a very intelligent friend in Alexandrosky, and to various works on the ceremonies of the Greco-Russian Church, for explanation of some of the quaint customs which I witnessed during a recent brief residence in Russia.

It seems that when a young couple is at first betrothed, very orthodox Russians like to have the priest come and bless them, by saying a few prayers before the lamp-lit "eikon," or sacred picture, in the room. This practice is, however, falling into disuse. Then after a betrothal the accepted one is almost always at the house of the bride. He leaves late and will probably be again at the house by luncheon-time. The parents may find this rather wearisome, but the young people enjoy it, and often, doubtless, wish the parents were not so assiduous in their attentions. The mother has often to understand what is meant by being *de trop*. A Russian artist recently very cleverly delineated this in a picture, called "Two is company, three is none." We can see how much the enamoured one wishes the stately old dame were far removed.

In the higher circles, almost immediately after a betrothal, workwomen are hired to make the trousseau. According to an old Russian rule, the bridegroom makes his bride a present of a wedding costume, as well as of jewellery. The dowry of a Russian maiden will consist of a full wardrobe, household linen, kitchen utensils, silver articles, carpets, curtains, china, furniture, and a piano. The latter is said to be indispensable. They do not care for plated articles, but require that everything shall be of solid silver. People in very moderate circumstances begin early to lay by something for the dowry of their daughters. Wedding presents are seldom given by friends. Should a young wife die without leaving any children behind, her dowry can be lawfully claimed by her parents. The husband can retain only the bed, and the picture with which his deceased wife was ceremonially blessed.

Sometimes young ladies form parties to help the intended bride to make her clothes. It is said to be a popular belief that if any part of the trousseau forming the dowry be unpicked, the young couple will pick quarrels when they are tied together.

The month of May is supposed to be an unlucky month for marrying. The name of the month re-

sembles in sound the Russian verb "to worry;" hence, in part, the superstition. A more likely explanation is this, that as the winter breaks up in May and the snow melts, leaving much garbage and filth to fester in the hot sun, a great amount of sickness is prevalent, and the month comes to be regarded as unlucky and trying.

The guests are far more numerous at a Russian than at an English wedding. They are invited to be "assistants" at the wedding. The witness, who is generally the grandest of the "connections" of the family, is the most important person. He pays the priest's fees. Then come ladies of honour and bridesmen. The latter have to purchase sweetmeats for the bridesmaids. The "boyarin," who carries the sacred picture of Christ in silver and gilt, is generally a little boy. When the party arrives at the church, it is his duty to hand the two pictures to the "reader," who places them behind the "royal gates" or leaning against the altar-screen.

The old nurse, or housekeeper, superintends the carrying of the dowry from the house of the bride to that of her future husband, and arranges everything for the use of the bride. There is no law as to the number of bridesmaids or their costume. Their dresses are not all alike. On the eve of the wedding-day sometimes a "farewell girls' party" is given. No gentleman attends this. All those present must be from the unmarried. They sing choruses, chase each other in the garden, and romp to their heart's content. They devour any amount of tea, ice-cream, lemonade, and sweetmeats. After supper they say farewell, and leave the intended bride very exhausted in view of the ceremonies of the following day. The old custom is for the betrothed pair to fast (eat nothing) on the day of their marriage until after the ceremony, which, in the family of a noble, must always take place in the evening. This makes the day most tiresome to a girl. The bride distributes her cast-off girlish toys, ribbons, and jewellery to her companions. These things are called "maiden beauty." The peasant-girls cut up and divide among their companions, on their wedding-day, the long ribbons which are fastened at the end of the plait of hair which hangs down the back. These peasants, immediately after their marriage, have the hair braided in two plaits and wound round the head, then covered with a sort of tight cap tied behind, or with a cotton or silk handkerchief. When at Pargola, in Finland, I often saw the unmarried girls trooping along in the eventide, hand in hand, singing their weird melodies, and friends told me to notice the difference between the style of the hair of the unmarried and the married. The married women have, in addition, under the invariable handkerchief, a little piece of linen, a lappet about the size of a florin, hanging over the centre of the forehead. This is a more evident proof of marriage than wearing a wedding-ring.

When the women begin to braid up the hair they sing part of a wedding-song—

"Ah! my braid, my braid of maiden hair;
Ah! soon shall it be divided in two!"

When fastened up, the married woman, however young, always wears a cap when in company with others. She will go about the home without a headdress, but seldom out of doors. Of course those in the higher ranks do as they like in respect to the hair, but we are speaking of the custom among the peasants.

"TWO IS COMPANY, THREE IS NONE."
(*From a Painting by a Russian Artist.*)

Some superstitious friends will drop a bit of money into the shoe the bride is to wear, and this is for good fortune.

Banns are generally published, and the fees to the priest are regulated by what the parties can afford. The priest gives a certificate. Marriages are allowed to take place on Sundays as well as week-days, and are generally at eventide in the church. We were much surprised to see the crowds in one great church in the Nevsky Prospect. We were rather fortunate in witnessing a marriage of one of lofty official rank, as well as at another place in seeing the way in which the poor peasantry celebrate their nuptial festivities. Much of the finery is hired by the poorer classes, and crowns which are used belong to the church.

The wealthier class provide a large silver waiter, with loaf and massive castle-shaped salt-cellar filled with salt. When it is time to set off to church, the father of the bridegroom takes a picture of Christ, purposely provided, and "waves it crosswise over his son's head three times; then presents it to him to kiss. He

then gives it to the mother, who does the same. Then taking the loaf from the salver he waves it in a similar manner, with the salt-cellar in it, but it is not kissed." It is said to be a very bad omen if the salt-cellar should during the ceremony fall to the ground. Nothing is said during this brief ceremony but the words, "In the name of the Father," &c. The son kisses his parents' hands, and they embrace him. As soon as this little domestic ceremony is over the bridegroom sets out for the church. The bride, who has gone through a similar scene, soon arrives, preceded by her "boyarin," who carries the sacred picture in front of her. Where carriages are used, the "boyarin," arrayed in "scarlet silk shirt, black velvet full trousers, and high top-boots," goes bareheaded with the bride, keeping his face in the direction in which she is going. The young pair meet at the door, and proceed hand-in-hand towards the "naloy." This is a small altar, like a small, low, square reading-desk. It is light, and we were interested in seeing how rapidly and easily it was moved from before one picture to another. Carpet is laid down in honour of the young couple, even as it is for the bishops when they come into church. The choir of male voices begins an anthem which is certainly very powerful and beautiful, although unaccompanied by any instrument. Alas! we never understood more than the words frequently heard, "Gospodi, gospodi, gospodi pismileo," which, we were told, meant "O Lord, O Lord, have mercy upon us!" The young couple prostrate themselves thrice; then the "royal gates," or door, in the broad, richly-gilt, picture-panelled altar-screen, are thrown open, and the priest in his ornate canonicals appears. He makes the sign of the cross over their heads, and then places in their hands two wax tapers ornamented with ribbons. Incense is waved, and the service begins. After two short prayers, the priest goes to the altar and brings thence two thick rings of gold which have been worn during the engagement. These had been given to him at the commencement of the service to be laid on the "throne," or high altar. He gives the rings to the young people with certain words. They then exchange rings three times. "This signifies that their future joys, cares, intentions, and actions should be mutual and in good agreement."

After more prayers, and the Litany for the Imperial family, the significant act called "crowning" takes place. The groomsman places in front of the young couple a pink handkerchief, upon which they are motioned to stand. It is said that there is a popular superstition that the one who first puts foot on the handkerchief will be head of the house. Of course they do not hurry, but each courteously tries to be first. The priest, among other things, asks the significant question, "Have you ever promised yourself to another?" This must be a very awkward question for some ladies and gentlemen to answer, but they can use the words of the ritual, "I have not promised myself, honourable father." We fear that often the truth is strained in answering this. More prayers follow; then the "reader" appears with a salver, on which are "two gaudy crowns of plated silver, ornamented with little medallions of our Saviour and the Virgin." The priest makes the sign of the cross with one crown over the head of the bridegroom, saying loudly, "The servant of God, M——, is crowned with the handmaid of God, N——, in the name of the Father," &c. He then holds the medallion of our Saviour to the lips of the bridegroom to be kissed, and places the crown on the head. Sometimes the groomsman holds the crown a few inches above the head of the bridegroom. The poorer people prefer to wear it. As the crown is large and heavy, a handkerchief is stuffed behind to keep it from falling off. The same ceremony is performed over the bride. Then, after more prayers, the Communion Cup is brought. This is filled with wine and water. The priest blesses it, and then holds it to the lips of the young couple to sip. Three times they sip it. This is a type that all joys and sorrows must he equally shared. It also has reference to the custom of the primitive Church for newly-married persons to partake of the Holy Communion on their nuptial day. After the sipping of the cup, and more prayers, the priest joins the hands of the newly-married under his stole. This indicates the indissolubility of the union. They then follow him round the "naloy" three times, hand-in-hand, symbolising the eternity of their union and the joyful nature of their new life. Another prayer, and the crowns are removed. Then the priest desires the couple to kiss each other. Formerly the crowns were worn for a week, but a few minutes are enough now. The newly-married then go and kiss the pictures on the altar-screen, and go home.

Arrived at home, the ceremony of benediction by the parents is again performed, and in similar fashion to that before starting for the church. The superstition connected with the candles that are held during the ceremony is peculiar. They watch which candle burns most rapidly. The one who holds the candle which is lowest at the end of the service is supposed to be the one who will die first. It is a very melancholy idea, and must have a painful effect all through life on those deeply attached.

Before eighteen on the male side and sixteen on the female, no marriage can take place; nor can it after eighty for men or sixty for women. A fourth marriage is not permitted. Priests may only marry once. They have to treat their wives kindly to preserve them, as they cannot have a second wife. Marriages in secret, without witnesses, are not valid, and no orthodox Russian can marry an unbaptised person. If he should marry a foreigner, his wife must bind herself in writing to bring up the children in the Greco-Russian faith.

In Calabria, where Greek colonies exist, marriages preserve the old Greek features. One crown only is used, and the man and wife alternately take and wear it during the procession round the "naloy" in the nave of the church. When the wedding party returns to the home of the bridegroom, the wife, following ancient precedent, "affects a dread of entering, and waits until the mother-in-law, or some one to represent her, appears, and places a sugared almond in the young

A RUSSIAN BRIDE.

bride's mouth as a sign that she is henceforth to be the true house-mistress." In the villages, the bride, alas! often becomes the slave of the mother-in-law, and of the whole household. Of course, in place of the wedding breakfast, as the ceremony usually takes place in the evening, a supper and dance finish up the nuptials with which so many superstitions are mixed up.

Directly a ceremony was over, we noticed there was a great rush for carriages and droskies, while the crowd outside pressed against the railings to scan the dresses and uniforms of those who were compelled to wait until their vehicles drew up. We must confess that we were more struck with the handsome character of the countenances of the men than with those of the ladies; and it is, perhaps, English pride that leads one to say that our female sex is certainly more generally beautiful than the Russian.

Not often is any honeymoon taken; the young people settle down at once to enjoy their own home and receive their friends. This is economy and convenience. Russia is generally so uninteresting in its landscape, and the distances are so great, that any young couple would have to go far to find a place to please them. We can believe they would say from their hearts, "There is no place like home."

CONFIDENCES.

(*See p.* 732.)

CONFIDENCES.

ALTHOUGH one wears a bunch of keys,
And stands in posture deferential,
Their conference, one clearly sees,
Is confidential.

My lady's fond of lolling thus;
Here, safe from man's unmeaning chatter,
She loves serenely to discuss
Affairs of matter.

No flippant politics impede
Grave talk of lace to fringe a bed-dress—
Though one may praise a bow,* indeed,
Or scout a head-dress.

But now in softer tones they speak—
The two fair heads are bent together;
And, surely, o'er my lady's cheek—
But, then, the weather!

I thought a name was murmured low—
But that, perhaps, was inferential;
Besides, the conference, we know,
Is confidential.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.

THE GARDEN IN THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

SUMMER has passed away, and once again we find ourselves on the outskirts of the dreary and uncertain winter season. There is, however, nothing at all to be despondent about. Everything is as it should be. The great majority of our flowers, trees, and shrubs, with a good many vegetables, have merely gone to bed, and one of the duties imposed upon us just now is to "tuck them up." If we refuse to do so, they may catch cold, and the result in many cases may be very serious indeed. But the great head-gardener, Nature, who in all the ages past has never yet found time to go to bed, comes to our assistance, and just when the frost is keenest, and we are in anxiety perhaps about the whole of our out-of-doors family, we awake in the morning to find everything silently covered up with the eider-down protection of a foot of snow. If we presume to interfere with the work of our head-gardener, and think proper to remove the snow from our crops in the kitchen garden, we shall probably kill them. Not, however, to carry our analogy too far, in the event of a very heavy fall of snow in the early winter, perhaps before all foliage has been entirely removed, we might gently shake a part of the snow from some of our young trees, shrubs, or standard roses; though even here again the head-gardener comes to our assistance with a gentle wind, and not infrequently does in a minute in *every* garden what would occupy us a whole day in *one*. If we will only look into it, we shall find the *necessity* of a First Cause; nor is it difficult to see that that First Cause *must* be omnipotent.

Preparations for the winter, then, are what we are busy about in the garden just now, and much of our work is heavy. Nor can it be, with any degree of prudence, shirked. We want to expose as much of our surface soil as possible—especially in the kitchen garden—to the action of the frost. This will kill all the grubs and vermin that prey upon our crops; so, accordingly, in dry weather or in the beginning of frost, we wheel our manure on to the land which we intend to trench, and then scatter it about on the surface. Or, again, some of our land may be sufficiently rich, so we at once deeply trench it, and take care to expose the soil in large lumps and clods to the action of the frost; and then, when the thaw afterwards sets in, it will easily break up, and the whole surface soil become friable and capable of more readily and quickly nourishing and germinating the seed which we afterwards sow in it. On the other hand, if we neglect this trenching, and leave our soil too often to take its chance, the land will grow as hard and unyielding as our gravel walk, our labour in the spring will be very great, our harvest in the summer very small, and our proprietorship that of "barren earth" instead of "mother earth." We must work, then, assiduously under the unseen head-gardener. Or, to take another phase of our early winter month, sometimes we have a mild and damp season, with no frost about at all, and we take this opportunity of making any heavy changes in our garden, such as re-laying or re-arranging our lawn and flower-beds, moving our shrubs, or transplanting and introducing any new young trees, whether shrubs or fruit-trees. All this should be done now, to do which during extreme frost or heat would peril the very life of the things in our removing. Coming more closely to our flower-beds, we should at once put in, during a genial and non-frosty season, all our spring bulbs, if they were not placed in our beds

* A salutation, not a ribbon.

in October, which is the more general month for this operation—one, however, which ought no longer to be postponed. Then, again, we should utilise our fallen and falling leaves: it is mere wantonness to make a bonfire of them—not to mention the damage to the interior, and to the tempers of the inmates of our house, occasioned by the blinding smoke. These leaves will gradually decompose if we mix them with some of our stable manure: we shall by this means largely add to our manure-heap, which we can never afford to get low, for an unnourished soil is an unproductive one. The collection of manure, then, as well also as the collection of composts for re-potting in our greenhouse, is another winter operation.

And the mention of the greenhouse reminds us that we may be forced to work underneath the glass a good deal from this time. Avoid as far as possible here, then, giving unnecessary artificial heat. For the most part, the main object of a greenhouse is the preservation of our stock of flowers by the mere exclusion of frost. We are not here speaking of our forcing-house or orchid-house, where a high temperature is necessary. All through the winter, then, take care to give plenty of air in mild and open weather, and in the best of the day, even during a frosty season, or your whole stock will soon become weak and sickly.

ON GETTING UP ONE'S STRENGTH AFTER ILLNESS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE following is the story of a terrible illness and a well-managed convalescence therefrom, related to me recently by a naval medical officer. It was told in the course of an evening's conversation, and I may as well give it in his own words :—

"We were doing duty on the East Coast of Africa, against the Arab slavers. This shore is not so fatal to Europeans as the West Coast. It has fewer swamps and fewer dark deep forests, so malaria and fogs, on which the Angel of Death loves to float, are rare. But the work was hard. We would be away in open boats for weeks, sleeping in our clothes, scant of provisions, and destitute of decent water, which was often so thick that a sixpence could scarce sink in it. We had now and then cases of jungle fever, and I—the only surgeon of the ship—got 'down to it' at last. I don't think I missed medical treatment very much. I was too low to treat myself, but I had the kindliest of messmates, and a jewel of a captain. Their kindness well-nigh led to my death. In this way : down below the heat was stifling, what with the engine fires and the want of proper ventilation. The air was not over-pure either, for cockroaches swarmed in millions. So my messmates rigged for me on deck a hammock, but they hung it in the draught of a sail. That draught was pleasant at first, but it soon began to chill me, and pains in the arms and legs were the consequence.

"The fever left me, but the pains grew worse and worse, and by the time we reached Bombay I was in a miserable plight indeed. There was nothing for it but to send all my sick to the hospital (an army one), and go myself to sick quarters offered me by an Indian surgeon. If the kindness of my messmates had led up to the rheumatic fever, from which I now suffered agony and horror indescribable, the kindness of this doctor pulled me through, added to that of a native servant. I never wanted for anything by day or by night, and no mother could have nursed her sick child more skilfully and affectionately than that Mahratta man nursed me : a proof, I think, that nursing in sickness is half the battle.

"Then began the period of convalescence, the first few hours out of bed, the languor, the weariness, the deep refreshing sleep that followed ; the daily bath, so painful at first, but gradually becoming refreshing and invigorating ; the first days out of doors, borne along in a palanquin ; the dropping off to sleep therein. Then step by step as I grew better, and hope came into my heart, my happiness grew. Everything in this land of sunshine was bright and new, and, to my thinking, joyous. It was as though I had been born again, and born in paradise. No, I shall never forget that convalescence. What a sweet and happy reward it was for all my previous sufferings!"

Well, reader, you see it was care and skill and nursing in convalescence that pulled my friend through. No dangerous after-effects presented themselves, and though getting on for fifty years of age, he is as hardy to-day as an Arab.

He attributes his safe convalescence in part to the fact that he had neither the shadow of a care while ill, nor the ghost of a worry, and from this the sick-nurse may learn a lesson, for care is a sad depressant ; it lowers the vital powers, while worry fevers brain and blood.

Knowing that many illnesses are apt to relapse, and others to be speedily followed by dangerous complications, I must earnestly warn those who have charge of the sick against the folly of believing that all trouble is at an end when health *begins* to return. Rather should they redouble their efforts as guides and nurses, for the ship they are steering is still among the breakers, albeit the day may be dawning, and there is many a hidden rock on which she still may strike, and in her weakened condition strike only to fall back and founder.

The convalescence from an attack of acute rheumatism should be most carefully conducted. The ailment is often hereditary, but it may be accidental, and the diathesis may be acquired. Granting that the heart itself has escaped injury during the acute attack, a chronic form of rheumatism not uncommonly follows, and is often difficult to get rid of. The least irregularity of the system, indigestion, errors in diet, or exposure to damp and cold, to say nothing of fatigue, may induce the painful and all too well known symptoms.

From the very first day of getting up, therefore, the utmost care of the patient is imperative. The skin must be kept in good action by the daily tepid bath and friction, and warm under-clothing should be worn. Flannel is best, and it must be worn continuously, and changed twice a week. However strong a person may have been, or may have thought himself, previous to an attack of acute rheumatism, he must ever after remember that he is vulnerable, and liable to the complaint in its chronic if not its acute form.

The bed should not be a too soft one, and it is best to sleep in woollen sheets, and even to wear a flannel night-dress.

As to medicine in the convalescence from rheumatism, the doctor had better be consulted ; but if the complaint becomes chronic, great benefit may be expected from an iodide of potassium mixture. There are many other remedies recommended, but I shall only mention one more, namely, lime-juice. This is well worth a trial. It should be taken to the extent

of about two table-spoonfuls six or even eight times a day, in water sweetened and flavoured with orange syrup. The system should be kept open, though not relaxed.

The local application of flowers of sulphur often does good, and more especially if it be taken internally in twenty-grain doses three times a day.

Hot baths, the Turkish bath, and morning tub also do good, by keeping the skin pliant, and enabling it to throw off the acid from the blood.

The diet should receive particular attention. Nothing that is difficult of digestion or in the least likely to disagree should be taken.

The convalescence from fever should be especially watched. When all danger of infection is at an end —the patient, we must suppose, has been isolated —the rooms he has occupied must be most carefully cleaned, scrubbed, and disinfected. Not only should hot water and soap be used in washing wood-work, floors, &c., but carbolic acid must be added to the last water. Of course clothing and bedding should all be washed, and mattresses taken to pieces and thoroughly teased and fumigated. Then, to finish up withal, brimstone should be burned in the room, the doors and windows being closed and the key-hole stuffed.

It would be well for those who have the care of any one during the state of convalescence from severe illness, to treat their patient as if he were a nervous and growing youth. The weakened tissues of both nervous and muscular matter are undergoing repair, and this is analogous to growth. In the ordinary state of health a man does not require food to build up his frame, so to speak, but simply to repair the waste that is constantly taking place in work, or even in thought. After sickness it is different.

The appetite is sometimes almost voracious, but it should be remembered that the slightest over-indulgence is most dangerous. Little and often must be the rule as regards eating, and while the dishes are tempting and appetising, they should be most nutritious, and at the same time easy of digestion. Frequent changes should be made, too. At first solid foods will be injudicious, but gradually as the health and strength return they should be resorted to, and will be found far more staying and invigorating than spoon foods. The hours for meals should be regular. I need hardly add that excessive indulgence in stimulants may induce irreparable mischief.

The doctor must also prescribe the tonic. It should not be forgotten that tonics taken without judgment may do much harm. The safest are quinine and iron, in small doses, and cod-liver oil.

The patient must be safeguarded from cold and damp, but this does not mean that he is to be kept in the house; quite the reverse, and the more hours spent out of doors in the sunshine, the more speedy and perfect will his return to health be; only he is to wear warm under-clothing, and warm but not heavy over-clothing as well.

A patient during convalescence may sometimes be peevish and discontented. This is by no means a good sign, and every care should be taken to keep his mind contented and easy. Amusement greatly tends to hasten the coming of health. Out-door exercise should be commenced early, but it must be of the most gentle kind at first—riding in a bath-chair or pony-carriage, for example, or little walks on level ground—sauntering in fact.

If he can afford it, he ought to seek for change of climate. The place chosen should not be of an excitingly-bracing character, and if by the seaside so much the better. Of course he will not start until able to bear the journey, or a relapse might be the consequence. A really good quiet hotel is often better than a lodging-house. It must be an hotel, however, where the cooking is as near to perfection as can be expected.

Next in importance to nutritious and well-cooked food is sleep. Sleep is certainly Nature's sweet restorer to the convalescent. He ought to have long hours, and it will be well if supper is not taken within two hours of retiring.

A nap on the sofa or easy-chair after dinner will also be most refreshing. The exercise taken in the open air will usually be found to be the best narcotic; at any rate, he is not to resort to the use of sleep-producers, which he would only do at the greatest risk.

The sea-bath is a very great restorative, and there are many ways of using it. At first, and while the patient is still far from strong, the warm sea-water bath about three hours after breakfast will be best. At most seaside places there are establishments where these can be had. If not, they may be taken in the bed-room.

The convalescent should not bathe in the sea before breakfast, and when he is strong enough to take the invigorating dip, he should stop but a very short time in the water, and rub himself thoroughly dry with rough towels when he comes out; then dress slowly and go home. If drowsiness supervenes, let him take a nap by all means on his return. By degrees, as strength is acquired, the usual occupations of life may once more be taken up, and this, so far from being injurious to the convalescent, will in reality complete his cure.

LEFT ON SHORE.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

I WOULD not be a culver
To coo the whole day long,
Till leafy woods in summer-time
Are weary of her song.

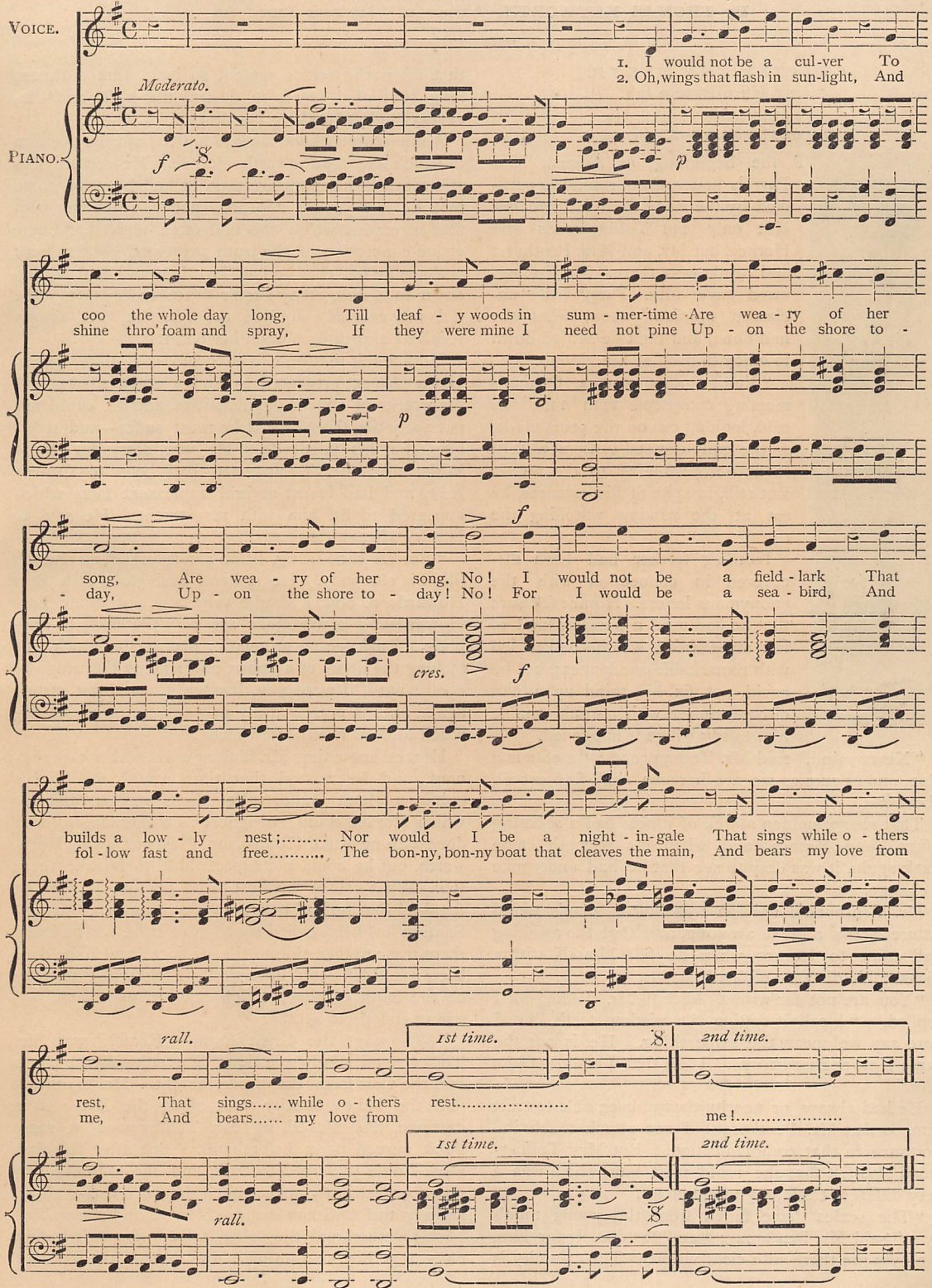
I would not be a field-lark
That builds a lowly nest;
Nor would I be a nightingale
That sings while others nest.

Oh, wings that flash in sunlight,
And shine through foam and spray,
If they were mine I need not pine
Upon the shore to-day!

For I would be a sea-bird,
And follow fast and free
The bonny boat that cleaves the main,
And bears my love from me!

Left on Shore.

Words by SARAH DOUDNEY. *Music by* J. M. BENTLEY, Mus. D.



A TREACHEROUS CALM.

By THOMAS KEYWORTH, Author of "Mistress June," &c.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

BETWEEN HILL AND SEA.

"And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies."—MOTHERWELL.

AT the beginning of August, Mrs. Parry's house, Cambridd, was occupied by the party from Hillstreams. Not only the Tollingwoods and Horace, but Mr. and Mrs. Penthurst and Annie were there. Mr. Tollingwood gave Mrs. Parry his "unbiassed opinion" about what she had done, and then he settled down to enjoy himself at Llandudno.

"Vanity Fair was a Quaker's meeting compared with this," he said, looking out on the promenade, as the gaily-dressed visitors walked to and fro, listening to the music. But still, in spite of his censures, he sat at the window watching the throng.

Nothing further had been discovered in connection with the anonymous letters. Horace felt sure that he had used a peculiar kind of ink somewhere, which had dried with remarkable suddenness, but he could not fix his mind upon any circumstances which would enable him to say where it happened.

"Never mind," said Mr. Tollingwood; "a clue is a clue, and as sure as we are here we shall find out all about it."

That sharp, sudden attack of illness had a sobering effect upon Horace, and when his strength came back again, it was easy to see that he had undergone a change.

Mr. Penthurst's opinion was that a man's moral nature needs a great awaking, and that the awaking had come to Horace when he felt himself within measurable distance of death.

"You are not far wrong, Alick," Mr. Tollingwood replied. "I call it cutting the wisdom teeth, but I dare say we mean the same thing. He is not the same Horace that he was. I feel that I can trust him now."

He had always, or nearly always, been able to trust him, so that Mr. Penthurst did not attach much importance to that communication. But Mrs. Tollingwood also felt that she could trust him, which was a very different testimony to character.

"The scales have fallen from the young man's eyes," said Mr. Penthurst; "and, fortunately for him, the eyes are there with clear vision. The calamity is that often the scales remain so long, that darkness long continued seems to destroy the sight, and discovery leads to nothing but despair."

Annie scarcely knew how to understand the position in which she stood towards Horace. He seemed less restrained in her presence than he had been for some months, and yet he appeared not to watch her with the eagerness which she had often noticed. Some vague conception of the truth presented itself to her: perhaps he felt that he had lost her, and had settled down to a dull, stony acquiescence in his fate. She did not carefully analyse the question, but simply received impressions upon her heart.

Horace felt that he had to begin everything again. His retrospect presented to him a track strewn with the wrecks of abused opportunities, and he could not put away the thought that he must suffer—and suffer long—for his misdeeds. He was sorry for Budd Wakestaff; Mr. Tollingwood had been to Church Row, and had learnt several unpleasant facts which appeared to fill him with resentment. He said to Horace afterwards—

"For the time being, Budd is not one of us. I don't like his company. He is hand and glove with Bart Howardson, and I doubt very much whether Bart Howardson's companions are very profitable to anybody. I ask for no promises: that is too much like locking the doors of a house, and leaving the windows open; but if I were you, Horace, I would get strong again, and fix myself in my new sphere, before having much to do with my late friends."

Horace knew that Mr. Tollingwood was not malignant, and he trusted that time would modify his opinions about Budd. Yet there was a difficulty which Horace could not ignore: he intended to have done with men like Howardson, Prestwitch, and Dingworth, but he could not expect Budd to forsake them too. What course was best to be pursued? He felt thankful that he had not to decide at once. Procrastination has been called the thief of time, but he knew there was another side to the subject; and if he had been asked he would have said, "Procrastination may be the balm of time, which soothes us till we are strong enough to act."

"Who says the Great Orme's Head?" was Mr. Tollingwood's daily question. He enjoyed the climb and the view from the breezy height. Mr. Penthurst and the ladies usually went along the Drive in a carriage, and picked up Mr. Tollingwood at some point agreed upon beforehand. But after the first week Annie preferred to walk, and she, with the two other pedestrians, spent many hours on the short, springy turf of Great Orme. Horace and she walked back together, and they often talked about their first days together at Lowfield, and about his frequent

visits to Mirkaster, when the Penthursts lived there. Those years of brotherly and sisterly confidences were like neutral ground to them, and they could live over again the vanished past, and almost forget the troubled times which came later. But now and then Horace seemed to wander inadvertently towards themes of painful association.

"I must start again as from my boyhood," he said; "like the man whom we saw one day trying to climb the cliff in the wrong place. I thought he would have fallen and been killed, but he escaped with a few bruises, and then reached the top after all."

Annie knew that he wanted a word of kindly encouragement, and she could not refrain from uttering it.

"You will not have to go right back to your boyhood years," she replied; "you have learnt many things since then which will be useful to you."

It was not much to say, but she could think of nothing better.

One day they left Mr. Tollingwood near the Lighthouse; he intended to join the carriage, and they purposed to walk back by way of St. Tudno's Church. They knew that remote and diminutive structure well, and had several times wandered among the graves in the quiet churchyard. They seated themselves on the hill just above, and gazed upon the wide expanse of rippling sea, which glittered in the bright sunshine.

Horace began to speak again about the necessity for him to start as from boyhood. "It seems a pity, too," he said; "I have almost wasted a number of years. Perhaps if I had slept for the last four or five years I should be in a better position than I am. Mr. Tollingwood is right when he says we are like materials which are being dyed: if we are not acquiring the right colour, we are acquiring the wrong one."

There was a danger of Horace becoming morbid in his fancies. Introspection is seldom a healthy pursuit; and the conviction that years have been hopelessly misused may be as painfully present in the mind of the young, who probably have opportunities for reformation and restitution before them, as in the aged, who know that their course is almost finished.

"My father is always saying that regret is a means, and not an end," Annie replied.

"A means, and not an end," Horace repeated, as if musing on the bearing of the words. Then changing the subject, he asked—

"What is that song you once sang to me on the High Hill, when we went looking for bilberries?"

"I think I sang you all the songs I knew," she answered, with a smile; "and I do not remember the one you mean."

"It was a very bright day, after a severe storm, and we dared not sit on the ground, but I found you a chair among the rocks, and you sang the piece to me. It was something about nature relenting. Don't you remember the rock I called 'Annie's Chair'?"

"I know what you mean now."

Then Annie sang, in her low sweet voice—

"'Does nature weary in her rage?
Or she relents?
That back she takes her battle gage,
And strife resents.

"'Tis well; and peace shall be our lot,
Thrice welcome peace;
With foes made friends, and feuds forgot,
Let trouble cease.'"

"Thank you, Annie; that is the song I meant. I was talking to Dora Wakestaff about it one day, and I could not remember the words. She had been singing another piece, which treated the calm in what I thought was a very uncomplimentary manner, and I told her about your song, but she had never heard of it. Her song began—

"'An armistice of raging storms,
When howling winds subside,
But watchful keep, like hostile forms,
Which in the distance glide,
Prepared to break
The truce they make,
And all the moods of peace forsake.'"

"I do not think it is quite fair to the calm. I forget what the other verses are, but I copied them at the time."

He took from his pocket a diminutive book, which Annie knew well. She gave it to him as a birthday gift, when they were boy and girl together. She watched him turning over the leaves, and then she saw him become deadly pale, and the book fell from his hands.

"Oh, Horace!" she exclaimed, "are you ill again?"

He fixed his eyes upon her, and said—

"Annie, this is very strange: what does it mean?"

Then he picked up the book again, and found the place which he had been looking at. Without saying anything, he showed it to Annie. All she noticed was that it was written in red ink. She began to read the verses, but he interrupted her.

"That ink was black when I made the entry," he said.

Then Annie understood the nature of the strange discovery which had startled him.

"The anonymous letters!" was all she said.

"Letters?" he replied. "I have heard of only one. Did others come which have not been mentioned to me?"

Annie had spoken the words inadvertently; but she replied—

"The morning Mr. Tollingwood received his letter, I received one exactly like it. I told my mother, but nobody else."

Annie blushed, and looked embarrassed as she spoke. But Horace was gazing upon the sea, which continued to glisten in the peaceful sunshine. A tumult of conflicting emotions were raging within him. What did it all mean? He remembered writing the verses from a copy belonging to Dora Wakestaff, and he remembered how rapidly the ink dried. He wrote them in the front room, on the first floor; he had his back to the window, and he rested the book on an old-fashioned bureau, which stood opposite the door. Budd and three or four more were playing for large

stakes in the "Oasis," and Horace had joined Dora, for the reckless form which the gambling was assuming did not please him. Every portion of the scene was reproduced in his memory, even the quick changes on Dora's face when he spoke to her about Annie's song.

But that letter, as far as he could remember, was not in Dora's handwriting, nor was it in the style of anybody whom he knew. There were some of the Fortunati whom he had never corresponded with, but why should any of them betray him to Mr. Tollingwood? Why should they write to Annie? Then, half ashamed of the suspicion, he wondered whether or not Dora's unfavourable cast of countenance, when Annie was mentioned, arose from jealousy. He put the fancy away again, but, after the manner of unwelcome fancies, it obtruded itself before his attention with unconquerable persistency.

Annie was looking at the song which had been copied into the book. She knew the dull red colour very well; it was exactly like that which she had experimented upon in one of the letters.

"This has certainly been written with the same kind of ink as the letters," she said; "but whether from the same inkstand or not, it is impossible to say. My father did not make much, and he cannot remember whom he gave it to, but he thinks some of it went to Mr. Tollingwood, or to you."

Horace relaxed the severity of his look, and began to smile, as he answered—

"Don't begin to imply that I wrote the letters myself, Annie; because I was ill, for one thing, and they were both posted at Mirkaster, I suppose. No, though I was wellnigh delirious, yet I did not betray my own folly. You must guess again."

"I was not thinking of that," replied Annie; "I was wondering who could have taken the ink away from Hillstreams."

Annie did not like to say it, but her suspicions had fastened on Dora, who had once been a resident in the Tollingwood family, and who therefore had been in a position to take away some of the ink when she returned to Mirkaster. Perhaps Mr. Penthurst had given her some, and it had been put away during the years which elapsed since the invention was completed.

"Dora was always a good friend to me," Horace remarked, as if he surmised what direction Annie's thoughts were taking. "When I was a child she was kind to me, and wonderfully patient with her lessons. I hope some explanation will be found which does not convict her of treachery."

Then again he thought about the evil look which he had often noticed when Annie's name was mentioned, and he felt more bewildered than ever.

"Well, I must not sit here too long," he said, "though the day is warm and the ground is perfectly dry. But I am not the man I was—I am as frightened as a valetudinarian."

Annie gave him back the book and rose to her feet. Horace looked at the cover, which was once dainty purple and gold, but which had become faded through long carrying in the pocket.

"You know who gave me this, Annie?"

"Yes, I have not forgotten it."

"I thought in those days I should be a poet, and my earliest verses were written here. Annie is a difficult name to find rhymes for; when you have rejected Fanny, canny, and Nanny, there is not much choice left. But I did not reject Nanny; and, if you remember, that was the name I often used in conversation; it was all because of the poetry."

They walked down the steep hill-side, and returned by way of the Drive; the stray note of a bird, the bleating of a mountain sheep, and the rhythmical wash of the tide, were almost all the sounds they heard. Then perhaps a noisy party in a carriage or waggonette would pass them, raising clouds of dust upon the white road.

"I think the hilly way is the best," Horace said. "I wish we had kept upon the green turf, and done the climbing, it would have been preferable to this choking dust-cloud which the carriages make."

"Let us go the hilly way in future," Annie said; "I like it better than this."

Then they walked on silently, and through the minds of both there passed thoughts which were parabolic. The dusty level road below, with its visitation of rude riders, who raised inharmonious sounds and disturbed the peaceful way, scattering blinding and disfiguring particles upon those who performed their task on foot; then across the hills above, steep and winding tracks, to be pursued with toil and wholesomeness—laborious, but peaceful—remote, but secure and lovely. This alternative was like human careers. Horace knew that he had revelled on the easy road, and he felt as if the gritty soil had besmeared his soul.

Together they turned their eyes upward, towards the hills, and their hearts said, "There is a better way."

And thus in silence they journeyed on.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

DORA WAKESTAFF.

"Fain would I weep, but, ah! I cannot weep;
Fain would I upward full of vigour spring,
But cannot; to the earth I needs must cling,
Spurned by the reptiles that around me creep."—HEINE.

"WELL, I must have a look at Mirkaster to-morrow," said Mr. Tollingwood, after dinner.

"Look at it for me, while you are there," Mr. Penthurst remarked. "It is one of the things I would rather not do for myself in this weather."

"I think I shall go with you," Horace said, in a careless tone. "Shall you go by the early express?"

"What now?" was Mr. Tollingwood's reply. "Do you want to tread the Exchange flags? Take my advice, lad, and stay where you are. Some day, perhaps, you will be forced to go, as I am now, but make the best of not being forced. What say you about that, Alick?"

"The principle you lay down would be accepted by poets and dreamers," replied the blind man; "but I did not know that it was accepted in the business

world. The doctrine there seems to be, 'Work all you can, whether you are forced or not.'"

Then began a discussion between the two friends about business axioms. Mr. Penthurst protested against what he called the nimble ninepence school of philosophy, and Mr. Tollingwood ridiculed the wasted opportunities which were associated with the slow shilling.

Nothing further was said about Horace's proposal until he and Mr. Tollingwood were left together, after the remainder of the company had retired to rest.

"I suppose you will go by the early express?" Horace said.

"Yes. But what in the name of smoke and dirt do you want to go with me for?"

Horace had said nothing about his discovery and suspicions, and he did not wish to implicate Dora Wakestaff if he could avoid it.

"Annie and I have found out something to-day," he said, "which may or may not enable me to discover who wrote those anonymous letters. You did not know that she received one exactly like yours, and on the same morning."

"Annie Penthurst?"

"Yes; here is the letter which she received." Horace took it from his pocket, and gave it to Mr. Tollingwood, who read it carefully, and then said he would pay twopence halfpenny with the greatest pleasure in the world to anybody who would favour him with the writer's name.

"'I HAVE ALMOST WASTED A NUMBER OF YEARS'" (*p.* 739).

"The present position of affairs is this," said Horace: "I found an entry in my pocket-book to-day, which I know I wrote with black ink, but it has turned the same peculiar red colour which we see in the letters. I know where I wrote the passage in my book, and I intend to know whether these letters came from that house, or not."

"All right," was the reply; "we will go by the early express; and look here, Horace, I shall not be a bit surprised if the letters did come from that house, though it is possible you may not be able to prove it."

Nothing had been said about the Wakestaffs, but Mr. Tollingwood left no doubt about the direction which his suspicions took. He said—"There is no meanness which people will not commit, if they are too proud to work, and too poor to do without it. But this bit of business is too deep for me. I don't think you have made many enemies, Horace."

"Not that I am aware of," said Horace. "Howardson does not like me, I think. But I always considered him a man who would do nothing gratuitously, either good or harm."

"That's a dangerous opinion," remarked the other. "The devil has more servants who work for nothing than young people think. Well, this is a rum go, too. I'd give twopence halfpenny to see through it."

* * * * *

The early train to Mirkaster carried both Mr. Tollingwood and Horace away from the brightness of North Wales to the dulness of Moistershire. They parted near the Exchange, and arranged to meet at the station in the afternoon. The conversation in the railway carriage had not referred much to the anonymous letters, but to matters of business, and the affairs of Horace's parents.

"You must go to London next month," Mr. Tollingwood said, "and see if anything can be done for your people. If I can help them in any way, I am always willing."

Horace agreed with the proposal, and thanked Mr. Tollingwood for his offer.

He had not visited Church Row since his illness. The last time he was there he had consented to a scheme which, in the light of his new thoughts, seemed unworthy of him.

"I have been living a pretty sort of life," he said, "and this morning's work is a poor outcome of it. How I shall manage to act in the affair is a puzzle to me. I do not see how Dora could wish to injure me, and I do not see how anybody in the house could gain anything by exciting Mr. Tollingwood's anger against me, and making Annie think me unworthy of her love. I was unworthy, but not as basely as the letter represented me. Those Fortunati are not a very exalted lot, but I always thought them fair and square within their own limits. The letters were written by somebody who knew I was going to Widemoor, and they were probably written by somebody in that house. It is only fair to Budd and Dora, and the rest of them, that the matter should be settled."

He entered the small enclosed place which was called the Triangle, and paced backward and forward upon the asphalted foot-walk. Stunted trees, withered grass, and a pool of muddy water, seemed struggling to represent the country in the midst of a densely-crowded neighbourhood. A number of ill-clad children were fighting for the seats which had been provided for the accommodation of visitors; and a few men were loitering about, as if waiting for dinner-time—they seemed very much interested in the church clock, and continually turned their eyes towards it. The air was close and stifling; a hot haze seemed to hang over the town; and Horace wished himself back at Llandudno.

"Eleven o'clock," he said. "They are not a very early household, but I think I may venture to call."

It required an effort, but he went to the door, which he had knocked at hundreds of times, and his first intention was to knock as Budd's special friends always did—three raps, beginning low, and ending loud; but he changed his mind, and knocked as any stranger might have done. After some delay, a young girl opened the door. She knew Horace by sight, and grinned when she saw him.

"Mr. Budd's none up," she said, before Horace had time to speak.

"Is Miss Wakestaff at home?" he asked.

She nodded, and stood back for Horace to enter.

He was shown into the room where he had written the song in his pocket-book, and he noticed the old-fashioned bureau in which the ink was contained, but it was closed. It was a very shabby room; the carpet was worn and patched, the furniture was ugly and uncomfortable, while upon the walls were several faded prints in dingy frames.

"There is a considerable difference between this room and Budd's," he thought.

On the table were several volumes of music and a scrap-book—the scrap-book he had often seen, but had never taken the trouble to open it. Having nothing else to do, and being in that restless mood when the body seems to want employment, he took it from the table, and began to turn over its pages. It was Dora's book, her name being written in the small neat style which he knew so well. There were about twenty pages occupied with quotations from well-known poets, and several pages were filled with drawings; but more than three-fourths of the book was blank. There was an entry near the beginning which startled Horace. It was one of Burns' poems, and was signed Rosebud; but the writing was exactly like that of the two anonymous letters. All the members of the family, and a few outside friends, had written in the book, but they had followed the absurd custom of copying pieces from other writers, instead of writing something of their own. Judging from the dates given, there had been no additions to the quotations for many years.

"I am both on the right track and the wrong track," Horace said. "The person I want to find is connected with this family. Has Dora persuaded a friend to write for her? Who is Rosebud? I never heard of any acquaintance of hers called by that name. Dora can explain the mystery, and I shall expect her

to do so. Or is her father at the bottom of it? He is a discontented man, and Mr. Penthurst says chronic discontent is incipient madness. But why should a letter have been sent to Annie?"

The door was opened, and Dora entered. She was looking her best, and seemed delighted to see Horace, who rose to greet her as warmly as the circumstances would permit.

"This is kind of you," Dora said. "Cousin Tollingwood was here some time ago, and he made a beast of himself, he was so disagreeable. He talked as if you would never come near us again. You are a reformed character since your illness, according to him. But I will be honest with you, Horace: I was not fit to be seen when you came, and I have taken all this time making myself look decent." Then she burst into tears.

Horace felt very uncomfortable, and wished himself anywhere but there.

"You have no idea, Horace, how miserable I am," she said. "But I don't often cry. If I did, my heart would break. I suppose you have come to congratulate me. You mean well, but I would rather you did not mention it. I am selling myself—I know I am; but I am sick of poverty, especially poverty like ours, with its meanness and its falsehood. Ever since I can remember anything, we have been in debt, and when I was but a child I had to make lying excuses and promises to tradespeople; and I was taught to despise the classes whose bread we were eating, and whose clothing we were wearing. I was happy when I lived at Hillstreams, and taught you. I was only a girl then—not much older than you, Horace. But that season of contentment did not last long. I have had other places since, and have not been able to keep them, because—because my money was always wanted before it was due; and there are few people in the world who care to pay beforehand. I have had pupils, too, and have seemed to sell my soul at so much an hour. Then Uncle Scobley furnished that room for Budd, but he has a bill of sale on all the furniture in the house. I have stayed at home, however, since then. I was both sorry and pleased that you came, Horace. I ought to have warned you, but I dared not; for I had no joy but in seeing you. But I ought to have told you that Uncle Scobley expected Budd to be a decoy, and that Howardson was in the plot." Here Dora covered her face with her hands, and wept again.

"I did not know that Scobley was your uncle," Horace said.

"We are not very proud of him," she replied. "But he has helped us, especially Budd; he paid his college expenses. Still, he demanded his pound of flesh. Budd had to take customers to the Fortunatus. Oh, it is a miserable life we have lived! But I would not have promised to marry Bart Howardson if Cousin Tollingwood had not spoken as he did about Annie Penthurst."

Here the change came over Dora's face which Horace had often noticed, and she looked as if a spirit of evil had taken possession of her.

Horace was learning much that was new to him, but the great subject which accounted for his presence there had not been mentioned, and he could not summon courage to introduce it.

"I told Howardson I did not love him," Dora said, "and he looked surprised that I ever thought he expected it. But I am weary of this poverty and shabbiness."

Dora sprang to her feet, and seized the scrap-book, saying—

"You never wrote anything in this, but you must write for me now. I do not suppose I shall see much of you again. Write something which will do me good."

She went to the bureau, and opened it. Then she brought pen and ink to Horace. But the pen was corroded.

"I cannot understand this ink," she said. "I must have brought it from Hillstreams with me, because I found it in a box which came from there; but it spoils the pens, and changes colour afterwards. I distributed it through the house, and got no thanks for my pains, as I managed to spoil everybody's pen. But it is the only ink we have; I suppose we shall get some fresh when it is done. You must do the best you can with it."

"But I have no idea what to write," Horace answered.

"I will tell you," she said. "You must write me the sonnet we once learned together."

It was the sonnet which begins:—

> "How shall my cold and lifeless prayer ascend,
> Father of mercies, to Thy seat on high,
> If, while my lips for Thy deliverance cry,
> My heart against that liberty contend?"

The end of the short poem is:—

> "To spare offenders, being penitent,
> Is even ours; to drag them from the pit,
> Themselves resisting, Lord, is Thine alone."

"Do not put your name," Dora said. "I shall know who has written it, and that is enough."

Horace turned over the pages of the scrap-book after he had finished his task.

"Who is Rosebud?" he asked, when he found the place where that signature occurred.

"Rosebud is dead and buried," she replied: "dead and buried years ago."

Horace looked in an incredulous manner, and Dora went on to say—

"There was a chubby-faced boy called Budd, and his friends called him 'Rosebud,' and he answered to it. Then the blight which sooner or later affected all his family reached him, and he became arrogant and masterful, and the name had to be dropped. When I said dead and buried, I meant dead to tenderness and buried in self."

"Are you speaking of your brother?"

"The very same."

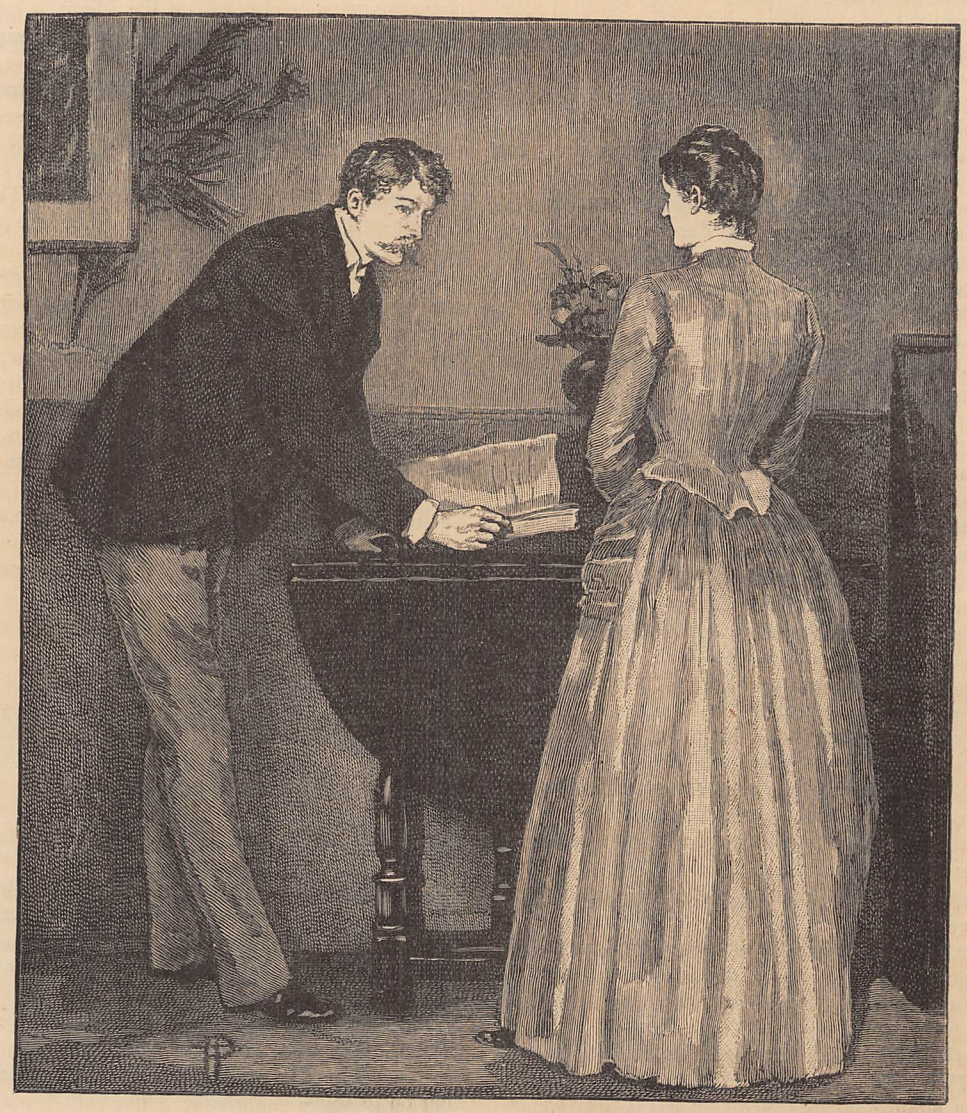
"But this is not his writing."

"He wrote it, for all that," replied Dora. "He broke his right arm in his childhood, and he became left-handed in consequence. He learnt to write

with his left hand. But afterwards, his schoolmaster compelled him to use the other instead. The result was that he could write with either hand, and his two styles were not a bit alike. He wrote that for fun, in his early fashion, and signed it with his pet name. He

"You had better leave me, Horace, for I am very wretched. But you were kind to come. You have been the best and tenderest friend I have known. I intended to kiss you, but I will not."

Without another word she left the room.



"'WHO IS ROSEBUD?' HE ASKED" (*p.* 743).

must have forgotten it, or he would have destroyed it long ago. There is nothing he hates so much as to be called 'Rosebud.'"

Then Dora took the book, and read the sonnet aloud which she had asked Horace to write. When she reached the words—

> "Do Thou, who knowest all, Thy rescue send,
> Though every power of mine the help deny,"

she exclaimed—

Horace did not feel as if he could pursue his inquiries any further. The horrid truth, which to him seemed worse than his darkest conjecture, could not be gainsaid. His betrayer and maligner was Budd Wakestaff. He hurried down-stairs, and let himself out, and plunged into the crowded streets of the town. He met many people who knew him, but he saw none of them. This awful revelation was almost too much for his reason, and he was only called

back to his surroundings by hearing Mr. Tollingwood say—

"Here we are; we shall be in nice time. Come along."

He had been walking like a man in a dream for four hours, and he could not remember anything about it but his dreadful thoughts.

Mr. Tollingwood was so full of his own affairs that he did not notice Horace's absent-mindedness.

"I have just had a treat," he said, "a left-handed treat, too. Who should I meet but Bart Howardson? He's what I call a tow-headed blood-sucker, and I never could stand him. And he said he was going to have the honour of entering my family by marriage. I asked him whether he intended to marry me or the wife. Good joke, that, but he never saw it. He's going to marry Dora. Look here, Horace: when first he told me, I felt sorry for the girl; but when I thought about it, I was more inclined to feel sorry for him. Marrying is this sort of a thing, Horace: if a man gets a queer wife, it's a queer sort of a job altogether: and Dora is queer."

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

CHANGING SCENES.

"Each change of many-colour'd life."—Samuel Johnson.

"I shall be, then, a garden charmed from changing;
In which your June has never passed away.
Walk there awhile, among its memories."—Alice Meynell.

Llandudno again, with its crowded promenade, its lovely bay, and the hilly grandeur all around. Then Hillstreams, with a grey sky, and moorland subsiding into autumn tints. After that, London, sweltering in September heat.

Horace felt it his duty to inform his friends how directly the evidence pointed to Budd Wakestaff as the writer of the letters which had come like new tortures to him in the hour of his affliction; and after a consultation, he wrote to Budd, asking for an explanation of his letters; no answer came.

The holidays were finished, and all returned to Hillstreams. Mr. Penthurst and his daughter resumed their long and tedious task. But before Horace threw himself into business affairs, he paid the delayed visit to his parents in London.

"I'm glad you feel as you do about them, lad," said Mr. Tollingwood. "When I was made, they forgot to put jealousy into me, I think: and I shall never try to hinder you when you want to do what you can for your own flesh and bones. Then there's another thing, Horace. If things are a bit tight with them, as they may be, and you see a likely way of helping them—I mean really helping them—don't stand at a few hundreds. Just let me know. You understand me, my boy. Now, God bless you."

When Horace had gone, Mr. Tollingwood said to his wife, "I love that lad as if he was my own; I do, Martha."

Mrs. Tollingwood smiled, and replied that she had heard him say so before.

One thought was constantly in Horace's mind during the days he passed in London: if his own training had been there instead of at Hillstreams, he might have become uncertain in his moods or unprincipled in his actions, and his view of true life and nobleness might have sunk as low as that of the Wakestaffs. The geographical element in morals occurred to his mind for the first time. He took an interest in his father's work, and was made acquainted with secret thoughts and wishes, which the unencouraged worker had never revealed to anybody. Mr. Ingleton, besides writing reviews as he had opportunity, gave what time he could to a work in which his heart's best feelings were engaged.

"I call it the 'Seamy Side of the Century,'" he said, "and I have written the history of our country, since the year 1800, from the stand-point of the poor. I have accumulated quite a library of books referring to the subject; they are chiefly the autobiographies of working men, and I have picked them up very cheap, during my wanderings among the book-shops."

The manuscript was nearly finished, and Mr. Ingleton showed it to his son with strange diffidence. Horace glanced at several parts of it, and spent some hours talking with his father about the scope of the work, and the manner in which the plan was carried out. It was a new experience for the author. Nobody had ever seemed to care about his work; and he had toiled on, year after year, without any definite intention as to the disposal of his book.

"I thought I should like to do something," he said, "and I even thought I could do something, which would prove more valuable and lasting than transient criticism on transient literature. But now I have proceeded thus far, I am perplexed by the question, 'Will you bring out your book?' Any answer which regards willingness only is insufficient. There are many considerations to be borne in mind."

Horace read passage after passage aloud, and then he said, "Father, I do not know as much about books as I ought to know; but I am sure of one thing: this history of yours will bring you both fame and profit. The day it is finished it shall go to the publishers. Let me know, and I will come up again, and take all the trouble in connection with it off your shoulders, and Mr. Tollingwood shall take the risk; but there is no risk. Why, listen."

He read again, and for once the critic had no desire to suggest amendment of any kind, but was satisfied with what the historian had done.

Horace was glad to get back to Hillstreams again. In spite of filial feeling, there was much that harassed him in his own family circle. He discovered no other unexpected treasure besides his father's manuscript; and he learnt, as others have learnt, how difficult it is to benefit those who suffer from chronic and unreasoning discontent.

* * * * * *

One day Horace received a letter from Dora Wakestaff. Among other things, it said—

"I shall be married to-morrow, and I want to write a few lines to you before I leave this hated home for

ever. Budd received a letter from you some time since, as I could tell from seeing your writing on the envelope. He was never more surprised in his life, I think ; for he showed his amazement and anger, which is not Budd's every-day custom. He put the letter in his pocket, and said nothing about it. I did not think I should have so much trouble in gaining a sight of the precious communication, and I had even to condescend to plans which 'reformed characters' hold in contempt. Still, I succeeded. I read the letter. I knew Budd was mean and treacherous, but I did not think that he was base enough to injure you in that cowardly fashion. The simple fact is, we all have felt that we had a claim on Cousin Tollingwood's property, and that you were a kind of usurper. I suppose Budd expected to remove you out of the way, that he might have a chance of taking your place. Under the circumstances, I am glad he was found out. As for Annie Penthurst, I knew he was, in his own way, fond of her. Well, well ! there is no accounting for tastes. I am writing this because I do not know what answer Budd has sent. He may have implicated me. I knew nothing about it, Horace. I would have died sooner than a hair of your head should have been injured.

"I may as well tell you that Uncle Scobley has taken possession here ; and after I am married, father, mother, &c., will go to live at the Fortunatus, as caretakers, I suppose. Budd's college days are ended, and he is to be secretary or sub-secretary.

"Now I must close. When I am married I shall live at——But what is the use of telling you? We shall never see your face, I know. A little bird has whispered something to me about you and Annie. I tell you, Horace——But never mind. Good-bye.

"DORA.

"P.S. I am selling myself, but I am sick of poverty. Horace, if——But never mind."

* * * * *

Hillstreams was in a state of commotion during the following spring, and work had to suffer considerably, in order that people might have an opportunity to talk.

"It's just robbery, and nowt else," exclaimed Jess Turner. "Here's a blind man—call him Penthurst, or call him what you like—he's found out a way of using th' rubbish up and down everywhere, an' he's to clear his fortune out of it. What I ask is this, who made the rubbish, if not working folks? and what use would his new dodge be if he had no rubbish to work on? I say it's what th' newspapers call monopoly. And then a parcel o' bobbin-heads, as ought to know better, comes and tells us th' man's blind, an' we ought to say nowt about it. That's how it is th' world's so backward, because there isn't sense enough in a lot o' bobbin-heads to see that what's wrong is not altered by a chap being blind."

"Don't thee ha' so mich to say about bobbin-yeds," replied one of the women. "Thee go to th' 'Clog-sole,' and ca' the chaps bobbin-yeds thou meets there. Rubbige is rubbige, and if anybody can mak' awt of it, more power to his elbow. Thou'rt rubbige, and if th' blind man 'll mak' awt better o' thee, he may ha' thee for his trouble."

George Dawes, the postman, had come round the corner during this harangue, and he looked pleased at what he heard.

"Thee get on wi' thy duty," said Jess Turner.

"Thou art like a pig that wants to be bacon without dying," Dawes replied, and hurried on.

The rumour of the gossips was true ; Mr. Penthurst and his daughter had completed their task, and the dream of a lifetime was fulfilled.

The last experiment was a very anxious one. All the other links were complete, but this had baffled the chemist during many days.

"How will it turn out, I wonder?" Mr. Penthurst said to Annie. "It may answer ; but it will be strange if a stray suggestion of Horace's succeeds where our careful plans have failed."

"We can scarcely call it a stray suggestion, father, because Horace knows all that has been done, and you must remember that he has worked hard at chemistry lately ; and I know that he has tried many of our experiments for himself at home."

"True, my dear ; but it will be strange."

Then the two waited patiently, and scarcely spoke again as the work proceeded. It was not the greed for gold which kept the blind man at his task, but a desire to produce another proof that Nature intends nothing to be wasted. He knew that success would place him beyond the fear of want, and above the need of such generous treatment as he had received at the hands of Mr. Tollingwood ; and the thought of independence was dear to him ; he would have toiled and striven, however, to finish his work, if he had known that his efforts would never receive any pecuniary reward.

Horace entered the laboratory before the final result was known.

"You are both too pale," he said. "This eagerness is not good for you."

He did not approach Annie, who was engaged with the apparatus ; but the smile which they exchanged was like a silent assurance of affection too deep for words to express.

Then the wonderful truth was revealed to those who had waited long. Nature had not belied herself, and Alexander Penthurst had judged her rightly. Henceforth his name should stand high among the discoverers and inventors of the century. The long-waited-for moment had come, and in that laboratory was perfected the plan which would give work to skilled industry, and increase the welfare of all the world.

* * * * * *

Spring strengthened into summer, and bright sunshine filled the valley in which Hillstreams lay.

The Penthursts were at Combermere House, and Mr. Tollingwood was saying that the longer he lived the more he was surprised.

"I shall have to touch my hat to you, Alick," he said. "I knew the syndicate would jump at your discovery. I tell you, man, it means money all round.

Funny, now, wasn't it, that Horace should put on the last straw that broke the camel's back? I don't think that quite fits the case, but you know what I mean. I'm glad it was so, too; for I'm as fond of that lad as if he were my own. I knew he had good in him, all the time, even when he was a bit frisky. I felt sure he was right at heart, and I'm not often mistaken in people, or I might say never."

Mrs. Penthurst uttered the words—"Budd Wakestaff, for instance."

"Now that's too bad," replied Mr. Tollingwood, "too bad. That young serpent did take me in a bit. I'd give twopence halfpenny to have the chance of dressing his jacket with a good ash stick. He's made a poor job of it, he has. I didn't know that Scobley was related to the Wakestaffs. They'll not cheat him much; if they do, they may rest on their honours—for awhile."

"Dora was the best in the lot," said Mrs. Tollingwood. "I am sorry she married Bart Howardson. He is not the kind of man who is likely to help a woman to follow her best nature."

"Talking about women," said Mr. Tollingwood, "it's my opinion, and will be, that if Mrs. Ingleton had not been such a dismal body, and had not had so much to say about wishing herself in heaven, her husband would have done a great deal better than he ever has done. This book of his which is coming out is really good. I have seen parts of it. But when a man has a wife——"

"Hush!" said Mr. Penthurst, who, with the quick ears of the blind, heard footsteps approaching.

Annie and Horace were returning from a ramble, and they walked across the lawn towards the open window. They had lingered awhile amongst the flowers, and had gathered several of their favourite kinds.

"I like the flowers which I always liked," said Annie: "the sweet homely ones which I grew in the little garden at the Lodge, when father and I were visitors there."

"I remember," said Horace; "and I was your head gardener; do you remember? and we pretended that the other gardeners were at home ill."

"I remember quite well," Annie replied, "and you pretended that you did not need any wages, because a fortune had been left you. That was very fortunate for me, because I had nothing to pay with."

"You were not an inventor, and an heiress, and I don't know what besides, in those days."

"Nor am I yet. Dear father studied all the plan, except the last important step, and that you supplied."

Horace shook his head. "But for you," he said, "the great work would never have been done. You were born to do it, as you were born to be a blessing to all who ever trusted you."

"Now, Horace, why will you talk such nonsense?"

"Nay, my dear, it is not nonsense, and even you must not say that it is. See what a blessing you have been to me; and when we are married——"

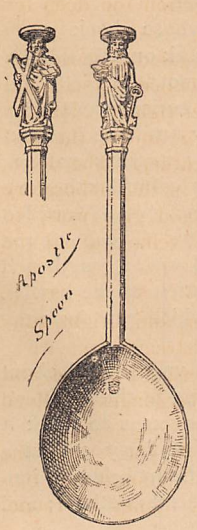
"Our friends will think we are lost," she said, starting towards the house, and talking to Horace about the flowers.

When Mr. Tollingwood saw them, he said in a low voice—

"They were made for each other, those two were. You know what I think about Annie; and I'm as fond of that lad as if he were my own."

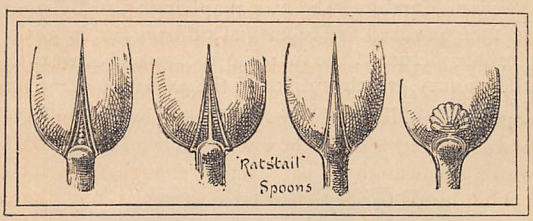
THE END.

SPOONS.



THERE is probably no greater index of the degree of civilisation and refinement to which a race has arrived, than the manner of food that they eat, the way it is dressed and eaten, and the implements used in those processes.

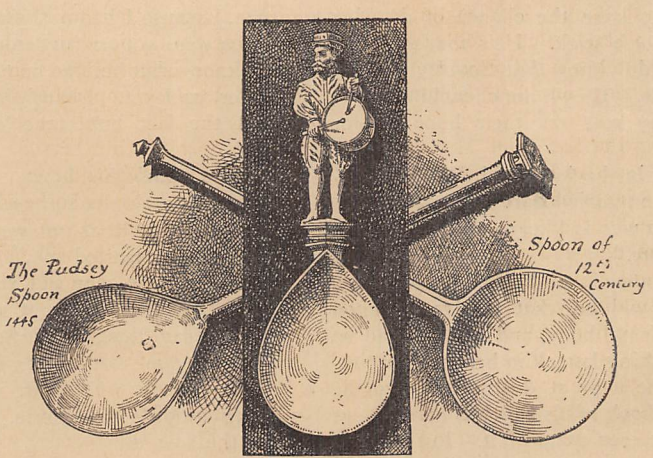
Every one knows that it is the habit of the archæologist to divide the various periods, and to determine the approximate age of the history of man, by the material of which his implements were made, and the degree of care and skilled labour bestowed upon their manufacture. Accordingly, we are led back by these patient explorers to days long anterior to the earliest page of history, when men were but a little higher than the brutes, living in caves, clad in skins, eating with their hands, like monkeys, and using implements of chipped flint and stone. That



genial essayist, Charles Lamb—in his disquisition on the popular fallacy, "that we should lie down with the lamb"—in praise of candle-light, "kindliest luminary," draws an amusing picture of society previous to the introduction of "long sixes."

"This [candle-light] is our peculiar and household planet. Wanting it, what savage, unsocial nights must our ancestors have spent, wintering in caves and unillumined fastnesses! They must have lain about and grumbled at one another in the dark. What repartees could have passed, when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbour's cheek to be sure that he understood it?"

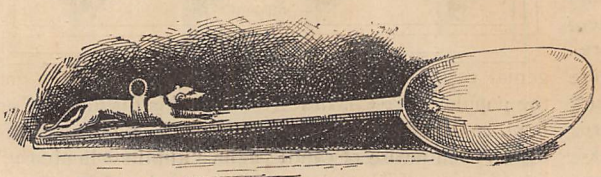
We may not challenge comparison with the inimitable writer by treating our subject similarly; but a dinner without knives, and forks, and spoons, must have been a trying necessity to be speedily despatched, a mere scramble for sustenance against a more active neighbour, more like a banquet of wolves than a social meal. If "jokes came in with candles," surely it was not until the introduction of spoons that dinner became a leisurely and conversational episode.



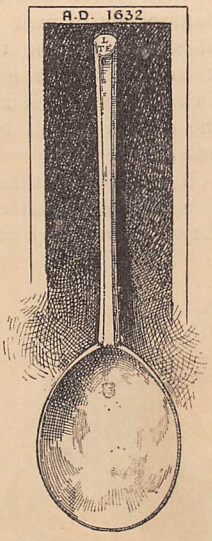
The earliest spoons were doubtless made of wood, a hollowed improvement upon John Chinaman's chopstick. These, in their turn, were supplemented and displaced by spoons of bone and horn, from whence we get the proverbial expression as to making the spoon or spoiling the horn. Then came spoons of tin or iron, of rough and inelegant shape, and hammered by hand, such as may still be seen in many a humble, rural kitchen. In the prosperous Tudor times the precious metals became more plentiful, and gold and silver plate was in such demand that every great family had its own goldsmith. Of this there is abundant mention. The will of Katherine of Arragon bequeaths to her goldsmith a year's wages, while Cardinal Wolsey's goldsmith, Robert Amadale, as became that ostentatious gentleman, was a famous craftsman. In a "Description of England," by one William Harrison, who was chaplain to Lord Cobham in 1586, prefixed to Hollinshed's *Chronicles*, is given a graphic picture of the increase and spread of wealth in the country, which speaks of the exchange of "treene [tinned iron] platters into pewter, and wooden spoones into silver or tin;" and concludes with a list of the plate usually possessed by a yeoman, consisting of "a silver salt, a bowle for wine (if not a whole neast), and a dozen of spoones to finish up the sute." There can be little doubt that, at the close of this century, silver plate among the wealthy classes was comparatively plentiful.

In the following century came the Great Rebellion, that epoch which wrought such havoc among the mediæval art treasures of England; and to none of them was it so disastrous as to the plate of the period. For, as the struggle dragged its weary length, and men and money were sadly in need, the partisans of King and Parliament flung their silver plate—spoons, cups, salvers—into the melting-pot, to provide bread and equip troops. Thus spoons antecedent to this period are extremely rare. There is a coronation spoon preserved in the Regalia in the Tower, the date of which is said to be early in the thirteenth century; but this appears to be somewhat doubtful, for, curiously enough, the goldsmith's charge for remaking it at the coronation of Charles II. is still preserved. Another historical and even more famous spoon is known as the "Pudsey" spoon, date 1445, of which we give an engraving above. It derives its name from the fact that it was given by Henry VI., together with his boots and gloves, to Sir Ralph Pudsey, with whom that unhappy king took refuge, at his seat, Bolton Hall, after the disastrous battle of Hexham.

According to Mr. Cripps — whose book upon "English Plate" is a standard work on the subject, and to whom we gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness—spoons continued this curious shape from the middle of the fifteenth century until the Restoration, when it was superseded by another pattern. The stem and handle, no longer cubicular, became quite flat, and broad at the end, which divided into three points slightly turned up. The bowl was changed into a regular oval and was strengthened by a tail, a kind of continuation of the handle, known as the "rat's-tail," which ran down the back.


English Spoon 1632 (Silver)

This shape continued in vogue until about the reign of George I., when a third fashion was introduced. Mr. Cripps seems to think it probable that a change of dynasty caused a change in the fashion, the Court bringing into this country the shapes prevalent in others; and



it is certainly curious that the first change in form took place at the Restoration, and the third at the accession of the House of Hanover. In this stage of spoon-evolution, the bowl became more elongated, the end of the handle lost its point and became quite round and *turned up*, with a high sharp ridge down the middle. This form remained until about 1770; but not to the exclusion of other shapes, for towards the end of the reign of George II. a new fashion came in, which has continued to the present time. In this the bowl is more pointed and egg-shaped, the end of the handle *turned down* instead of up, and a sharp, angular shoulder introduced on either side of the stem just above the bowl; whilst the "rat-tail" is shortened and broadened into a drop or flap. The familiar "fiddle-head" pattern came into vogue in the early part of this present century.

The "rat-tails" were of many varieties, according to their period, some long and fine, some more pronounced, others were dotted down their length; while others terminated in a fan or shell pattern. A few characteristic specimens are given on page 747.

Perhaps the most curious, and certainly the most singular, variety of spoon is that known as the Apostle spoon. These are to be found, a trap for the unwary, exhibited in many old bullion dealers' windows; but, alas for their honesty! are very rarely genuine. An original Apostle spoon is so rare that it needs small advertisement, and can be readily disposed of without the aid of public exhibition. They are so well known that it is unnecessary to further describe their appearance.

The first mention of a spoon ornamented by a figure occurs in a will dated 1446, this one having the image of the Virgin. These became common in the sixteenth century, and were known as maiden-head spoons.

Apostle spoons are very seldom found before 1500, but they were very popular for a century and a half after. It was the custom for sponsors to present them to their godchildren, a wealthy person giving a complete set; others, one or two; and the poor, a single spoon. The particular saint represented would be either the "patron saint" of the donor or the namesake of the child. Mr. Cripps tells us that fair specimens readily fetch from £4 to £8 each, while a complete set is so rarely met with that if put up to auction it would probably realise from £800 to £1,000! In the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1876, is mentioned the sale of a set some twenty years ago belonging to a member of the Tichborne family, which sold for nearly £400.

Only two sets of thirteen are mentioned by Mr. Cripps. One of them is in the possession of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and is of the year 1566–7. The thirteenth spoon represents St. Paul, and is the oldest, being of the year 1515–16. The other set is the property of Mr. Geo. Lambert, F.S.A., and represents our Lord and His twelve apostles, Matthias taking the place of Judas Iscariot. These are somewhat more modern; but, on the other hand, they are all of one year, 1626, and by the same maker, which renders them, of course, more interesting and more valuable.

Another set, forming a complete series of the eleven apostles, was secured by the Rev. T. Stainforth at the Bernal sale, and is of much value from its great age, having been made in 1519. That gentleman is also the fortunate possessor of the most ancient *hall-marked* spoon known, it bearing date 1493! It may interest our readers to give a list of the emblems to be found on Apostle spoons, as a means of identifying the apostles represented.

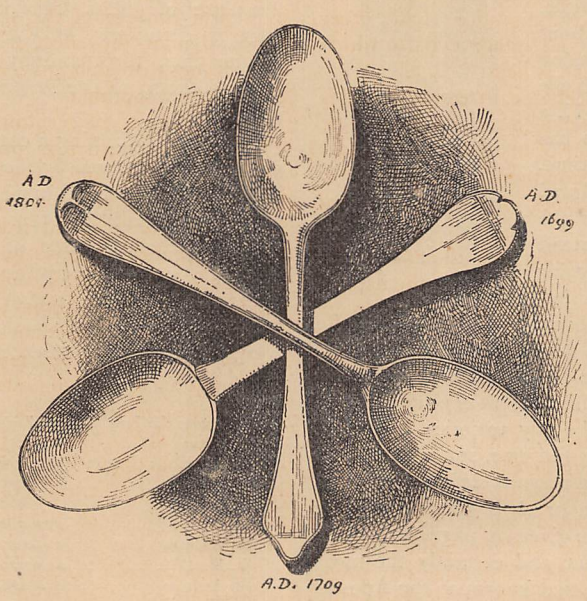
St. James the Less ...	a fuller's bat.
St. Peter	a key.
St. James the Greater	a pilgrim's staff and gourd, bottle, or scrip; sometimes a hat with escallop shell.
St. Paul	one or two swords.
St. Thomas	a spear; sometimes a builder's rule.
St. Matthias	an axe or halberd.
St. Andrew	a saltire cross.
St. Simon Zelotes ...	a long saw.
St. Matthew	a wallet; sometimes an axe and spear.
St. John	a cup (the cup of sorrow).
The Saviour or Master	an orb and cross.
St. Philip	a long staff, a double cross, or small cross, or basket of fish.
St. Jude	a cross, club, or carpenter's square.
St. Bartholomew ...	a butcher's knife.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century the custom of presenting these spoons died out. In "The Gossips," a poem by Shipman, published in 1666, we read :—

> "Formerly when they used to troul
> Gilt bowls of sack, they gave the bowl ;
> Two spoons at least, an use ill kept ;
> 'Tis well if now our own be left."

Ben Jonson, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, has a character who says : "And all this for the hope of a couple of Apostle spoons, and a cup to eat caudle in." In *The Chaste Maid of Cheapside*, by Middleton, Gossip inquires : "What has he given her, what is it, gossip?" To which another gossip replies : "A faire high-standing cup, and two great 'Postle spoons—one of them gilt!" In *The Noble Gentleman*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, we find :

> "I'll be a gossip, Bewford,
> I have an odd Apostle spoon!"



Hone, in his "Every-Day Book," gives an anecdote of Shakespeare, which is not only interesting in itself, but is an instance of this custom of presenting spoons. "Shakespeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being deep in study, Jonson cheeringly asked him why he was so melancholy. 'Ben,' said he, 'I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my godchild, and I have resolved it at last.' 'I prithee, what?' said Ben. 'I' faith, Ben,' answered Shakespeare, 'I'll give him a dozen good *latten* spoons, and thou shalt translate them.' The word 'latten,' intended as a play upon Latin, is the name for thin iron tinned, of which spoons and similar small articles of household use are sometimes made."

We have mentioned the Civil War as a great destroyer of early English spoons, but a still greater destruction occurred in the reign of William III., for at that time bullion was so scarce, and, in consequence, the price paid by Government for hall-marked silver was so high, that it actually paid handsomely to melt down plate into ingots! Sets of spoons became therefore almost unknown, and it was the custom for each guest to bring his own fork and spoon. It is probable that from hence arose the custom of the baptismal gift of a knife, fork, and spoon.

In Elizabethan times the Court gallant used a spoon to carry white meat to the mouth. In Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Fallace, the citizen's wife, cries : "O, sweet Fastidius! Oh, fine courtier! . . . How cleanly he wipes his spoon at every spoonful of any white meat he eats!"

Fra Bonvicino da Riva, a Milanese friar, wrote, about 1290, a curious versified manual of "Fifty Courtesies for the Table." He gives the following instructions as to the polite use of the spoon :—

"Suck not with the mouth when thou eatest with a spoon. Keep thy spoon if thy plate is removed for the adding of some viands : if the spoon is in the plate it puts out the helper. . . . If thou art eating with a spoon, thou must not stuff too much bread into the victuals. He who lays it on thick upon the cooked meats is distasteful to those who are eating beside him." From this it is manifest that but one spoon was used throughout the meal.

In *Notes and Queries* is given a letter in full from Robert Heyricke, an alderman of Leicester, to his brother, date January 2, 1614, in which, after thanking him for his bounty, he says : "——and the same day [Christmas Day] we were busy with holding up handes and spoones to you, out of porredge and pyes, in the remembrance of youre greate lyberality of frute and spice." This is a mention — and it would not be difficult to multiply examples—of the old custom of holding up the spoon from the dish in honour to the giver of the feast, while good wishes for him were expressed : a custom similar in all respects to the still surviving one of toasting the present and drinking to the health of absent friends.

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

THERE is a certain adjunct to medical treatment known by the name of Massage. This system is rapidly gaining popularity with the medical faculty in connection with the treatment of paralysis, spinal affections, nervous disorders, indigestion, and other major and minor evils to which our flesh is heir.

Massage is a form of mechanical treatment. It is one which a doctor orders or suggests as a remedy or an alleviation for the disorder of his patient. He does not apply it himself, but recommends his patient to undergo the system in the hands of some professional skilled in the art.

Why should not gentlewomen turn their attention in this particular direction and make themselves capable of attending those patients for whom massage is prescribed? A few have already done so, and are professional masseuses; probably others would follow in the wake of their enterprising sisters if they gleaned some information on this subject.

I shall give a slight sketch of what the curt term "massage" comprehends, not for the purpose of offering instruction to my readers, but to show them: first, that it is not an upstart remedy which has suddenly appeared and is likely to be but the fashion of the moment, and consequently does not offer any pecuniary inducement to spend money in mastering its mysteries; secondly, that, although massage may be spoken of as a merely mechanical action, the routine of this system is not quite such a dull and monotonous one as it is generally supposed to be.

The art of massage is of great antiquity. There are always some kind folk who will take the time and trouble to search deep down into the annals of the past and transmit to us the facts they there find recorded. On the question of massage, those who have traced out its history tell us that this system was practised in very early times by the Chinese, and that the Greeks and the Romans also resorted to its aid, evidences of which appear in the literature of those two great countries.

This ancient art has been revived, in the present day, on the Continent and in America, as well as in England, and is being very extensively practised. I have spoken of massage as a mechanical mode of treatment—and so it is; but those who undertake to perform it ought to have some head-knowledge concerning their work as well as finger-dexterity. The masseuse has to make herself acquainted with the structure and the function of the tissues and muscles on which she is called upon to operate, and therefore some study of books on this part of the subject is required. Then there are the necessary dexterous manipulations to be acquired; these particular movements can only be learnt from actual demonstrations, and nothing but patient practice will attain the manual dexterity needful to perform the process.

The general term of massage includes several kinds of manipulations; these are also designated by French names. One of these is known as *Effleurage;* this consists in gently stroking the part under treatment, which stroking increases in strength, and terminates in a firm rubbing of the skin with the palm of the hand. Under the effect of this treatment, hardness and dryness of skin give way to softness, and the effect is very soothing.

Another form of treatment is named *Pétrissage.* This process consists in pressing and kneading and rolling the skin and muscles: a form of massage brought into use in cases where the patient is deprived by infirmity or accident from taking bodily exercise. The advocates of massage affirm that the use of *pétrissage* also soothes and reinvigorates the overtired and fatigued limbs of those who have gone through an unusual amount of physical exertion.

Tapotement is a rapid mechanical movement used as a stimulus for rousing into action organs which are inclined to remain dormant.

Massage à Friction may be described as a series of circular rubbings with the finger-tips, performed in a rapid manner, the object of which process is to squeeze out the waste products formed in the tissues of joints.

The above brief sketch will serve to show that there is something to learn and to study in the system of massage, even though the operations are termed mechanical. The only way in which the art can be learnt is by taking lessons from a professional masseuse. In London, Mrs. Marshall, 230, Marylebone Road, W., and Mrs. Maitland, Grosvenor Street, give practical lessons. The fees charged are from half a guinea to one guinea per lesson. As to the number of lessons required to make a skilful masseuse, that depends upon the aptitude of the pupil; from a dozen to twenty lessons will, as a rule, be required.

The above sketch of the system will serve to show that there are various things to be studied and to be learnt by those who wish to adopt the profession of a masseuse. Massage is not supposed to be a cure-all. This part of the question it is not my duty to consider; but it comes within the limits of my purpose, in writing on this subject, to draw attention to the fact that very many people have recourse to this remedy for the alleviation, if not for the cure, of the malady from which they suffer; also, that it is affirmed that massage possesses the power not only of benefit to those sick and ill, but adds to this the valuable quality of preserving good health to those who possess it. In this way:—

There are many town workers who have not time to obtain that which is essential to their well-being—namely, bodily exercise. It is said that a short daily course of treatment of massage will prove an excellent

substitute; for it has the power of producing exhilaration, of creating an appetite, and, greatest boon of all to the brain-worker, of insuring refreshing sleep.

The fees charged to patients for a course of treatment are from seven shillings and sixpence and upwards for each attendance. In every large town I believe that a professional masseuse will find occupation; more especially in those towns to which invalids resort, such as Brighton, Torquay, Bath, Southport, and others too numerous to mention.

I am now going to speak of cooking. As everybody knows, cookery will always be required, and good cookery is an essential. Everybody also knows that *good* cooks are not yet as plentiful as blackberries, although *cooks* are.

In London there are two Schools of Cookery established, and I think I shall not exaggerate in saying that thousands of women, of all grades and ages and classes, pass through these Schools in the course of the year. Some of these come merely for a single lesson; some in order to learn one particular part of cookery; some to learn plain, others to learn high-class cookery; and some to begin at the beginning and end at the end, and thus go through the whole course. In provincial towns there is not the same opportunity afforded to those who wish to become good cooks; and, therefore, I suggest to my readers that they look around them (I speak to those who have the inclination and the talent for cookery) and see whether they cannot establish a school on a small scale and teach the many who are still ignorant of the principles of good cookery.

Of course, the gentlewoman who undertakes to do this must first make herself a proficient and learn the art in all its branches. There is something to be learnt and to teach besides the actual cooking of ingredients, and that is cleanliness and order, and that very valuable knowledge, Economy.

When you enter the Schools of which I have spoken you will perceive the presence of cleanliness and order in a marked degree. You will see that it is compatible with grates and coals, with pots and pans, and the many utensils that a cook must have around her.

If you have the opportunity, pay a visit to Mrs. Marshall's School of Cookery, 32, Mortimer Street, W., and go when you may, you will see all kinds of dainty dishes in course of concoction and completion —dishes which look dainty as well as being delicious in themselves—all of them made and cooked in the midst of perfect order and most exquisite cleanliness. This shows us what can be done by those who know the secret of how to do it—of proper management.

At this School of Cookery lessons are given daily from ten a.m. to four p.m., the fees for which are half a guinea for a single day, five guineas for twelve days, and nine guineas for twenty-four days. These lessons need not be taken continuously. *Certificates* are given to all pupils who have attended the School for three months, the fee for which period is twenty guineas.

Diplomas are given to pupils who, having already had the certificate, proceed to pass an examination in the principles of plain and high-class cookery, for the purpose of qualification as instructors in cookery. These diplomas rank as first or second class, according to the ability shown by the pupil in examination.

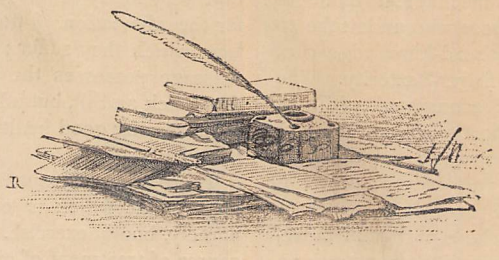
The other School mentioned is the National Training School for Cookery, situated in the Exhibition Road, South Kensington. Royalty and many ladies of title are its patronesses. Students are here admitted by payment of fees or by subscribers' votes. If by votes, the applicant must be between the age of eighteen and thirty-five, and her object must be that of becoming an instructor in cookery when trained. The fee for the course of training to the ordinary student is twenty guineas. Pupils are required to pass a theoretical examination before they can receive a *diploma.*

The training in this School comprehends plain and high-class cookery, together with that neatness, nicety, order, and cleanliness which ought to attend closely the movements and arrangements of every cook throughout the land.

The *diplomas* gained from either of these Schools would be a distinct benefit and help to any one wishing to become an instructor. The authorities have the opportunities of recommending, and it is to them that associations apply when they wish to form schools, or to have classes held, in towns in the provinces.

I am fully aware that classes have been organised in various towns and have failed in their endeavours. My experience is that the failures were due to this mistake: the lessons were chiefly on high-class cookery, the dishes made were those rarely required by ordinary folk, and economy was ignored. Teach plain cookery, as it ought to be practised, and economy with it.

A. S. P.



ALL SOULS' NIGHT.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

"'WILL YOU NOT STAY AT HOME OF AN EVENING, JOHN?'" (*p.* 754).

IT was an early spring. The lambs were soon heard bleating on the green slopes, while the rooks cawed overhead. Violets peeped out shyly under the hedges, and fresh green budded in flecks of verdure that ever brightened and spread over the earth. Soft winds began to blow; and they brought brightness and colour back to Mysie's cheeks as she went out and about the fields more and more.

Young Mrs. Cosby had never looked prettier than now, though she was still delicate. Her husband always stolidly offered her his arm, coming back from meeting on the Sabbath. Some of the neighbours smiled, and many observed approvingly to the young couple, what a good and devoted husband Cosby was.

John's grave, stern face never altered a whit at such remarks; but Mysie blushed, knowing that the arm on which she timidly leant might have been the top bar of a gate for aught it seemed to possess of human feeling towards the gentle fingers that pressed it.

Often Mysie thought to herself—"*If they only knew!*——" But no one knew.

The girl had been too proud to tell her mother. Crabbed old Effie perhaps guessed at the truth; but she was not given to prying, churlishly anxious "to be left in peace, as she left others"—so she expressed her love of reserve.

No; no one but John and Mysie themselves seemed aware that the former silent dead-life had begun again between husband and wife. Yet, what was then a duel, had now become a one-sided avoidance.

Sitting alone many an afternoon for an hour or so in a larch-wood, hung by the spring's gift with rosy tassels, Mysie held solemn communing with her own inner self.

"Oh! but it's a pleasure to be alive and hear the birds sing again, and watch the clouds overhead, and see the daisies look up in one's face from the ground," she mused. "That was a fearsome warning. Now that I have struggled back from death's gate, as one may say, woe's me for the poor souls who must die young and strong with all their life still in them! . . . But my husband! My mind misgives me that, as I was not taken, the call was meant for him. John Cosby can be a hard man and angry, but he liked me beyond all at the first; and he saved my life. Maybe if he had let me die, *himself would have been spared.* And I dare not warn him!"

Many an evening when the stars dotted the pale sky, and a solemn hush had fallen over the earth, as if it was a great open-air kirk, Mysie felt a wish stirring anxiously in her heart to tell John that his days were few, and running out fast as the sand in an hour-glass. And the words were on her tongue to add, "I'm sorry for you, John Cosby; so sorry."

Gratitude and pity were struggling in the young wife's heart. They never found words, but her manner grew ever softer and her eyes took a sadly tender expression, and her care of her husband became more thoughtful.

"Will you not stay at home of an evening, John, sometimes?" Mysie timidly faltered forth, one rainy night. "You will take cold maybe, going down to the 'Gaping Goose.'"

"The 'Gaping Goose'! What made you think I would be going there?"

"I—I thought you went there every evening."

"*Never!*" said the farmer with emphasis. "I sit out in my room by the stable."

Mysie drew a long surprised breath. Then she expostulated mildly—

"It's chill there. Would you not smoke your pipe by the kitchen fire?"

John Cosby looked at his wife hard. Then he said in a low doubting voice, "I would only be a hindrance."

"No, no," murmured Mysie, the tears rising (she knew not why) to her eyes. "It's lonesome there; this is your own fireside, forbye."

John drew his brows together as in thought, knit them closely, and went out and fetched his pipe. Thenceforth he silently smoked every evening in the ingle-nook opposite Mysie, and stared at the peat-glow.

He was a fine-looking man after all, so thought the young wife, furtively watching him Tall and strong, he would make two men and more, such as Jamie Steenson. His was a powerful face, with rugged features maybe, but a broad brow and large brown eyes, that, if they did look at times full of stormy anger, yet Mysie could remember shining on her with a light of infinite pity and gentleness during her illness.

If she could but get him to look so on her, now! for, with death coming fast near, it was a cruel thing for man and wife to be hard towards one another.

June came, full of bloom and glad with the warmth of the sun. Nevertheless, no word of affection, no pleading for forgiveness, had yet passed the lips of husband or wife; though both were expressed mutely in every sign of Mysie's eyes, and voice, and ways; and John would answer his wife quietly, with a wistful sad gaze that followed her.

Yet, ah! he never seemed to understand that *things were changed.* But he often withdrew himself apart, even after work, and showed plainly that, though not sullen, he shunned intruding on his wife's company.

"The shadow of death is upon him," sighed Mysie.

The earth was stirring with new life; the cooing of the wood-doves was heard in the fir-woods; all nature was glad and full of youth and love. Mysie's heart was stirring too with a new unrest. She was strong again, and glad to be alive and rejoice in the summer air, and to see the gorse yellow on the hills, and hear the bees humming through the rose-bushes, down the garden-walk; but that was not enough.

One warm afternoon she stood in her porch, and watched the swallows twittering and darting past her with food for their gaping nestlings. The cows were standing knee-deep in the stream, flicking with their tails at the flies; the air was full of warmth and sweet smells, and the pleasant buzz of sounds from farmyard and meadow and woodland. The ploughman's wife went by, nodding a cheerful "good evening" to her mistress. She was almost Mysie's own age, and held her little child proudly high on her arm.

The tears rose unchecked to Mysie's soft blue eyes. All nature was glad but herself. The birds were happy with nests and mates. This poor woman, poorer than Mysie, yet was richer far; for she looked forward to a happy life well spent in duties and labour for her husband and children. Only Mysie seemed alone that summer day. Only she was avoided by her mate—*and she loved him.*

Turning her head, the tears being wet on her cheeks, Mysie saw John standing close by. She must have been greatly absorbed in thought not to notice his approach, although he had come over the grass-plot. Her husband looked at her mutely with such sadness in his own eyes, that Mysie's heart gave a little fluttering up-leap of gladness.

"Lass," said John quietly, "you are in sorrow. Is there anything I can do for ye?"

Mysie tried to speak, but no word came.

"I am grieved," said the man, sighing heavily, "for what ails ye is, I just fear, my presence. The last

while back, though, I was thinking you were more contented seeming. I would have liked well to see you happier just for *this one year*."

"I am so—I was. Oh, John, don't speak so! It's not *that* ails me now."

"Not what?"

"Not your pr-presence," sobbed Mysie outright.

Cosby passed his hand, bewildered, over his brow, as if striving to rouse his dull brain to understanding what fresh trouble distressed her. Her next words tried falteringly to enlighten him.

"You keep away so much, it's lonesome. It's worse nor anything to bear."

"Mysie—your own words were, a year ago, that all you asked was, *to be left alone!*"

The young wife struck her hands together, and looked up at the blue summer sky in a sort of despair against a man's stupidity. Her lips framed in sorrowing wonderment—

"A year ago! As if words said a year ago by a woman were to bind her for ever! As if a body might not change her mind!"

"True enough," returned John Cosby grimly, his brown eyes fixed on Mysie with such searching keenness, she wondered she could bear them. "A year gone by, you vowed to love me till death should us part."

"Well!" returned Mysie, turning round upon him in the porch, her cheeks warming rosily and her blue eyes all alight, "and you might have waited awhile longer to see if I wouldn't keep what I vowed, *after all*."

"It's—no—possible!" uttered John huskily, as to himself.

"It's truth!" gasped Mysie, her breath forsaking her. "I was a wayward wench, an', what's more, a wicked woman to behave as I did. You were good to me in spite of it all, and saved my life. But still, you don't care for me any more; your love is dead. And that's bitter to bear, when death may be upon one of us two before this year is out."

"True—true," groaned Cosby, with a solemn and startled look at his wife. Trembling, he would have advanced and put out his strong arm to encircle her slight waist.

But Mysie did not see the action. Catching up her apron to her face, she was off like a bird—and cr-n-ch went the key of her bed-room. There she was already weeping, with her head buried in her pillow, shame-faced though in privacy.

Five minutes later John Cosby still stood where she had left him. "*Could it be true?*" was the new bewildered thought in his brain. Then, "*It is true*," he said low within himself, feeling weak as a new-born child. Shyly smiling, as if half-timidly, under his beard, the strong man made some faltering steps towards Mysie's chamber. He must knock, beg for admittance; she would pretend not to hear, maybe, but still——

"*Wull* ye give that bran mash to the red cow now, or not, John Cosby?" suddenly demanded old Effie, appearing round the corner, her eyes flaming, angered with cares of the byre. "In a while, do ye say? Man, how long will ye keep the poor beast waiting? What ails ye? You've been gaping here like a gomeril this half-hour!"

Effie had reared John Cosby from a child, so felt she had a right to scold him.

John passed his hand over his brow. The red cow was in pain; he had no right to vex the dumb creature by delay. "But this evening——" he said to himself, struggling to remember his duties till then. He was so glad! yet the man's deep joy was chastened to humility, almost to trembling, by a solemn sorrow.

"Better late than never—but so near the end. Oh, Mysie, Mysie!" he grieved.

That evening, supper being over, John Cosby rose, and said presently to his wife, with an awkward assumption of carelessness—

"The moon is fine, and I was thinking of going down to see how the corn is growing. Will ye come with me?"

"I will, gladly," murmured Mysie, who rose, feeling timid too.

Side by side they two wandered down the corn-rigs, under the softly-rising moon. The green corn rose high as Mysie's waist; the hour was still, and broken only by the bark of a dog, or the noise of playing children heard from far away; the loneliness was blissful to them both.

The day would have seemed too full of duties for them thus to have walked together, forgetting the world around them. And night was too solemn—with its twinkling stars, like the light-houses of the unseen shore, reminding them of eternity. But this happy evening both walked content side by side, yet were silent. It did not signify: each understood.

Sometimes a dog-rose, all pale pink with flowers, caught Mysie's gown. John stooped and disentangled it.

At the head-rig of the field was a waste piece of ground, where a burn sang between whin-bushes. Loose stones lay around, carried down by the winter torrent. Mysie stumbled on one of these.

In a second John's arm was around her waist, and they were looking at each other.

"Mysie—lass!" was all he found tongue to say.

"Oh, John! I'm sorry—so sorry for all that has passed," Mysie sobbed.

She knew by the look in his good brown eyes that her husband loved her as well as ever, and she was forgiven. They sealed their reconciliation, and Mysie did not shrink from John's kiss now, nor vex him with coldness.

Side by side they had gone down the corn-rigs, hand in hand they came back under the whispering hedgerow, and up the open brae where the burn ran wider.

* * * * * *

The summer grew older; the corn in the big fields turned first yellow and then a golden brown, and lastly was laid low by the whirring machine. A good harvest was safely gathered in with the autumn. Indoors, the farmer and his wife were as glad to be together as a pair of lovers, and yet they "went

softly," being humbled and sad in heart, fearful to give offence, and thoughtful to please in the least daily matters.

"If only it could last!" sighed Mysie secretly, often foreseeing herself a widow.

"So short a time!" groaned John in heart, musing how but for this dark cloud his life might be blest.

It was a black, black cloud, verily—the shadow of death! Every morning Mysie rose, and said sorrowfully in her heart, "One day less for us together."

Unknown to his wife, John's lips framed like words. "One day nearer parting on earth. 'Tis a short time to be happy."

Yet neither ever dared tell the other what lay so heavy on their minds.

* * * * *

October was dead with the falling leaves. November had begun. On the All Souls' Night, which is the eve of All Saints' Day, John and Mysie Cosby sat silent on either side of their blazing peat-fire in the farm kitchen.

Both were apparently strong and healthy, yet there was a strange wistfulness in the glances with which each often scanned the other's features. It was a loving, yet a fearful look on the part of both, and the expression on their faces was *wisht*. One could only have explained it, maybe, by assuming that one of these two was under immediate sentence of death; that the other knew it, but dared not tell.

At last John Cosby cleared his throat. *It must be done!*

"Wife, do ye mind how unhappy we two were this time last year?"

"I would be fain to forget it, John. But yes; I mind it well enough."

"We were close on hating each other, I verily believe," went on John solemnly. "And we were wild, and would, maybe, have welcomed death—leastways, you might not, but I, like a sinner, was about seeking it—just to be free."

"I longed for it, too. Shame upon me! but I prayed to die," wept Mysie softly.

"And now we would gladly be spared some years to pass together," went on John, with faltering accents. "Yet, it may be our punishment has come; this may be the last night on earth we will be beside one another."

Mysie almost screamed, yet her voice died away on her lips too rapidly.

"Oh, John! how do you know? Did you see the —the wraith last All Souls' Night?"

"I did," whispered John. "It's been on my mind to warn you ever since, only I dursn't. Heaven forgive me, for I thought of taking my life some day, so I went to the church-porch, thinking maybe to see my own self pass. But, Mysie, lass—*it was your wraith I saw!*"

"John, John! *And I saw yours!* I—I went up there my lone, and was scared nigh out of my senses. Then I fell ill with the fright and all—and, oh! but I longed to warn you these weeks past. My heart seemed breaking," cried Mysie, like a demented creature, half laughing, half crying, as in great bewilderment light dawned upon her mind.

Said John, slowly, "Then it was your living self I saw?"

"Ay, ay, and I saw yours; and you'll not die yet." In a transport of joy Mysie threw herself sobbing into her husband's arms. For some little time neither could speak. At last Mysie asked—

"But what was the strange light that glinted over us both, John dear?"

"Why, nothing at all but the stable lantern hid under my coat," laughed John. "Oh, Mysie! but my heart was sore when I saw you, for I loved you well, lass."

"And I was right sorry when I thought you were doomed, John. Well, if I did not love you then, my man, I have made up for it ever since," exclaimed Mysie. "Eh, but it was terrible always thinking we might be parted on the morrow!"

"Maybe it was no such a bad thing," mused John Cosby aloud. "It made us kindlier towards one another. The day must come, whether this year or in twenty years, and it's aye drawing nearer. If ever one of us two is angered with the other, Mysie, let us remember All Souls' Night."

WHY?

SHE: Why beats my heart so strangely when thou'rt near?
Why do I tremble?—is it joy or fear?
Why do I sorrow when thou art not nigh,
And wish thee back again? Oh! tell me, why?

He: 'Tis love, true love, sweet love, which makes thee so,
Whose light gleams o'er my path where'er I go;
'Tis love which makes us sorrow when apart,
Which joineth hand to hand and heart to heart.

She: Why droop mine eyes so low at meeting thine?
Why round my mem'ry doth thy image twine?
Why, in thy presence, am I glad yet sigh?
Is't joy, or is it pain? Oh! tell me, why?

He: 'Tis love, fond love, firm love, and only love,
As pure as stars that gleam so bright above.
'Tis love which holds all hearts beneath its sway—
Which lives for ever, and which lasts for aye.

J. A. McDONALD.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. FROM OUR PARIS AND LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

THE millinery despatched from the French capital to England has much that is distinctively new. First and foremost there are bonnets made of narrow strips of leather-coloured cloth laid row upon row, either pinked at the edge or embroidered in gold thread. (See initial illustration.) Then there are vulture feathers standing very much in evidence in the front, also handsomely embroidered velvet open-work wrought in silk, with which the shapes are lightly covered. Cloth is treated in the same way; passementerie is shaped to the bonnets, and galons are embroidered in gold and chenille. These give much importance to the winter's millinery.

Velvet and cloth bonnets are almost exclusively worn in the French capital; but women here do not dress their hair at all as Englishwomen do; they have larger heads, so that the same headgear worn by the two nationalities presents quite a different appearance. The brims seem to set closer in England; in France women do not object to the under portion being seen, and often the only adornment is a rouleaux of silk or satin, lighter in tone than the rest of the bonnet. Most of the brims are bordered with beads, and they are not worn so high over the face as last winter.

Mousse-green and jet are a favourite combination, but beige and green are also often worn. Fur and small heads of fur-bearing animals are introduced into millinery.

Toques are not to be relinquished, but the fronts have undergone an advisable alteration. They form a point in the centre, and turn up, so that the hair is neither hidden nor flattened. Dressy hats are covered with embroidered velvet, and have high-standing, elaborate bows of ribbon at the back.

French mantles are unrivalled all the world over, and some which are now to be seen in the Paris ateliers well keep up their reputation; the difficulty is how to meet the wants of all purses. Most of them require long ones. They are made of plain or fancy velvet or plush, or of the new Peau de Soie Façonné, a rich, thick make of silk with a trellis-work brocade in satin over it. Some of the best cloths are flecked with almost invisible colouring. Dark tones are in the majority, as, indeed, they must of necessity be in winter weather. Many of the new cloaks cover the entire dress, fitting the figure at the back and having wide box-pleats or gathers at the waist; the fronts differ, some having long, distinct sleeve-pieces, others front breadths completely divided from the rest, so that the arm comes between; but only illustrations convey a just idea of their form, therefore we offer three of the newest models to our readers. A less cumbersone shape (see the third figure) is in the majority, and has long ends in front, and scarcely falls below the waist, being short at the side, save where a side piece is added like a Louis XIV. pocket.

Fox, beaver, and raccoon furs are used, with skunk and, of course, sable by those who can afford it; but many dyed furs are selling, especially a new blue kind called Mouflon, with all the softness of blue fox.

On cloth cloaks a great deal of braiding has been introduced in velvet and silk, the handsomest possible passementeries combined with fur, many with bead fringes or long tagged ends.

Waterproofs have been brought out as becoming garments, well shaped, with checked coverings, not a shiny mackintosh surface.

The Paris traders in fancy goods are doing excellent business in embroideries in lisse, soft silk gauze, and similar light materials intended for the front of dresses. These are not hand-worked. Machinery is called into play, and workpeople are able now to interweave beads, which are not likely to come off, and which show to the best advantage.

Lace dresses for evening are well worn, and the material has been brought out in wide widths, in order that it may drape with more grace. A woman's fortune is made now if she has mastered the subtle art of draping well: the whole success of a dress depends upon it.

The most airy of head-dresses are contrived with a pouf of tulle enclosing a flower, or poufs of the new ribbons. These ribbons are four to five inches wide, and have sometimes picot edges, which are not new, but mostly straight satin edges, or a sort of lozenge-shaped border, which is carried down only one side. Their characteristics, however, are the velvet, satin, or moire stripes of which they are composed, and the wonderful amalgamation of colour—grey and red, electric blue and red, yellow and brown, and other mixtures.

The picot-edged ribbons are still utilised for tuckers. They are folded so that one edge appears above the other. A bow is introduced in the centre, and at each side. They are a comfortable trimming for cuffs and collar, and keep in order a long time; colours of all kinds are worn.

The fans now being painted in Paris on the most delicate gauze grounds are veritable works of art. Lace is interwoven with some of them, so that the design is made to blend in with it. Pathetic scenes are finding favour, but nothing would seem to be so suitable as

Watteau figures and pastoral scenes. Red is the colour most patronised.

A word more on the mantles we have illustrated. The novel feature is the long pendent sleeve which is to be seen on the new pelisses and redingotes that reach to the feet and envelop the costume. They certainly add importance to the garment, and prove most becoming to tall, graceful figures.

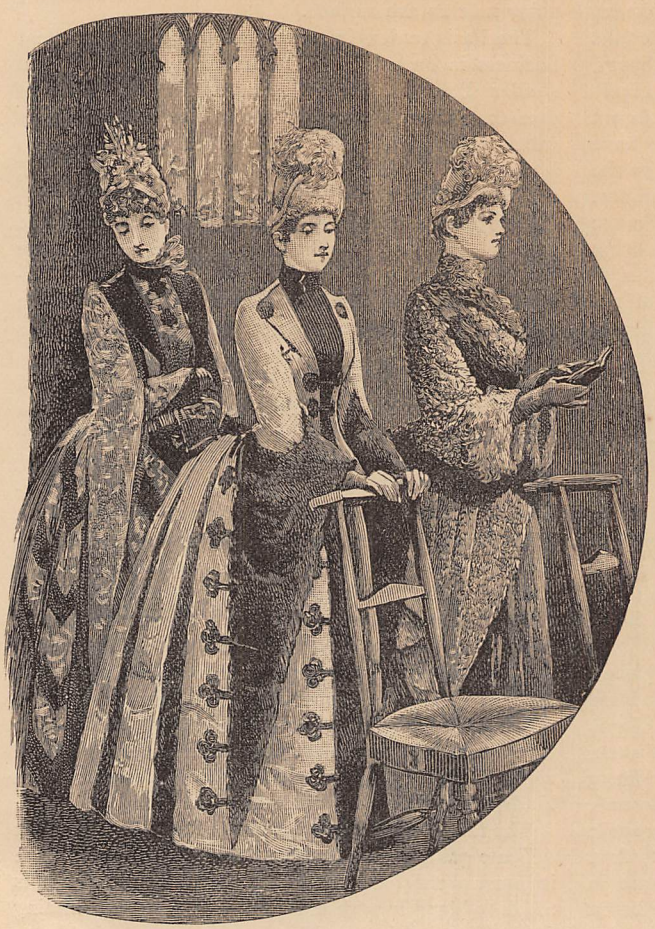
II.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

I am now able to tell you something definite about the silks of the winter season. They are rich and handsome, cheap, and of good appearance; for very certainly there are two distinct classes. You hear at the shops that satin has quite gone out; but if you examine dresses, linings of cloaks, and other etceteras of dress, you will see there is still a demand for it, though by itself it would seem to be a material of the past, except for bridal gowns. There it has always been unsurpassed; its soft, sheeny grace the Flemish artists have perpetuated, and very rich pearl trimmings are now prepared to adorn it when brides require it.

But most people are only married once in a life, so that there is a greater demand for the stuffs worn every day. There are many new kinds of black silks before the public, for all of which it is claimed that they are grease-proof and durable. Apparently they are of a texture which warrants the opinion that they will last; at all events they lack the lustre of glacé silk, and the brilliant face of satin, but come between the two, and are far brighter than gros-grain; most of them are reversible. Entire dresses are made of them, but they are more fashionably blended with panels of fancy velvet, and the velvet brocades on woollen foundations.

In coloured silks for evening and ordinary wear, the Pompadour element is a prominent one; they show stripes with floral designs scattered over them in all mixtures of colour, and they make pretty evening gowns in light tones, and serviceable day costumes in the darker shades. Most of the floral and other brocades are thrown on a satin stripe; but the chintz effect, and the trellis-work designs, strengthen the impression of a Louis XIV., XV., or XVI. origin.

Serge-grounded silks show up these patterns admirably, and those of the less costly silks are of the nature of Surah. Shot silks are the coming fashion, which will hold good all through the spring and summer, unless they are completely set aside by the new chameleon or phosphorescent silks. At a first glance you might confound the two, but not if you took the trouble to examine them. A shot silk is composed of two distinct colours intermixed in the weaving; in the chameleon there are two tones, also, but they are blended in dyeing; the raw silk is impregnated first with one, and a mordant that prevents it running, and then it is dyed again by a special process, which permits one colour to be seen through the other, giving a phosphorescent effect like the tender lining of a shell. All the newest ribbons would seem to show this curious and most successful effect, as well as many silks.



IN THE CATHEDRAL.

Moire takes the lead with the large patterns worn many years ago, as well as the finer watered silk called now French moire. Plain moires make up into most effective dresses; but there are many figured ones to choose from. Some are striped with satin, some covered all over with spots irregularly thrown on all colours. Others have large checks in one or two colourings; they make handsome dresses which ought to last for years.

Another durable material has come in again for dresses as well as mantles—viz., matelassé, in excellent patterns. Of course it was originally copied from quilting, and in some of the new makes the idea still exists, for the leaf or feather, or whatever the design may be, is outlined by apparent stitching of another colour.

Those who can afford them are to wear

velvets, so Dame Fashion decrees, and there is every variety to choose from besides the plain, which have been brought out in a long list of new colours.

To head the list of novelties there is watered velvet, used in millinery, and for mantles, panels, and trimmings for dresses. To my thinking, and many I find agree with me, it detracts from the richness of the velvet, and might be almost mistaken for velveteen; but it is new, and that quality with many people covers a multitude of sins.

Handsome stripes and checks of diverse colouring have been introduced into velvet, and a number of good mediæval designs, which congregated together form an irregular stripe of some kind. The several classes rejoice in the names of the Medicis, or Tudor sovereigns, who, whatever their failings, thoroughly understood the art of dress.

The fashionable colourings which run through dresses, millinery, mantles, and their several adjuncts, are the Bleu Saxe of the order of old blue or Gobelin, peacock shades, reds, reddish-browns, fleshy heliotropes, any number of golden and chestnut browns, navy blues, and beiges. The greens are mousse, reptile, and olive greens. About 300 shades are usually to be found in a house of business, so I have, you will see, no space to discuss their merits more minutely.

"DOWN, SIR!"

I have been scrutinising most particularly a number of new dresses with the object of telling you the salient points in their style of making; but I find the task a difficult one, there is so little that is distinctively new. The skirts are most simply arranged; you would almost think at a glance that they had no foundation, for they fall in a continuous line from the waist to the hem; but they would not stand out so well unless the under-skirt had a flounce of some kind.

They are caught up at the back of the waist *en pouf*, and often *en panier* at the sides; wide, deep panels of contrasting material are let in often, and polonaises are once more coming to the fore. The chief trimmings are handsome braidings and ornaments of fine cord mixed with tinsel in all the mixtures of colours to be found in the season's materials. Many trimmings are detachable, and beads are not always introduced; they mostly constitute trimmings by themselves. Fur is very fashionable, and a sort of canvas ribbon worked in gold with spangles. Several dresses are trimmed with bands of cloth worked in gold and copper, or appliqués of the same tones. Many of the trimmings are quite Oriental in colouring, especially those with plush grounds. Bodices are belted or have short basques, in which case there is always a waistcoat of some kind of contrasting material.

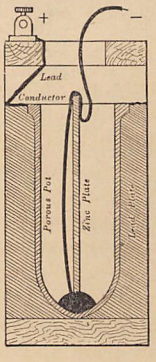
There are one or two novelties to be noted in the costumes worn by the ladies who are strolling out with their dog (see engraving). On the grey-faced cloth worn by the younger lady, the new style of braided appliqués is shown on the epaulettes, cuffs, plastron, and collar. Her companion wears one of the new black silks described above, ornamented with copper bead appliqués; the full sleeves are becoming to slight figures, and the important felt hat, with graceful feathers curling over the crown from the back, is a good model for early winter wear.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

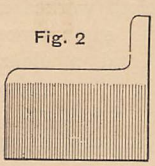
Electric Light in Omnibuses.

Fig. 1



The London Road Car Company have been making trials of the electric incandescent light to replace oil lamps in their vehicles. The small incandescent lamp used is fed by the current from a voltaic battery under the seats, or in any other convenient position. The battery used is known commercially as the "Eclipse," and consists of four cells, each cell containing a plate of zinc in dilute sulphuric acid, and a plate of carbon in a solution of nitrate of soda. A porous clay diaphragm separates these liquids from one another, the diaphragm taking the form of a pot holding the carbon and solution of nitrate of soda. The external vessel is of vulcanite, and the whole battery weighs very little. While upon this subject, we may refer to a new accumulator which has been brought out by M. Phillip Bailly, a French engineer. Its construction will be understood from Fig. 1, which represents a section through the accumulator. The negative consists of a plate of zinc amalgam in a porous pot, which has in its conical bottom a quantity of mercury to keep up the amalgamation of the zinc. A copper wire coated with gutta-percha passes down to the mercury, and serves as the negative (—) electrode to the zinc plate as shown. A lead plate is wrapped round the porous pot, and forms the peroxidised plate of the battery. It consists of sheet lead cut into a fringe as shown in Fig. 2. Smaller filaments of lead wool are woven round the strips of the fringe. These lead plates are "formed" into peroxide of lead by the action of the electric current. A conductor of lead goes from this lead plate to the terminal which is the positive (+) pole of the cell. The containing vessel is of celluloid, a material now used for lining the interior of battery boxes. The cell is of course filled up with dilute sulphuric acid. The lead being in the form of "wool" is said to give a larger supply of electricity, weight for weight, than more solid lead plates in accumulators. We may add that the "lithanode" or solid peroxide of lead mentioned in a recent GATHERER, as applied to accumulators, has also been used for primary batteries. Two cakes of lithanode, placed one on each side of a carbon plate, form the depolarising plate of the cell; zinc being the oxidising plate opposed to them.

Fig. 2



A Gigantic Lathe.

An enormous lathe has been made for the use of the French navy department. It is stated to be a machine-shop in itself, and capable of mortising, shaping, boring, and moulding large masses of steel for armour-plating, shafts, and so on. It weighs 340 tons, and is worked by an engine of 25 horse-power.

Paper from Tobacco Waste.

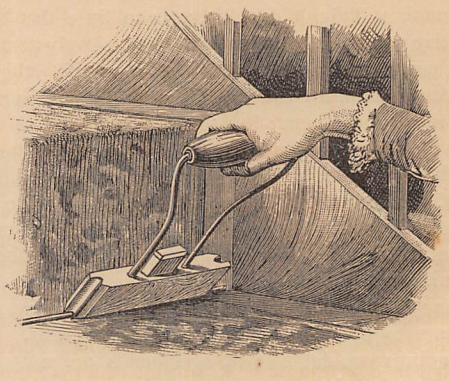
The waste cuttings and stems of tobacco are now used in manufacturing paper pulp. They are much cheaper than waste linen rags; and the paper made from them is said to be as good as that from the rags

An Electric Rock Drill.

A New York inventor has devised a rock drill actuated by electricity. The drill is fixed in a frame and operated by the rotation of a dynamo-electric motor fed with current by means of insulated wires. These wires of course bring the current from the generating machine, which can be fixed in any convenient place. Whether the new drill will prove as satisfactory as the compressed-air drills now in use remains to be seen. If, however, it cannot supply air to the working like the pneumatic drill, it will not vitiate the air already there.

Transparent Lacquer.

Colourless lacquer has been introduced from America and applied to metals to preserve them from oxidisation without affecting their lustre. Gold and silver articles have been treated with it as well as the common metals.



A Metal Rod Cleaner.

A handy appliance for cleaning metal rails, such as stair-rods, in their places, is shown in our figure. The cleaner is a grooved piece of wood lined with chamois

leather, and fitted with a convenient handle as shown. The lined groove is the cleaner, and a friction powder is supplied to it as required. The contrivance is about 6 inches deep by 4 inches wide.

A Lightning Observatory.

With a view to study the phenomena of thunder-storms, observatories are being erected on the Schneekoppe in Upper Silesia. Each station is provided with two lightning-rods fixed on the top of iron masts 53 feet high. The masts are well insulated from the earth : each rising from a strong timber frame standing on glass insulators, which are placed in lead vessels filled with sulphuric acid. Contact with earth can, however, be made by switches if desired. The lightning-rods are to be fitted with platinum, gold, and carbon points, in order to test the respective merits of these materials. We may also mention that recent statistics of lightning-strokes in Schleswig-Holstein, Baden, and Hesse show that oak trees are most frequently struck, and beech-trees least frequently. The geological nature of the soil, and especially its capacity for water, seems to have an important influence on lightning. The marshy lands of Schleswig-Holstein are the most dangerous ; and the east coast, with inlets of the sea, the least dangerous. In Hesse the low plain of the Rhine is the most dangerous. Where houses accumulate there appears to be less danger. As regards soil : if lime be taken as 1, the relative dangers on other soils are—sand, 9 ; loam, 22. Soft-roofed houses are oftener fired than hard-roofed ones, and windmills or towers than hard-roofed buildings. These results are of course only to be taken generally. We may add that during the severe thunderstorm in London on August 17th last a curious flash of lightning was seen, which threw out fire-balls as it traversed the sky.

Sugar-Making by Diffusion.

In America a system of extracting sugar from cane by diffusion has been worked out. Instead of crushing the sugar-cane between rollers in the ordinary way, the cane is cut up and water is forced through the chips in confined cells, thus extracting the sweet juices, which are afterwards evaporated. The system is to be practically tried on the plantation of Governor Warmouth in Louisiana. It is expected to allow of the maximum quantity of sugar being extracted from the cane.

A New Heat-Measurer.

A new apparatus for measuring delicate changes of temperature was recently exhibited by Mr. C. V. Boys. The Radiomicrometer, as it is called, consists of a thermo-electric junction of wire forming one side of a parallelogram or single circuit of copper wire, suspended in a magnetic field, so that when a current of electricity traverses the wire, the parallelogram will turn across the lines of magnetism of the field. The wire carries a mirror which reflects a beam of light on a scale, after the manner of the well-known electrical instrument, the reflecting galvanometer. When a ray of heat falls on the thermo-electric junction, a current is set up in the wire parallelogram, which thereupon turns, and the mirror turning with it, deflects the beam of light up the scale. The degrees of deflection are a measure of the temperature. Mr. Boys has one of these instruments, which shows the heat cast on a penny by a candle-flame at a distance of 1,168 feet ; and he estimates that one can be made which will indicate a change of temperature at the thermo-electric junction of $\frac{1}{100,000,000}$ of a degree of heat.

The Bathymeter.

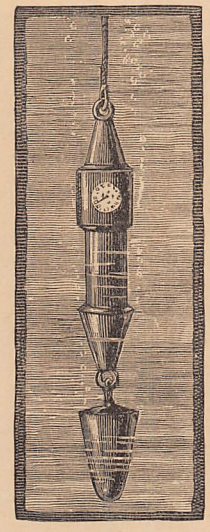


FIG. 1.

A new bathymeter, or sounding apparatus, whose action depends on the pressure of the overlying water as it sinks to the bottom of the sea, has been introduced. The accompanying figures illustrate the apparatus, which is chiefly serviceable for taking flying soundings, that is to say, soundings while the ship is going ahead at good speed. Fig. 1 represents an outside view, and Fig. 2 a vertical section. The sounding-line is made of phosphor-bronze wire, fastened to the eye *a*, and a sinker is attached at the other end to the eye *b*. Small holes, *c c*, are provided in the outer casing, and through these the water passes to the interior and presses on a hollow corrugated tube, *d*, hermetically sealed. On the top of this tube is a catch, *e*, acting on a lever, *f*, which works the pointer, *g*, on the dial. When the apparatus is lowered into the water, the pressures due to the water as it sinks down are registered on the dial in fathoms, and the readings require no calculation. A spring catch retains the pointer in place until the apparatus is taken out of the water. After the reading is taken the pointer is released and the sounder is ready for another cast.

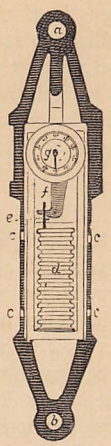


FIG. 2.

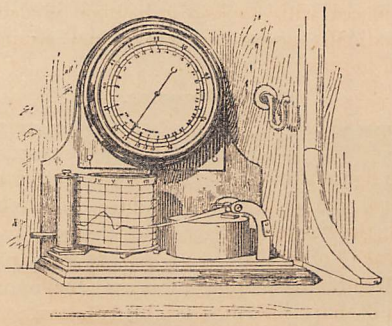
Vegetable Leather.

A process for making a substitute for leather from gutta-percha and sulphur has been brought out in France. Raw cotton and oxide of antimony are well mixed with these ingredients, and the whole vulcanised by steam. The artificial leather is said to be useful for making the soles and heels of shoes.

Antipyrin and Pain.

In a recent communication to the French Academy of Sciences, M. Germain Lée recommends the removal of pain by hypodermic injections of antipyrin.

The injection is, it appears, followed by a disagreeable feeling of tension lasting a few seconds ; but when it passes, the pain, whatever its cause, is said to abate at once. Antipyrin does not produce vertigo or somnolence, and to its sedative action is added a curative one which morphia does not possess. It is recommended for many ailments, including acute rheumatism and lumbago.



A Recording Anemometer.

The Gordon Recording Anemometer, which we illustrate, is a useful instrument in navigation. It not only indicates on a dial but records on a chart the force or pressure of wind currents. It registers the length of time between each blast, and enables the officer to see whether a storm is increasing or abating. In short, it gives a record of the wind experienced by a ship throughout her voyage. The record is made, as will be seen, by a marking stylus on a drum of revolving paper.

A Light-Ray Telemeter.

It has been pointed out by M. Genglaire that the electric light can be utilised for finding the distance of an object at sea or elsewhere. Suppose the electric arc lamps with reflectors to be placed one at the stem, the other at the stern of the ship, and their beams caused to meet on the distant object ; the length of the base-line between the lamps, and the angles the beams make with it, will give the distance by simple trigonometry. If the two rays be of equal length, the angles at the base are equal, and their sum taken from 180° gives the angle at the apex. A table could be calculated giving the distance for every probable value of this angle.

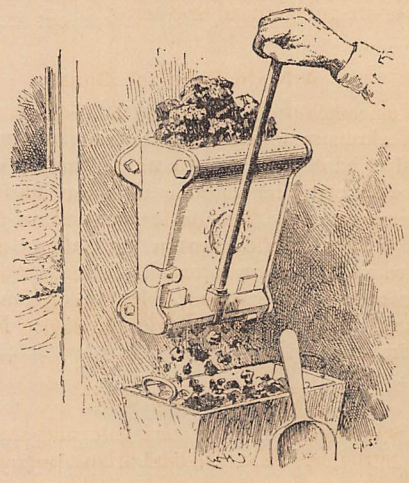
We may refer to a recent report that the plants and exotics used at entertainments by the Czar in his Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, were suffering from the electric arc lamps employed to illuminate the salons of the palace. It turns out, on investigation, that the damage to the plants is rather to be attributed to the sudden removal of the plants from the hot forcing-houses into the cold winter air without sufficient protection, than to any blighting influence of the electric light. It will also be interesting to entomologists that the electric lights in the city of Ottawa, Canada, have led to the taking of several rare insects, attracted by the brilliant radiance. One objection to the electric light in houses and private offices is the necessity of having a steam-engine or gas-engine to drive the dynamo. This objection has been met in Paris by the formation of a company to supply compressed air for the purpose in question. A central station has been provided, with engines of 3,000 horse-power to compress the air, and mains are being laid down in the streets to distribute the compressed air to the theatres permitted by the Government to substitute electric light for gas. It is expected that compressed-air engines and electric lamps will diminish the risk of fire in such places. The offices of a Parisian paper are also to be lighted by this means.

Cutting Flowers.

In cutting flowers for transmission by rail or post, it is common to choose blooms either quite or nearly developed. Hence they arrive in a spoiled condition and do not last long. A recent writer points out that cut buds of a considerable number of hardy plants will open in the most perfect manner if placed with their stems in water. Daffodils, lilies, the iris, gladiolus, peony, and many other flowers, can be cut in the bud, and sent to a distance, where they will open if treated in this manner. This fact would seem to be not generally known.

A Coke-Breaker.

Our illustration shows a domestic device for crushing or breaking coke. The coke is supplied to the machine in lump, and the handle is worked up and down. The down-stroke breaks the coke and the up-stroke liberates the broken pieces, which fall in a heap below. It is stated that with this contrivance a lad can break a hundredweight of coke in twenty minutes. The breaker is 14 inches long by 11 inches



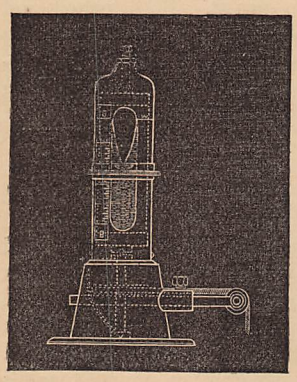
wide : the handle being 24 inches long. It consists of a cast-iron hopper or receptacle which is fastened to the wall. The front of the hopper is movable by means of the handle, and crushes the coke by its pressure backwards. At the bottom is an open slit permitting the pieces to fall out. Other things besides coke can of course be broken by it for household or other purposes.

Japan Clover.

A clover of Japan, the *Lespedeza striata*, is coming into use in the Southern States of America. It is said to be relished by all kinds of stock, and is grown largely in orchards, where it displaces weeds and some wild grasses. It also grows on waste lands where other forage plants would thrive but poorly.

A Vacuum Speed-Indicator.

An ingenious apparatus for telling the speed of engines is here illustrated. It consists of a cylindrical glass tube, sealed at the top, and partly filled with a transparent fluid unaffected by ordinary cold. At the lower end this is mounted on a spindle carrying a wheel, which is driven by a gut band from the engine. The tube being rapidly rotated in this way, the liquid rises up its sides to a height according to the speed; and a scale shows the speed of the engine-revolutions. Any speed between 200 and 1,000 revolutions a minute can be read off. The apparatus was adopted as a standard for trying industrial machines at Newcastle. We may add that a "Motograph," or engine tell-tale, has recently been brought out, which enables a captain of a vessel to know whether his orders to the engineer are in force, by showing him at once whether the engines are going ahead or astern.



A Night Sight for Guns.

A device has been adopted at the Elswick works of Sir W. Armstrong and Co., which enables guns to be armed in all degrees of dusk or darkness. It is said to be even better for sighting than daylight, and not to fatigue the eye. The device consists in focussing the rays from electric lamps in two minute points of light which are easily adjusted. This is effected by means of two small spherical lenses. As most warships now have the electric light, the device is readily applied there.

A New Steel Gate.

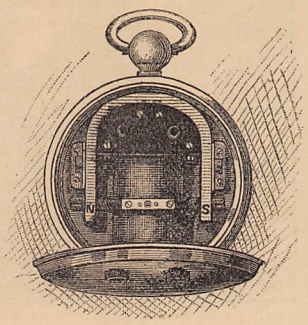
A new kind of folding steel gate and shutter has been introduced into England from America. The gate folds into a narrow compass and leaves the gangway clear. For the doors of hoists or strong rooms and for cases of fire the device is likely to be useful, especially as a very young person can shut and lock it. It is constructed of vertical channel steels in pairs, channel to channel, with proper framing and stiffeners. The gate or shutter does not obstruct the air or light, and the latter can be applied to bed-room windows as a security against burglars.

A Bicycle Ambulance.

It has been proposed to utilise bicycles as ambulances, by removing the trailing wheels from two machines, and connecting them at that point by a pole fixed to the curved bar which carried the trailing wheels. This keeps the two remaining wheels apart, and unites them into one vehicle. A hammock is then slung from the seats of the bicycles by means of proper cross-pieces with hooks; a bamboo is also fastened longitudinally above the seats; and straps are employed to make all secure.

A Pocket Voltmeter.

The figure shows a pocket voltmeter for measuring in volts, the electro-motive force, or, as it is often called, the "potential difference" of an electric circuit. It is in size and shape like a watch; the figure showing half of the actual size. The interior is simply an Ayrton and Perry Magnetic Voltmeter, and the reading is given in volts by a pointer or hand traversing the dial-face which is on the front of the instrument. In the back case two holes admit the testing wires, which are connected to the electric circuit at the points whose potential difference is to be determined. The ends of the wires are caught in springs until the measurement is made. The apparatus weighs six ounces, and measures up to forty volts.



Bottles for Drains.

A church at North Greenfield in Wisconsin has been drained by means of empty champagne wine bottles. The necks and ends were broken off and the bottles run into each other, neck to bottom, so as to make a channel or pipe, which has satisfactorily carried off the surplus water.

Silver in Volcanic Ash.

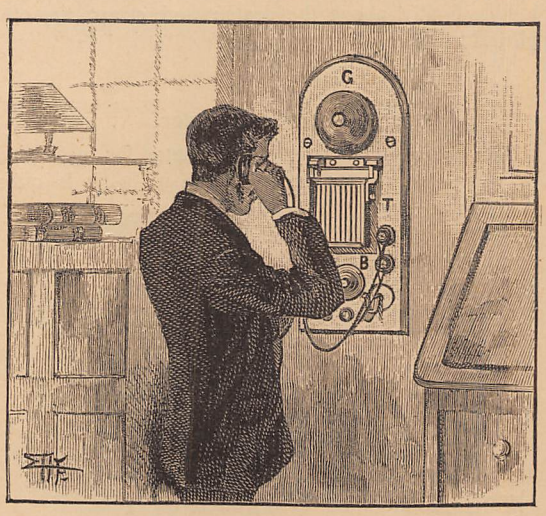
Professor Mallet has analysed the ash from the volcano of Cotopaxi which fell over the surrounding country on July 23, 1885, and found it to contain 1 part of silver in 83,600 parts of mineral dross. This is said to be the first discovery of silver in volcanic dust.

A Flat Lens.

A magnifying lens, which is flat on both sides, has been made at Jena, of a new optical glass introduced by Professor Abbe. The density of the disc varies in such a manner, that the refractive power is changed in the same way as by the curvature of an ordinary lens.

The Swinton Telephone.

The illustration shows a telephone board with microphone transmitter, and two receivers, brought out recently. As usual, on lifting the receivers from their hooks the connections are made for speaking. The call-bell push, B, is seen just over the receivers as they hang. The bell-gong, necessary for responding to the other stations, is shown at G, over all; and



beneath it is the microphone transmitter, T. The receivers are a form of bell telephone known technically as the "English Mechanic" receiver; and the microphone is a series of carbon pencils. The microphone is supported from the back board by india-rubber rods. It will be seen that there is no particular novelty in the appliance; but its appearance is neat.

Flashing Oils by Electricity.

The "flashing" point of a petroleum oil is, as is well known, the temperature at which it gives off inflammable gas. This has recently been determined by heating up the oil, and causing a series of electric sparks from an induction coil to pass between two metal points near the surface of the oil. The temperature at which the sparks fire the gas is observed on a thermometer.

Writing by Telegraph.

Mr. Elisha Gray, the well-known American inventor, has, it is stated, invented an auto-telegraph or telantograph whereby a person can write a message himself and have a fac-simile of it produced at the distant place. Several apparatus have been devised for this purpose before, including the telegraphic pen of Mr. E. A. Cowper. But Mr. Gray's apparatus appears to have some improvements. It is not necessary to use ink in writing the message; a pencil or a sharp point suffices, the pressure of the point serving to transmit the copy of the writing. Mr. Gray's invention is a secret yet as regards the means, but if it answers to expectations it will have a certain sphere of usefulness. We may add here that M. Garel, a French inventor, has brought out a plan for multiple writing by electricity. It may be remembered that Mr. Edison's electric pen for this purpose, namely, producing copies of a writing by means of a stencil, worked by piercing a sheet of paper as it was moved over the surface in the act of writing. The "stencil" thus produced was laid over another sheet of paper, and ink pressed through the holes, thus printing a copy of the writing. M. Garel's plan is to place the paper on a carbon tablet or desk, and write with a carbon pencil. Both pencil and tablet are in the circuit of an induction coil delivering electric sparks which pass through the paper and perforate it, like the needle-point of Edison's pen. The stencil thus obtained is used in the ordinary way for getting copies.

A Safeguard against Insects.

It is stated by the *Lancet* that weak carbolic acid sponged on the skin and hair, or on the clothing, is a protection against the bites of gnats and other insects. The safest plan, according to the writer in question, is to keep a saturated solution of the acid. The solution cannot contain more than six or seven per cent., and it may be added to water until the latter smells strongly. This may be readily and safely applied with a sponge. Horses and cattle could, perhaps, be protected in the same way.

Crystallising by Pressure.

A French *savant* has recently made a number of experiments on the effects of pressure in crystallising liquids. Different liquids were solidified by subjecting them to great pressure in metal cylinders—for example, chloride of carbon and benzine. By means of thick glasses let into the sides of the containing vessel, he was able to send a beam of light through the liquid and watch it during its solidification. He found that the liquid became obscure during solidification, and transparent again after the crystals were formed. These formed from the circumference towards the centre. Benzine gave ferny-looking crystals. When the pressure was removed the crystals re-dissolved and the liquid became as it had been before the pressure was applied. We may add that another French physicist, M. Decharme, has made a number of experiments by which he is able to produce branching crystallisations by means of electrolysis. Some of these are very delicate and beautiful fern or moss-like structures, reminding one of hoar-frost on a window-pane. For instance, if a solution of nitrate of silver be spread on a pane of glass, and electrodes of platinum connected to a voltaic battery of several cells be dipped into the solution, an arborisation will be found to proceed from the negative pole, in the form of a moss or coral of pure silver. The electrodes may be varied in shape, either points or plates being used, with a difference in the figure produced.